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CONTENTS.

Mary Stuart in Scotland.—I. John Knox and William Maitland. By John Skelton, C.B., ... 1
The Withered Arm, ... 30
Joyce.—Chaps. XXXIII.-XXXVI., ... 49
Cæsar Borgia.—II. The Duke of Romagna. By M. Charles Yriarte, 72
Such Pity as a Father hath, ... 82
The Last String. From the German of Gustav Hartwig. Translated by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. 101
The Old Saloon, ... 104
The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin.—Personal Remembrances of Sir Frederick Pollock.—Trollope's 'What I Remember.'—Frith's Autobiography and Reminiscences.
The War Office: Outside Departments, . . . 128
"So-Called Patriots." By Lex Rex, . . . 149
Our Prospects, ... 150

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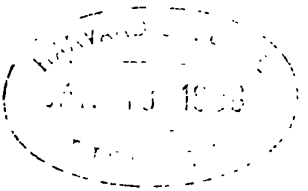

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MARY STUART IN SCOTLAND.

NO. I.

JOHN KNOX AND WILLIAM MAITLAND.

Mary landed at Leith on the 19th of August 1561; she was married to her cousin Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, on the 29th of July 1565. During these years her life, though uneventful, was not unhappy. Holyrood was the headquarters of the Court, and the sombre old pile, which had more than once been gutted by the "auld enemy," put on something of summer brightness during her stay. Mary had the easy manners of her race; she cared little for ceremony or ceremonial state; had she been a man she would have sought adventure like her father—"riding out through any part of the realm him alone, unknown that he was king." She dined with the wealthier citizens; for the poorest she had a ready smile and a pleasant word. The Reformers complained that she was addicted to dancing,—"her common speech in secret was, she saw nothing in Scotland but gravitie, which she could not agree weill with, for she was brought up in joyousitie—so termed she dancing and other things thereto belonging;" and there were frequent sports and masques among the courtiers and the ladies of the Court, after the somewhat ponderous fashions of the time. Yet graver matters were not neglected,—she read Livy "daily" with Buchanan, she sat in Council with her nobles, the envoys of foreign princes were duly welcomed and hospitably entertained. She did not, however, I believe, care much for Holyrood; the palace lay low among its marshes; and the turbulent Calvinism of the capital was a constant menace to a Catholic queen. It was at Falkland and St Andrews

that she felt most at home. She loved the hardy outdoor life with hawk and hound. During the four years preceding her marriage, passing, as I have said elsewhere, whole days in the saddle, she had ridden through every part of her kingdom, except the wild and inaccessible district between the Cromarty and the Pentland Firths. Before she had been a month in Scotland she had visited Linlithgow, Stirling, Perth, and St Andrews. The spring of 1562 was spent in Fife; the autumn in the northern counties. She was at Castle Campbell in January 1563, when the Lady Margaret was married to Sir James Stewart of Doune. She went back for a few weeks to Holyrood, but she left again in February, and did not return till the end of May. She had promised to go to Inverary early in June; but Lethington, who had been in France, was still absent, and she was anxious to confer with him before she left. "We have now looked so long for the Lord of Lethington that we are almost at our wits'-end. The Queen thinketh it long, and hath stayed her journey towards Argyle these seven days, with purpose whether he come or not to depart upon Tuesday next." On the 29th of June (Lethington having in the meantime returned) she started for Inverary, where she arrived on the 22d July. Crossing the Clyde and making a long round through Ayrshire and the Stewartry to St Mary's Isle, it was the late autumn before she regained the capital. The spring of 1564 was passed in Fife; then in July, Parliament having been dissolved, she went to the great deer-hunt in Athol, where "three hundred and sixty deer, with five wolves, and some roes," were slain; crossed the "Mounth" to Inverness; visited the Chanonry of Ross; and returning leisurely by the east coast, reached Holyrood on the 26th of September. She was at Wemyss Castle in Fife when, on 16th February 1565, she met Darnley for the first time; and it is probable that she was with Athol at Dunkeld some time in June of the same year, for it was on her return from the Highlands that, hearing of the plot of the disaffected nobles to kidnap her lover and herself, she rode from Perth by the Queensferry in one day to Lord Livingston's house of Callendar—a ride of not less than forty miles.

During most of this time Maitland, as the Prime Minister of the Queen, was the most conspicuous figure in the Scottish Court. In all Scotland, indeed, no man, Knox only excepted, was more widely known, or, upon the whole, more widely liked. He had attained a great political position; and Mary, one of the most generous of women, was even extravagantly munificent to her favourite ministers. She created her brother, the Lord James, Earl of Moray, enriching him with the spoil of half-a-score of abbeys; the revenues of Crossraguel were given to Buchanan; and out of the Church lands round Haddington ample provision was made for Maitland. "At my arrival at Dunbar, I heard that the Lord of Ledington was at Ledington, taking possession of the whole abbacy which the Queen had given him, so that he is now equal with any man that hath his whole lands lying in Lothian. I chanced upon him there, and accompanied him the next day to Edinburgh." Many of the men who had been the recipients of Mary's bounty came by-and-by to conspire against her: Buchanan took away her good name, Moray her crown; but Maitland, as I ex-

pect to be able to show, was never ungrateful to his liberal mistress. The relations between them were from first to last (with hardly a break) intimate and cordial. There can be no doubt, I think, that Maitland was warmly attached to Mary. He vindicated her title; he advocated her claims; he believed quite sincerely that, supported as she was by the great nobles and the mass of the common people in either realm, she was in the end bound to win; and though his confidence must have been sometimes severely tried, yet even when her fortunes grew hopeless, he clung to the cause which he had made his own with obstinate fidelity, and he laid down his life in a service which had become desperate. The personal fascination of the Queen unquestionably accounts for several incidents in his career which, on any other theory of the motives by which he was influenced, would appear inexplicable. It must be frankly admitted that on more than one occasion his policy, as her minister, could not have been dictated by political considerations only; and we are driven to conclude that even the cool and wary diplomatist had not been insusceptible to "the enchantment whereby men are bewitched."

Of the policy, civil and ecclesiastical, which Maitland pursued, of his attitude to the great political and religious problems of the age, I have now to speak; and I shall endeavour to do so as clearly and briefly as is practicable. It is necessary that the arguments which weighed with the men to whom he was opposed should be fairly stated; and I propose to state them, as far as need be, in their own words. In this paper, therefore, the chief figures will be Maitland and—Knox; in the next, Maitland and—Cecil.

The most charming and spontaneous of German lyrists insists, in his essay on the Romantic revival, that Leo X. was just as zealous a Protestant as Luther. Luther's protest at Wittenberg was in Latin prose; Leo's at Rome in stone and colour and ottava rhymes. "Do not the vigorous marbles of Michael Angelo, Giulio Romano's laughing nymph-faces, and the life-intoxicated merriment in the verses of Master Ludovico, offer a protesting contrast to the old gloomy withered Catholicism?" And he concludes that the painters of Italy, "plunging into the sea of Grecian mirthfulness," combated priestdom more effectively than the Saxon theologians; and that the Venus of Titian was a better treatise against an ascetic spirituality than that nailed to the church door of Wittenberg.

The bubbles blown by a jester like Heine are sometimes more suggestive than the weightiest argument of the moralist. No one knew better than Heine did that the passage from which I have quoted was in one sense (the Italian renascence being in comparison with the German sterile if not corrupt) extravagantly unfair. But it is not to be denied that in another and possibly a larger sense it is the simplest statement of fact. The Reformation, in its initiation and in its essence, was a measure of enfranchisement. It was a mental, as well as a moral and spiritual, revolt; the aspiration of the intellect for "an ampler ether," as well as the aspiration of the conscience for "a diviner air."

The Church of Rome, which had once done much for the freedom of mankind, had latterly become a burden too heavy to be borne. A colossal system of priestcraft, of sacerdotal pretences and sacra-

mental mystifications, was supported by sanctions which, when not artificial, were immoral. The Maker of heaven and earth could only be approached through the priest; the priest was often a man of ill repute; the penalties of wrong-doing were remitted, the grace of God was secured, not by repentance and amendment of life, but by the conjuring of a consecrated caste; pardons for past sins, indulgences for future sins, might be bought for money. This clerical absolutism, as arbitrary as it was unconscientious, as sordid as it was corrupt, as hurtful to intellectual freedom and political liberty as to the spiritual life, was the system which the Reformers undertook to abolish.

But—happily or unhappily, according to the point of view—few of the Reformers had any adequate conception of the higher and wider interests which their struggle against an exclusive sacerdotalism involved. Protestantism is the religion of reasonableness as opposed to the religion of authority; and the Protestant who puts an infallible book or an infallible creed in the place of an infallible Church is disloyal to the principles of the Reformation, if not to the practice of the Reformers. The practice, we may admit, was not uniform or consistent; but the men who most powerfully impressed the infant Churches of the Continent were the Luthers and the Calvins. It was the same in Scotland. Maitland represented the spirit of criticism, Knox the spirit of dogma; yet it cannot be said that Maitland was more successful than Erasmus.

Sainte Aldegonde — a man of versatile ability, a poet, an orator, a theologian, a fine scholar, an acute diplomatist—was one of the most accomplished leaders of the Protestant revolt in the Netherlands; yet even Sainte Aldegonde was vexed and irritated by the tolerant temper of William the Silent. "The affair of the Anabaptists," he wrote on one occasion, "has been renewed. The Prince objects to exclude them from citizenship. He answered me sharply that their yea was equal to our oath, and that we should not press this matter unless we were willing to confess that it was just for the Papists to compel us to a divine service which was against our conscience. In short, I don't see how we can accomplish our wish in this matter. The Prince has uttered reproaches to me that our clergy are striving to obtain a mastery over consciences. He praised lately the saying of a monk who was not long ago here, that our pot had not gone to the fire as often as that of our antagonists, but that when the time came it would be black enough. In short, the Prince fears that after a few centuries the clerical tyranny on both sides will stand in this respect on the same footing."

Wise and memorable words! The Prince was not mistaken; in the highest sense—as a vindication, that is, of the rights of reason and conscience, as a protest against a sacerdotal monopoly, as well as against an incredible superstition — the Reformation failed, — nowhere more conspicuously than in Scotland. The Reformers did not loose the bonds of superstition: they banished one incredibility to replace it by another. And the Church of Knox was as arbitrary, as domineering, as greedy of power as the Church of Hildebrand.

We are now told that the conjunction was inevitable; it was the sixteenth century, not the nineteenth; the age needed a

Luther and a Knox. A conservative reformation undertaken by Erasmus or Maitland could not have successfully resisted the inevitable Catholic reaction. This is the argument, as I understand it; but we are not informed how far the Catholic reaction was rendered "inevitable" by the Calvinist and the Iconoclast.

When Mary returned to Scotland in August 1561, what may be called a provisional government was in existence. The fabric of Catholicism had been shaken—not shattered. The citizens of the burghs were Protestants. A certain number of the greater and lesser barons were "earnest professors." But there were great Catholic nobles, and the new ideas had not reached the rural and Highland districts. In the populous towns the monastic buildings had been wrecked. The patrimony of the Church had been secularised; but the alienations were frequently nominal, and if Catholicism had been restored, the revenues would have been recovered, and applied to the purposes of religion. So far as a Parliamentary Convention could disestablish and disendow the Church, it had been disestablished and disendowed; but statutory definitions do not always correspond with the fact; and what was legally dead might yet be politically and practically alive. There was a want of authority everywhere, and the force which was strong at the centre became weak, if not impotent, before it reached the extremities. The new ecclesiastical organisation was yet in its infancy. Knox was a power in himself; but he was still an eruptive and revolutionary power; and except in the towns he had no considerable following. The nobles, with a few exceptions, were careless, if not cold. It was exceptionally a period of transition, and the next few years would determine what impress the Church and the nation would take. Mary, during these years, was the central figure; but the real struggle, as we shall see, lay between Knox and Lethington.

The ecclesiastical policy which Maitland pursued may be defined in a sentence. He was strenuously opposed to whatever would render a religious peace between England and Scotland, between Elizabeth and Mary, difficult or impracticable.

The Confession of Faith had not been approved by Elizabeth. Its bitter Calvinism was little to her taste, and Cecil would probably have been pleased if its sanction by the Estates had been postponed to a more convenient season. Maitland had done what he could to mitigate its austerity; but he probably regarded the abstract propositions of theology with indifference, and it was only where it trenched upon civil rights and duties that he insisted on its revision. Maitland, no less than Elizabeth, was keenly opposed to theocratic government; the Church was very well in its place; but a parliament of preachers would have been simply intolerable. The Church of Rome had been an *imperium in imperio:* for this among other reasons the Church of Rome had been abolished. It appeared to Maitland, as it appeared to Elizabeth, that the ecclesiastical society which undertook to exercise temporal as well as spiritual lordship, must become a focus of sedition, and consequently a danger to the state; and that any proposal, however modestly disguised or studiously veiled, to override the law of the land by the law of the Church, was to be steadily resisted. Knox was eager to have the

Book of Discipline accepted by the lords; but Maitland's opposition to a scheme involving a domestic inquisition and a social censorship, could not be overcome.

Maitland's position, on the other hand, as regards Mary's Catholicism, though constantly misunderstood and misrepresented, is not less clear. It was not to be expected that Mary would be persuaded to join a Calvinistic and Presbyterian Church. But the Church of Elizabeth was in a different position; the English Church could hardly be said to have relinquished the Catholic tradition. The new creed of Northern Christendom had not had time to crystallise; and the doctrinal standards of the various sects were not yet regarded with the unreasoning reverence which time and habit beget. There was nothing in Maitland's view to prevent an "accord" between Mary and Elizabeth; nothing in fact to make a religious peace between the Churches of the two nations hopeless. The preachers did their best to mar the prospects of union. They affronted the Queen. They insulted her ministers. They inveighed against her creed. They presented Protestantism to her in its most repellent aspect. But Maitland did not despair. The advantages of an accord on matters of religion between the two Queens and the two nations being so obvious, he believed that if Mary and Elizabeth *met*, the difficulties might be removed. Some articles of peace, some comprehensive settlement tolerable to all reasonable men, might surely be devised. It is certain that Knox, who hated Prelacy nearly as hotly as he hated Popery, did not view the scheme with a friendly eye; and Cecil, holding that Mary, Catholic-Protestant or Protestant-Catholic, would always be a menace to Elizabeth, was secretly hostile. The interview never took place; and as time wore on, the differences which had once been capable of peaceful adjustment, became emphasised and accentuated.

Mary was not invited on her return to ratify the proceedings of the Parliament which had abolished the ancient Church. She had refused to do so before she left France; the Parliament of 1560, she alleged, had neither been lawfully convened nor lawfully constituted. A compromise that left matters open for any subsequent change of circumstances was agreed to with apparent unanimity. The proclamation of 25th August 1561 was probably drawn by Maitland. It provided that the form of religion presently "standing" should in the meantime be continued. The final settlement was purposely delayed. The proclamation was substantially a declaration that the whole religious state was provisional. This was exactly what Maitland in the interests of a comprehensive pacification must have desired. There was at least no legislative bar to union; a truce had been proclaimed; and when passion had cooled and prejudices had been conciliated, union might come.

I am aware that this view of Maitland's ecclesiastical policy is somewhat unusual. But I believe it to be in accordance with the facts which have been recorded, not by ecclesiastical historians only, but by contemporary writers whose fairness and impartiality are undoubted. To a consecutive narrative of these facts—the incidents of the struggle between Maitland's policy of peace and Knox's policy of exasperation—I must now address myself.

The objects then of Maitland's policy were: (I.) To prevent Scottish Protestantism from assuming a form that would make an accord with Elizabeth and English Protestantism impossible. (II.) To bring the Queens together, with the view of concluding a comprehensive religious peace between the two nations on a reasonable basis. (III.) To dissuade the preachers from presenting such a caricature of Protestantism to Mary as might confirm her attachment to Catholicism and increase the difficulties of an accord. (IV.) To restrain the extravagant pretensions of the preachers, whose doctrines of spiritual independence and spiritual supremacy were incompatible, in his view, with the maintenance of civil authority and orderly government.

I. It is known that the Confession of Faith, before it was ratified by the Estates, had been submitted to Maitland and the Lord James for revision. They had together gone over it; they had modified the severity of its language; and they had deleted one whole chapter—on the duty of subjects to the civil power—which would certainly have proved distasteful to Elizabeth. But Maitland and Randolph were obviously extremely doubtful whether even the revised version would be acceptable at Westminster. "If my poor advice might have been heard," the English envoy was careful to explain to Cecil, "touching the Confession of Faith, it should not so soon have come into the light. God hath sent it better success for the confirmation thereof than was looked for; it passed men's expectations to see it pass in such sort as it did. Before that it was published and many words spoken of it, it was presented unto certain of the lords to see their judgment. It was committed unto the Lord of Lethington and the Sub-Prior to be examined. Though they could not reprove the doctrine, yet did they mitigate the austerity of many words and sentences which sounded to proceed rather of some evil-conceived opinion than of any sound judgment. The author of the work had also put in his treatise a title or chapter of the obedience or disobedience that subjects owe unto their magistrates, that contained little less matter in few words than hath been otherwise written more at large. The surveyors of this work thought it to be an unfit matter to be treated at that time, and so gave their advice to have it out." A week later Maitland wrote to Cecil to the same effect. It was not yet too late, he added, to amend any article that Elizabeth might hold to be amiss. "If there be anything in the Confession of our Faith which you mislike, I would be glad to know it, that upon the advertisement it may rather be changed (if the matter will so permit), or at least in some thing qualified, to the contentation of those who otherways might be offended." The Confession, however, was a difficult work to recast; it hung together with logical tenacity; if one brick was dislodged, the whole structure might be imperilled. Granting the fundamental assumption of its compilers, there was no road by which the conclusion at which they arrived—"And therefore we utterly abhor the blasphemy of them that affirm that men who live according to equitie and justice shall be saved"—could be avoided. The Scottish Pharisee who held that he was not as other men—"we are the only part of your people that truly fear God"—was proud of his isolation. "As

touching the doctrine taught by our ministers, and as touching the administration of Sacraments used in our churches, we are bold to affirm that there is no realm this day upon the face of the earth, that hath them in greater purity; —yea (we mon speak the truth whomsoever we offend), there is none that hath them in the like purity. For all others retain in their churches, and the ministers thereof, some footsteps of Antichrist and some dregs of Papistrie; but we have no thing within our churches that ever flowed from that Man of Sin." *They*, at least, had made no pact with Satan; in Scotland, if nowhere else, "Christ's religion had been established *de novo*." In the remarkable letter addressed in December 1566 on behalf of the General Assembly to the bishops and pastors of the Church of England, Knox (who was the penman) tried hard to be civil, if not friendly; but, by the time he had finished, the English bishops and pastors had been roundly told that they still flaunted in "Romish rags." "If these have been the badges of idolaters in the very act of their idolatry, what hath the preacher of Christian liberty, and open rebuker of all superstition, to do with the dregs of that Romish beast?—yea, what is he that ought not to fear, either to take in his hand or his forehead the print and mark of that odious beast?" "All that are in civil authority," he continued in his characteristic vein, "have not the light of God shining before their eyes in their statutes and commandments, but their affections savour over much of the earth and of worldly wisdom; and therefore we think you should boldly opone yourself not only to all that power that will or daur extol the self against God, but also against all such as daur burthen the consciences of the faithful, further than God hath burthened them by His own Word." This characteristic epistle throws considerable light upon Knox's tactics. In England, where the Puritans were still few in number, the Reformer was content to plead for toleration: "Ye cannot be ignorant how tender a thing the conscience of man is;" but the moment the Border was crossed, dissent, however conscientious, was to be rigidly repressed. When the people of God were in a minority, it was the duty and privilege of the idolatrous ruler to respect the principle of religious liberty; but whenever the people of God were in a majority they were bound to execute God's justice against the idolater. Who, then, were the people of God? Knox had no difficulty in answering the question;—The Church of Scotland was pure; all others had some "footsteps of Antichrist and some dregs of Papistrie." The letter to the Church of England was an official document, in which a show of courtesy was preserved; the true feeling of the preachers was perhaps more nearly expressed in that letter of Goodman's to Cecil, in which he exhorts him to abolish "all the relics of superstition and idolatry, which, to the grief of the godly, are still retained in England, and not to suffer the bloody Bishops and known murderers of God's people to live, on whom God hath expressly pronounced the sentence of death, for the execution of which He hath committed the sword into your hands."

Any compromise between the prophet who had been admitted, as he believed, to the most intimate counsels of the Eternal, and the Papist, the Prelatist, and the Anabaptist, was not to be ex-

pected; but for several years after Mary's return, Knox did not represent the governing power in Scotland. Moray had been won over by Maitland, and the proclamation of 25th August 1561 was the official declaration of the policy which they had resolved to adopt. The significance of a declaration which was bitterly resented by Knox and the extreme Calvinistic faction, has not been sufficiently appreciated, and its language deserves careful study. Recognising the great inconvenience that might arise through the division and difference in matters of religion, which her Majesty is most desirous to pacify by "ane good ordour" to the honour of God and the tranquillity of her realm, and "means to take the same by advice of her Estates as soon as conveniently may be," it enjoined all good citizens (in the meantime, until the Estates of the realm may be assembled, and her Majesty has taken a final order by their advice and public consent, which her Majesty hopes shall be *to the contentment of the whole nation*) to make no alteration or innovation of the form of religion "publickly and universallie standing at her Majesty's arrival." This proclamation, which was more than once repeated during Mary's reign, was the provisional charter of Protestantism in Scotland. The leaders of the moderate party did not desire any more explicit declaration; and, in spite of the urgency of the Kirk, declined to move on the line of further definition. The indisposition of the lay lords of the Congregation was attributed by the preachers to a selfish regard for their own convenience: Moray, for instance, would not support the proposal, because he was waiting for the parliamentary ratification of his earldom. But, if I am not mistaken, the delay is mainly attributable to Maitland's resolve that when the time for union with England arrived, union should not be rendered more difficult by any legislative impediments. If peace with Elizabeth and the English Church could only be concluded on a broader and more Catholic basis than the Confession of Faith supplied, the Confession of Faith, as the act of a convention which had neither been duly summoned nor legally constituted, could be quietly set aside.

II. This explanation of Maitland's attitude is confirmed, I think, by the extreme anxiety which he manifested to bring about an interview between Elizabeth and Mary. Many subjects, other than religion, as we shall see in the next paper, would have come to be discussed at their meeting; but the resolution of "the religious difficulty" would have been among the earliest. It was obvious to Maitland that unless some basis of reconciliation could be found, Mary's position must become critical, if not untenable. A Catholic queen among a people obstinately Protestant had an arduous enough part to play; but a Catholic queen in Scotland and a Protestant queen in England was a political embarrassment which, as Europe then stood, would not admit of amicable adjustment. Maitland from an early date had appreciated the difficulties of the situation; and when, on Elizabeth's rejection of Arran, the nation as one man went over to Mary, he continued to maintain that a cordial union with England was the only admissible solution. The scene in the Council Chamber on that occasion has been vividly described by Randolph. The Secretary stood almost alone. "If ever at any time the Lord of Leth-

ington did show the excellence of his wit, his love to his country, his affection and goodwill towards us, he did that day in them all more than could be thought to be in any one man." When on Mary's return Maitland became her minister, it is plain that he was still firmly convinced that a close alliance with England, a perfect understanding with Elizabeth, was the one safe and practicable policy. Of this policy Mary appears entirely to have approved. She put herself in his hands; he became "the whole guider of her affairs." "His advice is followed more than any others." We must remember, therefore, when we read the letters in which he expresses the utmost confidence that were the Queens to meet a religious accord might be brought about, that Lethington was at the time the Queen's most intimate and trusted adviser. If any one in Scotland knew what Mary's real sentiments were, Maitland did. Nor was he singular in his confidence — the wary Randolph, for instance, was quite as sanguine of a successful issue. Cecil's envoy employs the Puritanic phraseology of his faction, but his meaning is clear enough. "Your Grace shall know by the Lord of Ledington sent unto your Majesty from the Queen's Grace his sovereign, her Grace's mind more amply than ever I spake of it or can now write. By whom I am also required to signify unto your Majesty the continuance of her goodwill, the desire she hath to see your Majesty, how loth she would be that your two Majesties should not come unto the perfect point of your desires to live in perpetual peace and amity. The ways and means thereunto shall be opened unto your Majesty at this present [that is, by Lethington]. The desire of all godly thereunto is such as without that they see no way to a happy or contented life. The hope they have that your Majesty shall be the instrument to convert their sovereign to Christ and knowledge of His true Word, causeth them to wish above measure that your Majesties may see the one the other." Both Maitland and Randolph were men who, in such ticklish negotiations, were constitutionally cautious; and Maitland, moreover, was decidedly of opinion that the meeting, if it led to no settlement, would be worse than useless; failing to remove, it would increase the unkindness. But he appears to have had no doubt that by judicious address a religious accord could be brought about. "The Queen my mistress doth so gently behave herself in every behalf as reasonably we can require. If anything be amiss, the fault is rather in ourselves. You know the vehemency of Mr Knox's spirit, which cannot be bridled, and yet doth sometimes utter such sentences as cannot be digested by a weak stomach. I would wish he would deal with her more gently, being a young princess unpersuaded. For this I am accounted to be too politic; but surely, in her comporting with him, she doth declare a wisdom far exceeding her age. God grant her the assistance of His Spirit. Surely I see in her a good towardness, and think that the Queen your sovereign shall be able to do much with her in religion if they once enter in a good familiarity." Nor, when weighing the evidence, is it unimportant to notice that the mere suspicion that Mary might be won over to Anglicanism infuriated Knox. "The little bruit," Randolph wrote, "that hath been here of late, that the Queen is advised by the Cardinal to embrace the reli-

gion of England, maketh them now almost wild—of the which (religion) they both say and preach that it is little better than when it was at the worst. I have not so amply conferred with Mr Knox on these matters as shortly I must, who upon Sunday last gave the cross and the candle such a wipe, that as wise and learned as himself wished him to have held his peace."

It may be argued indeed that it was extremely unlikely that Mary would desert the faith in which she was educated, and to which she was passionately attached. It is true that at a later period, as was natural, and indeed inevitable, her fidelity to the Catholic Church became a proverb. The world had been very hard to her; yet when the rest of the world had deserted her, the Catholic Church had remained true. She had been bitterly persecuted, and persecution bore its usual fruit. She was driven into an ardour of piety alike by gratitude and resentment. But the evidence that she was an ardent or scrupulous Catholic when she first came to Scotland is very meagre. "The Queen," Throckmorton wrote soon after her arrival, "quietly tolerates the Reformed religion, who is thought to be no more devout towards Rome than for the contentation of her uncles." This was the common impression; and it appears to have been well grounded. Men like Maitland and Randolph and Throckmorton were not easily misled; yet these acute observers appear to have entertained no doubt that Mary's courteous bearing to the dignitaries of her Church, and consistent defence of the rights of her co-religionists, did not imply any fanatical attachment to the doctrine or ceremonies of Rome. She may have deceived them, of course; but the charge of inveterate bad faith, so far as I am able to form an opinion, cannot be substantiated. In all her controversies with Knox she was perilously outspoken. No doubt he tried her patience severely; and, irritated by his confident pertinacity and arrogant masterfulness, she may have said more than she meant to say—more than she said to Maitland or Randolph. It was natural indeed that a woman whose relations were mainly Catholic should be reluctant to separate herself from them. She desired, of course, to stand well with her uncles and with France. She needed allies; yet in the confused political state of Europe it might chance, should she incur their displeasure, that she would find herself without a friend. The Catholic conspiracies in which she was said to have engaged were the inventions or exaggerations of a fanatical faction. The visit of a Catholic priest was magnified into treason to "true religion." Unless she joined the Catholic league (of which there is absolutely no proof), it cannot be fairly said that during her stay in Scotland she was implicated in any plot against Protestantism. On the other hand, it was very commonly believed that even her uncles (Elizabeth's friendship being once assured) were willing that she should join the Anglican Church; and upon the whole, it rather appears that, but for the implacable animosity of the Calvinistic preachers, Maitland's scheme of a religious peace might have succeeded—with incalculable advantage, it need not be added, to either nation.

III. In Maitland's letter of 25th October 1561, the earliest intimation of his dissatisfaction with the conduct of the extreme Protestant faction in their treatment of Mary

is to be found. Knox had resolved that, so far as in him lay, the policy of moderation, of conciliation, should be defeated. There could be no truce between the idolater and the people of God, between "the Roman harlot" and "the immaculate Spouse of Christ." At whatever cost, Mary should learn the truth. On the Sunday following her return, she heard in the courtyard of the palace the gentlemen of Fife, with the Master of Lindsay at their head, clamouring against the Mass. Not only was the Queen to be deprived of the most solemn sacrament of her Church, but the persons who celebrated it were to be punished according to God's law. "The idolater priest should die the death." Knox passionately declared from the pulpit of St Giles', that one Mass was more fearful to him than "ten thousand armed enemies landed in any part of the realm." Arran protested against the proclamation of the 25th August, on the ground that it might protect the Queen's Popish servants who went to Mass against the penalties attaching to idolatry,—a protection which ought not to be afforded, he continued, "na mair nor gif they commit slauchter or murder, seeing that the one is meikle mair abominable and odious in the sight of God than is the others." A peculiar and ponderous vein of pleasantry characterised the entertainments provided for Mary by the Council when she entered the capital in state. Maitland was away—at Westminster on a mission to Elizabeth; and the civic authorities appear to have taken advantage of his absence to introduce some humorous interludes of which the Secretary of State might possibly have disapproved. "Upon Tuesday last she made her entry. She dined in the Castle. The first sight that she saw after she came out of the Castle was a boy of six years of age, that came, as it were, from heaven out of a round globe, that presented unto her a Bible and psalter, and the keys of the gate. There, for the terrible signification of the vengeance of God upon idolatry, were burnt Corah, Dathan, and Abiram, in the time of the sacrifice. They were minded to have had a priest burned at the altar at the elevation; the Earl of Huntly stayed that pageant." When, a few days afterwards, Mary went to Perth and St Andrews, a candle standing at her bedside set fire to the curtain. It was the judgment of God; she had attended the Popish service in her progress, or, as the Reformers phrased it, "all which parts she polluted with her idolatry;" and this was the appropriate punishment. "Fire followed her very commonlie in that journey." On her return to Edinburgh, she found that the magistrates had issued a proclamation by which drunkards, adulterers, *Catholic priests*, and other improper characters were banished from the town. "The Queen was very commovit" at the tenor of the order, and caused the provost and bailies to be removed from office. Knox's indignation at the high-handed action of the Court was unbounded. Yet no redress was to be had, "unless we would arm the hands of the people in whom abideth yet some spark of his fear;" for even the Protestant nobles were ready to humour the Queen; "the permission of that odious idol the Mass, by such as have professed themselves enemies to the same, doth hourly threaten a sudden plague." Lethington and the Lord James were mainly responsible for the backsliding of the

nobility,—"the whole blame lieth upon *their* necks." The counsels of "politick heads" were scouted; the courtiers were told by the preachers that they had begun again "to shake hands with the devill"; Maitland was "the father of all mischief"; and a storm of boisterous ridicule was directed against "him that hes the honor to be the Queen's brother." Idolatry, they declared, was never more prevalent in the realm. "And yet who guides the Queen and the Court? who but the Protestants? O horrible slanderers of God and of His holy Gospel! Better it were unto you plainly to renounce Jesus Christ than thus to mock His blessed Evangel."

A sermon by Knox was not unfrequently a great political event. His harsh sense was in the highest bursts of his oratory curiously blended with an emotional, if not imaginative, fervour, which appealed powerfully to the people. The sturdy and somewhat stolid envoy of Elizabeth bears emphatic testimony to its amazing force. "Where your honour exhorteth us to stoutness, I assure you the voice of one man is able in one hour to put more life in us than five hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears." But, after Mary's return, the Reformer's "thundering sermons" seem to have had less effect upon his hearers; the arrogance of his bearing, the violence of his invective, rejoiced his enemies and disturbed his friends. The Queen, on the other hand, was studiously moderate. She pled for liberty of conscience, and liberty only; and the nation began to recognise that the plea was not unreasonable. The picture of Mary struggling somewhat feebly and blindly on behalf of the principles of religious liberty against the stormy and insistent invective of the Reformer, has, it must be confessed, its touch of pathos and its touch of humour. "Mr Knox spake upon Tuesday to the Queen. He knocked so hastily upon her heart that he made her weep, as well you know there be of that sex that will do that as well for anger as for grief."

This was their first interview; and at this and subsequent meetings Knox found, to his surprise, that the Queen's spirit, in spite of her tears, was as little craven as his own. "If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and ane indurat heart against God and His truth, my judgment faileth me." Whether he was right or wrong in his estimate of her character, he took care to inform her that the 'First Blast of the Trumpet' had been primarily directed against the wicked Jezebel of England, and that personally he was prepared to recognise her authority, and to obey her commands in whatever was lawful—"as weill content to live under your Grace, as Paul was to live under Nero,"—a somewhat equivocal compliment. But temporal rulers, he continued, were bound to submit themselves to the rule of the Church. Mary interrupted him. Which Church did he mean? "For my part," she said, "I think the Kirk of Rome to be the true Kirk." "Your will is no reason," Knox replied; "nor will your judgment make that Roman harlot to be the true spouse of Christ." "My conscience," said Mary, "persuadeth me not so." "Conscience!" exclaimed Knox, "conscience requireth knowledge, which I fear ye want." "I have both heard and read," said Mary. "So did the Jews," was the reply—"the Jews who crucified Christ." "You interpret Scripture," Mary retorted, "after one manner, the Pope and cardi-

nals after another; whom shall I believe, or who shall be judge?" "Ye shall believe God," Knox replied, "that plainly speaketh in His Word; and further than the Word teaches you, ye neither shall believe the one nor the other. The Word of God is plain; and if there appear any obscurity in one place, the Holy Ghost, which is never contrarious to Himself, explains the same more clearly in other places; so that there can remain no doubt but unto such as obstinately remain ignorant."

A sermon directed against the Queen's dancing was the occasion of the second interview. The most innocent sports were denounced by the Reformers; yet it was with difficulty that the affections of "the rascal multitude" were diverted from their Robin Hoods and Little Johns, their Abbots of Unreason and Queens of May; and it needed half a century of Calvinistic rule to reconcile the mass of the people to a prohibition which had been, from the first, the cause of constant heartburning. The Queen's dancing, as we have seen, did not escape their censure. "In presence of the Council, she kept herself very grave; but how soon that ever her French fillocks, fiddlers, and others of that band got the house alone, there micht be seen skipping not very comely for honest women." But the dancing in which Mary indulged during the early days of December 1562, was particularly reprehensible. "She danced excessively till after midnight, because that she had received letters that persecution was again begun in France." So taking for his text, "And now understand, O ye kings, and be learned, ye that judge the earth," Knox began to tax, as he admits, "the ignorance, vanity, and despite of princes against all virtue." Next morning Mary sent for her censor, and inquired if it was true, as she had been informed, that he had travelled to bring her into the contempt of her people. Knox denied that he had done so; the Queen had been misinformed: he had merely said that rulers who danced as the Philistines danced would receive the reward of dancers, "and *that* will be drunk in hell, for God will not always afflict His people, neither yet will He always wink at the tyranny of tyrants. If any man, madam," he continued, "will say that I spack mair, let him presently accuse me." Mary naturally enough replied that the words as reported by himself were "sharp eneuch," but did not press him further.

They met again at Lochleven Castle in 1563. Mary had failed, he contended, to put in force the laws against the celebration of the Mass; and when rulers failed to use the sword of justice against idolaters, the right of their subjects to take it in hand themselves could not be gainsaid. "The examples are evident; for Samuel feared not to slay Agag, the fat and delicate king of Amaleck, whom King Saul had saved; neither spared Elias Jesabel's false prophets, and Baal's priests, albeit that King Achab was present." Mary, after a few more Old Testament precedents illustrative of Jewish justice had been produced, adroitly contrived to turn the conversation to other subjects,—Alexander Gordon, Ruthven, Lethington, the Argylls. Ruthven, she complained, had been lately placed on the Privy Council, and Ruthven she cordially disliked. "Whom doth your Majesty blame?" Knox asked. "Lethington," she answered. But Maitland was in

France at the time, and Knox not ungenerously declined to assail his absent rival. "That man is absent for the present, madame, and therefore will I say nocht against him." Knox appears to have lodged at Kinross; for the conversation which had been carried on in the Castle the night before, was resumed next morning on the Hawking hill to the west of the town,—where her attendants with horse and hawk and hound were waiting the signal to start.

As time wore on, the irritation increased. Moray, the Master of Maxwell, all those of the lay lords, except Glencairn, who had been the pillars of the infant Church, one by one deserted Knox, and went over to the faction that Maitland led. The insolent personalities in which the preachers indulged were more than the nobles could stomach. The "supplications" of the General Assemblies had become thinly veiled incitements to sedition. The Queen must put away "that idol and bastard service of God, the Messe," "as well from herself as from all others within this realm;" and she was plainly told that, although nothing was more odious to them than tumults and domestic discord, yet would they attempt the uttermost before they beheld with their own eyes the house of God demolished, "quhilk with travail and danger God hath within this realm erected by us." If redress was not speedily afforded, they were assured that God's hand would not long spare in His anger "to strike the head and the tail; the inobedient prince and the sinful people." Lethington, among others, having taken exception to the form as well as the substance of the address ("For who ever saw it written to a prince that God would strike the head and the tail?"), Knox promptly rejoined, "that the prophet Esaias used such manner of speaking; and there was no doubt he was weill acquainted in the Court; for it was supposed he was of the king's stock." His answer to the suggestion that a complaint might be preferred against any person who was guilty of a contravention of the law, was happier and more pointed. The sheep, he said, might as well complain to the wolf. "If the sheep shall complain to the wolf that the wolves and whelps has devoured their lambs, the complainer may stand in danger; but the offender, we feare, shall have liberty to hunt after the prey." Lethington, it is added, considered such comparisons—the Queen having shown no desire or inclination to establish Papistry—"veray unsaverie"; and the Assembly appear to have agreed with him; for the supplication, Knox adds, "was given to be reformed as Lethington's wisdom thought best. And in very deed he framed it so, that when it was delivered, and she had read somewhat of it, she said, 'Here are many fair words; I cannot tell what the hearts are.' And so, for our painted oratory, we were termed the next name to flatterers and dissemblers."

The Queen's growing popularity with her subjects was wormwood to Knox. While the preachers were everywhere denounced as "railers," Mary's conciliatory policy was as widely approved. When she opened the Parliament of 1563, she received, as she rode from Holyrood to the Tolbooth, an enthusiastic welcome from the citizens of the capital. "Such stinking pride of women as was seen at that Parliament, was never seen before in Scotland. Three sundry days the Queen rode to the Tolbooth. The first day she

made a painted oration; and there micht have been heard among her flatterers, 'Vox Dianæ! The voice of a goddess and not of a woman! God save that sweet face! Was there ever orator spak so properlie and so sweetly?'" To flatter a woman, and that woman a queen and a Catholic, was a dire offence in Knox's eyes; and he took a characteristic revenge by abusing the fashion of her petticoats. "All things misliking the preachers," we are told, "they spak boldly against *the tarjetting of their tails*"—some mysterious device of the feminine toilet, — which, they expected, would "provoke God's vengeance not only against those foolish women, but against the whole realm which allowed such odious abusing of things that might have been better bestowed." Mary, as we know, was being wooed by France, Austria, and Spain; and before the Parliament adjourned, Knox delivered a rousing discourse against her marriage with an infidel. "Whensoever," he declared, "the nobility of Scotland, professing the Lord Jesus, consents that an infidel (and all Papists are infidels) shall be head to your sovereign, ye do as far as in ye lieth to banish Christ Jesus from this realm." Mary was very indignant, and Protestant and Catholic alike were offended,—"this manner of speaking being judged intolerable." Knox was again summoned to the palace, where the Queen, moved to tears, reproached him for his harshness. But the sturdy divine, who had looked many angry men in the face, as he said, "without being afraid beyond measure," was nothing abashed. "When it shall please God," he told the Queen, "to deliver you from that bondage of darkness and error in the which you have been nourished, your Majesty will find the liberty of my tongue nothing offensive."

These and the like scenes were not calculated to lessen the friction between the courtiers and the preachers, between Maitland and Knox. Knox was implacable, and no entreaties, no considerations of policy or expediency, would induce him to moderate the vehemence of his "railings," or the directness of his "applications." It was after one of these characteristic outbursts that Lethington, we are told, "in open audience gave himself unto the devill" if ever from that day he should regard what became of the ministers. "And let them bark and blaw," he added, "as loud as they list." The breach between the two factions was complete. Knox thundered against the Protestant apostates; while Maitland's mocking retort, "we must recant and burn our Bill, for the preachers are angry," added fuel to the flame. We need not wonder that a politic statesman who had all along been anxiously working for concord should have been bitterly mortified by what he must have regarded as gross and criminal indiscretion; but it was not until he had convinced himself that Knox was irreconcilable, and that it was impossible on any terms to win him to a happier and less combative mood, that he gave unrestrained expression to his displeasure. "The Secretar burst out in a piece of his choler."

One more attempt was made by the ecclesiastical courts, before the Darnley marriage, to deprive Mary of her Mass. The General Assembly in the summer of 1565 presented a petition to her requiring that "the Papistical and blasphemous Mass" "be universally suppressed and abolished throughout the realm, not only in the subjects

but also in the Queen's Majesty's own person." Mary returned a dignified answer. She could not forsake the religion in which she had been brought up, and which she believed to be well grounded—"beseeching all her loving subjects (seeing that they have had experience of her goodness, that she neither hath in times by-past, nor yet meaneth hereafter, to press the conscience of any man, but to suffer them to worship God in such sort as they are persuaded to be best), that they will not press her to offend her own conscience." To Mary's ill-timed and premature plea for toleration (as such we are now taught to regard it by men who are clamorous for religious equality), Knox, from the pulpit of St Giles', replied with characteristic vigour and promptitude. Darnley had come to hear the sermon in the Protestant sanctuary on Sunday 19th August—three weeks after he was married. The text was taken from Isaiah: "O Lord our God, other lords than Thou have ruled over us;" and the appropriate application was duly made. God had given the government of the realm to "boys and women" to rebuke the people for their iniquity and ingratitude; and if order was not taken with "that harlot Jesabel," the vials of the divine wrath would be emptied upon the land. Knox had become so used to strong language, as the opium-eater becomes used to an immoderate quantity of his drug, that he failed to appreciate its effect upon persons who were unfamiliar with his uncourtly candour. It may have been the language, or it may have been the length of the sermon; but Darnley at any rate, we are told, was profoundly annoyed. The author of the 'Diurnal of Occurrents' says only—"Whereat the king was crabbit;" but Knox's own version supplies some amusing details. "And because he had tarried an hour and more longer than the time appointed, the king, sitting in a throne made for the occasion, was so moved at this sermon that he would not dine; and being troubled, with great fury, he passed in the afternoon to the hawking."

The vehemence of Knox, however, must not be confounded, as it has sometimes been, with deliberate rudeness or boorish disrespect; an entire absence of sound judgment, charity, and tact is the worst that can be laid to his charge. His missionary zeal was untempered by apostolic discretion. Yet the effect was the same—had he desired to confirm Mary in her mistaken opinions, he could not have followed a more successful method than he adopted. We must remember, however, that the phrase "mistaken opinions," as used by us, was incomprehensible to Knox. The Mass was idolatry, idolatry was *crime*, and the people and rulers who refused to inflict the punishments which God had attached to crime, would themselves be punished. "In the northland where the autumn before the Queen had travelled, there was ane extreme famine, in the quhilk many died in that country. The dearth was great over all, but the famine was principally there. And so all things appertaining to the sustentation of man, in triple and more, exceeded their accustomed prices. And so did God, according to the threatening of His law, punish the idolatry of our wicked Queen. For the riotous feasting and excessive banqueting wheresoever that wicked woman repaired, provoked God to strike the staff of bread, and to give His malediction upon the fruits of the

earth." "God from heaven and upon the face of the earth gave declaration that He was offended at the iniquity that was committed even within this realm; for upon the 20th day of Januare there fell weit in great abundance, quhilk in the falling freizit so vehemently that the earth was but ane sheet of ice. And in that same month the sea stood still, and neither flowed nor ebbit the space of 24 hours. These things were not only observed," Knox adds, "but also spoken and constantly affirmed by men of judgment and credit." The effect of this fantastical fanaticism upon a proud and high-spirited woman may be easily guessed. Knox was the foremost of the Reformers; yet Mary had found that Knox was narrow-minded, superstitious, and fiercely intolerant,—so narrow-minded, intolerant, and superstitious that he had no difficulty in believing that the orderly course of nature was interrupted because the Queen dined on wild fowl and danced till midnight. If this was Protestantism, she would have none of it. Nor can we blame her much. The ecclesiastical dictator at Edinburgh was as violent and irrational (it might well appear to her) as the ecclesiastical dictator at Rome. Was it worth her while to exchange the infallible Pope of the Vatican for the infallible Pope of the High Street?

IV. In a theocratic society the Church and the State are one; and the prophet of the Israelitish records is a lawgiver, a magistrate, and a politician, as well as a preacher. Knox's notions of government were taken from the Old Testament. Maitland, on the other hand, was a secular statesman, who steadily resisted the intrusion of the Church into civil affairs. We have already had a sample of the wares in Knox's wallet; and the briefest narrative of his controversies with Maitland will serve to show that the Hebrew prophet is an unmanageable element in modern society, and that the application of the principles which Knox asserted and Maitland resisted must lead directly to anarchy.

We have seen that from the day the new religious society was instituted Maitland openly opposed the inordinate pretensions of the preachers. He had said "in mockage," when Knox's special and vehement application of the prophet Haggeus was being addressed to the Parliament of 1560, "We mon now forget ourselves, and beir the barrow to build the houses of God." He had declared again—with his usual verbal felicity—that the Book of Discipline was "a devout imagination,"—meaning probably that such a code of exact and salutary discipline might suit the Civitas Dei when it came to be established, but was ill adapted for any existing society. Knox was anxious that the treatise should be ratified by the Estates; Maitland, on the other hand, was resolved that no parliamentary sanction should be given. It had been signed informally in 1560, Knox being urgent, by some of the lords of the Congregation; but it would appear that later on they had come to be of opinion that they had acted unadvisedly; and Lethington's plea, addressed to the members of the Assembly of 1561, that subscription had been a formal act, which meant little or nothing—"many subscribed *in fide parentum*, as the bairns are baptised"—seems to have satisfied most of the lords who were present. "How many of those that signed that book would be subject to it?"

he inquired, with significant emphasis. The answer was, "All the godly." "Will the Duke?" (Lethington had been apprised, no doubt, that the Hamiltons were now unfriendly.) "If he will not," Lord Ochiltree replied, "I would that he was scrapped out, not only of that book, but also out of our number and company." But Ochiltree appears to have had no support among the "worldlings," and after an angry speech from Knox, Lethington told him plainly that the discussion need not be protracted; "Stand content, that book will not be obtained."

The penalties against Popery were, as we have seen, extraordinarily harsh. The Catholics had looked forward to Mary's return, hoping that with her help the severity of the Acts might be relaxed; but they were disappointed. We learn from one of Maitland's earlier letters that the penal statutes had been rigorously enforced, and that in point of fact the Popish priests were in worse plight than before. Maitland, for reasons to which I have already adverted, was distinctly in favour of a lenient administration of the law, and we find the Reformers complaining on more than one occasion that the Secretary was not a keen persecutor. Knox, alluding to a prosecution which was begun when Maitland was in France, observes that the Queen asked counsel of the old Laird of Lethington, "for the younger was absent, and so the Protestants had the fewer unfriends;" and it is quite true that during the latter years of the Lethington administration the penalties inflicted upon those who adhered to the ancient faith were comparatively light. On the other hand, he regarded the seditious doctrines which were aired in the pulpit of St Giles' with marked disfavour. The preachers declared that they held a civil as well as a divine commission, a secular as well as a spiritual warrant. They were above the law when the law was in their judgment unjust. They prayed for the Queen as "a thrall and bondwoman of Satan," and for the rebel lords as "the best part of the nobility." A religious festival not uncommonly developed into a political saturnalia. The first public fast of the Reformed Church was held during the week for which Rizzio's murder had been planned; and in the form of prayer prepared by Knox for the occasion, his knowledge of the plot enabled him to exercise his prophetic gifts with marked advantage. When, after a tumult in Edinburgh, the lawless citizens were warned not to take the law into their own hands, the Reformers protested against the "high threatenings" and offensive language of the Royal letter. Knox's defiance of authority has been defended by indiscreet apologists; but Maitland's reply to the argument that the godly might break with impunity any law they disliked appears to be unanswerable. "For if all private persons should usurp to take vengeance at their own hands, what lies in ours? And to what purpose hath good laws and statutes been established?"

An accidental outburst of fanaticism in the Abbey Church during the Queen's absence at Stirling in 1563 brought the contention between the extreme and moderate parties to a crisis. The Calvinistic rioters were identified, and two of their number were summoned to underlie the law. Knox promptly called his faction to arms. The trial was to take place on the 25th of October, and early in the autumn the fiery cross, in the

form of an encyclical from the Calvinistic leader, was speeding through the Covenanting counties. "Wheresoever two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the middest of thame," was the superscription of this singular declaration of war, in which the writer craved the Congregation to convene in Edinburgh on the day of trial, "for the advancement of God's glory, the safety of your brethren, and your own assurance." It was an insolent attempt to overawe the Judges by collecting in the capital a mob of Protestant fanatics. "The brethren prepared themselves, as many as were thought expedient in every town and province, to keep the day." A civil war was in prospect; but the tenor of the letter was made known to the Queen, and Knox was called before the Council.

The Reformer was urged, both by Moray and by Maxwell, to withdraw the obnoxious circular, but he obstinately refused. He had been guilty of no offence. "No offence!" exclaimed Maxwell, "to convocat the Queen's lieges!" "Not for a just cause," Knox replied, vindicating his conduct by the example of the lords of the Congregation, who two years before had risen in arms against their sovereign. Maxwell was answering reasonably enough that, times having changed, the precedent was inapplicable, when he was interrupted by Knox: "It is neither the presence nor the absence of the Queen," he said, "that rules my conscience, but God speaking plainly in His Word; what was lawful to me last year is still lawful, because my God is unchangeable." What could a Maitland or a Maxwell make of this impracticable controversialist —a controversialist whose ultimate court of appeal was the Old Testament narrative as interpreted by himself?

Knox, however, was ultimately discharged by the Council. The Queen was present on the occasion,—Maxwell on one side of her chair of state, Maitland on the other. The Council was composed exclusively of the lords who had belonged to the Congregation—Moray, Marischal, Glencairn, Ruthven. Behind the lords, at a little distance from the table, sat, among others, "auld Lethington, father of the Secretar." The examination was mainly conducted by Maitland, who had no difficulty in disposing of the pleas that were urged by Knox and his partisans. The precedent of the convocations which had been held during a period of civil strife was clearly inapplicable: "Then was then, and now is now. We have no need of sic conventions as sometimes we have had." Then the Queen herself interposed: "Who gave him commandment to make convocation of my lieges? Is not that treason?" Ruthven had recourse, in answer, to a transparent evasion (of which Knox, indeed, had already availed himself); it was not treason, he contended, "for he makes convocation of the people to hear prayer and sermon almost daily, and whatever your Grace may think thereof, we think it not treason." Mary tore the cobweb to pieces. "I say nothing," she retorted, "against your religion or against your convening to your sermons. But what authority have you to convocate my subjects when ye will, without my commandment?" Knox's reply was to the effect that he had acted on the commandment of the Kirk; but the greater part of his defence was devoted to a violent invective against the "pestilent Papists, who, being the sons of the devill, maun obey

the desires of their father, who has been ane liar and ane murderer from the beginning."

Knox asserts that Lethington was eager for a conviction, and that the lords were offended by his importunity. "What! shall the Laird of Lethington have power to controul us? or shall the presence of a woman cause us to offend God by condemning the innocent against our conscience?" It rather appears, however, that the prudential considerations (a conviction might possibly have led to a riot) which induced the lords to discharge him did not imply any approval of his conduct; for it is from the time of his appearance before the Council that the division between the Court party and the Church party becomes most marked. The Master of Maxwell "gave unto the said John a discharge of the familiaritie which before was great between them;" and even Moray was thereafter for many months divided from the man to whom he had been bound by the closest ties. "In all that time the Earl of Moray was so fremmit to John Knox that neither by word nor write was there any communication betwixt them."

An unsuccessful attempt to bring the two parties together was made during the sitting of the Assembly which met at Edinburgh in June 1564. Lethington presided, Knox was in attendance, and the conference ultimately resolved into an animated discussion between the preacher and the politician. The report comes from Knox, and we may fairly conclude that he does no injustice to his own argument; yet the *reasonableness* of Maitland's position, the fairness of his judgment and the felicity of his language, are conspicuous throughout. The figures of the representative leaders stand out boldly, and the hopelessness of any compromise between the men is nowhere else more distinctly brought home to us. Knox belonged, heart and soul, to the Church militant of the sixteenth century; whereas Maitland, in his manner of speech and habit of thought, was essentially modern. A brief *résumé* of this dramatic dialogue will interest the reader.

It must be premised, however, that a conference had been held soon after Mary's return, at which the question, "Whether subjects might put to their hand to suppress the idolatry of their prince?" had been keenly debated. The preachers were prepared to insist on conformity, the lords were in favour of liberty, "and the votes of the lords prevailed against the ministers." It was resolved, however, that the judgment of the Church of Geneva, the mother Church of the more rigid Protestantism, should be obtained. Knox offered to correspond with Calvin; but on the plea (it was only "a shift to gain time," we are told) that "there stood meikle in the information," the Secretary undertook to prepare and forward the memorial.

The conference was held in the "Inner Counsel House." Besides the Duke, Moray, Argyll, Morton, Glencairn, Marischal, Rothes—all those who had been hitherto the steadiest friends of the Church, but who were now dismayed by Knox's violence—were present on behalf of the lords; Erskine of Dun, Spottiswoode, Craig, and others represented the ministers. The debate was opened by Lethington, who, insisting upon the immense importance of a friendly understanding between the sovereign and her people, pointed out that the goodwill which had hitherto been preserved was in

danger of being interrupted by the indecent invective and virulent hostility of the preachers. Knox replied that any truce between wicked rulers and the people of God was not to be desired, and that God, in His hot indignation, would strike the people who winked at the idolatry of their prince.

Lethington. That is a head, Mr Knox, whereupon you and I have never agreed. How are you able to prove that God has plagued or stricken a people for the idolatry of their prince, if they themselves led godly lives?

Knox. The Scripture of God teaches me that Jerusalem and Juda were punished for the sin of Manasses. It is true that the king was not wholly to blame, for idolatry and false religion have ever been and ever will be pleasing to the most part of men; and a great number, no doubt, followed him in his abominations, and suffered him to file Jerusalem and the temple of God; for which sin the whole nation was justly responsible; even as the whole of Scotland is guilty this day of the Queen's idolatry, and you, my lords, specially above all others.

Lethington. Therein we shall never agree; but of that we shall speak more at large hereafter. Now, as regards the form of prayer which you use for the Queen?

Knox. God knows that publicly and privately I have prayed for her conversion, showing the people the danger in which they stand by reason of her indurit blindness——

Lethington. That is it wherein we find the greatest fault. You call her the slave of Satan; you affirm that God's vengeance hangs over the realm by reason of her impiety,—what is this but to rouse the heart of the people against her Majesty?

Knox. It sufficeth me, my lord, that the Master and Teacher of baith prophets and apostles has taught me so to pray.

Lethington. Wherein rebels she against God?

Knox. In all the actions of her life, but especially that she will not hear the blessed Evangel of Jesus Christ, and that she maintains that idol, the Messe.

Lethington. She thinks it not rebellion, but good religion.

Knox. So thought they that sometimes offered their children unto Moloch, and yet the Spirit of God affirms that they offered them unto devills and not unto God.

Lethington. Yet why not pray for her without moving any doubt?

Knox. Prayer profits the sons and daughters of God's election only, of which number whether she be ane or not, I have just cause to doubt.

Lethington. Well, let us come to the second head. Where find ye that the Scripture calls any the bond-slaves to Satan? or that the prophets of God speak so irreverently of kings and queens?

Knox. The Scripture says that by nature we are all of the sons of wrath; now, what difference there is between the sons of wrath and the slaves of the devill, I understand not.

Lethington. But where will ye find that any of the prophets did so entreat kings and queens?

Knox. In more places than one. Achab was a king and Jesabell a queen, and yet what the prophet Elias said to the one and to the other I suppose ye be not ignorant?

Lethington. These were singular motions of the Spirit of God, and appertane not to our age.

[Lethington, who had been "leaning upon the Master of Maxwell's breast," here said, "I

am almost weary. I would that some other would reason upon the other heads." But no one coming forward, the discussion on the extent of the obedience due by subjects to their rulers was resumed by him.]

Lethington. How will ye prove that the persons placed in authority may be resisted, seeing the apostle has said, 'He that resists the powers resisteth the ordinance of God'?

Knox. That the prince may be resisted, and the ordinance of God not violated, is evident, for Saul was the anointed king, and the Jews his subjects, and yet they so resisted him that they made him no better than man-sworn.

Lethington. I doubt if in so doing the people did well.

Knox. The Spirit of God accuses them not of any crime, but rather praises them. And therefore I conclude that they who gainstood his commandment resisted not the ordinance of God.

Lethington. All this reasoning is not to the purpose. Our question is, whether we may and ought to suppress the Queen's Mass, or whether her idolatry shall be laid to our charge?

Knox. Idolatry ought not only to be suppressed, but the idolater ought to die the death.

Lethington. But there is no commandment given to the people to punish their king if he be an idolater.

Knox. I find no more privilege granted unto kings by God, more than unto the people, to offend God's majesty. And for the probation, I am ready to produce the fact of one prophet—for ye know, my lord, that Eliseus sent one of the children of the prophets to anoint Jehu, who gave him in commandment to destroy the house of his master Achab for the idolatry committed by him, and for the innocent blood that Jesabell, his wicked wife, had slain.

Lethington. We are not bound to imitate extraordinary examples, unless we have the like assurance and commandment. We have not the like commandment.

Knox. That I deny, for the commandment—the idolater shall die the death—is perpetual, as ye yourself have granted.

Lethington. You have produced but one example.

Knox. One sufficeth; but yet, God be praisit, we lack not others. Amasias and Joash, kings of Judah, were both punished for their iniquity—Joash by his awin servants, and Amasias by the whole people.

Lethington. I doubt whether they did well.

Knox. It shall be free for you to doubt as you please; but whaur I find execution according to God's laws, I daur not doubt of the equity of their cause. And further, it appears unto me that God gave sufficient approbation and allowance for their conduct, for he blessit them with victory, peace, and prosperity, the space of fifty-two years thereafter.

Lethington. But prosperity does not always prove that God approves the acts of men.

Knox. Yes, when the acts of men agree with the will of God.

Lethington. Well, I think ye shall not have many learnit men of your opinion.

Knox. The truth ceases not to be the truth, though men misknow it. Yet, I praise my Lord, I lack not the consent of God's servants in that head. [Here he presented to Lethington the Apology of Magdeburg, signed by certain ministers of the Lutheran Church.]

Lethington (after reading the names). Homines obscuri.

Knox. Dei tamen servi.

So the controversy ended, and the scruples of neither party were resolved. It is the way of most controversies. Lethington proceeded to explain why he had not written to Calvin—the explanation being approved by "the clawbacks of the Court"—but even Calvin's judgment would have had little weight. For the division between the advocates of custom and the advocates of change, between the advocates of authority and the advocates of revolution, is not yet healed. It is one of the root-questions of politics. If every citizen who is dissatisfied with the established order is entitled to take the law into his own hands, orderly government is made impossible. Yet there are extraordinary occasions when resistance to a "wicked ruler" becomes the plainest duty of the subject. The right of insurrection in certain extreme cases is now more fully admitted than it was when Maitland lived; yet even to-day the most advanced theorist will be ready to own that the doctrine of resistance as formulated by Knox could lead only to anarchy.

Maitland, it may here be added, took an active part in the proceedings which were rendered necessary by the alienation of the revenues of the Church. The ministers were very indignant at the inadequacy of the provision which was made for them by the Privy Council,—even the "third" (which was ultimately set aside for their sustentation) being burdened with a provision in favour of the Crown. "Twa parts," they declared, "had been freely given to the devil, and the third had been divided between the devil and God." They maintained, moreover, that those who had been empowered by the Council "to modify the stipends" had been niggardly in the extreme. They were particularly wroth with the Comptroller (Wishart, the Laird of Pittarrow), one of their own men, who had been selected indeed to protect their interests, and the contrast between his professions and his practice was severely satirised. "The good Laird of Pittarrow was an earnest professor of Christ; but the meikle devill take the Comptroller!" Maitland, on the other hand, contended that the "modification" had been so favourable to the ministers that at the end of the year the Queen would not have enough "to buy her a pair of new shoes;" and Christopher Goodman, who, though he held an English benefice, had taken a leading part in the controversy, was tersely advised to mind his own business: "Ne sit peregrinus curiosus in aliena republica."

If the religious revolution in Scotland has been bitterly denounced, it has also had eager apologists. The teaching of Knox, we are told, has been "the immediate cause of all that is best and greatest in Scottish character;" and "the resolute and noble effort of the Scottish people to make Christ's Gospel the rule of their daily lives" has been emphatically approved. The passion of the partisan is apt to provoke indiscriminate retaliation; and there are men of learning and judgment who do not hesitate to declare, on the other hand, that the revolution, as conducted by Knox, was an immense misfortune for Scotland,—throwing back for not less than three hundred years its art, its civilisation, and even its religion. It does not appear to me that either view is entirely

just; although I incline to hold, upon the whole, that if Maitland's counsels had prevailed, the effect of the Reformation on morals, on doctrine, on the social relations, on the intellectual life, would have been more salutary than it was.

That among the earlier Reformers there were many simple and earnest souls to whom spiritual verities were intensely real—who saw the pure and noble figure of Jesus waiting for them in the heavens, while meantime they themselves in an evil world fought the good fight and kept the faith which He had bequeathed to them—need not be doubted. But this was hardly the aspect in which religion presented itself to the mind of Knox. The jealous God of prophet and psalmist, who had commanded the chosen people to root out the Canaanite and slay the idolater, was the central figure of his theology. Divested of its technical phraseology, the gospel according to Calvin is capable of succinct definition. The first man had incurred the displeasure of Almighty God by eating forbidden fruit. For this act of disobedience he and his innocent offspring had been devoted to everlasting fiery torments—justly and righteously devoted; but out of the depths of His divine compassion the Lord had devised a scheme of salvation by which a select minority might be enabled to escape. His only-begotten Son was sent to bear the punishment which they had incurred, and which otherwise would have fallen on them. While the elect, thus vicariously punished and vicariously redeemed, will be taken up to dwell with their Master and Saviour in heaven, the rest of the human race (who have drawn blanks in this tremendous lottery) will be cast into the tormenting fire of hell, where they will spend eternity in the practice of sin, and in sinking lower and lower into the hideous abyss of evil. This is Calvinism—pure and undiluted; and the tragic conception of the relations between man and his Maker which the gloomy logic of a theologian had conjured up, was seared by Knox and his successors upon the soul of the Scottish people. A horror of great darkness rose up, like a pestilential exhalation, from the pit—obscuring the gracious light and benignant glory of heaven. What this whimsically tragic scheme of doctrine (for it is whimsical as well as tragic) had led to in the course of a century or two, is known to every reader of Burns's immortal satires; and men who are yet hardly past their prime can still remember how the religion of Scotland had been demoralised by it when they were boys.

A system of doctrine which is unreal or fantastic must react injuriously, one would fancy, upon the practical morality of a people. "Morality in its theological aspect," to borrow Professor Huxley's weighty words, "is obedience to the will of God." The will of God, as disclosed to the Scottish Calvinist, involved, it must be admitted, some rather singular conclusions. That the Pope was Antichrist, that bishops were servants of the devil, that witches and warlocks were to be burnt alive, that churches were to be built like barns, that works of art were to be disfigured and defaced, that actors of plays were to be branded and banished, that persons who walked in the fields or gathered "groserts" in time of sermon were to be excommunicated, that the Sabbath was a season of penitential gloom, that dancing and other innocent pleasures were a device of Satan, that a belief in the real

presence was idolatry, and that the idolater was to die the death, —these were some of the definitions of God's will, to which the Scottish Calvinists, then and later, proceeded to give effect. The determination to live in obedience to God's will is deserving of all praise; but it is obvious that the quality of the morality must depend to some extent on the conception that has been formed of what that will requires; and it cannot perhaps be said that in this sense the Reformers had made any appreciable advance upon the monk and the pardoner.

No one now denies that fanaticism, intemperate zeal, cruel intolerance, iconoclastic excess, characterised the Reformation in Scotland. Is fanaticism good? Are intemperance, intellectual narrowness, ferocious invective good? Are these the legitimate fruits of a moral and intellectual revival? In this sense, again, we have to ask ourselves, Was Knox's way best, or was Lethington's? Unless the plea of urgent necessity is admitted, there can be no question of what the answer must be. For my own part, I decline to accept the plea. I see no reason to doubt that the Reformation (even in Scotland) might have been successfully conducted on other lines; that a real reform of abuses moral and spiritual might have been brought about without the sacrifice of intellectual breadth and veracity, of moderation, of comprehension, of Christian charity.

When we are told that Knox's Reformation was the cause of all that is "best and greatest" in the Scottish character, we are tempted to ask whether in point of fact the Scot since Knox's time has risen to any high moral or spiritual level? It is probable that under any form of religion or government the national caution and the national shrewdness would have led to material success and worldly prosperity. But is it just to assert that the severe and gloomy Puritanism of the preachers has impressed upon the national conscience a finer ideal of duty or a higher standard of purity? If this could be truly asserted, then, indeed, the narrowness, the fierceness, the bigotry might be forgiven. That the life led by "the Scottish commons" since the Reformation has been, as a rule, simple, frugal, and devout, I would gladly believe; but that it has been in many respects a maimed and stunted life, wanting in beauty and attractiveness and the instinctive refinement of more favoured nations, as well as hard, narrow, and merciless in judgment and conduct, cannot, I am afraid, be denied. Nor do sobriety, purity, and cleanliness quite consist with certain unpleasant returns which have been taken to show (rather unfairly, I believe) that among the nations of Europe the countrymen and countrywomen of Knox are the most intemperate and the most unchaste.

Any general reflections on national peculiarities should be made with the utmost reserve, and when I say that the Puritan training of the nation had an unhappy effect upon its *morale*, I am ready to admit that the opposite view may be supported by plausible argument. To me, however, it appears that the bonds from which the Scots have had to free themselves in later times, cut them to the bone. The iron entered into their souls; and, while it cannot be reasonably affirmed that the Reformation refined the manners or purified the morals of the people, Covenanter and Cameronian—the lineal descendants of

Knox—became as morbidly superstitious and as crazily fanatical as any fasting saint or howling dervish.

If the influence of the Knoxian Reformation upon morals, upon the soul and the conscience, cannot be unreservedly approved, the effect upon the intellectual life was distinctly disastrous. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were the witnesses of a new Birth. The fruitful methods of a new philosophy were being applied; the initial step in an incredible development of philosophy, poetry, theology, science, had been taken. Men who had hitherto walked in a vain show, were about to return to sincerity and to nature; the swaddling-clothes of the middle ages were being laid aside; and the nations of Northern Europe, to whom the mummeries of superstition and the traditions of the schoolmen had grown musty and ill-flavoured, welcomed, with the fresh delight and innocent wonder of children, the free and liberal air of a larger life. Wise thinkers like Erasmus, sagacious statesmen like Maitland, would have associated the ecclesiastical traditions with the new secular impulses; but the Luthers, the Calvins, and the Knoxes were as hostile to intellectual freedom and spiritual breadth as Pope or bishop. The reformers of religion put a new face upon the old unrealities and the old unveracities, and then proceeded to enforce them by the time-honoured sanctions—the fagot here, eternal fire hereafter. Their first business in Scotland was to construct an exhaustive form of excommunication,—directly thereafter they succeeded in obtaining an Act from the Estates which punished witchcraft with death. It need not be added that the higher literature of Scotland—the literature which has given Scotland a place among the nations—owes nothing to its Puritanism. Hume, Burns, Scott—each in his own fashion—led the revolt against the Knoxian tradition.

On the singular figure of Knox himself—the undoubted leader of the religious movement in Scotland—men will continue to look, as his contemporaries looked, with mingled feelings of admiration and aversion. In the case of so unique a personality, the temptation to burn or to adore becomes well-nigh irresistible. The flaws in a character of exceptional force and masterfulness are of course accentuated by its virility; and in Knox, especially, it cannot be denied, there was much that was not admirable. Such words as charity, chivalry, magnanimity, were not to be found in his dictionary, and the ideas which they represented he would have laughed to scorn. The coarse strain in his nature is most noticeable, perhaps, in his estimate of, and in his intercourse with, women: there are allusions to his first wife in his letters which no man of natural delicacy could have committed to paper. Marjory Bowes died when he was almost an old man, and then he married the daughter of Lord Ochiltree, a girl in her teens. His impotent struggles to escape from the net which he had incautiously woven for himself in the 'First Blast of the Trumpet' are whimsical in the extreme. "Jeremie prayed for the prosperity and health of Nebuchadnezar. Did he therefore justify his cruelty against Jerusalem? I am assured he did not, as his own prophesie beareth plain witness." In his dealings with men, Knox was often unscrupulous—sometimes, if rarely, dishonest. When the Congregation were anxiously

looking for help from Elizabeth, he wrote to Sir James Croft that, as matters stood, the English Government might safely break with France,—"but if ye list to craft with them, the sending of a thousand or more men to us can break no league nor point of peace contracted betwixt you and France; for it is free for your subjects to serve in war any prince or nation for their wages; and if ye fear that such excuses will not prevail, ye may declare them rebels to your realm when ye shall be assured that they are in our company." Even Croft—"the bell-wether of all mischief"—was shocked, or professed to be shocked, by the cynical levity of the proposal,—how could a "wise man" like Mr Knox fail to see that this "dishonourable device" would deceive nobody? It is needless to repeat that Knox was intensely superstitious. The changes of wind and weather were spiritual portents which the Almighty permitted him to interpret. His disciples believed, indeed, that the gift of prophecy had been given to their master, as it had been given to Isaiah and Ezekiel. The reasonably probable deductions from current events which native shrewdness enabled him to make, were magnified into inspired vaticinations; and vindictive anticipations of approaching doom not unfrequently brought about their own fulfilment,—as Kirkaldy and others found to their cost. The horizon of his mind was narrow; it had no "atmosphere" or "perspective," as artists would say; and the limitations of his intellect reacted upon his policy. The historical continuity and the historical development of great institutions were conceptions which he could not grasp. He was ready at any moment to break with the past, and to "establish the Church of Christ *de novo*." And, if his logic was arbitrary, his dogmatism was inveterate. The Bishop of Rome was the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition, the Babylonian harlot,—what more needed to be said? He thundered against the Mass; it was more terrible to him than a host of armed enemies; but he failed to show wherein the mystery of the Eucharist was more incredible than the mystery of the incarnation or the mystery of the resurrection, than the miracle in Cana of Galilee, or the miracle in Bethlehem of Judea. He was a forcible but not a great or entirely honest reasoner, and the vigorous and animated argument was sometimes sophistical and sometimes puerile. His sarcasm was clumsy, his irony wanted finish. The broad and boisterous caricature in which he delighted was closely akin to horse-play; while his humour, sometimes hilarious, sometimes saturnine, would have shocked a more fastidious society. Yet friend and foe were fain to admit that the weapons in his controversial armoury had one invaluable merit—they almost invariably silenced his adversaries. He convinced as a sledge-hammer convinces. And even if his defects of temper and manner had been graver than they were, this rude and rugged figure, in the plain Geneva gown, can never cease to be interesting and even memorable to Scotchmen. Seldom before had such sturdy courage and such unflagging energy, such fertility of resource, such fire of zeal, such majesty of invective, animated the friends and confounded the enemies of the truth. His undaunted bearing in the presence of learned doctors and hostile nobles cannot be too highly praised. "He never feared the face of man." The constitutional

insensibility to danger is shared by many coarse and inferior natures; but Knox was not the vulgar bully of the ecclesiastical arena. The burden of the Lord was upon him. Stronger, far stronger than natural intrepidity, was the abiding conviction that he had been permitted to enter into the counsels of the Most High, and that the God of Israel was on his side. Thus in the darkest hour his confidence was unshaken. Of him, as of William of Orange, it might be truly said—"Sævis tranquillus in undis." He was never, indeed, so great as in adversity; and when, from the wrath of man and the wiles of the Evil One, the afflicted people of God appealed to the Eternal, it was the voice of Knox that shaped their prayer. "It remaineth that both they and we turn to the Eternal, our God (who beats down to death to the intent that He may raise up again, to leave the remembrance of His wondrous deliverance, to the praise of His own name), which, if we do unfeignedly, I no more doubt but that this our dolour, confusion, and fear shall be turned into joy, honour, and boldness, than that I doubt that God gave victory to the Israelites over the Benjamites after that twice with ignominy they were repulsed and dung back. Yea, whatsoever shall become of us and our mortal carcasses, I doubt not but that this cause, in despite of Sathan, shall prevail in the realm of Scotland. For as it is the eternal truth of the eternal God, so shall it at the last prevail, howsoever for a time it be impugned. It may be that God shall plague some, for that they delight not in the truth, albeit for worldly respects they seem to favour it. Yea, God may take some of his dearest children away before that their eyes see greater troubles. But neither shall the one nor the other so hinder this action but in the end it shall triumph."

So long as Maitland retained the control of public affairs in Scotland, the provisional religious peace was strictly observed. It may be truly said that during the whole of his administration, inasmuch as active intolerance was discouraged by those in power, Ephraim did not envy Judah, nor Judah vex Ephraim. The principles of wise restraint and judicious abstinence were recommended to priest and people by a Minister who was constitutionally averse to "the falsehood of extremes." On the fall of Mary and the retirement of Maitland, Knox regained his influence over the lords. At the Assembly of the "Kirk of God," which met at Edinburgh on 25th July 1567, the nobility, barons, and others of the Kirk promised faithfully, in the presence of God, "to root out, destroy, and utterly subvert all monuments of idolatry," and thereafter "proceed to the punishment of the idolaters." And on the 29th, Morton, for the infant King, who had been crowned that day, solemnly swore that "out of all my lands and empire I shall be careful to root out all heresy"—an oath confirmed by Moray himself as Regent on the 22d of August—"Out of this realm of Scotland, and empire thereof, I shall be careful to root out all heretics and enemies to the true worship of God."

THE WITHERED ARM.

I.—A LORN MILKMAID.

It was an eighty-cow dairy, and the troop of milkers, regular and supernumerary, were all at work; for, though the time of year was as yet but early April, the feed lay entirely in water-meadows and the cows were "in full pail." The hour was about six in the evening, and three-fourths of the large, red, rectangular animals having been finished off, there was opportunity for a little conversation.

"He brings home his bride to-morrow, I hear. They've come as far as Anglebury to-day."

The voice seemed to proceed from the carcass of the cow called Cherry, but the speaker was a milking-woman, whose face was buried in the flank of that motionless beast.

"Has anybody seen her?" said another.

There was a negative response from the first. "Though they say she's a rosy-cheeked, tisty-tosty little body enough," she added; and as the milkmaid spoke she turned her face so that she could glance past her cow's tail to the other side of the barton, where a thin faded woman of thirty milked somewhat apart from the rest.

"Years younger than he, they say," continued the second, with also a glance of reflectiveness in the same direction.

"How old do you call him, then?"

"Thirty or so."

"More like forty," broke in an old milkman near, in a long white pinafore or "wropper," and with the brim of his hat tied down, so that he looked like a woman. "'A was born before our Great Weir was builded, and I hadn't man's wages when I laved water there."

The discussion waxed so warm that the purr of the milk-streams became jerky, till a voice from another cow's belly cried with authority, "Now, then, what the Turk do it matter to us about Farmer Lodge's age, or Farmer Lodge's new mis'ess! I shall have to pay him nine pound a-year for the rent of every one of these milchers, whatever his age or hers. Get on with your work, or 'twill be dark before we have done. The evening is pinking in a'ready." This speaker was the dairyman himself, by whom the milkmaids and men were employed.

Nothing more was said publicly about Farmer Lodge's wedding, but the first woman murmured under her cow to her next neighbour, "'Tis hard for she," signifying the thin worn milkmaid aforesaid.

"Oh no," said the second. "He hasn't spoken to Rhoda Brook for years."

When the milking was done they washed their pails and hung them on a many-forked stand made of the peeled limb of an oak-tree, set upright in the earth, and resembling a colossal antlered horn. The majority then dispersed in various directions homeward. The thin woman who had not spoken was joined by a boy of twelve or thereabout, and the twain went away up the field also.

Their course lay apart from that of the others, to a lonely spot high above the water-meads, and not far from the border of

Egdon Heath, whose dark countenance was visible in the distance as they drew nigh to their home.

"They've just been saying down in barton that your father brings his young wife home from Anglebury to-morrow," the woman observed. "I shall want to send you for a few things to market, and you'll be pretty sure to meet 'em."

"Yes, mother," said the boy. "Is father married, then?"

"Yes. . . . You can give her a look, and tell me what she's like, if you do see her."

"Yes, mother."

"If she's dark or fair, and if she's tall—as tall as I. And if she seems like a woman who has ever worked for a living, or one that has been always well off, and has never done anything, and shows marks of the lady on her, as I expect she do."

"Yes."

They crept up the hill in the twilight, and entered the cottage. It was thatched, and built of mud-walls, the surface of which had been washed by many rains into channels and depressions that left none of the original flat face visible; while here and there a rafter showed like a bone protruding through the skin.

She was kneeling down in the chimney-corner, before two pieces of turf laid together with the heather inwards, blowing at the red-hot ashes with her breath till the turves flamed. The radiance lit her pale cheek, and made her dark eyes, that had once been handsome, seem handsome anew. "Yes," she resumed, "see if she is dark or fair, and if you can, notice if her hands are white; if not, see if they look as though she had ever done housework, or are milker's hands like mine."

The boy again promised, inattentively this time, his mother not observing that he was cutting a notch with his pocket-knife in the beech-backed chair.

II.—THE YOUNG WIFE.

The road from Anglebury to Stickleford is in general level; but there is one place where a sharp ascent breaks its monotony. Farmers homeward-bound from the former market-town, who trot all the rest of the way, walk their horses up this short incline.

The next evening, while the sun was yet bright, a handsome new gig, with a lemon-coloured body and red wheels, was spinning westward along the level highway at the heels of a powerful mare. The driver was a yeoman in the prime of life, cleanly shaven like an actor, his face being toned to that bluish-vermilion hue which so often graces a thriving farmer's features when returning home after successful dealings in the town. Beside him sat a woman, many years his junior—almost, indeed, a girl. Her face too was fresh in colour, but it was of a totally different quality—soft and evanescent, like the light under a heap of rose-petals.

Few people travelled this way, for it was not a turnpike road; and the long white riband of gravel that stretched before them was empty, save of one small scarce-moving speck, which presently resolved itself into the figure of a boy, who was creeping on at a snail's pace, and continually looking behind him—the heavy bundle he carried being some excuse for, if not the reason of, his dilatoriness. When the bouncing

don't you go and see for yourself?"

"*I* go to see her! I wouldn't look up at her if she were to pass my window this instant. She was with Mr Lodge, of course. What did he say or do?"

"Just the same as usual."

"Took no notice of you?"

"None."

Next day the mother put a clean shirt on the boy, and started him off for Stickleford church. He reached the ancient little pile when the door was just being opened, and he was the first to enter. Taking his seat by the font, he watched all the parishioners file in. The well-to-do Farmer Lodge came nearly last; and his young wife, who accompanied him, walked up the aisle with the shyness natural to a modest woman who had appeared thus for the first time. As all other eyes were fixed upon her, the youth's stare was not noticed now.

When he reached home his mother said "Well?" before he had entered the room.

"She is not tall. She is rather short," he replied.

"Ah!" said his mother, with satisfaction.

"But she's very pretty—very. In fact, she's lovely." The youthful freshness of the yeoman's wife had evidently made an impression even on the somewhat hard nature of the boy.

"That's all I want to hear," said his mother quickly. "Now, spread the table-cloth. The hare you caught is very tender; but mind that nobody catches you.—You've never told me what sort of hands she had."

"I have never seen 'em. She never took off her gloves."

"What did she wear this morning?"

"A white bonnet and a silver-coloured gownd. It whewed and whistled so loud when it rubbed against the pews that the lady coloured up more than ever for very shame at the noise, and pulled it in to keep it from touching; but when she pushed into her seat, it whewed more than ever. Mr Lodge, he seemed pleased, and his waistcoat stuck out, and his great golden seals hung like a lord's; but she seemed to wish her noisy gownd anywhere but on her."

"Not she! However, that will do now."

These descriptions of the newly married couple were continued from time to time by the boy at his mother's request, after any chance encounter he had had with them. But Rhoda Brook, though she might easily have seen young Mrs Lodge for herself by walking a couple of miles, would never attempt an excursion towards the quarter where the farmhouse lay. Neither did she, at the daily milking in the dairyman's yard on Lodge's outlying second farm, ever speak on the subject of the recent marriage. The dairyman, who rented the cows of Lodge, and knew perfectly the tall milkmaid's history, with manly kindliness always kept the gossip in the cow-barton from annoying Rhoda. But the atmosphere thereabout was full of the subject during the first days of Mrs Lodge's arrival; and from her boy's description and the casual words of the other milkers, Rhoda Brook could raise a mental image of the unconscious Mrs Lodge that was realistic as a photograph.

III.—A VISION.

One night, two or three weeks after the bridal return, when the boy was gone to bed, Rhoda sat a long time over the turf ashes that she had raked out in front of her to extinguish them. She contemplated so intently the new wife, as presented to her in her mind's eye over the embers, that she forgot the lapse of time. At last, wearied with her day's work, she too retired.

But the figure which had occupied her so much during this and the previous days was not to be banished at night. For the first time Gertrude Lodge visited the supplanted woman in her dreams. Rhoda Brook dreamed—if her assertion that she really saw, before falling asleep, was not to be believed—that the young wife, in the pale silk dress and white bonnet, but with features shockingly distorted, and wrinkled as by age, was sitting upon her chest as she lay. The pressure of Mrs Lodge's person grew heavier; the blue eyes peered cruelly into her face; and then the figure thrust forward its left hand mockingly, so as to make the wedding-ring it wore glitter in Rhoda's eyes. Maddened mentally, and nearly suffocated by pressure, the sleeper struggled; the incubus, still regarding her, withdrew to the foot of the bed, only, however, to come forward by degrees, resume her seat, and flash her left hand as before.

Gasping for breath, Rhoda, in a last desperate effort, swung out her right hand, seized the confronting spectre by its obtrusive left arm, and whirled it backward to the floor, starting up herself as she did so with a low cry.

"Oh, merciful heaven!" she cried, sitting on the edge of the bed in a cold sweat, "that was not a dream—she was here!"

She could feel her antagonist's arm within her grasp even now—the very flesh and bone of it, as it seemed. She looked on the floor whither she had whirled the spectre, but there was nothing to be seen.

Rhoda Brook slept no more that night, and when she went milking at the next dawn they noticed how pale and haggard she looked. The milk that she drew quivered into the pail; her hand had not calmed even yet, and still retained the feel of the arm. She came home to breakfast as wearily as if it had been supper-time.

"What was that noise in your chimmer, mother, last night?" said her son. "You fell off the bed, surely?"

"Did you hear anything fall? At what time?"

"Just when the clock struck two."

She would not explain, and when the meal was done went silently about her household work, the boy assisting her, for he hated going afield on the farms, and she indulged his reluctance. Between eleven and twelve the garden-gate clicked, and she lifted her eyes to the window. At the bottom of the garden, within the gate, stood the woman of her vision. Rhoda seemed transfixed.

"Ah, she said she would come!" exclaimed the boy, also observing her.

"Said so—when? How does she know us?"

"I have seen and spoken to her. I talked to her yesterday."

"I told you," said the mother, flushing indignantly, "never to

speak to anybody in that house, or go near the place."

"I did not speak to her till she spoke to me. And I did not go near the place. I met her in the road."

"What did you tell her?"

"Nothing. She said, 'Are you the poor boy who had to bring the heavy load from market?' And she looked at my boots, and said they would not keep my feet dry if it came on wet, because they were so broken. I told her I lived with my mother, and we had enough to do to keep ourselves, and that's how it was; and she said then, 'I'll come and bring you some better boots, and see your mother.' She gives away things to other folks in the meads besides us."

Mrs Lodge was by this time close to the door—not in her silk, as Rhoda had seen her in the bedchamber, but in a morning hat, and gown of common light material, which became her better than silk. On her arm she carried a basket.

The impression remaining from the night's experience was still strong. Brook had almost expected to see the wrinkles, the scorn, and the cruelty on her visitor's face. She would have escaped an interview, had escape been possible. There was, however, no back-door to the cottage, and in an instant the boy had lifted the latch to Mrs Lodge's gentle knock.

"I see I have come to the right house," said she, glancing at the lad, and smiling. "But I was not sure till you opened the door."

The figure and action were those of the phantom; but her voice was so indescribably sweet, her glance so winning, her smile so tender, so unlike that of Rhoda's midnight visitant, that the latter could hardly believe the evidence of her senses. She was truly glad that she had not hidden away in sheer aversion, as she had been inclined to do. In her basket Mrs Lodge brought the pair of boots that she had promised to the boy, and other useful articles.

At these proofs of a kindly feeling towards her and hers, Rhoda's heart reproached her bitterly. This innocent young thing should have her blessing and not her curse. When she left them a light seemed gone from the dwelling. Two days later she came again to know if the boots fitted; and less than a fortnight after that paid Rhoda another call. On this occasion the boy was absent.

"I walk a good deal," said Mrs Lodge, "and your house is the nearest outside our own parish. I hope you are well. You don't look quite well."

Rhoda said she was well enough; and indeed, though the paler of the two, there was more of the strength that endures in her well-defined features and large frame, than in the soft-cheeked young woman before her. The conversation became quite confidential as regarded their powers and weaknesses; and when Mrs Lodge was leaving, Rhoda said, "I hope you will find this air agree with you, ma'am, and not suffer from the damp of the meads."

The younger one replied that there was not much doubt of it, her general health being usually good. "Though, now you remind me," she added, "I have one little ailment which puzzles me. It is nothing serious, but I cannot make it out."

She uncovered her left hand and arm; and their outline confronted Rhoda's gaze as the exact original of the limb she had beheld and seized in her dream. Upon the pink round surface of the arm

were faint marks of an unhealthy colour, as if produced by a rough grasp. Rhoda's eyes became riveted on the discolorations; she fancied that she discerned in them the shape of her own four fingers.

"How did it happen?" she said mechanically.

"I cannot tell," replied Mrs Lodge, shaking her head. "One night when I was sound asleep, dreaming I was away in some strange place, a pain suddenly shot into my arm there, and was so keen as to awaken me. I must have struck it in the daytime, I suppose, though I don't remember doing so." She added, laughing, "I tell my dear husband that it looks just as if he had flown into a rage and struck me there. Oh, I daresay it will soon disappear."

"Ha, ha! Yes. . . . On what night did it come?"

Mrs Lodge considered, and said it would be a fortnight ago on the morrow. "When I awoke, I could not remember where I was," she added, "till the clock striking two reminded me."

She had named the night and the hour of Rhoda's spectral encounter, and Brook felt like a guilty thing. The artless disclosure startled her; she could not understand the coincidence; and all the scenery of that ghastly night returned with double vividness to her mind.

"Oh, can it be," she said to herself, when her visitor had departed, "that I exercise a malignant power over people against my own will?" She knew that she had been slyly called a witch since her fall; but never having understood why that particular stigma had been attached to her, it had passed disregarded. Could this be the explanation, and had such things as this ever happened before?

IV.—A SUGGESTION.

The summer drew on, and Rhoda Brook almost dreaded to meet Mrs Lodge again, notwithstanding that her feeling for the young wife amounted wellnigh to affection. Something in her own individuality seemed to convict Rhoda of crime. Yet a fatality sometimes would direct the steps of the latter to the outskirts of Stickleford whenever she left her house for any other purpose than her daily work; and hence it happened that their next encounter was out of doors. Rhoda could not avoid the subject which had so mystified her, and after the first few words she stammered, "I hope your—arm is well again, ma'am?" She had perceived with consternation that Gertrude Lodge carried her left arm stiffly.

"No; it is not quite well. Indeed it is no better at all; it is rather worse. It pains me dreadfully sometimes."

"Perhaps you had better go to a doctor, ma'am."

She replied that she had already seen a doctor. Her husband had insisted upon her going to one. But the surgeon had not seemed to understand the afflicted limb at all; he had told her to bathe it in hot water, and she had bathed it, but the treatment had done no good.

"Will you let me see it?" said the milkwoman.

Mrs Lodge pushed up her sleeve and disclosed the place, which was a few inches above the wrist. As soon as Rhoda Brook saw it, she could hardly preserve her composure. There was nothing of the

nature of a wound, but the arm at that point had a shrivelled look, and the outline of the four fingers appeared more distinct than at the former time. Moreover, they were imprinted in precisely the relative position of her clutch upon the arm in the trance; the first finger towards Gertrude's wrist, and the fourth towards her elbow.

What the impress resembled seemed to have struck Gertrude herself since their last meeting. "It looks almost like finger-marks," she said; adding with a faint laugh, "my husband says it is as if some witch, or the devil himself, had taken hold of me there, and blasted the flesh."

Rhoda shivered. "That's fancy," she said hurriedly. "I wouldn't mind it, if I were you."

"I shouldn't so much mind it," said the younger, with hesitation, "if—if I hadn't a notion that it makes my husband—dislike me—no, love me less. Men think so much of personal appearance."

"Some do—he for one."

"Yes; and he was very proud of mine, at first."

"Keep your arm covered from his sight."

"Ah—he knows the disfigurement is there!" She tried to hide the tears that filled her eyes.

"Well, ma'am, I earnestly hope it will go away soon."

And so the milkwoman's mind was chained anew to the subject by a horrid sort of spell as she returned home. The sense of having been guilty of an act of malignity increased, affect as she might to ridicule her superstition. In her secret heart Rhoda did not altogether object to a slight diminution of her successor's beauty, by whatever means it had come about; but she did not wish to inflict upon her physical pain. For though this pretty young woman had rendered impossible any reparation which Lodge might have made her for his past conduct, everything like resentment at her unconscious usurpation had quite passed away from the elder's mind.

If the sweet and kindly Gertrude Lodge only knew of the scene in the bed-chamber, what would she think? Not to inform her of it seemed treachery in the presence of her friendliness; but tell she could not of her own accord—neither could she devise a remedy.

She mused upon the matter the greater part of the night; and the next day, after the morning milking, set out to obtain another glimpse of Gertrude Lodge if she could, being held to her by a gruesome fascination. By watching the house from a distance the milkmaid was presently able to discern the farmer's wife in a ride she was taking alone—probably to join her husband in some distant field. Mrs Lodge perceived her, and cantered in her direction.

"Good morning, Rhoda!" she said, when she had come up. "I was going to call."

Rhoda noticed that Mrs Lodge held the reins with some difficulty.

"I hope—the bad arm," said Rhoda.

"They tell me there is possibly one way by which I might be able to find out the cause, and so perhaps the cure, of it," replied the other anxiously. "It is by going to some clever man over in Egdon Heath. They did not know if he was still alive—and I cannot remember his name at this moment; but they said that you knew more of his movements than anybody else hereabout, and could tell me if he were still to be consulted. Dear me—what was his name? But you know."

"Not Conjuror Trendle?" said her thin companion, turning pale.

"Trendle—yes. Is he alive?"

"I believe so," said Rhoda, more reluctantly.

"Why do you call him conjuror?"

"Well—they say—they used to say he was a—he had powers other folks have not."

"Oh, how could my people be so superstitious as to recommend a man of that sort! I thought they meant some medical man. I shall think no more of him."

Rhoda looked relieved, and Mrs Lodge rode on. The milkwoman had inwardly seen, from the moment she heard of her having been mentioned as a reference for this man, that there must exist a sarcastic feeling among the workfolk that a sorceress would know the whereabouts of the exorcist. They suspected her, then. A short time ago this would have given no concern to a woman of her common-sense. But she had good reason to be superstitious now; and she had been seized with sudden dread that this Conjuror Trendle might name her as the malignant influence which was blasting the fair person of Gertrude, and so lead her friend to hate her for ever, and to treat her as some fiend in human shape.

But all was not over. Two days after, a shadow intruded into the window-pattern thrown on Rhoda Brook's floor by the afternoon sun. The woman opened the door at once, almost breathlessly.

"Are you alone?" said Gertrude. She seemed to be nc less harassed and anxious than Brook herself.

"Yes," said Rhoda.

"The place on my arm seems worse, and troubles me!" the young farmer's wife went on. "It is so mysterious! I do hope it will not be a permanent blemish. I have again been thinking of what they said about Conjuror Trendle. I don't really believe in such men, but I should not mind just visiting him, from curiosity—though on no account must my husband know. Is it far to where he lives?"

"Yes—five miles," said Rhoda, backwardly. "In the heart of Egdon."

"Well, I should have to walk. Could not you go with me to show me the way—say to-morrow afternoon?"

"Oh, not I—that is," the milkwoman murmured, with a start of dismay. Again the dread seized her that something to do with her fierce act in the dream might be revealed, and her character in the eyes of the most useful friend she had ever had be ruined irretrievably.

Mrs Lodge urged, and Rhoda finally assented, though with much misgiving. Sad as the journey would be to her, she could not conscientiously stand in the way of a possible remedy for her patron's strange affliction. It was agreed that, to escape suspicion of their mystic intent, they should meet at the edge of the heath, at the corner of a plantation which was visible from the spot where they now stood.

V.—CONJUROR TRENDLE.

By the next afternoon, Rhoda would have done anything to escape this inquiry. But she had promised to go. Moreover, there was a horrid fascination at times in becoming instrumental in throw-

ing such possible light on her own character as would reveal her to be something greater in the occult world than she had ever herself suspected.

She started just before the time of day mentioned between them, and half an hour's brisk walking brought her to the south-eastern extension of the Egdon tract of country, where the fir plantation was. A slight figure, cloaked and veiled, was already there. Rhoda recognised, almost with a shudder, that Mrs Lodge bore her left arm in a sling.

They hardly spoke to each other, and immediately set out on their climb into the interior of this solemn country, which stood high above the rich alluvial soil they had left half an hour before. It was a long walk; thick clouds made the atmosphere dark, though it was as yet only early afternoon; and the wind howled dismally over the hills of the heath—not improbably the same heath which had witnessed the agony of the Wessex King Ina, presented to after-ages as Lear. Gertrude Lodge talked most, Rhoda replying with monosyllabic preoccupation. She had a strange dislike to walking on the side of her companion where hung the afflicted arm, moving round to the other when inadvertently near it. Much heather had been brushed by their feet when they descended upon a cart-track, beside which stood the house of the man they sought.

He did not profess his remedial practices openly, or care anything about their continuance, his direct interests being those of a dealer in furze, turf, "sharp sand," and other local products. Indeed, he affected not to believe largely in his own powers, and when warts that had been shown him for cure miraculously disappeared—which it must be owned they infallibly did—he would say lightly, "Oh, I only drink a glass of grog upon 'em—perhaps it's all chance," and immediately turn the subject.

He was at home when they arrived, having in fact seen them descending into his valley. He was a grey-bearded man, with a reddish face, and he looked singularly at Rhoda the first moment he beheld her. Mrs Lodge told him her errand; and then with words of self-disparagement he examined her arm.

"Medicine can't cure it," he said, promptly. "'Tis the work of an enemy."

Rhoda shrank into herself, and drew back.

"An enemy? What enemy?" asked Mrs Lodge.

He shook his head. "That's best known to yourself," he said. "If you like I can show the person to you, though I shall not myself know who it is. I can do no more; and don't wish to do that."

She pressed him; on which he told Rhoda to wait outside where she stood, and took Mrs Lodge into the room. It opened immediately from the door; and, as the latter remained ajar, Rhoda Brook could see the proceedings without taking part in them. He brought a tumbler from the dresser, nearly filled it with water, and fetching an egg, prepared it in some private way; after which he broke it on the edge of the glass, so that the white went in and the yolk remained. As it was getting gloomy, he took the glass and its contents to the window, and told Gertrude to watch them closely. They leant over the table together, and the milkwoman could see the opaline hue of the egg fluid changing form as it sank in the water, but she was not near enough to define the shape that it assumed.

"Do you catch the likeness of any face or figure as you look?" demanded the conjuror of the young woman.

She murmured a reply, in tones so low as to be inaudible to Rhoda, and continued to gaze intently into the glass. Rhoda turned, and walked a few steps away.

When Mrs Lodge came out, and her face was met by the light, it appeared exceedingly pale—as pale as Rhoda's—against the sad dun shades of the upland's garniture Trendle shut the door behind her, and they at once started homeward together. But Rhoda perceived that her companion had quite changed.

"Did he charge much?" she asked, tentatively.

"Oh no—nothing. He would not take a farthing," said Gertrude.

"And what did you see?" inquired Rhoda.

"Nothing I—care to speak of." The constraint in her manner was remarkable; her face was so rigid as to wear an oldened aspect, faintly suggestive of the face in Rhoda's bed-chamber.

"Was it you who first proposed coming here?" Mrs Lodge suddenly inquired, after a long pause. "How very odd, if you did."

"No. But I am not sorry we have come, all things considered," she replied. For the first time a sense of triumph possessed her, and she did not altogether deplore that the young thing at her side should learn that their lives had been antagonised by other influences than their own.

The subject was no more alluded to during the long and dreary walk home. But in some way or other a story was whispered about the many-dairied Swenn valley that winter that Mrs Lodge's gradual loss of the use of her left arm was owing to her being "overlooked" by Rhoda Brook. The latter kept her own counsel about the incubus, but her face grew sadder and thinner; and in the spring she and her boy disappeared from the neighbourhood of Stickleford.

VI.—A SECOND ATTEMPT.

Half-a-dozen years passed away, and Mr and Mrs Lodge's married experience sank into prosiness, and worse. The farmer was usually gloomy and silent: the woman whom he had wooed for her grace and beauty was contorted and disfigured in the left limb; moreover, she had brought him no child, which rendered it likely that he would be the last of a family who had occupied that valley for some two hundred years. He thought of Rhoda Brook and her son; and feared this might be a judgment from heaven upon him.

The once blithe-hearted and enlightened Gertrude was changing into an irritable, superstitious woman, whose whole time was given to experimenting upon her ailment with every quack remedy she came across. She was honestly attached to her husband, and was ever secretly hoping against hope to win back his heart again by regaining some at least of her personal beauty. Hence it arose that her closet was lined with bottles, packets, and ointment-pots of every description—nay, bunches of mystic herbs, charms, and books of necromancy, which in her schoolgirl time she would have ridiculed as folly.

"Damned if you won't poison

yourself with these apothecary messes and witch mixtures some time or other," said her husband, when his eye chanced to fall upon the multitudinous array.

She did not reply, but turned her sad soft glance upon him in such heart-swollen reproach that he looked sorry for his words. "I only meant it for your good, you know, Gertrude," he added.

"I'll clear out the whole lot, and destroy them," said she, huskily, "and attempt such remedies no more!"

"You want somebody to cheer you," he observed. "I once thought of adopting a boy; but he is too old now. And he is gone away I don't know where."

She guessed to whom he alluded; for Rhoda Brook's story had in the course of years become known to her; though not a word had ever passed between her husband and herself on the subject. Neither had she ever spoken to him of her visit to Conjuror Trendle, and of what was revealed to her, or she thought was revealed to her, by that solitary heath-man.

She was now five-and-twenty; but she seemed older. "Six years of marriage, and only a few months of love," she sometimes whispered to herself. And then she thought of the apparent cause, and said, with a tragic glance at her withering limb, "If I could only again be as I was when he first saw me!"

She obediently destroyed her nostrums and charms; but there remained a hankering wish to try something else—some other sort of cure altogether. She had never revisited Trendle since she had been conducted to the house of the solitary by Rhoda against her will; but it now suddenly occurred to Gertrude that she would, in a last desperate effort at deliverance from this seeming curse, again seek out the man, if he yet lived. He was entitled to a certain credence, for the indistinct form he had raised in the glass had undoubtedly resembled the only woman in the world who—as she now knew, though not then—could have a reason for bearing her ill-will. The visit should be paid.

This time she went alone, though she nearly got lost on the heath, and roamed a considerable distance out of her way. Trendle's house was reached at last, however: he was not indoors, and instead of waiting at the cottage she went to where his bent figure was pointed out to her at work a long way off. Trendle remembered her, and laying down the handful of furze-roots which he was gathering and throwing into a heap, he offered to accompany her in her homeward direction, as the distance was considerable and the days were short. So they walked together, his head bowed nearly to the earth, and his form of a colour with it.

"You can send away warts and other excrescences, I know," she said; "why can't you send away this?" And the arm was uncovered.

"You think too much of my powers!" said Trendle; "and I am old and weak now, too. No, no; it is too much for me to attempt in my own person. What have ye tried?"

She named to him some of the hundred medicaments and counter-spells which she had adopted from time to time. He shook his head.

"Some were good enough," he said, approvingly; "but not many of them for such as this. This is of the nature of a blight, not of the nature of a wound; and if you ever do throw it off, it will be all at once."

"If I only could!"

"There is only one chance of doing it known to me. It has never failed in kindred afflictions, —that I can declare. But it is hard to carry out, and especially for a woman."

"Tell me!" said she.

"You must touch with the limb the neck of a man who's been hanged."

She started a little at the image he had raised.

"Before he's cold — just after he's cut down," continued the conjuror, impassively.

"How can that do good?"

"It will turn the blood and change the constitution. But, as I say, to do it is hard. You must get into jail, and wait for him when he's brought off the gallows. Lots have done it, though perhaps not such pretty women as you. I used to send dozens for skin complaints. But that was in former times. The last I sent was in '13 —near twenty years ago."

He had no more to tell her; and, when he had put her into a straight track homeward, turned and left her, refusing all money as at first.

VII.—A RIDE.

The communication sank deep into Gertrude's mind. Her nature was rather a timid one; and probably of all remedies that the white wizard could have suggested there was not one which would have filled her with so much aversion as this, not to speak of the immense obstacles in the way of its adoption.

Casterbridge, the county-town, was a dozen or fifteen miles off; and though in those days, when men were executed for horse-stealing, arson, and burglary, an assize seldom passed without a hanging, it was not likely that she could get access to the body of the criminal unaided. And the fear of her husband's anger made her reluctant to breathe a word of Trendle's suggestion to him or to anybody about him.

She did nothing for months, and patiently bore her disfigurement as before. But her woman's nature, craving for renewed love, through the medium of renewed beauty (she was but twenty-five), was ever stimulating her to try what, at any rate, could hardly do her any harm. "What came by a spell will go by a spell surely," she would say. Whenever her imagination pictured the act she shrank in terror from the possibility of it: then the words of the conjuror, "It will turn your blood," were seen to be capable of a scientific no less than a ghastly interpretation; the mastering desire returned, and urged her on again.

There was at this time but one county paper, and that her husband only occasionally borrowed. But old-fashioned days had old-fashioned means, and news was extensively conveyed by word of mouth from market to market or from fair to fair; so that, whenever such an event as an execution was about to take place, few within a radius of twenty miles were ignorant of the coming sight; and, so far as Stickleford was concerned, some enthusiasts had been known to walk all the way to Casterbridge and back in one day, solely to witness the spectacle. The next assizes were in March; and when Gertrude Lodge heard that they had been held, she inquired stealthily at the inn as to

the result, as soon as she could find opportunity.

She was, however, too late. The time at which the sentences were to be carried out had arrived, and to make the journey and obtain admission at such short notice required at least her husband's assistance. She dared not tell him, for she had found by delicate experiment that these smouldering village beliefs made him furious if mentioned, partly because he half entertained them himself. It was therefore necessary to wait for another opportunity.

Her determination received a fillip from learning that two epileptic children had attended from this very village of Stickleford many years before with beneficial results, though the experiment had been strongly condemned by the neighbouring clergy. April, May, June passed; and it is no overstatement to say that by the end of the last-named month Gertrude wellnigh longed for the death of a fellow-creature. This time she made earlier inquiries, and was altogether more systematic in her proceedings. Moreover, the season was summer, between the haymaking and the harvest, and in the leisure thus afforded her husband had been holiday-taking away from home.

The assizes were in July, and she went to the inn as before. There was to be one execution—only one, for arson.

Her greatest problem was not how to get to Casterbridge, but what means she should adopt for obtaining admission to the jail. Though access for such purposes had formerly never been denied, the custom had fallen into desuetude; and in contemplating her possible difficulties, she was again almost driven to fall back upon her husband. But, on sounding him about the assizes, he was so uncommunicative, so more than usually cold, that she did not proceed, and decided that whatever she did she would do alone.

Fortune, obdurate hitherto, showed her unexpected favour. On the Thursday before the Saturday fixed for the execution, Lodge remarked to her that he was going away from home for another day or two on business at a fair, and that he was sorry he could not take her with him.

She exhibited on this occasion so much readiness to stay at home that he looked at her in surprise. Time had been when she would have shown deep disappointment at the loss of such a jaunt. However, he lapsed into his usual taciturnity, and on the day named left Stickleford.

It was now her turn. She at first had thought of driving, but on reflection held that driving would not do, since it would necessitate her keeping to the turnpike-road, and so increase by tenfold the risk of her ghastly errand being found out. She decided to ride, and avoid the beaten track, notwithstanding that in her husband's stables there was no animal just at present which by any stretch of imagination could be considered a lady's mount, in spite of his promise before marriage to always keep a mare for her. He had, however, many horses, fine ones of their kind; and among the rest was a serviceable creature, an equine Amazon, with a back as broad as a sofa, on which Gertrude had occasionally taken an airing when unwell. This horse she chose.

On Friday afternoon one of the men brought it round. She was dressed, and before going down looked at her shrivelled arm. "Ah!" she said to it, "if it had

not been for you this terrible ordeal would have been saved me!"

When strapping up the bundle in which she carried a few articles of clothing, she took occasion to say to the servant, "I take these in case I should not get back to-night from the person I am going to visit. Don't be alarmed if I am not in by ten, and close up the house as usual. I shall be at home to-morrow for certain." She meant then to privately tell her husband: the deed accomplished was not like the deed projected. He would almost certainly forgive her.

And then the pretty palpitating Gertrude Lodge went from her husband's homestead in a course directly the opposite of that towards Casterbridge. As soon as she was out of sight she took the first turning to the left, which led into Egdon, and on entering the heath wheeled round, and set out in a course due westerly. A more private way down the county could not be imagined; and as to direction, she had merely to keep her horse's head to a point a little to the right of the sun. She knew that she would light upon a furze-cutter or cottager of some sort from time to time, from whom she might correct her course.

Though the date was comparatively recent, Egdon was much less fragmentary in character than now. The attempts — successful and otherwise—at cultivation on the lower slopes, which intrude and break up the original heath into small detached heaths, had not been carried far: Enclosure Acts had not taken effect, and the banks and fences which now exclude the cattle of those villagers who formerly enjoyed rights of commonage thereon, and the carts of those who had turbary privileges which kept them in firing all the year round, were not erected. Gertrude therefore rode along with no other obstacles than the prickly furze-bushes, the mats of heather, the white water-courses, and the natural steeps and declivities of the ground.

Her horse was sure, if heavy-footed and slow, and though a draught animal, was easy-paced; had it been otherwise, she was not a woman who could have ventured to ride over such a bit of country with a half-dead arm. It was therefore nearly eight o'clock when she drew rein to breathe the mare on the last outlying high point of heath-land towards Casterbridge, previous to leaving Egdon for the cultivated valleys.

She halted before a pond, flanked by the ends of two hedges; a railing ran through the centre of the pond, dividing it in half. Over the railing she saw the low green country; over the green trees the roofs of the town; over the roofs a white flat façade, denoting the entrance to the county jail. On the roof of this front specks were moving about; they seemed to be workmen erecting something. Her flesh crept. She descended slowly, and was soon amid corn-fields and pastures. In another half-hour, when it was almost dusk, Gertrude reached the White Hart, the first inn of the town on that side.

Little surprise was excited by her arrival: farmers' wives rode on horseback then more than they do now; though for that matter, Mrs Lodge was not imagined to be a wife at all; the innkeeper supposed her some harum-scarum young woman who had come to attend "hang-fair" next day. Neither her husband nor herself ever dealt in Casterbridge market, so that she was unknown. While dismounting she beheld a crowd of boys standing at the door of a harness-maker's shop just above

the inn, looking inside it with deep interest.

"What is going on there?" she asked of the ostler.

"Making the rope for to-morrow."

She throbbed responsively, and contracted her arm.

"'Tis sold by the inch afterwards," the man continued. "I could get ye a bit, miss, for nothing, if you'd like?"

She hastily repudiated any such wish, all the more from a curious creeping feeling that the condemned wretch's destiny was becoming interwoven with her own; and having engaged a room for the night, sat down to think.

Up to this time she had formed but the vaguest notions about her means of obtaining access to the prison. The words of the cunning-man returned to her mind. He had implied that she should use her beauty, impaired though it was, as a pass-key. In her inexperience she knew little about jail functionaries; she had heard of a high sheriff and an under-sheriff, but dimly only. She knew, however, that there must be a hangman, and to the hangman she determined to apply.

VIII.—A WATER-SIDE HERMIT.

At this date, and for several years after, there was a hangman to almost every jail. Gertrude found, on inquiry, that the Casterbridge official dwelt in a lonely cottage by a deep slow river flowing under the cliff on which the prison buildings were situate—the stream being the self-same one, though she did not know it, which watered the Stickleford meads lower down in its course.

Having changed her dress, and before she had eaten or drunk—for she could not take her ease till she had ascertained some particulars—Gertrude pursued her way by a path along the water-side to the cottage indicated. Passing thus the outskirts of the jail, she discerned on the level roof over the gateway three rectangular lines against the sky, where the specks had been moving in her distant view; she recognised what the erection was, and passed quickly on. Another hundred yards brought her to the executioner's house, which a boy pointed out. It stood close to the same stream, and was hard by a weir, the waters of which emitted a steady roar.

While she stood hesitating the door opened, and an old man came forth shading a candle with one hand. Locking the door on the outside, he turned to a flight of wooden steps fixed against the end of the cottage, and began to ascend them, this being evidently the staircase to his bedroom. Gertrude hastened forward, but by the time she reached the foot of the ladder he was at the top. She called to him loudly enough to be heard above the roar of the weir; he looked down and said, "What d'ye want here?"

"To speak to you a minute."

The candle-light, such as it was, fell upon her imploring, pale, upturned face, and Davies (as the hangman was called) backed down the ladder. "I was just going to bed," he said; "'Early to bed and early to rise,' but I don't mind stopping a minute for such a one as you. Come into house." He reopened the door, and preceded her to the room within.

The implements of his daily work, which was that of a jobbing gardener, stood in a corner, and seeing probably that she looked

rural, he said, "If you want me to undertake country work I can't come, for I never leave Casterbridge for gentle nor simple—not I. Though sometimes I make others leave," he added slyly.

"Yes, yes! That's it! To-morrow!"

"Ah! I thought so. Well, what's the matter about that? 'Tis no use to come here about the knot — folks do come continually, but I tell 'em one knot is as merciful as another if ye keep it under the ear. Is the unfortunate man a relation; or, I should say, perhaps" (looking at her dress) "a person who's been in your employ?"

"No. What time is the execution?"

"The same as usual — twelve o'clock, or as soon after as the London mail-coach gets in. We always wait for that, in case of a reprieve."

"Oh—a reprieve—I hope not!" she said involuntarily.

"Well,—he, he!—as a matter of business, so do I! But still, if ever a young fellow deserved to be let off, this one does; only just turned eighteen, and only present by chance when the rick was fired. Howsomever, there's not much risk of it, as they are obliged to make an example of him, there having been so much destruction of property that way lately."

"I mean," she explained, "that I want to touch him for a charm, a cure of an affliction, by the advice of a man who has proved the virtue of the remedy."

"Oh yes, miss! Now I understand. I've had such people come in past years. But it didn't strike me that you looked of a sort to require blood-turning. What's the complaint? The wrong kind for this, I'll be bound."

"My arm." She reluctantly showed the withered skin.

"Ah!—'tis all a-scram!" said the hangman, examining it.

"Yes," said she.

"Well," he continued with interest, "that *is* the class o' subject, I'm bound to admit. I like the look of the place; it is truly as suitable for the cure as any I ever saw. 'Twas a knowing man that sent 'ee, whoever he was."

"You can contrive for me all that's necessary?" she said, breathlessly.

"You should really have gone to the governor of the jail, and your doctor with 'ee, and given your name and address — that's how it used to be done, if I recollect. Still, perhaps, I can manage it for a trifling fee."

"Oh, thank you! I would rather do it this way, as I should like it kept private."

"Lover not to know, eh?"

"No—husband."

"Aha! Very well. I'll get 'ee a touch of the corpse."

"Where is it now?" she said, shuddering.

"It?—*he*, you mean; he's living yet. Just inside that little small winder up there in the glum." He signified the jail on the cliff above.

She thought of her husband and her friends. "Yes," of course, she said; "and how am I to proceed?"

He took her to the door. "Now, do you be waiting at the little wicket in the wall, that you'll find up there in the lane, not later than one o'clock. I will open it from the inside, as I shan't come home to dinner till he's took down. Good night. Be punctual; and if you don't want anybody to know 'ee, wear a veil. Ah—once I had such a daughter as you!"

She went away, and climbed the path above, to assure herself that she would be able to find the wicket next day. Its outline

was soon visible to her—a narrow opening in the outer wall of the prison-yard. The steep was so great that, having reached the wicket, she stopped a moment to breathe; and looking back upon the water-side cot, saw the hangman again ascending his outdoor staircase. He entered the loft or chamber to which it led, and in a few minutes extinguished his light.

The town clock struck ten, and she returned to the White Hart as she had come.

IX.—A RENCOUNTER.

It was one o'clock on Saturday. Gertrude Lodge, having been admitted to the jail as above described, was sitting in a waiting-room within the second gate, which stood under a classic archway of ashlar, then comparatively modern, and bearing the inscription, "COVNTY GAOL: 1793." This had been the façade she saw from the heath the day before. Near at hand was a passage to the roof on which the gallows stood.

The town was thronged, and the market suspended; but Gertrude had seen scarcely a soul. Having kept her room till the hour of the appointment, she had proceeded to the spot by a way which avoided the open space below the cliff where the spectators had gathered; but she could, even now, hear the multitudinous babble of their voices, out of which rose at intervals the hoarse croak of a single voice, uttering the words, "Last dying speech and confession!" There had been no reprieve, and the execution was over; but the crowd still waited to see the body taken down.

Soon the persistent girl heard a trampling overhead, then a hand beckoned to her, and, following directions, she went out and crossed the inner paved court beyond the gatehouse, her knees trembling so that she could scarcely walk. One of her arms was out of its sleeve, and only covered by her shawl.

On the spot to which she had now arrived were two trestles, and before she could think of their purpose she heard heavy feet descending stairs somewhere at her back. Turn her head she would not, or could not, and, rigid in this position, she was conscious of a rough coffin passing her shoulder, borne by four men. It was open, and in it lay the body of a young man, wearing the smockfrock of a rustic, and fustian breeches. It had been thrown into the coffin so hastily that the skirt of the smockfrock was hanging over. The burden was temporarily deposited on the trestles.

By this time the young woman's state was such that a grey mist seemed to float before her eyes, on account of which, and the veil she wore, she could scarcely discern anything: it was as though she had half-fainted and could not finish.

"Now," said a voice close at hand, and she was just conscious that it had been addressed to her.

By a last strenuous effort she advanced, at the same time hearing persons approaching behind her. She bared her poor curst arm; and Davies, taking her hand, held it so that the arm lay across the dead man's neck, upon a line the colour of an unripe blackberry, which surrounded it.

Gertrude shrieked: "the turn o' the blood," predicted by the conjuror, had taken place. But at that moment a second shriek rent the air of the enclosure: it was not

Gertrude's, and its effect upon her was to make her start round.

Immediately behind her stood Rhoda Brook, her face drawn, and her eyes red with weeping. Behind Rhoda stood her own husband; his countenance lined, his eyes dim, but without a tear.

"D——n you! what are you doing here?" he said, hoarsely.

"Hussy—to come between us and our child now!" cried Rhoda. "This is the meaning of what Satan showed me in the vision! You are like her at last!" And clutching the bare arm of the younger woman, she pulled her unresistingly back against the wall. Immediately Brook had loosened her hold the fragile young Gertrude slid down against the feet of her husband. When he lifted her up she was unconscious.

The mere sight of the twain had been enough to suggest to her that the dead young man was Rhoda's son. At that time the relatives of an executed convict had the privilege of claiming the body for burial, if they chose to do so; and it was for this purpose that Lodge was awaiting the inquest with Rhoda. He had been summoned by her as soon as the young man was taken in the crime, and at different times since; and he had attended in court during the trial. This was the "holiday" he had been indulging in of late. The two wretched parents had wished to avoid exposure; and hence had come themselves for the body, a waggon and sheet for its conveyance and covering being in waiting outside.

Gertrude's case was so serious that it was deemed advisable to call to her the surgeon who was at hand. She was taken out of the jail into the town; but she never reached home alive. Her delicate vitality, sapped perhaps by the paralysed arm, collapsed under the double shock that followed the severe strain, physical and mental, to which she had subjected herself during the previous twenty-four hours. Her blood had been "turned" indeed—too far. Her death took place in the town three days after.

Her husband was never seen in Casterbridge again; once only in the old market-place at Anglebury, which he had so much frequented, and very seldom in public anywhere. Burdened at first with moodiness and remorse, he eventually changed for the better, and appeared as a chastened and serious-minded man. Soon after attending the funeral of his poor young wife, he took steps towards giving up the farms in Stickleford and the adjoining parish, and, having sold every head of his stock, he went away to Port-Bredy, at the other end of the county, living there in solitary lodgings till his death two years later of a painless decline. It was then found that he had bequeathed the whole of his not inconsiderable property to a reformatory for boys, subject to the payment of a small annuity to Rhoda Brook, if she could be found to claim it.

For some time she could not be found; but eventually she reappeared in her old parish,—absolutely refusing, however, to have anything to do with the provision made for her. Her monotonous milking at the dairy was resumed, and followed for many long years, till her form became bent, and her once abundant dark hair white and worn away at the forehead—perhaps by long pressure against the cows. Here, sometimes, those who knew her experiences would stand and observe her, and wonder what sombre thoughts were beating inside that impassive, wrinkled brow, to the rhythm of the alternating milk-streams.

JOYCE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HALLIDAY was both gloomy and angry when he left home, full of that sense of unappreciated merit which cuts with peculiar keenness into the minds of those who entertain no doubt as to their own superiority over the ordinary level; but the influence of external things and the distraction of travel soon succeeded in clearing to a great degree his mental firmament. The bustle of the great station at Edinburgh, the care of selecting a comfortable corner for his journey, the hurrying and rush of less fortunate persons hampered by luggage and children, amused his mind and distracted his thoughts. He travelled, as a matter of course, in the third class; and, equally as a matter of course, he regarded with a dignified derision the stalwart young men in deer-stalking coats, and with every superfluity imaginable in the way of wraps and sticks and dressing-cases, who indulged themselves in the luxury of sleeping-carriages. Sybarites he called them in his mind, with a half-contemptuous, half-indulgent smile — frivolous creatures, altogether unaware that in a corner of a third-class carriage a man so much their superior in everything was calmly regarding them, making the inevitable comparison between folly and its comfortable cushions, and wisdom, which, if it did not trudge afoot, yet used only what dignified necessity required. The deer-stalking young men, who never thought of the matter, would indeed have been highly surprised had they known how they were set down at their proper value by their travelling companion. The comparison did Andrew good: it made him feel his own dignity, his superiority to the external, yet made his breast swell with a pathetic wonder. Was it perhaps possible that Joyce, after three months' experience of luxury, should prefer these brainless ones, so much lower in the intellectual scale? Surely, surely that could not be possible. He saw with a smile that they took copies of the 'Field' and the 'Sporting News' into their luxurious carriages with them. He himself had the 'Saturday Review.' There is nothing so sustaining as this sense of being better than one's neighbours. It comforted poor Andrew, and kept him warm during his journey. The gentlemen in the sleeping-carriages might rest better, but they did not, nay could not, feel half the moral elevation of the schoolmaster in his corner of the third-class.

London, too, veiled in a grey-and-yellow fog through which the lamps, not yet extinguished, and a line of dusky sunrise among the clouds, looked red, brought an excitement to his mind which few perhaps of the companions of his journey shared. Andrew greeted the great city as people greet it in books,—as adventurers in the days of Dr Johnson saluted that centre of the world. He thought with a tingle of strange emotion in his breast that the great roar of humanity might become familiar to his ears ere long. He rose to the sound and commotion with a sense of predestined greatness. The people in the sleeping-carriages tumbled out drowsily, rub-

bing their eyes in the midst of a dream. But Andrew stepped forth inspired by the recollection of many a great man who had arrived like himself, not knowing what might befall him. His hopes, his courage rose more and more as he felt where he was—in a great place where he was sure to be understood, and where the human mind was in a perpetual progress, not stagnant as in the country. He felt, indeed, not as he had done when he left home, as if his mission were a forlorn-hope, but rather as if he were coming like a conqueror to see and to vanquish. It wanted only, he said to himself, that touch of reality to chase all the chimeras away. He would, he must, find Joyce faithful as ever, keeping silence only because her plans were not yet ripened for his advancement. He would find her father full of that respect which the man of action feels for the man of mind. He would be received as an honoured guest; he would be admitted into their confidence, and made acquainted with their hopes. Visions of a noble old house in some sort of cloistered dignified centre of learning rose again before his eyes—A. Halliday, Head-master. He did not definitely fix upon Eton or Harrow, having no actual knowledge of either of those places; but something exhilarating, sweet, a strong yet soft delusion, stole into his being. He was so entirely inexperienced and full of the ignorance of his class (although a man so well instructed), that he was not aware of any restriction upon such appointments that could not be got over by sufficiently powerful influence. Influence could do anything, Halliday thought.

He got a bath and breakfast at the nearest hotel, undiscouraged even by its grim and chill nakedness, and feeling a wonderful freedom and elation in the consciousness of thus doing what the best people did, and being waited upon, served by a man-servant (if you liked to put it in that way) like the best. It cost a good deal, but it was worth the expenditure. The fog cleared off as the morning advanced, and it was in the sunshine of a bright hazy morning that he set off on the final stage of his journey. He had dressed himself with the utmost care and all the resources of his wardrobe. His tie was blue, his coat a frock-coat of extreme solemnity, which he usually wore at funerals. He thought, as he was a traveller, that it was the right thing to wear with this a round hat such as he wore in the country. He had a pair of lavender gloves, his umbrella was very neatly rolled up—in short, at half a mile off you recognised his unquestionable character and doubtful gentility with as much ease as if he had written Andrew Halliday, schoolmaster at Comely Green, upon his manly breast; but he had not the least idea of that. His clear and ruddy complexion was a little paled by the night's journey, and by the mixture of agitation and excitement which he could not but feel as the moment of meeting approached. He looked a most respectable young man, very respectable, honest as the day. You would scarcely have suspected, however, to see him, how superior he felt to the people in the sleeping-carriages, and how, when they got the 'Field' and the 'Sporting Times' at the book-stalls, he had bought the 'Saturday Review.'

He went by the railway from Waterloo, admiring the river which ran glistening grey, like a great worm, under the shining of the wintry sun—and got out with a

great heart-beat at the station. How near he was now! He felt inclined to take a walk, to see the place and look at the view, pushing off the decision for a time, the certainty — for he had so little doubt by this time that it was a certainty—of the happy meeting. To see Joyce in perhaps a few minutes; to hear her cry of astonishment and delight; to have her come up to him in her shy way, never demonstrative, unless perhaps the long separation might have made her so. "Oh, Andrew! and I was just going to write to tell you——" He would not wait till she said "about the headmastership." He would take her in his arms, whoever was there (for had he not the right?), and say, "About yourself, my dearest — that's what I want to hear about." He thought he would take a walk first to *savourer* a little this delightful scene, and think how she would look and what he would say. It was so near, so very near! He would keep it at arm's-length a little in order to enjoy it the more.

It sobered him, however, to hear that Colonel Hayward's house was some distance off, and to receive confused instructions which he could not follow. As a matter of fact, the instructions were not at all confused, they were only too rapid and clear. "First turning to the right, second turning to the left; then go straight on till you pass the church; then first turning, second turning." How could he keep all that in his mind? It was he that was confused, not the direction. If they had said, turn to the west and then a little to the north—— He stumbled along, forgetting whether it was the first, second, or third turning he ought to take, till he came to a church, which was not the church to which he had been directed; and from thence he stumbled on again by a great many roads clothed with pretty houses, which bewildered him. He stopped finally to ask his way of a brisk little lady, who cried, "Oh, Colonel Hayward's!" with eyes that danced with instant interest, and a look full of interrogations, as if she would have liked to ask him a hundred things. Andrew could scarcely restrain himself from asking, "Do you know Joyce?" He felt at once that this eager little lady jumped at some conclusion about himself, and was eager to ask who he was—perhaps whether he was the lover of whom Joyce must have spoken to everybody with whom she was intimate. And Andrew's instinct was indeed not far wrong, for Mrs Sitwell immediately divined him to be somebody out of the mysterious past life of which none of the Haywards spoke, and wondered whether, perhaps, he was some one with whom Joyce had got "entangled" in these dark ages. She stood and looked after him when she had given him his instructions, with curious eyes, noting his long frock-coat and his low hat. How dreadful! she said to herself, and could scarcely contain the curiosity that filled her. Should she make a hurried round through the district, and then approach the Haywards' on the other side, so as to catch him there, and see with her own eyes the position of affairs? Mrs Sitwell knew that Joyce would be just going in with her father from their morning walk, and would be caught by the visitor, and would be unable to escape.

Certainly she must know Joyce: she must divine who he was: Andrew said this to himself, and was further exhilarated and strengthened by the idea. Of course, Joyce must have told her friends.

He went on with better success this time, inspired by the little active lady with those eager eyes, who must know—and at last got to the very door. His heart was beating now very quickly indeed. Joyce's door—so different from the cottage where he used to find her. Then she had always been shy, keeping behind old Janet, never willing to permit any demonstration. Would things be different now? Would she rush to him after his long separation, laying her head upon his shoulder? This image filled Andrew's face with light and colour as he knocked at her father's door.

"Is Miss Hayward at home?" The appearance of Baker gave him a distinct sensation of pleasure—Colonel Hayward's butler or upper servant, a domestic of a high class. Andrew would have liked to see a footman or two behind, but pleased himself with the thought that this must be considered higher *ton*. "Is Miss Hayward at home?"

"Miss Hayward? well, I can't say. She's been out walking with the Colonel, and whether they've come back or not, I can't tell you. Mrs Hayward is in," Baker said. He was not impressed by the appearance of the visitor. He thought it must be some man from a shop, or a person about a subscription, at the best.

"It is not Mistress Hayward but Miss Hayward I want."

"Very well," said Baker—"I hear you. If you'll wait a bit, I'll go and see."

And Andrew had to wait, sadly against his will, outside the door. "You'll excuse me, but Missis's charges are as the door is always to be shut," Baker said, with a restrained chuckle, delighted to do his duty in a way that was offensive to the new-comer, whom he saw to be of inferior condition, and likely to be an undesirable guest. Andrew's sensations when he was left outside his love's door were not pleasant. He ceased to think of the butler as a high-class domestic, and called him in his mind a pampered menial, but consoled himself with the thought of the downfall that would happen to Baker when he knew who it was whom he had shut out. It was, however, a disagreeable moment of suspense. He tried to distract his mind by an examination of the great flower-vases at the door, the shrubs in their winter green, the perfectly swept and close-cut turf, all the careful surroundings of the place, not imposing or vast, but so exquisitely kept,—more perfect even than Bellendean. To think that he should have time to investigate all this, while she sat within with a beating heart, divining—would she divine?—his approach. When the butler described him, she would know, and come rushing out. She would rush to him, and the pampered menial would see—— At this moment the door opened quickly, and Baker said, "Hi! Missis will be obliged if you'll send in your name."

This unceremonious address startled Andrew. He said, "My name?" arrested in the middle of his thoughts.

"I suppose you've got one?" Baker said.

Though this was so far from the reception he expected, he was not unprepared. He took his card-case out of his pocket, partially restored to himself by the pleasure of using it, which was a thing that did not occur often, and gave the pampered menial a card. He stepped briskly inside as he did so, resolved to bear no more of this, and followed the man as he re-

turned to the drawing-room with the card in his hand. Andrew's heart beat very quickly now,—his tranquillity was considerably disturbed. The moment had come: another instant and Joyce would be in his arms, putting all pampered menials to scorn——

The door opened. There was a faint rustle of ladies' dresses, a glow of softened light, the sound of his own name, "Mr Andrew 'Alliday," and then a cry. She did not rush into his arms. He came to himself after that interval of excitement, and saw Joyce standing, her hands clasped, her eyes with a look of horror in them, drawing back as if she would have fled, with her face turned towards the door. He put down his hat upon the nearest chair, and crying "Joyce!" went forward with outstretched hands.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Joyce had just come in from her morning walk. She was standing in the middle of the room with her hat, which she had just taken off, in her hand. And Mrs Hayward had been making some remarks to her, such as mothers often, and stepmothers in some cases, feel it their duty to make. It was on the subject of the Sitwells, whom Mrs Hayward regarded in their poverty (notwithstanding that the parsonage-house had been begun, and things were on the whole going well with them) with a certain contempt.

"I think, indeed, you prefer such people to those of our own class."

This was what Mrs Hayward was saying when Baker, still more contemptuous of the inferior world than she, opened the door. "There is a person," he said, "asking for Miss Hayward."

"A person—one of your district people, no doubt. They come at all hours. There really must be a stop put to this, Joyce."

"Well, ma'am, it's a male person, with a haccent," said Baker—"not one from these parts."

"Miss Hayward can't see every idler who chooses to ask for her: inquire his name," said the mistress of the house.

And no premonition crossed the mind of Joyce. She stood to receive the interrupted lecture, with her head a little bent, and her hat in her hand. She never made any stand for herself on such occasions, nor said a word in self-defence—probably afraid to trust her voice, and too proud to squabble. This made her, it need scarcely be said, a very provoking dependant, and aggravated any original offence in the most insufferable way. She stood quite silent now, waiting till she should be dismissed. And to tell the truth, Joyce, in the multitude of her thoughts, was very sick of everything about her, and of the friends for whom she was incurring reproof, and of the petty fault-finding which seemed to surround her steps wherever she went. Mrs Hayward did not resume her lecture. She sat down, slightly flushed and angry, expectant to see what new visitor might betray Joyce's inclination towards shabby persons. "Mr Andrew 'Alliday," said Baker, reading from the card. And then Joyce uttered that cry—her hat fell out of her hand upon the floor. She started violently, gave a hurried glance round as if looking for some way of escape, then turned a pale and terrified countenance towards the door.

"Joyce!"

The man was quite respectable; his frock-coat made him look like a Dissenting minister, or perhaps a commercial traveller, or something of that kind. This was Mrs Hayward's bewildered reflection. She sat and looked on as if it had been a scene in a play.

"Oh!" Joyce said, clasping her hands. Then with a great effort she held out one hesitatingly to the new-comer, and said, "Andrew!" her voice dying away in her throat.

He seized her hand in both his. Though he loved Joyce, and his heart bounded at the sight of her, he was also anxious to impress the pampered menial with a sense of the hideous mistake he had made. "My darling!" he cried.

Baker did hear, and grew purple with horror, and lingered about the door after he had reluctantly closed it, to hear more if possible. Joyce retreated before the ardent advance of her lover. The light began to fail in her eyes. She put up her hands faintly to keep him back. "Oh, Andrew! what has brought you here?" she cried.

"Who is this—person?" said Mrs Hayward, rising from her chair.

Andrew turned round upon her with a smile. "It is a long time since we have met," he said. "She is a little agitated. She was always very shy. Another man who did not understand might think this was a cold reception. But I know her better. You will be Mrs Hayward, ma'am, without doubt?"

"Yes, I am Mrs Hayward; but what have you to do with Joyce? and how do you dare to call Miss Hayward by her Christian name?" cried the lady of the house.

Andrew smiled again—he was prepared even for this emergency. "My name," he said, smiling with a complacency which diffused itself all over him, and shone even in the glister of his well-blacked boots, "should be sufficient passport for me in this house. But perhaps you did not properly catch my name, for English servants clip the consonants in a surprising manner. Allow me——" He had taken out the card-case, that infallible mark of gentility, and here handed her a card with an ease and grace to which he felt no objection could be made. Mrs Hayward, confounded, read out aloud, "Mr Andrew Halliday." Underneath, in very small letters, was written, "*Schoolhouse, Comely Green.*"

"You will at once perceive, ma'am," said Andrew, "that if I ask to be left for a little alone with Joyce, I am asking no more than my right."

"Alone with Joyce! You want—what do you want? ME to take myself out of your way! Oh, this is too much!" Mrs Hayward cried.

"It is not too much, madam," said Andrew, increasing in dignity, "if you consider the circumstances. It is surely no more than any man in my position has a right to ask."

"Joyce, who is this man? Joyce, do you hear that he wants to turn me out of my own drawing-room? For goodness' sake——! Oh, I must call Colonel Hayward."

"That will be just in every sense the best way. The Cornel knows me, and he will at once understand," said Andrew, with the blandest self-possession. He opened the door for Mrs Hayward, which he knew was the right thing to do; and it was sweet to him to feel that he was acting as a gentleman should from every point of view.

"Joyce!" he cried—"my Joyce! now we are really alone, though perhaps only for a moment—one sweet look, my own dear!"

Joyce drew back from him, shrinking to the very wall. "Don't," she said, "don't!" retreating before him. Then, with something of her old authority, "Sit down there; sit down and tell me, has anything happened? What has brought you here?"

"Oh, is that it?" he said. "I've frightened you, my dear one. No, no—no reason to be frightened. They are all well, and sent every message. Joyce, can you ask why I came? Because I could do without you no longer—because I was just longing for a look, for a kind word——"

"Sit down," she said in peremptory tones, "sit down!" She herself kept standing, leaning upon the glass door which led out to the verandah, her slender figure standing dark against the light. Her heart beat so, that there was a thrill and tremble all over her, visible against that background to which she clung. But it gave her a little relief when he obeyed her, and deposited himself upon a chair.

"I am very sorry to have alarmed you, my dear. I thought that when you heard my name, your first thought would be for me. It was not too much to expect, was it, after being engaged—for more than a year?"

"Andrew," she said, with a shiver—"Andrew."

"What, my dearest? I know you're very shy—very, very diffident—far more than you ought to be. If ever girl should have a little assurance, a little confidence, surely it would be you with me."

He could not but be superior still—trying to reassure her, to give her a little boldness, smiling upon her in his most protecting, encouraging way.

"Andrew," she said again. And then Joyce's courage failed her altogether. She seized on any, the first expedient that occurred to her to postpone all personal questions. "You are sure they are well," she said tremulously. "Granny—and my grandfather—and all; and not missing me—not too much—not breaking their hearts——"

"Breaking their hearts! But why should they, poor old bodies? —the feelings get blunted at that time of life. So long as they have their porridge and their broth, and plenty of good cakes—and a cup of tea. It is me you should ask that question. Do you know you have used me ill, Joyce? You have written oftener to them than to me—though it is me," Halliday said, "with whom you have to spend your life—I am not saying at Comely Green. No doubt you've got different notions in a house like this. It's always difficult to go back, and I would not wish it—I would not ask it. But in some more refined, more cultivated place —in some position like what we read of—like what able men are securing every day——" He rose as he spoke, inspired by this conviction, and approached her once more with outstretched arms.

Mrs Hayward could not find her husband up-stairs or down. He went to his library invariably after his walk, but he was not there to-day. He had not gone to his room up-stairs. He was not among his flower-seeds in the closet, where he had at the present season a great deal to do, arranging and naming these treasures. At last she met him coming in, in his tranquil way, from the garden, a pot of flowers in his hand.

"Look at these begonias, my dear. Now isn't it worth while to take a little trouble when one gets a result like this? I am carrying it in for your own little table."

"It is a fine time to talk of begonias," she cried, pushing away

the plant which he held out to her. "Henry, for goodness' sake hurry into the drawing-room and put a stop to it at once! That man is there with Joyce."

"That man!" cried the Colonel, astounded. "What man? Bellendean?"

"Oh, how can you talk! What objections could there be to—— Henry, wake yourself up, for goodness' sake! It is the man—the man you would never tell me of—the schoolmaster—the Scotchman. Go, go! and put a stop to it. I have been hunting for you high and low. Who can tell what they are settling all by themselves? Henry, I tell you go and put a stop to it!"

The Colonel put down the pot upon the hall table. He was quite bewildered. "The Scotchman?" he said; "the—the—schoolmaster? —with Joyce? I suppose, my dear, it must be one of her old friends?"

"I suppose, my dear, it is the man you—never told me of," cried Mrs Hayward, fiercely. "The man she was to marry. Go, I tell you, and put a stop to it, Henry!"

"I put a stop to it!" he said. The Colonel grew red like a girl—he grew pale—he wrung his hands. "Elizabeth, my dear, you know all about that better than I ever could do: you understand—such things. How could I—put a stop to it?" In his trouble he paced up and down the hall, and knocked against Baker, who was hanging about in the hope of hearing something, and ordered him off in a stentorian voice. "What are you doing here, sir? Be off, sir, this moment, sir!" cried the Colonel. Then he added, apologetic yet angry, "These servants take a great deal upon them. You should teach them their proper place."

"Henry," cried Mrs Hayward, "it is not like you to save yourself behind the servants. You must come with me, at least. I insist upon it. What authority have I over her? If I must interfere, it can only be as representing you. They may have settled everything by this time," she cried, and seized her husband's arm. It was not to support him, as he very well knew, but to drag him to the sacrifice.

Andrew had risen: he had gone towards his love, holding out his arms. His figure, not graceful in itself, with the long frock-coat coming down a little too low, and putting him out of drawing, showed against the light; while Joyce, trembling, pressed against the window, shrinking from his advance, seemed to stand on the defensive, with a pale and panic-stricken face. When the Colonel saw this scene, he no longer needed any stimulant. He dropped his wife's arm, and, stepping forward quickly, put his hand upon the intruder's shoulder. "Hey, sir! don't you see the young lady is afraid of you?" he cried.

Andrew turned round at once with a quick recovery, and instantly extended his hand. He required not a moment to recover himself, being primed and ready for whatever might happen. "How do you do, Cornel?" he said; "I'm extremely glad to see you. I was telling Mrs Hayward—as I presume that lady is, though Joyce, being so shy, did not introduce me,—I was telling her that this happy meeting would be incomplete without a sight of you."

"What do you want here, sir?" cried the Colonel. "What have you to do with my daughter?" Then Colonel Hayward's natural courtesy checked him in spite of himself. "I—I beg your pardon," he said, after a moment. "Perhaps

I'm making a mistake,—perhaps it's me you want, and not my daughter. Joyce, no need to be frightened, my love, when your father's here."

Andrew had not given way an inch. He had no want of courage. He confronted the angry warrior without flinching. "What do I want here, Cornel?" he said. "I see you have forgotten me. I have just come to see *her*. It is natural I should want to see the young lady I am engaged to. You took her away in such a hurry, I had no time to make any arrangement. But nobody will doubt my right to come and see her, I suppose. Joyce, my dear one——"

"Be silent, sir!" the angry Colonel cried.

Andrew shrugged his shoulders. "Silent or not, it makes little difference. Words between you and me, Cornel, will change nothing," he said.

"Joyce," cried the Colonel, with a gasp, "what does this fellow mean? You are almost fainting with terror. Go away, and leave me to deal with this man."

"She'll not do that," said Andrew, calmly.

"She'll not do that? She shall do what I wish, sir, I can tell you, and nobody shall interfere with her actions in her father's house."

"She'll not do that, Cornel, for this good reason, that Joyce will never give up her word pledged and her promise given. If you think so, it is clear you know very little of Joyce, Colonel Hayward, though you are her father," Halliday said.

He did not look at Joyce to intimidate her. He held up his commonplace head; and though he was of unimposing stature, and his frock-coat was too long, the schoolmaster looked every inch a man. His homely features grew dignified, his attitude fine. The Colonel stared at him, silent, not comprehending the transformation; while Joyce, roused too by this subtle change in the air, stood upright apart from the window on which she had been leaning, and turned to her father with a steadiness which was given at once by the sudden stimulus and by the rising despair.

"Father," she said, "it is quite true. I—did not expect him—and it gave me a shock. I thought perhaps—he might be bringing ill news. It is true," she said, after a pause; "I am engaged—to Andrew Halliday. He has a right to come—for me——" Her voice stopped again. She stood quite still for a moment, then flinging herself suddenly on the Colonel's shoulder, "Oh, *father! father!*" she cried.

"What do you think of this, sir?" cried the Colonel, clasping her fast with one arm, holding out the other with an oratorical wave.

"I think just what she has said herself, that she is excited and overdone. I am very sorry I did not write and tell her I was coming. It would have saved her all this. But her nerves were not in this agitated state in the old days. I would like to know what you have been doing to my betrothed among you in England," the schoolmaster said, "to make her like this."

Colonel Hayward was too angry, too much bewildered and agitated, to reply. He took Joyce to the sofa, and made her sit down. "My dear child," he said, "you must not let yourself be intimidated,—you mustn't give way. You may be sure you are quite safe. Nobody shall bully you or put forth a false claim upon you here."

Mrs Hayward had not said a word all this time, her husband having unexpectedly risen to the height of the occasion. Elizabeth knew how to hold her tongue. But she intervened now with calm authority. "We've no right to say it is a false claim," she said, "till we know more about it; but you can see for yourself, Mr—Mr Halliday, that she is not in a state now to have it proved. Come back later; nothing can be done now. Come back in the evening, and my husband will see you finally."

"Finally!" said Andrew. "You will see me finally, ma'am, when I take away my wife—but not till then. After that, you may be sure I will have little temptation to show myself in this house."

The schoolmaster was roused. All that was best in him—his real love, his true independence, his sense of manhood, all came to his aid. He knew his rights and his power, and that no father could crush a lover so determined. But though he said these words with genuine and indignant feeling, the utterance of them brought another side of the question back to his mind. If it came to that—yes; he was man enough to carry his love away, herself alone, as he had wooed her for herself alone. But nobody but he knew how many glorious visions, how many hopes, would be cut off if he shook the dust from off his feet and resolved to cross that threshold no more. He would not give up Joyce; but he as good as gave up the headmastership—that dream of glory. He saw it melt away in the air, the baseless fabric of a vision. He felt himself come down, with a giddy sense of descent and failure, and become once more Andrew Halliday, schoolmaster, Comely Green. He had even perhaps a little neglected Comely Green for the sake of that too sweet, too tempting illusion. And now he must resign all thought of it, all hope. The renunciation thrilled through all his nerves, as he stood there facing the prejudiced and foolish people who did not perceive what it was they were throwing away. But even this did not shake his faith in himself and his confidence in his rights. He cast a glance which was full of compassion yet disapproval at the group on the sofa. "I can see," he said, "that Joyce is too much agitated to be responsible, and that the Cornel is excited and unable to see the rights of the situation. Therefore, ma'am, I will take your advice. It is not the reception I had a right to expect, but nevertheless I have full faith in Joyce when she comes to herself. I will withdraw till this evening. No ceremony, I beg," cried Andrew, hurriedly. "I will find my way out—there's no need for any one to open the door." Even in the midst of questions so much more serious, he remembered that it would be bitter indeed to show his discomfiture to the pampered menial who had admitted him. That at least he would not endure.

Mrs Hayward followed him out of the room, sparing him this indignity. Perhaps the sight of Joyce leaning upon her father, absorbing his every thought, was as little agreeable to her. If Joyce was in trouble, it was at least her own making, whereas the innocent people whom she dragged into it had done nothing to deserve it. Mrs Hayward regarded Andrew with angry contempt, but she was not without a certain fellow-feeling for him as a sufferer from the same cause. His air of terrible respectability, his coat, his hat, his gloves, everything about him, were

so many additions to the sins of Joyce. And yet she felt herself more or less, as against Joyce, on Andrew's side. She stood behind him while he opened the door, grimly watching all his imperfections. The back-door, she said to herself, the servants' hall, would have been his right place. And yet, if the man spoke the truth, he was quite a fit and proper match for Joyce!

CHAPTER XXXV.

From August to November the time had gone very slowly and very hardly for Joyce.

After that glowing afternoon, when she had heard from Norman Bellendean words which she would never forget, not another sign or token from him had reached her. It is not an unprecedented thing that a gap like this should happen in the midst of a love-tale. A declaration interrupted, a question unanswered, may expose any pair of lovers to such a blank. The man may be kept back by many reasons; the woman on her side cannot gather up the broken threads. Joyce, above all, had no initiative to take. He had said he would come back, but he had not come back; and thus the story of her awakened heart had seemed to close, as it began, in agitation and shame. It had been wrong to listen to him, wrong to allow the thought of him to enter into her heart. She had not intended it, she said to herself, as is always said. The strong new tide which she did not understand, the character of which she had begun to suspect too late, had carried her away. What defence could she have put up against it when she never suspected it,—when it was to her a surprise most painful, though so intoxicating? Who is there guilty of such infidelity, forsaking an old love for a new, who cannot excuse herself in such words? And of many such is it true, as with Joyce, that the first love had been a mere name, a something not understood, an acquiescence,—no more. If she had sinned against Andrew in accepting the love which was true enough on his side, without any real response, it had been done without guile, with no knowledge of any harm. Joyce had been conscious that it was not the love of which her beloved poets had sung; but how could she tell? As there was no second Shakespeare, so perhaps that love of the poets had died away into something calm and poor, like the dull prose of to-day. When the dulness about her had burst asunder like a husk, and flowers had come forth, and a blossoming and brightness indescribable, the girl, bewildered, had tried to attribute that illumination to other causes, to give it other names. The revelation, when it came, lasted but for a moment. Before she had been able to realise that sunshine that suddenly blazed upon her life, there had as suddenly followed a blank. The bewilderment and confusion of all things, which had been great enough before, were by this brought to a climax. Norman's declaration or half-declaration completed the cutting off of her heart and existence from every ancient tie. She dared not seek light in the chaos of her mind from any one near her. She dared not betray it to the tender ears of the old people who would not understand, to whom she could not say all. To

whom could she say all?—to no one, no one on earth. She had to fall back upon herself, a creature straying about in worlds not realised. Andrew appeared to her through the mists like the vision of a nightmare, whose approach would be death. Never, even when no distraction was in her mind, when he was the most near and the most natural of all companions, had she been able to tolerate the idea of a closer union. She had vaguely looked for something to happen, to prevent any further *rapprochement*. She had surrounded herself with reasons why no further step should be taken. But she had never felt as now the horror of the bond which held her like iron—which she had escaped from, yet from which she never could escape. And, on the other hand, scarcely less terrible was the brighter vision which had burst upon her in one dazzling, bewildering blaze—the revelation which at first seemed to be that of Norman Bellendean's love for her, but which soon settled into a shameful, terrible consciousness of her love for him. He had lighted up that blaze, and then he had disappeared out of her life, leaving her to contend alone with this discovery and consciousness. He had not asked for an answer from her—he had only asked to come back. And he had not come back; he had disappeared as if he had never existed, only leaving this revelation, this overturn of everything—the glory, the horror, the shame.

Joyce, it is true, had been absent for a great part of this blank period of darkness through which no word or sign of life had come. She had been taken away into new scenes, into a new world, the novelty and delight of which might have saved her had she ever remained long enough in one place to realise and understand it. But it was only to her of all her party that Switzerland was a novelty. Her father and his wife were accustomed to travel. They moved from one tourist centre to another carrying all their usual habits with them, possessing a terrible monotony of acquaintance with everything there was to do and to see. Mrs Hayward took Mont Blanc as calmly as she did the river of which she felt her own lawn and trees to be one of the great charms. The Colonel thought more of the occasional old Indian comrade whom he would meet in one of the big noisy hotels, than of all the mysteries of the Alps. Joyce had therefore little aid in fortifying herself, as she might have done, with that strong fascination of nature to which her spirit was so open. The mountains were not still to her, nor was there solitude to be found in the wildest ravine. She was taken there in the midst of a party which discussed their usual concerns, and were intent upon luncheon at the usual hour. The snowy peaks only formed a new background for the prattle of common life, for talk about St Augustine and the new parsonage. The new world was to her like the old, only more bewildering—a phantasmagoria in which the great and the petty were jumbled together,—the great too cold and unfamiliar to reach her soul, the petty like a babbling torrent carrying her away. Oh for the crags of Arthur's Seat and the sea coming in ayont them! Oh for the quiet where thought is possible! But then with a shiver poor Joyce felt that there was nothing for her but flight from the dear familiar scenes, and from the very stillness for which her heart craved. For the one was full of conflicting passions and the other of

conflicting thoughts. Of all places in the world, that place which, with the obstinacy of the heart, she still called home was the most impossible to her. She dared not even turn her face in that direction, lest the subdued struggle within her might become a real conflict. For there was all that she dreaded as well as all that she loved.

And when the travelling was over the commotion subsided. Summer was gone, and all its events. She came back to the level of an existence no longer new to her, but which she had never learned to love. The sudden blaze of awakening, of enlightenment, of delight and misery, had ceased as suddenly as it rose. She never now heard Norman Bellendean's name. He did not come, he gave no sign: he might be dead, or gone back to India, or in the farthest part of the earth, for anything she knew. He had disappeared as if he never had been, leaving in her heart and mind only the miserable consciousness that she loved him—oh, shame to think of! She so proud in her reserve and maidenly withdrawal! she affianced to another man! she, Joyce, who had been so proud! —here was she, this princess, reduced to the humble state of the Eastern handmaiden, waiting till perhaps some token of favour should be shown to her,—some word upon which she could build her hopes come to her out of the distance. It is rare when any shame, real and deserved, is felt with the same sting of suffering and self-horror as attends the altogether fantastic shame of a sensitive girl, when she finds that she has given her love unsought. It was torture and misery to Joyce. To allow to herself that she was disappointed — that her ear was always intent on every coming step, her heart ready to beat loudly for every sudden call, filled her with a bitterness of humiliation such as crime itself would scarcely bring. But nobody had any clue to these thoughts. Her father saw nothing but that his daughter became every day more delightful to him, more indispensable. Mrs Hayward, with a faint disdain which it pleased her to be able to entertain for her husband's daughter, concluded that Joyce, whom everybody thought so clever, was in reality dull. She had not shown any appreciation of Switzerland. She was a girl who might know books, perhaps, but nothing else. She had not cared for the mountains. It was impossible not to allow that Mrs Hayward was rather satisfied on the whole that this should be. Perhaps only old Janet, with a sore and sad heart, felt that something was amiss. She did not know what it was that was wanting, but something was wanting. The letters which Peter found an inexhaustible source of happiness were to her dark. She could not see her child through them. "There is something the maitter," Janet said to herself. But nobody else divined, and to no one did Joyce breathe a word.

It was in this condition that she had begun the sunshiny, hazy, November day. It was Friday, the Friday of the winter Preachings, the Fast-day in Bellendean. She had remembered this when she set out with Colonel Hayward for their morning walk, with a tender thought of Janet in her great shawl, and Peter in his Sunday clothes, sitting in the kirk in rustic state and religious *recueillement*. And now the blank was broken, the silence disturbed, but not as she thought.

"My dear, don't you be afraid— I am here to protect you, Joyce;

your father is good for something. This man can do nothing, nothing. Thank God that you don't love him—that there is not that to struggle against."

"Father, it is quite true. Oh, I have behaved badly—I am not fit to be among honourable folk. I have not respected my word."

"Stuff and nonsense, my dear. What did a girl like you know? He took advantage of your ignorance. You could never have—cared for that fellow, Joyce." The Colonel himself blushed at the thought.

Joyce made no reply.

"He took advantage of your inexperience—he never could have been a match for you. I remember—he was there that afternoon in the cottage. He tried to thrust his claims upon me, but Norman Bellendean took him off me. Ah, Norman Bellendean!"

The Colonel broke off quickly. He was not clear about it at all, but he remembered that Elizabeth — that there was something about Bellendean. He stopped confused; and, with a sudden start, Joyce raised herself from the sofa. He had brought her to life, though he did not know, with that violent stimulant. "I must not," she said, in a broken voice, "go back from my word."

"I set you free from it," said the Colonel. "You were under age; you had no right to bind yourself. I set you free from it."

She shook her head at him with a wistful smile. "It was once thought a priest could do that," she said.

"I am not a priest, but I am your father, Joyce. I set you free from it. It is in the Bible—you know your Bible better than I do. I set you free from it. You had no right to bind yourself."

She shook her head still. "I cannot get any comfort out of that. I was a woman, well knowing what I was doing."

"My dear, you are not of age even now."

"Oh, father," she cried, "don't say anything to me. I cannot go back from my word."

"Joyce, I hear my wife coming back. I am not clever, I know. Elizabeth is the one to tell us what to do. If she will only take it up—if you will let her take it up."

Joyce rose quickly to her feet. "Not now—not now. I couldn't speak to any one. Father, you must let me settle it myself."

"Joyce! Oh, have confidence in us both, Joyce!"

Joyce escaped from his restraining hand and imploring look. She hastened out of one door while Mrs Hayward entered by the other, and, with her limbs trembling under her, got to the refuge of her own room, where at least there was no one to question her, and tell her what she ought to do. She was not capable of any more. She threw herself down in a chair, and did not move for hours, turning it over and over—helplessly over and over in her mind. It was all she could do. The scene through which she had just passed repeated itself before her—every word that had been said, every look. When she was called to go down-stairs for lunch, she made excuses for herself she knew not what, and sat there with a sort of helpless craving only to be alone—to be left to herself—through all the daylight hours. It seemed to Joyce that everything else had disappeared for ever, that every vision of her soul was gone, —that Andrew alone stood before her, the only stable and steadfast thing. She saw him before her eyes all the time, with all his imperfections. There had never been

any glamour in her eyes to blind her to them. His familiar aspect, with which she had grown unfamiliar, came back to her with all the force at once of recollection and of new discovery. He had come to claim her, and he had a right to claim her; and how could she resist that claim? He had not hesitated, nor had he been cowed even by her dread of him, by her father's vehemence. He had stood for his rights like a man. A respect for the man at whom she shuddered, whose approach was dreadful to her, had come into Joyce's mind: even with strange inconsistency she was half proud of him in his immovableness—in the resolution and force he had shown. She tried to face it all calmly, to contemplate her fate,—to ask herself whether, perhaps, her old life, the duties to which she had been born were not after all the best, the only existence for her? There would be plenty to do, there would not be much time to think. The clamour of the school, and all the old emulations, and the ambitions which had once seemed enough to fill any mind, would shut out all echoes and banish all ghosts. Only for a few months had she been absent—not enough to change her habits, to change the fashion of her mind. Why should she resist and strive against her fate? The great thing was that there would be no time to think. She tried to soothe and put away other visions by that—the school, the children's looks of interest, the clinging of the girls about her, the books in which she could always escape from all that troubled her. With her trembling hands clasped, with her eyes in an abstract gaze, she saw all these things again, and for a moment her heart beat calm. But then again, with a sudden flash, with a start, with a cry of horror, she recognised in front of all, him—Andrew—as he had stood before her to-day, as she remembered him, as he was and had always been. Joyce sprang to her feet to escape that steady, calm, immovable image. She put her hands over her hot eyes, but could not shut it out. She paced about her room, but could not get beyond the place in which he stood. He filled all the sphere of her vision, as he would fill her whole life. Oh, how to escape—how to escape! Oh for the wings of a dove!—but where to fly? She flung herself down on her knees by the side of her bed. Sometimes in that attitude merely there is a relief. She was not praying, but laying her heart with all its confusions, its whirl of contradictory thoughts, its wild longings for escape, open where God could see it, calling wistfully His attention to it as human creatures will, in human forgetfulness that everywhere and in all attitudes He sees, and does not neglect.

Later in the afternoon Joyce stole out to seek counsel from the evening breeze and the cold flow of the river. She was afraid to go beyond the limits of the garden and grounds lest she should meet him alone, and forestall the decision of her fate. The November evening was chill with cold dews falling, the grass penetrated with wet, the half-naked trees all heavy with moisture, sprinkling cold showers over her when the breeze moved them. She went down to the river-edge, and looked out upon it in the grey of the twilight, flowing, glistening, giving back the little light there was. A boat was drawn up here and there on the bank, but there was none on the stream, which, swollen with early rains, and bearing on its dark clear surface specks of the leaves

that every air swept off the overhanging trees, flowed on through the darkness, a ceaseless wayfarer. The willows, still in ragged robes of pale yellow, gave a faint light to the darkling scene. Joyce leant over, almost feeling the sweep of the stream, and there came upon her a strong temptation to detach the boat that lay within her reach, and trust herself to the flowing water and the night. The possibilities of that flight came before her instantaneously like a picture. The stream itself would carry her along; the movement itself would soothe her troubled spirit. She seemed to feel the rush of the water under the bridge, to see the lights of the town twinkling reflected on the water, the opening of the dim evening skies beyond, the dark shadows of barges and ships as the widening stream flowed on. She saw in a moment all the dark panorama float past her, the increasing rush of the Thames, the sound of its gurgle in her ears, the growing dangers of the darkness, and the crowded ways. The little boat might go down under the bows of some monster in the dark, and no one ever know what young despairing heart was in it. She saw, too, the dark mass heaving up high above, the frail little vessel turning over, the choking inky stream, and drew back with a low cry of terror. It was indeed a kind of despair which was closing round her, but she wanted to escape and not to die—not yet to die.

The shuddering of that sensation brought her back slowly away from the dark fascination of the flowing water. She came back picking her steps across the wet grass, chilled by the damp and the dark, the cold rain-drops suspended on the branches coming down upon her in an icy shower as she passed under the trees. The lights in the windows, the warmth of the house, shone through the twilight, attracting her, putting forth a strong appeal. But what was warmth and shelter to freedom, if she could but get her freedom and escape from it all? Joyce had got beyond all power of thinking. Her mind saw pictures, visions of what might be, as more reasonable people see the motives and arguments which tell for or against every course of action. As she turned her face from the river and reached the gravel path, there suddenly came before her a vision of a still and quiet country road, such as she had seen in her walks, leading far away into far level distances, the long perspective of the low-lying country. She bethought herself of a dozen turns and byways, all leading into the unknown. She saw them stretching for miles and miles, leading the wayfarer far out of sight of every one who knew her, and the dark line of the hedgerows that would keep her from straying, and the sleeping villages she would pass through. There would be no dangers in a country road, and she was strong: she could go a long way without requiring to pause. There would be ten hours of darkness in which she could walk on. She was not afraid of her strength failing. And at the end surely there would be some quiet place where nobody would ever think of finding a strayed creature. It would be like falling and disappearing through Mirza's bridge. Joyce stood still for a moment, moved by a wild prick of that unreasoning impulse which was in her blood. By the side of the house was a dim opening which admitted to that world, strange, dark, and cold, in which a poor girl could lose herself who had no true place, no natural nest

in the other. She paused for a moment, clasping her hands, appealing to she knew not what—not God this time: there are moments when the bewildered soul becomes pagan in its broken faith—to something, she knew not what, above, around.

The lamp had been lighted in the drawing-room, but no curtains drawn or shutters closed. Another picture, a real one, caught her eyes there as she hesitated, standing on the edge. She was close to the verandah upon which the window opened, and she heard the sound of the voices within, now raised, now sinking low. The sudden spell of a stronger interest seized upon Joyce. She came forward a few steps at a time, unwilling and yet eager, until she commanded a full view of the party within. Her father stood facing the window. He was talking with much vehemence, referring occasionally to his wife, who sat in her usual place, a very watchful spectator—now and then breaking off with a flourish of his hand, as a man does when he has said something unanswerable. With his back towards the window, Andrew sat squarely on a chair, his hat at his feet. There came upon Joyce an impulse of painful laughter in the midst of her misery. It was a look, an attitude she knew so well—ludicrously, horribly familiar in this crisis of her fate,—for it was her fate, her life or death, they were deciding, while he sat there like a rock, unconvincible, immovable, as he had sat through many a discussion that mattered nothing. For who could ever convince Andrew? She drew closer in the sudden smart of the recollection, the keen sense of incongruity, the reality of this scene dispersing every vision. The living drama, in which she was herself the chief figure, had a stronger force than any imagination. She went into the verandah, to the window against which, on the other side, she had leant in the morning. It was not fastened, and yielded to her touch. They all turned upon her at the sound of the faint cry she gave.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The light dazzled her as she came into the warm room, in the midst of this conference. Colonel Hayward started forward to meet her, and his wife rose from her chair. But Andrew did not budge. In his world no such respectful movement was thought of; and in times of excitement he had not leisure to think, nor note what others did.

"Joyce, why are you here?" her father said hastily.

"Joyce, you will come with me," said Mrs Hayward. "Let the gentlemen settle this matter. Come with me."

"Joyce," said Andrew, "in justice to me you will remain here."

She stood looking from one to another with eyes still wild with her secret dreams and projects, which no one suspected, and the drops of cold dew glittering in her hair. "Father," she said, "you know I must stay. I cannot leave it to you, as if—as if—you had been there."

"Joyce sees what is just," said Andrew. "There was neither father nor mother between us. She decided for herself, and will have to decide for herself again. Cornel, leave her alone." He spoke with great composure, in his ordinary tone. "I will take no answer from you, but I'll abide by what she says."

"She is under age," said Colonel Hayward. "Sir, if you were a little better acquainted with ordinary rules, you would know it is her father only who has the right to reply to you."

"And how do you know, Cornel, that she is under age? Were you there when she was born? Were you near at hand to see your child? What do you know about her more than any passer-by?"

"Sir!" cried Colonel Hayward, stammering with indignation, "you presume upon the shelter of my roof, and on being beneath—beneath my notice."

"Not beneath being your son-in-law," Andrew said.

"Joyce," said Mrs Hayward, angrily, "either put a stop to this at once, or come with me and let your father settle it. You make everything worse by being here."

Joyce stood between them trembling, unable to command, as she had once so vainly thought she could, the situation in which she found herself. Oh, how much easier to fly either by the dark river or the darker country. "I will respect my father," she said, "in everything—in everything—but——"

The last word did not reach the Colonel's ear. He drew her hand within his arm. "Thank you, my dear," he said. "Then it is all right. Mr Halliday, or whatever your name is, there must be no more of this. I might lose my temper. I might forget that you are under my roof. Don't you hear what my daughter has said? In such a matter a gentleman gives way at once. It's no question of love." He pressed Joyce's trembling hand in his arm. "If you've any regard for her, sir, or for your own character, you'll go away and disturb her no more."

Andrew had risen slowly to his feet. He came forward with his hand raised, as if he were about to address a class. "You'll observe," he said, "that the circumstances only, and not the persons, are changed. It was a question of love six months ago. I was a man in a good position, my father very respectable, a little money in the family. And she was Joyce, a female teacher, with nobody to stand for her but Peter Matheson, a ploughman."

"You insult me, sir," cried Colonel Hayward—"you insult my daughter!" He held her hand close, pressing it in his to console her. "My poor Joyce, my poor child!" he exclaimed.

"Nevertheless," said Andrew, with composure, "it is true. Joyce knows that it is true. My mother, who expresses herself strongly, put it in other words: it was said I was throwing myself away. I did not think so; but that being the case, Cornel, you need not think I will be daunted because she is your daughter, or any man's daughter. She's Joyce—and engaged to me."

"Leave my house, sir," cried the Colonel. "You have insulted my child. For that there is no excuse and no pardon. Leave my house."

"Father," said Joyce, "it's no insult—it is all true. I am always Joyce, whatever I am besides. And when I was poor, it was thought a — credit to me. He should not have said it, but it's true. I never thought of that, and he should not have said it: but it's true. He held out his hand to me when I was—beneath him."

"Joyce!"

"Yes, I see it all, though I did not think of it then. Oh, excuse him! he does not know a man should never say that! They do it and think no harm where we come from. We were common folk. He did me honour, and am I to do him discredit? I cannot, I cannot. I must keep to my word."

"Joyce, for heaven's sake, don't act like a mad-woman! Come away with me and let them settle it," cried Mrs Hayward, seizing her arm on the other side.

"Joyce behaves just as I should have expected from her," said Andrew, facing this agitated group with his own supreme self-possession and calm. "I knew I could not be deceived. I am willing to make every allowance for your feelings, Cornel. You naturally look for a richer man than me to be your daughter's husband. I respect even the prejudices of a man like you. But there is no real reason to be disturbed about that. I am a young man. I have always been successful, so far as has been in my power. There is no need for me to remain in the humble place I now fill. With your interest and my own merits——"

"Good Lord!" the Colonel cried. He dropped his daughter's arm in his consternation, and stood with his lips apart, with a stare of horror.

"My own merits," repeated Andrew, "I think we might soon so modify the circumstances that you need object no longer. I am not afraid of the circumstances," he said, with a smile of complacence. "You can tell your father, Joyce, what testimonials——"

"Father," said Joyce, eagerly, with a burning blush, "he is to be excused. That is how they think where—where we came from. He is—not a gentleman: we were—common folk. Father, he means it all right, though he does not know. He's good, though—though he speaks another language." Her own horror and dismay took the form of apology. She was roused by her consternation into full and eager life.

"And you hold by this man, Joyce, and you plead for him!" Colonel Hayward cried.

"You will understand, Cornel," said Andrew, who had drawn himself up indignantly, and sacrificed all the advantage of his self-possession in sudden discomposure and resentment, "that I ask nobody to plead for me. Joyce has been carried away with trying to please both parties. She is sacrificing me to soothe you down. Women will do such things; they will not learn. But for my part, I reject her excuses. I'll have no forbearance on that score," cried Andrew, holding up his head and throwing back his shoulders. "I stand upon my own merits, as between man and man."

Then the Joyce of other days found words—not the tremulous girl, all strange in strange places, who was Colonel Hayward's daughter, but the swift-speaking, high-handed Joyce, the possible princess, the lady born of Janet's cottage. "Oh," she cried, her words pouring forth on a sudden passionate breath, "how dare you bring up your merits here, and all your worldly thoughts! My old grandfather was but a ploughman, but he was a gentleman like my father. He would have put you to the door if you had said all that to him. And you stand before a man that has fought, and has the Queen's medals on his breast — that has been wounded in battle, and faced cannon and sword; and before a lady that has no knowledge of the ways of common folk; and before me, that you said you loved; and you stand up and tell them of the female teacher that you held out your hand to, and of your merits, that make you good enough for the best —for Colonel Hayward's daughter, that is a great soldier, a great captain, far too noble and great to put you to the door like Peter Matheson. Oh, Andrew Halliday, for shame, for shame!—you, after all the books you have read, and all the fine words you have said.

I am ashamed myself," said Joyce, turning from him with a proud despair, "for I thought that Shakespeare and all the poets would make a gentleman even out of the commonest clay."

Andrew bore this without quailing, with a smile on his face. When she stopped, he drew a long breath, and turned with an explanatory air to Colonel Hayward. "That is just one of her old tirades," he said.

The Colonel paid him no attention: he put his arm round his daughter, as tremulous as she was. "Joyce," he said, faltering — "Joyce, my dear child, you see it all. You see through him, and— and all of us. Thank God that it's all over now!"

Joyce drew back from him, trembling with the reaction from her own excitement. The flush that had given her a temporary brilliancy and force faded away. "But yet that alters nothing," she said.

Mrs Hayward put her hand upon the girl's arm with an impatient pressure. "Do you mean that you are going to marry that man, Joyce?"

"Mr Halliday," said the Colonel, "I hope, after what my daughter has said, that you will see the inexpediency of—of continuing this discussion. She has her ideas of honour, which are a little overstrained—overstrained, as is perhaps natural; but she sees all the discrepancies—all the—— You know, you must see that it's quite impossible. My consent you will never get — never! and as for Joyce, she will not—you can see by what she has said—go against me."

"She will never go against her word."

"Oh, this is endless!" the Colonel cried. "We may go on contradicting each other till doomsday. You understand that I will hear no more, and that Joyce, as she has told you, will hear no more."

"She may object to my manners, Cornel, but she will keep her word to me," said Andrew, regaining all the force of his conviction. "But, as you say, it is little use bandying words. I will withdraw. I have made a long journey for very little—not half-a-dozen words by ourselves with the young lady to whom I am engaged to be married. But I will not keep up a needless discussion. She understands me, and you understand. If you meet me in a friendly spirit, everything may yet be arranged for the best; if not, she will be of age at least in a year, and we will have no need of your consent. Joyce," he said, suddenly, making a quick step towards her, seizing her hand, "I'll bid you good-bye, my dearest. You'll mind your honour and duty to me. Rich or poor, high or low, makes no difference. You have my word, and I have yours. Have you any message for the old folk?"

"Andrew!" she said, trembling. She had shrunk back for the first moment, but now held herself upright, very tremulous, leaving her hand in his, with an evident great exertion of her will. Her lips quivered, too, and she said no more.

"I understand," he said, in a soothing tone, putting his other hand for a moment over hers. "Well, if that's all, it will have to do. Good-bye, Joyce—but not for long. I have learned the road to you, and it shall not be untrodden. We'll meet soon—without other eyes always on us. Good-bye. I put my full trust in you. You will mind your word and your duty, Joyce. Good evening, madam. Cornel, you will understand that we are agreed, she and I."

"I understand nothing of the

sort, sir! On the contrary, I forbid you my house, sir! I will give orders——"

"Good-bye, Cornel," said Andrew, with a smile. He gathered up his hat from the floor, waved his hand with a general leave-taking, and walked to the door. "You will hear from me very soon, Joyce, my dear," he said, looking round before he finally disappeared. He went out, he felt, with all the honours of war.

It was very near the dinner hour, and Baker was busy in the dining-room. Andrew had to let himself out. He did so with a reflection that to have been asked to stay to dinner, as was his due, would have been much more agreeable; yet with another reflection following, that probably in this house they went through the somewhat mysterious ceremony called dressing for dinner, and that he had no means of altering his costume. The odour that filled the house was very agreeable; and however unhappy or even tragical this interview had been to the others, it was not so to Andrew. He had calculated upon opposition. He had calculated, too, with certainty upon Joyce's fidelity to her word. There had been, it was true, that tirade,—which did not in the least surprise him—which was quite natural, much more like the Joyce he knew than was the dignified silent young lady who had first appeared to him. He could forgive her the tirade. Otherwise he felt that he had lost nothing. He knew exactly the position the parents would take up, and he did not even despair that when they fully saw the situation, they would be moved to make the best of it, and that even the head-mastership might still be within reach. He went out, carefully closing the door behind him, a little disgusted about the dinner, not discouraged about anything else, and met at the gate, coming in, the lady who had directed him, so clearly that he could not miss it, to Colonel Hayward's door. There was a lamp not far from the gate, and some light came from the gaslight in the hall, which revealed him to her before he could close the door.

"Oh!" she cried, in a breathless, rapid way; "so you found the place."

"Yes, madam," said Andrew, mindful of his p's and q's. He felt that in addressing a lady, especially one whom he did not know, it was the safest course to err by a little more, not less, respect. "Yes, thanks to you."

"And you found them — you found her? It was Joyce you wanted, I feel sure."

"Yes, it was Joyce I wanted."

"Oh! this is so interesting," Mrs Sitwell cried—"*so* interesting! I know her very well, and I take the greatest interest in her. You are—an old friend, I am sure?"

"Yes, an old friend—a very old friend," said Andrew,—"a very warm friend; something—something more than a friend, if the truth were known."

"Oh!" cried the little lady, clasping her hands together, "this is more interesting than I can say. Let me go back with you a little, Mr—Mr——"

"Halliday—my name is Halliday. She has spoken of me, no doubt."

"I am so glad to make your acquaintance, Mr Halliday. I really must walk with you a little way. I was going to see Joyce, but I am sure she has something else to think of, and it is a little too late. By the way, I suppose you are going back there to dinner?"

"It is natural to think so," said Andrew, with a grim little laugh, "but no."

"No?" cried Mrs Sitwell. Her curiosity, her interest in this drama, her determination to know everything, rose to fever-heat. She had taken him all in at the first glance, when she had met him in the morning: his long—too long—coat, his round hat, the colour of his gloves. Her eyes danced with eagerness and interest. She could scarcely contain herself.

"No," he said; "I am not good enough for Cornel Hayward's daughter. You may be surprised—but, so far as lies with the old people, I am sent away."

"Sent away!" she repeated, with a little shriek. ("And not much wonder!" she said to herself.) "You must not think it mere curiosity," she cried; "I am so interested in dear Joyce. Ah, please tell me. I shall see her to-morrow, and if I can be of any use, or take her any message——"

"It is unnecessary," said Andrew, with a wave of his hand. "I know Joyce, and she understands me."

"I can't tell you," said Mrs Sitwell, "how interesting all this is to me. Though I have never seen you before, Mr Halliday, I feel that I know you through dear Joyce. I wonder, as you are not dining at the Haywards', if you would come and take your evening meal with my husband and me—Rev. Austin Sitwell, St Augustine's. You must have heard of my husband; he would be charmed to make your acquaintance. We don't say we dine, you know; we are quite poor people, and don't make any fuss; but we will give you something to eat—and true sympathy," cried the parson's wife, with a little friendly touch of her hand upon his arm.

"I am sure you are exceedingly kind," said Andrew. He was a little alarmed, if truth must be told. Had it happened in London, he would at once have understood that a snare of some sort was being laid for him; but as he was at some distance from London, he was only doubtful, slightly alarmed, and uneasy. He reflected, however, that he had all his wits about him, and was not a man to be led into a snare; and he did not know (though he had heard of a place called the Star and Garter) where to go for a dinner; and he had great need of some one to speak to—to open his heart to. And certainly she had been going to Colonel Hayward's when he met her. He thought, on the whole, he might venture to accept the invitation, secure of being able to take care of himself, whatever happened. "You are exceedingly kind," he said again; "I should be very glad, ma'am, to make your husband's acquaintance. He will be of the Established Church, no doubt? It would be a pleasure to compare experience, especially in the way of schools."

"Have you to do with schools?" she asked.

Andrew turned in the lamplight to cast a glance of inquiry at the ignorant little person beside him. "Surely," he said, in a tone of suppressed surprise,—"what else? as my poor Joyce was, too, before it all came out. You speak of poverty, which I don't doubt is a figure of speech so far as you are concerned—but Joyce was in a very humble position, though always above it in her mind, before the Cornel came."

"This is more interesting than ever," cried the parson's wife, clasping her hands.

"My only trouble was that my family were not very well content, constantly throwing it in my teeth that I might have done better," said Andrew; "which makes it the more wonderful," he added,

with a faint laugh, "to be put to the door as it were, and told I am not good enough for the Cornel's daughter! It is a turning of the tables which I never looked to see."

"But nothing will shake Joyce —Joyce will always be faithful," Mrs Sitwell cried.

"Oh yes, Joyce — Joyce has a high sense of duty; and besides, she knows my position, which an ignorant officer and his wife are not likely to do. I am not afraid of Joyce," he added, with sedate self-confidence. "She is a good girl. She knows what she owes to me."

"This way, Mr Halliday," cried Mrs Sitwell. "Ours is only a little place, but you will have a warm welcome. I must hear all about you and Joyce."

He was a stranger, and she took him in—there could not have been a more Christian act. And such acts often have their recompense here, without waiting for that final reward which is promised. Andrew became very watchful and suspicious when he found himself face to face with a clerical person in a coat much longer than his own, and a costume which recalled in a general way what he had heard of Jesuits — a name of terror. He was much on his guard for the first hour. But after supper Mrs Sitwell's magic began to tell. Notwithstanding his self-control, he could not but be sore and injured, and to be able to speak and unburden himself was a relief indescribable. He fell into the snare delicately arranged around his feet. Mrs Sitwell's keen little eyes danced with delight. She wiped off a tiny fictitious tear when she had drawn it all out, one detail after another. "I shall go and see her to-morrow," she cried. "I will give her a kiss and say, You dear girl, now I know all."

"It is all to her credit—nothing but to her credit," said Andrew.

The Rev. Austin had a meeting on his hands, and had been obliged to go out, leaving the new acquaintance to be dissected at his wife's pleasure. He was uneasy about the adventure altogether. "A fellow like that," he cried,—"would you let him marry one of your sisters, Dora?"

"Yes, dear, if he were rich enough," cried his wife. "But to think what a romance it has been all the time. How astonished everybody will be. I am not going to publish it abroad——"

"I hope not, I hope not, Dora."

"But naturally I will tell the people who are most interested in her," Mrs Sitwell said.

Mrs Sitwell took charge of Andrew as if he had been a respectable tramp. She procured him a lodging for the night, having got every detail out of him that it was possible to gather. He had to leave early the next morning, which was a relief; and she could scarcely sleep all night for excitement and satisfaction. She felt like the finder of a treasure—like a great inventor or poet. To whom should she communicate first this wonderful piece of news? It would act as a stimulant in the dull season all over the place. "Don't talk of it?" she said to her husband, who acted his usual part of wet blanket to subdue her ardour; "oh no, not in society generally—I hope you know me better than that, Austin. I will only tell a few of her friends—her friends ought to know. What a showing up it will be of those Haywards! I never liked that woman. I see now why she has been so anxious to keep everything quiet. No, I shall not talk of it—except to Joyce's friends; for it is all to Joyce's credit,—all, all!" Mrs Sitwell said.

CÆSAR BORGIA.

II.—THE DUKE OF ROMAGNA (1499-1504).

THE marriage which Cæsar had contracted at Blois, under the auspices of the King of France, on the 11th of May 1499, was the pledge of an alliance which had important consequences for the Holy See and the Most Christian King. It was the prelude to the second descent of the French into Italy and the conquest of Romagna by the son of the Pope. From this time forward the Cardinal of Valencia exists no longer—he has made way for the Duke of Romagna.

The Borgia family was the ruin of all that came in contact with it. The new Duchess of Valentinois, Charlotte d'Albret, daughter of Alain d'Albret, Count of Dreux and Duke of Guienne, the sister of Jean d'Albret, who had become King of Navarre by his marriage with Catherine of Foix, was to be sacrificed without mercy, almost as she left the church. Her father, Alain, had shown some repugnance to the marriage. He knew well that the King of Naples had previously rejected the proposals of the Holy See, declaring that he would never marry his daughter to "a priest, son of a priest," and he felt the same scruples as that monarch had entertained. He had insisted on seeing and touching the original document in which the Papal decision was given on the question of the secularisation of the Cardinal of Valencia. Even when he had satisfied himself on this point, King Alain had shown unyielding obstinacy on the question of the dowry, and insisted on an endless succession of guarantees. He finally yielded, however, to the personal representations of the King of France and of Anne of Brittany, whose own interests were at stake; for should Cæsar's marriage not take place, and the Pope consequently refuse the dispensation necessary for her own marriage with Louis XII., she would be no longer the queen of France, but only the king's mistress.

Cæsar arrived in France, and Charlotte, "the fairest maiden in the kingdom," met him for the first time at Chinon, in April 1499. On the 11th of May following he led her to the altar at Blois, and a few months afterwards he took an eternal farewell of her. The young princess had a moment of happiness in the arms of the man of whom the historian Gregorovius could say, "like Tiberius in the days of old, he was the handsomest man of his time." Her illusion only lasted a short while, but there remained to her a living memorial of those happy days. In the spring of 1500 she brought into the world a daughter, Loyse, who never knew her father. The Duchess of Valentinois left the brilliant court of France where she had been brought up, and lived the life of a recluse with Joan of France, the repudiated queen: it was in the palace of Bourges — a palace resembling a cloister—that she heard in succession of the triumphs of the Duke of Romagna, of his captivity, his escape, and his death. She died like a saint at the age of twenty-five. Her daughter, Loyse Borgia, married, in 1517, Louis II. de la

Trémoille, Vicomte de Thouars, and Prince de Talmont, called "the knight without reproach," at his castle of La Motte-Feuilly, and after his death married again a member of the Bourbon-Busset family. Some traces of her future career can be found in the history of the time; and while turning over the correspondence of the house of Este, in the archives of Modena and Mantua, we have found letters in which she sends greetings to her aunts, Lucrezia Borgia, Duchess of Ferrara, and Isabella of Este, Marchioness of Mantua.

In the autumn of 1499 Cæsar Borgia, without caring for the new ties he had formed, or once looking back, threw himself into a fresh enterprise, and crossed the Alps with the French army. The treaty, signed by the Vatican and the Court of France, stipulated for a reciprocity of military services between the two Powers. If the Holy See, of which Cæsar was the direct representative in the ranks of the French army, assisted Louis XII. to retake the Milanese territory, and shut its eyes to the proceedings of the King of France with regard to the Neapolitan kingdom, then Louis XII., in return, was to supply the Pope with the means of reducing to subjection the lords of the cities of Romagna who had gained their liberty.

The Duke of Valentinois had but a small part to play in the Milanese campaign. It is easy to see that Louis XII. had more need of the neutrality of the Holy See than of its active support. Besides, the king did not himself take part in the campaign, the conduct of which was entrusted to his generals, D'Aubigny, Ligny, and Trivulzio, but contented himself with awaiting the result at Lyons. The French entered Milan on the 6th of September 1499; Louis reached it on the 6th of October. Baldassar Castiglione, the celebrated author of the 'Cortigiano,' who had come to Milan with his master, the Marquis of Mantua, to assist at the reception of the king, shows us the Duke of Valentinois displaying at the monarch's side that ostentation and luxury which had once already given offence to the French nobility on the occasion of his entry into Chinon. Lodovico, "il Moro," having once been driven out of his dukedom of Milan, and possession taken of it, the king was anxious to return to his kingdom, but Cæsar insisted on the execution of the treaty before his departure, and declared his purpose in distinct terms, though he concealed his schemes of conquest under the cloak of a simple reduction of the barons of Romagna to dependence on the Holy See. The King of France, who cared little for the fate of the lordships of the Adriatic, loyally fulfilled his engagements, and gave the Duke of Valentinois three companies of lances under one of his most skilful captains, Yves d'Allègre, and four thousand mercenaries—Swiss, Gascons, and Burgundians, under the leadership of the Bailiff of Dijon. With the Pontifical troops and the levies raised for the occasion, these auxiliary forces made up an army of 16,000 men ready to commence operations in Romagna.

Alexander VI. on his side had not been inactive. He had taken advantage of the previous invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. to destroy the power of the Roman barons, whose feudal fortresses overawed Latium and held the whole of the Roman Campagna in subjection, and whose officers and dependants, with whole armies at their orders,

held the Vatican in check. The second expedition of the French into the Milanese territory now allowed him to complete his work. By craft, violence, or treachery, Alexander had succeeded in drawing the wealthiest barons to Rome: these he had ruined, banished, or put out of the way by murder or imprisonment, while, to cover his acts of spoliation with a show of legality, he had procured a decree of the Apostolic Chamber confiscating the possessions of the Colonna, the Orsini, the Gaetani, the Savelli, and the Magenza families, as rebels against the Holy See. Carrying dissimulation and falsehood to the extreme, Lucrezia Borgia had become the purchaser of the greater part of these possessions in a public auction, of which she never paid the expenses. Her little son, Rodriguez, though only two years old, already bore the title of Duke of Sermoneta (which still belongs to the head of the Gaetani family), and had received twenty-two cities as an appanage to the title. Gioffre, Sancha, and the other children of the Pope had shared these spoils among them; and a mysterious personage, hardly out of his cradle yet, Giovanni Borgia, the Pope's son by his new mistress, Giulia Farnese (acknowledged at a later period by the Pontiff, but at first registered as the son of Cæsar), received out of this grand measure of spoliation thirty-six towns, taken indifferently from the possessions of the different barons.

Such was the work which Cæsar found completed on his return from France and from the short Milan campaign, when, on the 18th of November 1499, he came secretly to the Vatican to receive his father's final instructions before undertaking his own expedition against the barons of Romagna. Continuing the same policy and the same fiction of judicial action —it was one of the characteristics of Alexander VI. to cover his most monstrous acts with a cloak of legality—the Pope, before formally committing the direction of the military operations to his son, at a special meeting of the Consistory, in the name of his apostolic authority, declared the "Vicars of the Holy See" who ruled at Rimini, Faenza, Imola, Forli, Cesena, Pesaro, Camerino, and Urbino, deposed from their fiefs, and passed a decree charging them with not having paid the tribute due to the Holy See for a number of years. In vain did these princes, who had been practically hereditary for more than a century, and had not sought investiture either at the hands of the Pope or at those of the Emperor,—in vain did they, in face of the danger which threatened them, offer to recognise the supremacy of the Pontiff and to pay the arrears of tribute; Cæsar had commission to enter their states, and either to receive their voluntary cession or to incorporate them by force in the domain of the Church. The army was ready, and it only remained to find the necessary resources to provide for its pay. Considering this enterprise as a work of piety, the Apostolic Chamber borrowed five thousand ducats of gold for the purpose from the municipality of Milan.

The general plan of the young leader, who was by this means to conquer a principality for himself, is not at first sight obvious, and historians have seen ground for doubting whether there really was any one grand conception kept in view throughout the detached operations, undertaken as occasion served, which resulted in three campaigns, from 1499 to 1503. Still, if we follow carefully Cæsar's

progress on the map of Italy, bearing in mind the obstacles he had to avoid (for in proportion as he becomes more formidable, and, by extending the limits of his domain, gives some indication of the goal at which he is aiming, he begins to arouse the suspicions of the neighbouring Powers), we comprehend how he was "eating the artichoke leaf by leaf," as he said in jest, and never acted at random, but always opportunely. Starting in the beginning of the winter of 1499, he at first advanced rapidly towards the north. His intention being to strike a blow at the neighbours of Giovanni Bentivoglio, Lord of Bologna, he was careful to reassure that potentate as to any fears he might have on his own account, reserving to himself the liberty of turning on him at a later period. He then took energetic measures against Imola and Forli, and turning back from thence, made his way, sword in hand, to the very heart of Italy, adding town to town and province to province, and dethroning in succession the last Sforza, the Malatesta, the Manfredi, and the Montefeltre. Once master of the Adriatic coast from Rimini to Sinigaglia, and in possession of the Duchy of Urbino, of Camerino, and Cagli, he assured his communication with Rome through Spoleto, of which Lucrezia Borgia was regent, and pursuing his work by way of Umbria, Sienna, and Perugia, by Pisa, which called him in of her own accord, and by the Principality of Piombino, from which he expelled the rulers, he barred the approach to Rome to the Tuscans, and established a strategic line of communication between the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. He then formed his united conquests into a single state, selected Cesena as provisional capital, received the investiture from his father, and assumed the ducal crown. Next year he threw aside the mask and attacked Bologna, a city of greater size and importance than Cesena, and drawing closer the circle with which he had surrounded the Tuscans, at last ventured to threaten Florence itself, until his progress was checked by nothing less than a formal command from the King of France, who, having let loose this plague upon Italy, found it extremely difficult to arrest it again.

Was Cæsar merely going straight before him, led by the insatiable ambition which lays hands upon all within its reach, or was he aiming at a distinct end, at the realisation of a vast conception? Granting that he had no dreams of reconstituting the kingdom of Central Italy himself, Florence at least felt herself threatened. As long ago as his first campaign, when, after making himself master of Imola and Forli, he was still besieging Cesena preparatory to his entry into Pesaro and his progress to Rome by way of Urbino, the Florentine Republic had sent Soderini on a mission to him, to find out his intentions and his terms. The following year, with increased anxiety, as she felt herself approached more closely through the taking of Arezzo, which had fallen into the hands of Cæsar's troops, she sent him Machiavelli, the most clear-sighted of her secretaries. The spectacle of these two champions face to face is one unique in history. From the day when he arrived in the camp, Machiavelli, who had recognised in the Duke of Valentinois a terrible adversary, felt that it was of vital interest to the State that he should not lose sight of him for a moment. As a point of fact, he never left his side up to the day when he saw him hunted down like a wild beast,

vanquished by destiny, fettered beyond all power of doing harm to any one.

Of course we may refuse to accept the verdict of the secretary of the Florentine Republic. Gregorovius, the celebrated author of the 'History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages,' goes so far as to say that it is a reproach to the memory of the founder of political science that he made a blood-stained adventurer like Cæsar the "Italian Messiah"—the precursor, in a word, of Italian unity. Again, P. Villari, in his fine work 'N. Machiavelli e suoi tempi,' says that the Florentine secretary, though he was an eye-witness of the actual deeds of Valentinois, made of him an imaginary personage, to whom he attributed the great ideas by which he himself was animated. Still we have a right to point out that in history purpose is controlled by action. A great number of the heroic deeds and of the portentous decisions which have determined the lofty destiny of empires have not been the consequence of long premeditation: they have often been the result of the passions and desires of mankind, or simply that of the need of action natural to a vigorous mind. Undoubtedly the immediate object of Alexander VI. was the aggrandisement of his children, and the increase of their territory; he cared only for the power of the Church insomuch as it augmented that of his own family, but the deeds accomplished by father and son contributed none the less to reconstitute the temporal dominion of the Church,—a work which, after its completion by Julius II., was destined to continue for more than three centuries, from 1510 to 1860. The ambitious Cæsar himself was turning aside the current for his own particular advantage. When Julius II. assumed the triple crown, the officers who held the fortresses of Romagna with one accord refused to give them up to the Church, considering them as the lawful conquest and personal property of their leader. Machiavelli looked only at the results; this is the justification of the opinion which he expresses concerning Valentinois in his book, 'Il Principe,' in the 'Legazione,' the 'Descrizione dei fatti di Romagna,' and the 'Decennale.' He was present when these things were done; he calculated the effect of the events he witnessed. From his observation of Cæsar at work, he noted the strength of his will and the resources of his mind, his strategic talents, and his administrative faculty; and as within certain limits the acts of Valentinois tended towards a distinct goal, an ideal not unlike that at which he himself aimed, the Florentine secretary was not the man to be squeamish about ways and means. What did it matter to him whose hand struck at the despots of the petty principalities of Italy? What cared he about the personal ambition of the man who, after overthrowing them, busied himself at once with the organisation of their states, gave them laws, kept them under stern discipline, and ended by winning the affections of the people? Once the idea of union was accepted, a prince of more blameless private life would succeed Cæsar, and there was always so much progress made towards the realisation of the great conception. The Sforza had fallen; the princes of the houses of Este and Mantua were not equal to such a task; Lorenzo di Medici was no soldier. Impatient to reach his end, Machiavelli cast his eyes around in vain; nowhere could

he find a personality capable of great undertakings. Cæsar alone, with his youth and daring, quick to seize an opportunity, free from scruples, imposing by his magnificence—Cæsar, who always went straight to the very core of a matter, a consummate soldier, full of high purposes and lofty schemes —seemed the one man capable of aiming at the goal and attaining it. From that time forward, the Secretary made him the incarnation of his ideal prince, removing from his character the hideous elements which lurked beneath the fair exterior of the skilful diplomate and hardy soldier.

Of these "high purposes" of which Machiavelli speaks we have also other proofs, without speaking of the, in a manner, prophetic declaration of the young cardinal who, at twenty, fixed his eyes on the example of the Roman Cæsar, and took as his motto—"CUM NUMINE CÆSARIS OMEN." Some of the contemporaries of the Duke of Valentinois have expressed themselves in distinct terms regarding him. We have here some real revelations of his personal intentions which are free from the *après-coup* of the judgments pronounced by later historians. Speaking of the war which the Spaniards were carrying on to prevent the Pope from extending his dominions beyond the Neapolitan frontier, Signor Villari recognises the fact that Alexander VI. had declared his intention of making Italy "all one piece." As for Cæsar, we read in the despatches of Collenuccio, the ambassador of Ferrara, that Francesco Maria, Duke of Urbino, had taken into his service a secretary who had been for some time in Cæsar's employ, and that this person averred that he had heard the Duke of Romagna say that he had "deliberately resolved to make himself *King of Italy*." Here we have it in so many words.

As regards Machiavelli, could we collect in one page all the traits of character sketched from nature, scattered here and there in his despatches to the Florentine Signoria, we should have a literary portrait of Valentinois, signed with the name of the most sagacious observer that ever honoured Italian diplomacy. Cæsar had never learned the art of war, yet it would be impossible to pass with greater facility from the Consistory to the camp than he did. He was no mere warrior. Brave and impetuous as he was, he had more serious work in hand than the exchanging of sword-thrusts. He was at once a general, a strategist, and an administrator. Hardly had he taken a town when he made laws for it, and organised its administration; the breaches in its fortifications were repaired, and its defence and retention made as safe as if the conquest were final. No sooner had Imola, Forli, and Cesena fallen into his power, than he sent for Lionardo da Vinci to provide for a sufficient supply of water, to repair the fortresses, and to erect public monuments. He founded *Monts de Piété*, set up courts of justice, and did the work of civilisation everywhere. The cities which fell under his sway never misunderstood his efforts: they looked back on the time of his supremacy with regret.

"This lord is ever noble and magnificent; when his sword is in his hand, his courage is so great that the most arduous undertakings seem easy to him; in the pursuit of glory or advantage he shrinks from no toil or fatigue. He has the goodwill of his

soldiers; he has secured the best troops in Italy: it is thus that he makes himself formidable and victorious. Add to this, that fortune is constantly favourable to him. He is of solitary habits, and very secret (*molto segreto*). He controls himself with prudence; he possesses craft, promptness, the spirit of order, and good fortune; he has an extraordinary power of profiting by opportunity (*gran conoscitore della occasione*)."

So Machiavelli warned the Florentines not to treat Cæsar "like the other barons, but as a new Power in Italy, with whom they might conclude treaties and alliances, rather than offer him an appointment as *condottiere*." The purely military element, which was Machiavelli's speciality, did not escape the attention of the Secretary. Once he had found the right man, the next requisite was the proper tool to work with—that is, the army; and so, when he saw these well-disciplined battalions, and the perfect order that reigned among them, the system of supplies secured by treaties, the regular equipment, and, above all, the formidable artillery, "in which department Cæsar alone is as strong as all the sovereigns of Italy put together,"—the Secretary of the Republic recognised in Cæsar a born commander, for whom he prophesied the most lofty career.

Cæsar's life was very short, and the vicissitudes of his fortune followed each other in rapid succession. In youth he was a murderer, in youth a conqueror, and in youth he died. His period of activity as a general extended from the autumn of 1499 to April 1503, and his actual reign as Duke of Romagna lasted only two years. On the 26th of January 1500, having accomplished the first half of his task, he entered Rome as a conqueror — on which occasion a representation was given of the Triumph of Cæsar, with the various episodes of the life of the Roman Cæsar shown in *tableaux vivants*, suggested by the painter Mantegna. Eleven allegorical cars started from the Piazza Navona, Borgia himself, crowned with laurel, representing in his own person the conqueror of the world. Before his departure for his second campaign, he had, as we have already seen, caused the assassination of Lucrezia's second husband, Alfonso de Bisceglie, to prepare for the third marriage of his sister, who was this time to become Duchess of Ferrara, and thus secure him an alliance which would forward his projects as Duke of Romagna. On the 27th of September 1500, he left Rome again to complete his work, but returned quickly to take part in the war which the King of France had carried into the Neapolitan kingdom, when he possessed himself of the city of Capua, thus acquitting his obligation towards his protector, Louis XII. On the 29th of November his father changed his title of Vicar of the Holy See to that of Duke of Romagna.

The year 1503 proved an eventful one for him. No longer contented with his duchy, he prepared to attack Bologna and to threaten Florence. The day before he set forth on this great undertaking, on the 5th of August, he assisted, together with Alexander VI., at a banquet given in the vineyard of the Cardinal of Corneto, at the gates of Rome. On their return both were taken ill so suddenly that the cardinal was suspected of having poisoned them. The old man breathed his last on the 18th of August. Cæsar, younger and more vigorous, struggled against his malady with extraordinary energy. He wrapped himself, as in a cloak,

in the still quivering carcase of a newly disembowelled mule to overcome the shiverings brought on by fever, and then was thrown, still covered with blood, into a vessel of iced water, to bring about the reaction necessary to save his life. This man of iron seemed to prevail against nature herself. He knew that, once his father dead and himself unable to move, all his enemies would rush upon him at once to crush him. It was the decisive moment of his life. He first sent his bravo, Micheletto, to seize the pontifical treasure, thus making sure of a sum of three hundred thousand ducats, the sinews of resistance. The nine thousand men-at-arms under his orders, the one disciplined force in the city, made him master of Rome; the Sacred College set all their hopes upon this dying man, for he alone possessed sufficient authority to prevent anarchy. It is a strange spectacle—the representatives of all nations accredited to the Holy See assembling at his bedside to negotiate with him, and Cæsar, weak and helpless as he is, making himself responsible for the preservation of order, while the Sacred College formed itself into conclave to elect the new Pope. In order not to put any pressure upon the cardinals by his presence, the Duke of Valentinois retired to Nepi. He left Rome, carried on the shoulders of his guards, livid and shivering with fever. Around his litter walked the ambassadors of Spain, France, and the Empire, and, mingled with the troops, could be seen his mother, Vanozza, his brother, Squillace, and his sister-in-law, Sancha,—all three in danger of their lives in excited Rome. One of the Borgias had been killed, and Fabio Orsini, descendant of one of the Roman barons ruined by Alexander VI., had steeped his hands in the detested blood, and sworn to visit all who bore that hated name with the same fate.

Through the intrigues of the Spanish cardinals, the conclave appointed an old man of eighty, favourable to Cæsar—Pius III., a Piccolomini. Valentinois raised his head again. On the 3d of October he re-entered Rome, accompanied by the same formidable escort, yet still weak, and carried in a litter by his guards. His towns in Romagna had remained faithful to him, and he was full of confidence for the future. His enemies, the Orsini, had already taken alarm, and opened negotiations with him. The Venetian Ambassador, who came to sit by his bedside, found him even boastful; and he writes to the senate, "The Duke is not in so bad a position as people think, and his language is full of arrogance." Yet all the world felt that Alexander VI. was dead indeed—that all that constituted the strength of Cæsar had vanished altogether; and ten days after his return to Rome, in spite of the Pope's support and his own growing confidence, all those whom Cæsar had dethroned, ruined, or vanquished, signed a treaty of alliance against him. Spain herself, represented by Gonzalo de Cordoba, joined this league. By degrees, single detachments of troops were secretly introduced into Rome. In every palace lurked an enemy of Cæsar's; without, the gates of the city were guarded, and had Cæsar tried to escape by Ostia, he would have been arrested by the commander of the galleys, who was in the enemy's interests. His own troops fell off from him, seduced from their allegiance by bribes; and to prevent any attempt at escape, he was blockaded in the

Vatican itself, the approaches to which he had fortified, while his palace of the Borgho was sacked. At last his enemies held him at bay, when the cardinals who remained faithful to him opened for him the famous underground passages of the Vatican which led to the castle of St Angelo, where he took refuge with his two natural sons, the little Duke of Nepi, the son of his father by Giulia Farnese, and the Duke of Sermoneta, son of Lucrezia Borgia and the unhappy Neapolitan prince whom Cæsar had caused to be assassinated. After some time he succeeded in formulating a plan, and everything was prepared for its execution. He was to escape by night, and to take refuge in his duchy of Romagna, but at the very moment when he was to attempt to carry out his plan, fate dealt him a crushing blow. After a reign of twenty-seven days, Pius III., the old man who had protected and supported him, died suddenly.

Any other man would have succumbed under this misfortune; but Valentinois, now that the Pontifical throne was vacant, thought only of one thing. Through his creatures he commanded, as he imagined, a majority in the Sacred College, and he could appoint a Pope of his own choice. On the 26th of October Machiavelli visited him in his prison, and on the same day he wrote to the Florentine Signoria: "The Duke is shut up in the Mole; he hopes more than ever to do great things yet, provided always he can return a Pope of his own choice." But he received a new blow when the conclave, on the 1st of November 1503, chose for the new Pope his mortal enemy, Giuliano Della Rovere, who took the title of Julius II. This prelate, however, dissembled his hatred, as he hoped to obtain at once from Cæsar all the cities of Romagna, which constituted his duchy, before coming to blows with him. Besides, he was bound by an agreement with the Spanish cardinals, to whom he had promised, in order to obtain their votes, to spare the life of Valentinois and to secure him the enjoyment of his possessions. He therefore made a show of protecting him with offers of employing him in his own service; and he even gave him the command of the galleys, and demanded from the Florentines a free passage for him and his troops. But it was understood that Cæsar was to consider himself as the representative of the Holy See, and it was a necessary preliminary that he should give his officers orders to surrender the fortresses of Romagna to the Pope. Cæsar hesitated to comply, and in face of this hesitation Julius II. caused him to be arrested, and gave him as his prison the apartments of the Treasurer of the Vatican. Valentinois soon yielded and gave the required orders, but they were never carried out. Julius II., however, could only act by stratagem. He was without arms against Valentinois, whose Romagnol troops had remained faithful to him. He therefore at last made a compromise. An additional reason for this course was that the French had just been beaten by the Spanish forces on the Garigliano, in the Neapolitan territory, on the 31st December 1503, and the Valencian and Castilian cardinals in the Sacred College demanded his liberation. Don Diego de Mendoza, ambassador from the Catholic King, also joined with them to obtain the liberty of Valentinois.

At last, on the 14th of February 1504, the Cardinal Santa Croce, who had been entrusted with the

care of Cæsar, who was detained at Ostia, set his hostage at liberty, after making him sign an engagement never to take up arms against the Holy See. Foreseeing fresh calamities, Borgia had some time before sent his confidant, Michaele Ramolino, and his cousin, Cardinal Giovanni Borgia, to Gonzalo de Cordoba to solicit from him a safe-conduct in the name of the Catholic King. On the 28th of April, Cæsar presented himself before the Great Captain[1] at Naples, at the Castello Nuovo, and was courteously received by him. For more than a month he was the guest of Gonzalo, who, on hearing Cæsar, the astute and consummate diplomate, the skilful and adventurous soldier, develop his plans, calculate his resources, and call up hopes of easy conquests,—safer now that he had the support of Spain,—was so far convinced and so much fascinated that he authorised him to levy troops, and took steps to smooth the way for him. Borgia's plan was first to alarm the Florentines by bringing assistance to Pisa, which had sent him envoys and offered to give itself up to him. He began to organise his artillery; *condottieri* from all parts flocked to him, to join a commander of proved valour, now supported by Spain; great enterprises were again to be attempted. On the 25th of May all seemed to be decided, and Cæsar was on the point of starting. In the course of the day he had assisted at the embarking of the last cannons on board the galleys; in the evening he came to Castel Nuovo to take leave of Gonzalo, who embraced him and wished him success; but just as he was about to cross the threshold of the postern, Nuñez de Ocampo, the governor of the fort, demanded his sword, "in the name of the King of Castile!"

The effect of this breach of faith, pledged by an oath, even against a person whose treachery was notorious, produced a great sensation. After a captivity of some months in the fortress of Ischia, Cæsar Borgia was put on board a ship bound for Spain, as the prisoner of the Catholic King. He was never to see Italy again.

CHARLES YRIARTE.

[1] A title conferred upon Gonzalo (Muratori says "through the boastfulness of the Spaniards"—*dalla jattanza Spagnuola*) on his arrival at the siege of Atella, after the daring capture of Laino and other exploits in the south of Italy.—Translator's Note.

SUCH PITY AS A FATHER HATH.

I.

THE grey downpour of a wet afternoon in late September gave a dreary look to the surroundings of Ballendoun farmhouse up on the hillside, and to the little village of Inchrye in the valley below. In the northern counties of Scotland in such weather, nature's face seems grim and careworn to her loving children; and even on those who profess a stoic indifference to her moods she has a depressing effect.

So down in the village the one long straggling street was empty even of the children, who on a less dismal day would have braved the rain and their mothers' admonitions alike. The smithy-door, a favourite loitering-place, was deserted; there was no one to be seen at the burn, where the parapet of the little bridge ended in a conveniently low wall on which sociably-disposed people might sit and talk. Only at the merchant's shop was there any stir of life. The merchant's shop in a Scotch village is, as far as his capital permits, an emporium, and even if your lack be only a lack of news, you will find that he retails it too, and gratis.

On this cheerless afternoon the merchant had some half-dozen customers,—one or two in search of pins or treacle, but most come to talk over the news. And for once they had weighty news to discuss —news which, as Affleck the innkeeper remarked, with a certain gloomy satisfaction, "would be in a' the papers the morn." Peter Sim, a local jack-of-all-trades, as accredited Inchrye correspondent of the weekly 'County Herald,' was already composing his account of the sad event, or tragic occurrence (he was not sure how to characterise it), and was quite alive to his increased importance in the esteem of his neighbours, as their mouthpiece on this occasion to the world.

"Ye maun min' an' pit in that he's some silly-like, Peter," said Mrs Rae, the merchant's wife.

"Silly-like!" interrupted her husband; "he's mair nor silly,— he's clean daft."

"The wunner to me is," said Peter, "no that the thing has happened, but that it didna happen afore."

"Ye're richt there, Peter," from Affleck; and a chorus of "Ay, ay," followed this remark, and there was another ruminative pause. They had had the news under discussion since morning; and although there was still much to think of, there was little left to say.

"There hasna bin onything like it in the place sin' that pedlar body was murdered at the cross-dykes," said Peter at length; "an' he was an orra sort o' cratur, that naebody kent much aboot. Noo, this is ane o' wersels."

"Fa was't murdered the pedlar?" inquired Mrs Rae.

"Oh, some o's ain freens, as far as I min'; it was efter some drucken quarrel they hed."

"Ye canna jist say that auld Grant's murdered, though," said Mrs Rae; "he's no deid yet, and Robbie Macbeth's wife telt me 'at he had heard the doctor say to auld Kirsty 'at he micht live gin they took awfu' care o' him."

"Teuch!" said Peter, contemp-

tuously; "doctors maun gie folk hope, fatever's wrang, but we a' ken *that's* naething to gae by. Na, na; if this wasna a by-ordnar' thing, wad the doctor hae tauld Robbie to gang to Kirktown and see the fiscal aboot it? an' as sure's I'm sittin' here, that's far Robbie's gane."

As he ceased, the sound of quick footsteps coming along the uneven roadway roused a general expectancy among the group; and Jean Raffan, the schoolmaster's servant, who was ostensibly there to choose some knitting-yarn from the piled-up bundles in the doorway, looked out to report, turning in again with a warning, "Preserve us! if it's no Meg Grant!"

The new-comer paused on the threshold to close her wet umbrella before entering the shop. She was a weather-beaten, elderly woman, very plainly dressed, in dark wincey, with a checked plaid covering her head and closely wrapped round her spare figure. Both dress and plaid were very wet, and her thick shoes were covered with mud. "A loaf o' white breid and a quarter o' tea," she said, as Mrs Rae came forward to serve her. She felt painfully conscious that her every word and movement were noted by those round her, but the somewhat ungracious reserve habitual to her race helped her to hide, under an impassive face and laconic tone, all the agitation they looked for.

"Is that a'?" asked Mrs Rae, when she had served her.

"Ay," was the answer, as her customer, gathering her purchases into the grey shawl, turned quickly to the door.

Peter Sim and Affleck shuffled out of her way; and, still with a tingling consciousness of their attentive eyes and ears, Meg Grant stepped out into the rain and hastened home. They were not unkindly people: if her unexpected advent had roused their curious interest in her, as a partaker in that morning's tragedy, it had also served to quicken their sympathy; and when Mrs Rae said, "She was aye ane to keep hersel' to hersel', Meg Grant, but we maun a' feel for her noo, puir thing"—there was a general assent.

Meanwhile, leaving them to discuss her trouble, as she knew they would, Meg hastened home, past the church, prettier than most Scotch parish churches, but to-day sharing in the dreary aspect of the world — up the steep hill road, across the whin-hill as a short cut, and into the road again. It was a Highland road, and long sprays of wild-rose overhung the dyke on either side, while the rushes and marsh-fern fringing the ditches smelt sweet in the rain. Every stone in the wall, every bush she knew, and yet she seemed so far removed in her own consciousness from the days when they were familiar. They looked now as they had looked yesterday, but she felt herself so strangely different. The change, the horror which had in a few hours seized and made itself at home in her life, overshadowed all her thoughts as she walked. She tried to ignore it, she forced her mind to grasp and reiterate every trivial idea suggested by external things; she observed the cart-ruts, half full of rain, and wondered in a dull fashion if any cart had passed that day. The braid at the edge of her dress was frayed in front, and she made herself calculate how much she would need to go round the skirt. She was trying to absorb herself in the question of whether she should take into common wear her purple wincey gown, and use this for her morning work, when the lurking

consciousness of her trouble, which she had striven to keep out, overthrew all her feeble defences, and like a surrounding, inrushing tide, swept through her heart. Her father would die—why, it would be mourning she would be wearing next, and where would she be? Her father gone, and Willie—if they "did onything" to him she would be left alone, alone in the world.

The sight of the sodden cornstooks in the fields as she passed seemed to have no meaning to her eyes. Yesterday they were her father's, the precious scanty results of the year's anxious farming; and she had watched for a drying wind, and rejoiced when it came—and hoped and feared: but now, now, her father was dying, and Willie in trouble, and what did it matter about the corn? The cart-track grew more steep and stony as she came near home, and ended in a narrow bit of open grassy field, at the farther side of which was the farmhouse and steading. Her heart had been dully beating in her ears all the way, like a whispered suggestion, "What if he is dead? what if he is dead?" and she dreaded to look, lest at door or window she should see some one watching to tell her. But all was still. Only Moy, the collie, with all a dog's sympathy, came to meet her, looking in her face with troubled affection, and following her slowly to the door.

In front of the farmhouse was a little bit of garden, full of wet bushy plants: these grew lank and lush about the low windows, lessening the amount of light they gave, which was not much at best. On either side of the little pebble-paved path leading from the gate to the door, the borders were trodden down by heavy footmarks, and the climbing monthly rose-bush trained up the house wall had one long unfastened branch broken and trampled into the wet earth. The threshold was marked with muddy footsteps, and the few deer- and sheep-skin mats laid on the stone floor of the little entrance lobby had been hastily pushed aside. Meg noted these signs of disorder with dull eyes. All the zeal for thrift and order which had hitherto kept her hands busy, and her home a credit to her—all her huswife pride seemed far away from her, and it was mechanically and without paying much heed that she lifted the broken rose branch and fastened it back before she went in. The keeping-room and a little-used parlour flanked the door on either side. A small staircase opposite gave access to the bedrooms; and a long, narrow, echoing passage, off which opened dairies and cupboards, led to the back kitchen. Meg stood and listened at the parlour door, where her father lay, but there was no sound. He had been carried in there in the morning, and the doctor had forbidden her to attempt to move him. Hoping that he slept, she went as quietly as she could to the back kitchen. Here a peat-fire was smouldering on the open hearth, and beside it, slouching in a low arm-chair, sat a tall, heavily built man, somewhat older than herself. It was her brother Willie.

"That's you, is't?" he remarked, hardly looking round. "Ye've gotten yoursel' real weet."

"Ay, it's jist me," said Meg, wearily, unfolding her purchases from her shawl; "has Kirsty been ben?"

"Ay, she was ben," he answered, indifferently; then observing the parcels, "Hae ye been doun a' the wye to the mairchant's? Fat for

did ye no tell me ye were gaun? I wad hae gane for ye. I like fine to gang to the mairchant's, ye ken that," he went on, with a childish air of grievance.

Meg looked at him. She was filled with an aching sense of pity for him—his inability to understand what he himself had done. "He wad gang to the mairchant's!" she thought to herself, with almost a smile at his childishness, and then a sharp pang, as she pictured the sensation his appearance would have created among the gossips there. "It was bad aneuch me gaun," she added to herself, as she knelt on the hearth to blow up the fire.

"Fat was Kirsty seekin'?" she asked her brother.

"I dinna ken."

"Did ye no speer at her?" continued Meg, trying to speak lightly.

"No, I tell you; fat for should I speer?" he replied, roughly. "She said somethin' about fader wantin' his tea, and that you were ower lang—that's a' I min' o'. Fat for did ye no lat me gang to the mairchant's," he continued, fretfully, harking back to his grievance.

Meg knew his ways, and that she must humour him to keep him quiet. "Weel, Wullie, fat wad ye hae gotten gin I had latten ye? is't sweeties ye were wantin'?"

He nodded with a cunning look. "She aye gies me them when I gang,—ye ken that."

"Aweel, if that's a'," said Meg, "you blaw the fire, there's a guid laddie, till I gang up the stair and get aff thae weet claes, an' I'll fess down a gran' poke I got frae Glesgey tae ye."

Willie's eyes brightened, and he clenched the bargain by taking the bellows from his sister, leaning forward in his chair and blowing with a will. Meg hurried away to change her dress. Her bedroom was above the room where her father lay, and though she moved as lightly as she could, her footsteps apprised those below of her return. When she came down she found Kirsty, a stout old woman — their only servant — watching for her at the foot of the stair.

"Hoo's fader?" Meg asked, in an eager whisper.

"Ou, he's aye the same," answered Kirsty; "he's no sleepin', but he lies quaite aneuch."

"Was he speerin' for me?"

"He askit far ye was, an' I said ye wadna be lang, an' was he wantin' his tea? but he said he wad wait or ye cam'."

"I'll bring it ben in twa meenits; gang in an' tell him," said Meg, as she hastened to the back-kitchen. Willie had wearied of his task, but the fire had burnt up nevertheless, and the kettle boiled. Meg hurried to get the tea ready, laying on the table the box of confections she had brought down with her. "See, Wullie, there's for ye." It was a pretty little French-made box, with a picture of kittens on the top. Willie seized it with an exclamation of pleasure.

"Eh, see at thae bonnie little catties! Isna that real bonnie?"

He was still occupied with it, turning it over in his hands, taking out and replacing first one sweetmeat and then another, when Meg summoned him to the table.

"There's white breid for ye the nicht," she said, "an' ye like that. Come in ower and tak' your tea, and I'll send Kirsty to ye—I'm away ben wi' fader's."

She placed a tea-cup and some bread and butter on a small japanned tray which had been her mother's, and was kept as an orna-

ment on the kitchen mantel-shelf. As she took it down and dusted it, with the sense of a great occasion justifying its use, she remembered how her mother used to speak of it with pride as "ane o' my mairriage presents." She carried it along the passage, and gently opened the door of the room where her father lay. Kirsty was stirring the fire, which burnt in a dull and cheerless fashion. "I canna mak' it burn," she explained; "the vent's that damp wi' no being eesed."

"Are ye cauld, fader?" asked Meg, tenderly, as she laid down her tray and bent over him. He was an old man, but strong and hearty-looking, with a vigorous frame and sunburnt face. His thick grey hair was ruffled with the uneasy movement of his head on the pillow, and his eyes unclosed wearily as his daughter spoke.

"I think I maun hae been sleepin'," he said, in a puzzled tone. "Far hae ye been, Meg?"

"I gaed doun to the mairchant's. I wasna lang; and noo, here's yer tea, fader."

He lay on the sofa, which had been hastily converted into a bed for him. It was a hard, old-fashioned sofa, covered with horsehair, but more roomy than a modern couch; and with blankets and pillows gathered in haste from the rooms up-stairs, Meg had made it fairly comfortable.

His eyes fell on the little tea-tray as she put it on a chair beside him. "That's yer mither's tray," he said, dreamily; and then with a faint smile, "Fat hae we gotten white breid for? I'm no a veesitor."

"I thocht ye micht fancy it, fader," she said, trying to smile back, "an' I haena bakit the day."

The room was so dark, from the shadow of the elder-bushes in the garden, and the fire so cheerless, that Meg lit a candle, one of a pair in tall green-glass candlesticks on the mantelpiece, which was crowded with an array of little ornaments—three framed photographs, a pair of china watch-dogs with gilt chains, and a britannia-metal vase full of dried grasses mixed with silver moons of honesty from the garden.

Meg placed the candlestick on the top of a high chest of drawers, behind her father's head, and went to the window to draw down the blind. As she did so, she saw the figure of an approaching visitor opening the little gate.

"It's the minaister!" she said, half aloud, and turned to Kirsty. "Kirsty, thon's the minaister; he'll hae come to see fader, but ye maunna lat him in: say 'at the doctor said we were to lat naebody in; an' say I canna come to the door, gin he speers for me."

Kirsty rose from her knees before the fire, on which she had not effected any visible improvement.

"An', Kirsty," said Meg, following her as she went to the door, "ye maunna lat him ben to Wullie—ye maunna! Jist say 'at we canna see him the noo, nane o's, though we're muckle obleeged till him for coming."

A knock at the house-door summoned Kirsty. She hastily smoothed her apron and left the room, closing the door behind her. A rainy gust of wind shook it as she opened the outer one to the minister's knock; and the old farmer looked inquiringly at his daughter, who came and knelt beside him.

"Fa's thon?" he asked, uneasily. "Wasna that some ane at the door?"

"Ay, it's jist Mr Robison come tae speer for ye; but she'll no lat him in. Ye maun keep quaite, ye ken, and try tae tak' yer tea, fader. Are ye no carin' for't?"

"Ou, I dinna ken," he said, but he took the cup, and let her raise his head with her strong arm. She was a slender little woman this daughter of his, with a pale and thin but sweet face, and large grey eyes, full of expression. "There's mair strength an' sense baith in Meg's little finger than you'll ever hae," he had been wont to say, by way of reproof and incentive to Willie, when the two were children, and Willie's idiotcy had not seemed more than very backward intelligence; but the words grew so sadly true, that he had long ceased to say them.

Now, as Meg knelt beside him, with one arm under his head, and gently took the empty cup from him with her free hand, he looked fondly at her and stroked her cheek. "Ye were aye like yer mither, Meg," he murmured,—"douce and mindfu', like yer mither."

Meg's aching heart could hardly bear this unwonted tenderness. Like most Scotch country folk, they were silent and reserved in their deepest affections, and it was very seldom that any caress passed between them. That her father should be so unlike himself, therefore, increased her terrible forebodings, until she could no longer fight them back: her lips trembled, her eyes filled, her heart ached, so that she longed to hide herself and weep; but she might not, for who could take her place?

As she knelt, the voices outside of Kirsty and the minister, unconsciously to themselves, grew louder. "Have the police been informed?" the minister was asking. They had moved as they talked into the shelter of the half-closed door, and both voices were distinctly heard. Meg instantly remembered Willie in the kitchen, and dreaded his overhearing them; but the same thing seemed to have occurred to Kirsty, and she heard her go and close the door leading to the kitchen passage before answering.

"Ou, ay, sir; Macbeth, the constable, was up as sune's he heard, maybe a twa hours efter, an' he saw the doctor, efter he had been in like; and they said the shirra wad be comin' oot: it's an awfu' business."

"Very sad, very sad indeed," returned the minister. Meg began to apprehend a long colloquy between the two, and cast about in her mind how to stop it. Mr Robertson—or Robison as it was locally pronounced—was a kindly gossiping man, farm-bred and bucolic in his interests, a good judge of the temporal affairs of his parishioners, and able as well as ready to advise in regard to them; but not distinguished for wisdom or sympathy, or any diagnostic power in spiritual things. To such a man, in such a position, the gossip of the country-side was of unfailing interest, and the news of the Grants' trouble had made him take Ballendoun on his way home, so as to hear particulars if possible at first hand. Kirsty might be trusted to keep him at the door, Meg knew, but the opportunity of so eager a listener was more than her talkativeness could resist. She was stout, and lame from rheumatism, and could not therefore be sent on errands demanding haste, such as Meg's to the village that afternoon. This was her first opportunity of pouring forth to an outsider a full account of the morning's events, and she was loath to lose it.

Meg knelt by the sofa watching

her father's face,—he was a little dull of hearing, as they put it, but she thought he must hear now.

"Had Mr Grant any quarrel with Willie?" asked the minister.

"Na, na," said Kirsty, "it was naethin' o' that sort. Fa wad quarrel wi' the like o' him? It was jist a sudden bleeze of anger. The laddie jist gied him a clart ower the heid—he didna like haein' to gang oot to's wark sae early like; he jist did it in a bleeze o' anger."

"Fader, I'll tell him to gang. Kirsty sudna haud him speakin' that gait," said Meg, with vexation, endeavouring to rise. But the old man caught her arm. "Lat a-be, Meg—lat a-be; we're maybe nane the waur o' hearin' fat folk think o's, ance in a while.

"An' how is Mr Grant? is he conscious — was he stunned?" queried the minister.

"Dr Fraser said 'at he was dangerous," answered Kirsty; "he was afraid o' fivver comin' on, and we mustna lat naebody in tae see him, or else they wad hae been prood to hae seen ye, sir. Na, he wasna exackly stunned; he cried tae Wullie that he cudna rise, and Wullie he came rinnin' in to hiz, and tauld us a' aboot it."

"Do you mean that he confessed the crime?" inquired the minister; and in his tone Meg could detect that condemnation which he, and doubtless all the neighbours, would deal out to Willie.

"He couldna but tell's," explained Kirsty; "but it was no what you wad ca' confessing, sir, for he disna seem to ken he's dune wrang. He helpit us tae get the maister in. But he's sic a naitral—he forgets a'thing as sune as it's ower. He's no' responsible for it, though it's an awfu' bisness."

"I doubt whether the law will take that view of it, though," said Mr Robertson, pompously; "it's a murderous assault, any way you look at it."

He was beginning a fresh question, when Meg grew desperate, and, unable to free her arm, which was under her father's head, against his will, and while he held her hand to keep her, she called Kirsty to come to her in so peremptory a tone, that the minister, with a hasty "There's Miss Grant calling: is he in there? I didn't know; say I just called to inquire,"—took his departure, and Kirsty reappeared.

"Gae ben and gie Wullie his tea, and dinna stand claivering wi' folk that gait. It isna fit," Meg added sadly, "fan we hae sick folk i' the hoose."

Kirsty shut the door and hirpled away to the back-kitchen, to take her tea with Willie. He was sitting at the table, dividing his attention between a thick slice of bread and butter and the box of sweets. "Isna that real bonnie?" he said, with childish exultation, to Kirsty, holding out the box for her to see.

"Eh ay! siccan a bonnie box," she answered, with the tone of interest one uses to a child. "Far got ye that, Wullie?"

"Frae Meg," he said, nodding his head in the direction of the parlour. "She got it frae Glesgey: div ye see the wee catties on't?"

Kirsty admired it at due length, and accepted one of the sweetmeats, which Willie, with an air of importance, chose out from the rest with his big fingers, and placed in her hand.

"Thank ye, Wullie—I'll keep it till I've hed my tea," she said; and then they took their meal in silence.

Kirsty, as an old servant of the family, well accustomed to Willie and his ways, had almost come to regard him as a child in

years as well as sense. He was "the laddie" or "the boy" when they spoke of him—strong enough indeed to do a man's work, though very lazy over it, and not to be trusted to carry on any task without supervision. But he was very easily guided, and obedient on the whole, and had always been accounted harmless. All the neighbours knew his uncouth slouching figure, and had a kind word ready for him when they met.

Now, indeed, since his sudden assault on his father that morning, the news of which had spread like wildfire through the village, a feeling of uneasiness had taken possession of the neighbours. That one wild deed might at any moment be followed by another, and Willie become a dangerous lunatic, instead of a harmless "naitral," was their confident expectation; and the little gathering at the merchant's were still discussing Meg's appearance among them, and trying to extract from it fresh light on the situation, long after she reached her home.

"It stands to rizzon the auld man canna be in dainger, or she wudna hae left him," said Peter Sim.

"Ah, but she cudna send Kirsty, d'ye see?—she's that cripple; so she bud to come hersel'. I'm thinkin' that wad be the wye o't," interposed Mrs Rae. "It's no varra lang, just a twa-three days ago, sin' Wullie was doun here a message; she used aye to send him for ony little thing—puir falla!"

"She wudna send him the day, though," put in Peter Sim; "wull he be lockit up, think ye?"

This was a new idea, and much debated. Robbie Macbeth, as the constable was familiarly called, had been twice up at Ballendoun in the morning, and had been seen talking to the doctor on the latter's return.

"An' he went awa' to Kirktown by the twal' train, an' I ken this is no the day 'at he sud gang," added Rae, with some emphasis.

"He wad be gaun to gie a deposition, or fat is't they ca' it?" speculated his wife.

"*He* disna do that," said Peter Sim, in a tone of contempt for her limited knowledge. "That's fat auld Grant maun do afore he dees; but Robbie wad be gaun to get the shirra to tak it—*that's* mair likely."

"Aweel, the shirra canna come the day," remarked Affleck, "for there's no train frae Kirktown till the morn; they're unco ill aff for trains comin' this wye."

"He's bud to come, though, fan a man's deein', trains or no trains; and auld Grant's deein', or I'm much mista'en," said Peter Sim.

"It was an awfu' clart he got," said a stout matron, who had recently joined the conclave, on the pretext of an errand to "the shop." "Robbie Macbeth's wife telt me the cut was as lang's yer haun', and unco deep, richt across the back o's heid; and neither wunner. Willie's gey strong, an he wad hae nae control o' himse. when he was angert."

"See, fa's this comin'?" called Peter Sim from the threshold, where he stood smoking and looking out. There was a general rising, and crowding to the door, of the group within.

They saw a carriage coming along the winding road from Kirktown.

"That's varra like Macbeth on the box," said Mr Rae.

"An' its varra like that new machine frae Davidson's at Kirktown," added Affleck. "It maun jist be the shirra. He'll hae post-

ed a' the wye oot. They'll be comin' to huz. I'll awa'."

He hurried away to the inn to receive the arrivals, and the rest of the group of idlers slowly dispersed, some to find a post of observation near the inn, and the rest to watch from the doors of their own homes in the long village street.

II.

The carriage stopped at the Inchrye Arms to water the horses. Macbeth, the constable, climbed down from the box, stiff and weary after the long wet drive. A party of four occupied the inside seats: Mr Bruce, the sheriff-substitute of the county; a tall and fine-looking young man, with closely shaven face and keen eyes; with him the grey-haired old procurator-fiscal, and a consequential-looking clerk. They had gone a little out of their way in coming to pick up Dr Fraser, who lived on the outskirts of Inchrye parish. He was to act as medical officer for the Crown.

"Does your lordship wish me to accompany you?" asked Macbeth respectfully, at the carriage window.

"What do you say, Doctor?" said Mr Bruce. "You know the son's state of mind. You thought his arrest would do harm to the father?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the doctor, a red-haired Scotchman, rather brusque and energetic in his speech, but thoroughly kind-hearted; "it would kill him off straight. I must protest against it while there is the least chance of life for the old man."

"But," said Mr Bruce, slowly, "in a case of this kind we must consider other people. The son seems to have been harmless enough hitherto; but when he has made one savage assault of this nature, is it not highly probable he will follow it by others?"

"There is about one chance in a thousand," returned the doctor. "I know the man very well. I am satisfied it is not a case of brain disease at all. His sister has complete control over him. The assault was evidently from sudden irritation, as a child will strike you in a fit of rage. I saw him only an hour or so after—for they happened to hear I was in the village, and sent for me—and he was perfectly quiet, without the least trace of excitement. If you take Macbeth now to arrest him, you very likely will throw him into a state of excitement very difficult to control, and you most certainly will hasten the father's death. He is greatly attached to his son. He calls him 'the boy,' though he must be over forty."

The fiscal had still to be convinced. "If he has any sense, he will be aware from the fact of our coming that his crime is of a very serious nature. They may help him to escape if we delay the arrest," he suggested.

"He has not sufficient sense for that," replied the doctor; "as you will see at a glance. He had no intention of injuring his father, and he did not in the least realise the strength of the blow he gave. I don't suppose he knows what a prison is, and if he does he will never dream of being sent there himself. Leave the constable here till we come back, and then you can give what orders you please."

To these arguments they yield-

ed; and ordering Macbeth to await them at the inn when they returned, they drove on to Ballendoun.

Willie and Kirsty were still in the back kitchen, the former hulking over the fire in comfortable contentment, while Kirsty moved to and fro, washing the dishes. Suddenly the sound of approaching wheels on the rough farm-road broke the silence, and Willie rose to look out. "It's a cairriage!" he said, gleefully—"a twa-horsed cairriage, an' it's comin' straicht tae the hoose. I maun gang oot and see," and he hurried out bareheaded to the roughly paved yard. Kirsty's heart leapt to her mouth. Macbeth had said the sheriff would come, but she had thought not till the morrow, and now this must be he, for no carriage but the doctor's gig ever came their way. She stayed but one moment at the window to make sure: the carriage rumbled over the rough bit of causeway into the yard, and stopped. Willie went forward to meet it, the doctor's face appeared at the window, and behind him she could discern other figures.

She hastened to the parlour and knocked at the door gently, then opened it a little way. "Could I speak wi' ye, Miss Grant?"

"Wheesht! come in," returned Meg, almost in a whisper; "I canna leave fader."

Kirsty stood hesitating. "It's some one wantin' ye."

"I think fader's sleepin'," whispered Meg, "and I canna move my airm oot. Oh, dinna mak' a noise, Kirsty,—the sleep'll dae him guid."

But her patient had heard.

"Na," he said, "ye needna mind, for I wasna sleepin', jist thinkin', thinkin'. Fat is't, Kirsty?"

"It's the doctor," said Kirsty, desperately, "an' he's wantin' Miss Grant."

"Is there onybody wi' him?" asked the old man, in a hoarse voice.

"I dinna ken fa it is," said poor Kirsty, afraid of the effect of her news. "It's a close cairriage, and I cudna see richt."

"It 'ill be the shirra," said the old farmer, with grim certainty. "They maun think I'm gaun tae dee."

Meg gave a choking sound of despair, and Kirsty put her apron to her eyes.

"Dinna greet, Meg," said her father, changing his tone to cheer her. "I'll maybe cheat them yet." Then, with greater energy and imperativeness than he had yet shown, he gave orders to Kirsty. "Gae ben and say she's comin', Kirsty, but we're no jist ready to see them yet; and see fat they'll tak'," he added, with strong hospitable instinct. "You gie her the key, Meg." Meg obeyed mechanically. "Bring oot the wine to them; and noo, mind," called the old man, as Kirsty hurried away, "they're not to come or she comes for them."

"Meg," said her father, in a strange, dogged tone, when they were left alone, "I heard a' that chattering body was sayin' to Kirsty at the door. I'm no gaun to hae my son spoken o' that gait. There was nane o' ye saw hoo I cam by my fa', and Wullie sall no be blamit for it. I ken hoo tae tell what I hae to tell—and gin you come in wi' them, ye maunna interfere."

Meg did not understand what he would be at, but she signified assent, being afraid to vex him by any question. He seemed greatly agitated, and his hands trembled. He watched her as she moved about tidying the room, but seemed

satisfied with the readiness to acquiesce in his wishes expressed in her face. She smoothed the bedclothes over him, lit the other candle, and placed both on the table, and stirred the fire into greater brightness.

Sounds of heavy footsteps and voices echoed along the stone passage. Meg paused, and looked round the room. "Are ye a' richt, fader?" she asked. "I'll bring ben the doctor first, wull I?"

"It disna maitter," said her father absently, absorbed in arranging his thoughts for the interview. "Dinna be lang."

She left him, closing the door gently.

The little lobby was dark, but looking along to the kitchen she saw Kirsty lighting the lamp, and a man bending over some papers at the table. The blood, surging to her head, sang in her ears, and a deadly faintness benumbed her thoughts: groping for the wooden railing of the staircase, she sank on the lowest step for a minute, to recover strength. Her heart throbbed as if it were breaking. It could not be that her father lay there with no hope of life; that after this strange, swiftly-passing day she would hear his voice no more; that these men had come to take Willie to prison, to be accused of murder! Was it she to whom all this had come?

"O God! O God!" she cried dumbly, rocking herself to and fro; "it canna be! it canna be!"

A wail of one of the old Scotch psalms came to her mind distraught with trouble:—

> "Thy breaking waves pass over me,
> Yea, and Thy billows all."

The mournful old minor air to which she was accustomed to sing the words sounded in her ears, and, dwelling for an instant on the memories it recalled, she had a little rest and lull of forgetfulness.

"I should like to see Miss Grant now," she heard the doctor's voice saying, "before we go to her father."

Meg rose, and walked, as one in a dream, along the dark passage. She entered the kitchen, which seemed crowded. The grey-headed fiscal was talking in a low voice to Kirsty. The clerk stood at the table writing headings to some large sheets of paper unfolded before him. Dr Fraser greeted her sympathetically.

"Here is Miss Grant. I hope your father has passed a quiet day?" he asked.

Mr Bruce came in from the courtyard, closely followed by Willie, who had taken a fancy to him, and was asking questions as to where they were going, and how far they had come.

"There is the sheriff," said Dr Fraser; "he wishes to see your father as soon as possible, Miss Grant."

The sheriff bowed courteously, and looked at her with kindly pity. "I am very sorry to disturb Mr Grant," he said, "but it is necessary to have his evidence, and we shall take it first. Is he ready to see us?"

Meg tried to answer, but found she could not speak. Her colourless face attracted the doctor's notice, and he pushed her on to a chair. "You have overtaxed your strength, Miss Grant," he said; "you have had much to try you, but for your father's and every one's sake you must keep up now."

Kirsty had already set forth a bottle of wine and biscuits, and offered them to the company. The doctor forced Meg to take some wine. "I shall go to your father

now," he said, "and come back for you. Don't be afraid; we shall not make him speak much."

He disappeared, and when he returned to summon them, Meg had gathered strength to go too. Willie was following, but the fiscal stopped him. "You wait here, my man; we are coming back again to talk to you." He hesitated, but a suggestion from Kirsty that he might help to put up the horses delighted him, and he hurried out at once.

The doctor led the way along the passage to the parlour, and they entered in silence. Meg would have moved forward the heavy horse-hair chairs which stood against the wall, but the doctor forestalled her. "We can do that," he said. "Where will you sit yourself?"

She took her place near the head of the sofa, and behind it, within touch of her father. Mr Bruce drew in a chair in front, the fiscal and doctor seated themselves on either side of the fire, while the clerk arranged his papers with fussy importance at the table in the centre of the little room.

The candles shed a small circle of wavering light on the table itself, but the rest of the parlour was dark, except when a flicker of firelight lit up the corners and shone on the picture-frames, or revealed the pile of books above the tall chest of drawers, flanked by stuffed birds on little moss-covered wooden stands. A piece of old-fashioned white netting hung over the top of the drawers, and the starched window-curtains were of white netting too, and made glimmering points of light in the general shadow. The faces of the silent group were all in shadow except that of the old farmer, who lay looking towards the fire, the white pillows throwing into strong relief his weather-beaten, brown features. They had always, through a long and hard life, expressed strong self-reliance, and never more so than now. There was great and simple dignity in his manner as he briefly greeted Mr Bruce, and then waited for him to begin to speak.

"I have called, Mr Grant," said the sheriff, "to receive your own account of the assault committed this morning. Dr Fraser certifying on soul and conscience that your injuries are of such a nature as to endanger your life, we think it advisable to obtain your declaration without delay."

The old man lay still, and looked at him in silence. The solemnity of Mr Bruce's tone and of the whole proceeding gave Meg a strange feeling, as if she were present at some religious service.

"You understand the nature of an oath?"

The farmer signified assent.

"I caution you, in taking this oath, to remember your position as one, it may be, in prospect of death. Repeat after me, 'I swear by Almighty God, as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, I will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'"

Mr Grant slowly repeated the words.

"What is your age?"

"Seventy-four, last March."

"Now, will you tell me exactly what happened this morning?"

The old farmer then gave his evidence in a slow but clear voice. "We went oot tae wark at six o'clock, or it micht be a few meenits afore it. I led oot the ae horse, an' Wullie was yokin' the ither. I had a spade ower my left shouther, an' that micht hae gien the horse a fricht, I canna say, but it gied a start, and I fell doun, an' I kent I was hurt

some wye wi' the spade." He paused, and added emphatically, "There was naebody wi' me fan I fell."

His audience held their breath and looked at each other, the story was so different from their expectation. The old man looked round at them, almost defiantly, and went on in the same measured tone, "There was naebody wi' me fan I fell, and naebody saw me."

The silence was only broken by the scratching sound of the clerk's pen. Meg sat in a whirl of bewilderment. What did her father mean? He had told them, when they ran out to him, that Willie had done it; every one knew—Willie said so himself.

Mr Bruce spoke. "I have cautioned you, Mr Grant, to remember the solemn nature of your oath. Do you, on oath, tell us there was no one with you, that no one struck you? Are you sure of it?"

"I am sure no one struck me," said the old man, doggedly; "it was jist an accident."

"How do you explain your injury, then?" put in the fiscal.

"I canna explain it—it was jist an accident," he repeated.

"You have told us," said Mr Bruce, "that your son went out with you to work: where was he when you fell?"

"He was in the stable yokin' the ither horse."

"About how far from you?"

"It micht be a maitter o' nine or ten yairds," said the old man.

Again there was silence, and the clerk wrote down his words.

"Had you had any quarrel with your son?" inquired Mr Bruce.

"Na, I never had ony quarrel wi' him that I min' o'."

"Was he angry about anything, then?" asked the fiscal.

"He wasna jist varra weel pleasit to gang oot sae early; he said there was nae need for us to begin suner than ithers."

"And what did you say?"

"Ou, I said little; I jist said we could stop the suner at nicht."

"And did that make him angry?" asked Mr Bruce.

"Oh, he wasna varra weel pleasit, but he was no to call angry."

"When did this conversation take place?"

"A wee whilie afore I got my fa'."

Dr Fraser had leant forward for some minutes watching the old man's face, and he now whispered to the fiscal, "Ask him if he did not complain to any one that his son had struck him."

The question was put.

"Na," was the emphatic answer, "I never said that."

The doctor rose and stood by the sofa. "Do you not remember," he asked in a very distinct voice, "telling me, when I bound up your head this morning, that your son had struck you with a spade, but you knew he had not meant any harm?"

A slight flicker of hesitation crossed the old man's face. Here was an easy way of escape from the difficult task he had set himself, and putting it in that light, surely the law could not deal hardly with Willie; but it was only for an instant he wavered. He had made up his mind, and he would not change.

"Never!" he answered, looking steadily up in the doctor's face. "Ye *may* hae heard some ither body say so, but it wasna me. *Wullie had nae haun' in it*, that I'll sweer tae." Then he turned to his daughter,—"Gie me some watter, Meg; I'm no weel."

Meg hurried with trembling limbs to the back kitchen for the water. Willie and the driver sat

at the fire—the driver eyeing him with an air of dread and distrust, only allayed by the peaceful presence of Kirsty. Willie was full of clumsy friendliness in his way, and was talking in a rambling fashion, quite unconscious of the feelings he inspired. Kirsty followed Meg back to the door.

"I wad gang to the coo," she said, "but that driver body he's that feared, he winna bide alane wi' Wullie—an' he's sae weet, I cudna lat him stand oot-bye i' the cauld. Wull it be lang or they gang, mem?"

"I dinna ken," said Meg, distractedly. "Ye maun jist dae the best ye can." And she returned to the parlour. Her father drank the water thirstily. "Eh, that's fine," he said.

Meanwhile Mr Bruce and the doctor had a hasty consultation. "Do you think his mind is wandering?" whispered the sheriff.

"I think not, certainly not: he has some fever, which may increase during the night, but he seems perfectly sound at present. It is an attempt to screen the son," Dr Fraser concluded, "and he knew he was telling me a lie just now."

The sheriff looked puzzled and thoughtful as he returned to his seat by the sofa. The farmer turned to him. "I can gang on noo, sir, gin ye like; it was jist a dwam."

"I will read over your evidence to you," said Mr Bruce after a pause; "listen carefully, in case there is anything you wish to change or add." He turned to take the papers from the clerk, and read the declaration slowly, pausing at every sentence. The old man listened attentively without comment.

"Are you prepared to sign this as truth?"

"I canna write weel when I'm able," said he, "and I cudna sign it e'enoo; but I declare that it is the truth."

"Give me the pen," said Mr Bruce; and he signed the paper for him, passing it to the fiscal and doctor to witness. He then rose.

"Are ye awa'?" asked the farmer.

"We must see your son and take his declaration first," was the answer; "but we shall take it in the kitchen, and leave you to rest. Good night."

Mr Grant looked troubled. "It's little ees askin' him," he said earnestly. "Ye canna gang by fat he says — he'll tell ye a' wrang as like as not. He's no richt in his mind, sir; ye needna speer at him."

"We must take his declaration in any case," said the sheriff, soothingly, "as he seems to have been the only person near you at the time of your accident."

Dr Fraser stayed with Meg for a few minutes, directing her how to wet the bandages on her father's head without moving them, and again feeling his pulse. "You have excited yourself too much," he said, kindly; "try to put the matter out of your head now. This taking evidence is only a form, and no one will meddle with you or Willie: try to keep quiet, and do not talk."

When they were alone Meg looked at her father, afraid to excite him by speaking. He avoided her eyes, and lay quiet watching the glow of the fire. She was filled with trouble. Deeply as she had dreaded his death, it seemed as if worse evil had come now, that he should swear falsely.

He was suffering increasing pain from his wound, and yet too excited to rest. The words of the oath, as he had heard his own voice

repeating them, rang in his ears. "As I shall answer to God," he had protested, and God knew it was a lie. "In the prospect of death," Mr Bruce had said, by way of warning. He was, like most old people who have had hard and weary lives, not unwilling to see what death had in store, and sufficiently stoical in his nature to face the incidental pains of dying; but to go out of life so, with a lie on his lips—he shrank from the dishonour. "But God canna want me to blame Wullie," he thought. "He made him like's he is, an' He wadna hae me mak' him suffer for't, an' me no here to speik for him. God kens I wadna hae ony hairm come to Wullie. I wad rayther suffer for't mysel'. God canna want me to say 'at he did it," he repeated half aloud. Meg bent forward to catch his words. "But, fader, she said, timidly, "He wadna hae you sweer tae a lee."

Her father looked at her—a long troubled look—and sighed. "Meg," he said, "it was for you as weel's Wullie I said thon, an' I'll tak' the wyte o't."

"For me, fader?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Div ye no see, lass," he continued, "fan ye haena me ye maun hae Wullie. Gin I had tauld them fa did it, they wad pit him in jyle as sune as I was deid, and gin they didna hang him, he wad be keepit somewhere a's life; and you," he said, tenderly,—"you wad be a' yer lane, my puir lassie."

Meg shuddered at the thought of Willie's fate; her own loneliness she did not think of.

"Oh, fader! dear fader! I wad say ye ken best, but I canna say it. It canna be richt, even though," and the words seemed to choke her,—"even though they did a' that to Wullie. Ye sud say a' the truth, when ye sweered 'at ye wad."

"I canna think God wad hae me ruin my ain son," persisted her father.

"But sud we no leave that tae Him tae see tae?" urged Meg. "He kens fat Wullie's like, better nor you an' me." She was so accustomed to lean on and revere her father's judgment and opinion hitherto, that in a calmer moment she would have felt sure she must be mistaken if they differed. But now she grew urgent. "If it was for me 'at ye said it, no to leave me alone, dinna think o that. I wad far raither ye tauld them a' the truth, and then we wad do the best we cud for Wullie efter. I canna think," she continued, gaining confidence, "they wad pit ane like him in prison—they wad a' see he cudna mean it." Her father's face changed as she finished speaking: he turned towards her and caught feebly at her hand. "It's just a dwam o' faintness," he murmured. Meg hastily used such restoratives as she had, and sat still holding his hand until his eyes opened again.

"Weel, fader?" she asked, tenderly.

"Aweel," he sighed, "it's dune noo, and we'se lat it be." She began to speak, but he checked her with a fretful "Wheesht;" and as he seemed much weaker since his last attack of faintness, she feared to distress him.

She could only sit in silence, grieving for what seemed to her his great mistake. And yet it was from his great love to Willie. She remembered how he had borne with endless patience all his trying ways, working hard and late at busy times to make up what Willie had left undone, and how careful he had been to provide him with little pleasures when he

could. It had been a home of love and happiness, the home of these three together, and now it seemed all to have fallen in ruins round her in one miserable day. Oh, how sweet and tranquil the long uneventful past seemed as she looked back! Only last night they had sat together, her father resting after a long day and reading the weekly paper, sometimes a bit here and there aloud. Willie sat smoking and listening too, and she had finished the first of her father's new socks, and set up the second one,—it was lying now in the kitchen drawer. As she sat holding her father's hand, thinking, the quiet was broken by the heavy sound of Willie's footsteps coming along the passage, and he stumbled against and opened the parlour door. "Meg!" he called.

"Dinna mak' a noise," she said, rising hastily.

"Let him in," murmured her father. "Weel, Wullie, hae ye come ben to see me?"

Willie looked rather surprised at his father's position. "Hoo's yer heid, fader?" he asked, noticing the bandages; and then, without waiting for an answer—"The man wants to see fader's hat. I tauld him"—with an air of importance—"it was clean cut through, an' he said he maun see't; sae gie it to me, Meg."

Meg took it from a drawer. "See that!" said Willie, triumphantly pushing his fingers through a long cut in the crown and brim,—"I tauld ye!" Then observing a stain on his fingers, he said with a disturbed air, "Eh, but there's bluid on't!"

"Wullie," said the old man, "come near me,—I want to speik to ye. Did they ask ye fae was't hurt me?"

"I tauld them it was me," said Willie, "an' I took them oot and shawed them the place. The man said, Wasna I sorry I had hurted ye? but I tauld him I didna mean to dae it, and it was jist a mistake. Can ye no come ben, fader?"

"Na," said the old man, in so grave a tone that even Willie, eager to "tak ben" the hat, was arrested. "Na, Willie, I'm no able. I ken, my laddie, ye didna mean to hurt me sae mickle, but I'm gaun to dee—I'm gaun whaur yer mither is—but ye'll no forget me?"

"Na, fader, I winna. I'm real vext, fader, 'at I did it. Wull ye no be better the morn?"

"Maybe I wull," was the solemn answer. Meg looked from one to the other—how little Willie could understand!

"Weel, I maun awa' ben," he said, after a minute's silence. "Guid nicht, fader."

"Guid nicht, Wullie."

Meg sat quietly down again, after shutting the door which he left open. Surely now her father would see that concealment was hopeless—that he would only burden his own conscience. "An' they a' ken," she thought; "the doctor, an' Kirsty, an' a'—an' me, if they askit me to sweer, I wad hae to tell them it was Wullie." She looked at her father: his face was working with deep emotion, and the slow, painful tears forced themselves between his closed eyelids. "Meg," he said at last, with a kind of sob, "it gangs to ma varra hert that a' this sud come tae Wullie fan he didna mean it, and he kens sae little fat it a' means, my ain puir bairn. I sud hae guided him better, and he wadna hae dune it." The struggle between his unspeakable love for his son—heartless and unconcerned that son appeared to others, but intensely dear and pathetically helpless in his sight—and his sense

of truth and righteousness, was almost greater than he had strength for.

"I thocht," he continued, in a broken voice, "God cudna want me to sweer against Wullie, even though it was the truth; but I see noo I was wrang. Wullie's a peer, feckless cratur, but he's better nor me: he's tauld them a', an' made nae lees. God forgie me—it's hard tae ken fat's richt, Meg. They say 'at a man sud 'sweer to's own hurt and chynge not,' but it's a muckle deal harder to sweer to the hurt o' ane that ye lo'e." Meg pressed his hand tenderly, too awestruck by the anguish and striving of his soul to speak. At length he said, with a great sob of yearning and grief, "Oh that I sud be the one to bring it on him—me that's his fader!"

She burst into tears of sympathy. "Na, na, dinna say that; it's an awfu' trouble, but it disna come frae oursels. It's jist sent to us, fader, and we maun tak' it frae God."

"He kens," began the old man; then his voice died away altogether, and his hand feebly grasped his daughter's, as if for help, and then relaxed. She hastily applied her restoratives and bathed his forehead with cold water, trying to lower his pillows as gently as she could. The pain of being moved seemed to help to restore consciousness, and again he opened his eyes. When he spoke, his voice was almost a whisper. "It was jist anither kin' o' dwam, but it was a warnin'. I'll no need to pit aff—ye're richt, Meg. I'll tell him noo, if he's no gane."

Meg knelt beside the sofa and laid her head on his breast; then she kissed him. "Dear, dear fader!" she said, her hot tears falling on his cheek, "I'll gang this minit."

"Dinna lat them a' come," whispered her father; "jist the shirra."

She rose and ran to the kitchen. Mr Bruce and the doctor sat silently by the fire. The others were gathered at the table—the clerk turning over the hat Willie had brought in, and attaching a label to it. Meg went straight to the sheriff. "Fader wad like to see ye again, sir; he has mair to say to ye."

Mr Bruce and the doctor exchanged glances. "I will come," he said, rising.

"He wanted naebody but you, sir," she said; "he's gettin' awfu' waik."

"I must have one other witness besides yourself," he said. "You had better come, doctor." He took a sheet of paper from the clerk, and they went.

The old man was looking eagerly towards the door when they entered.

"I'm told you wish to see me," said Mr Bruce, instinctively lowering his voice and bending over the sofa.

"Ay, sir," was the answer; "sit ye doun. I'm that waik," he added, apologetically, "I canna speik hardly."

Dr Fraser interposed, and, feeling his pulse, advised a stimulant before he was allowed to say more. He went himself to the kitchen, and bringing a tumbler with some wine, gave him a few teaspoonfuls. "Now," he said, "go on."

"You wish to change your declaration?" asked Mr Bruce, encouragingly.

"Ay," said the farmer.

Mr Bruce folded the paper on his knee, and wrote in pencil the necessary preamble: "*At Ballendoun aforesaid*," &c., &c., "*the said John Grant, being at his own request re-examined, declares*——" Soon the old man spoke, but so low as to be

almost inaudible—"It was the boy 'at did it; he cam' ahint me wi' a little spade—he struck me ower the heid, an' I fell."

"By 'the boy' you mean your son?" asked the sheriff, writing.

"Ay."

"What was your reason for not stating this before?"

"I didna want to blame my ain son," whispered the old man.

"What is your son's age?"

"He's forty years auld, but he has a muckle want,—ye can see that," pleaded the father.

Dr Fraser now made a signal that the examination should end.

"Just one thing more," said Mr Bruce. "When you said that no one had struck you, and attributed your injury to an accident, you were not stating the truth?"

"I was not."

"And you declare what you have now told me is the truth?"

"Ay," repeated the old man, with a heavy sigh, "it is the truth."

Again the faintness overcame him, and he was longer in coming round.

"This faintness will probably recur, Miss Grant," said Dr Fraser as they waited, "and I must not conceal from you that I fear your father has only a few hours to live, at most. I may be wrong—I hope I am—but apparently the end is near. These attacks of faintness will probably recur; but as far as I can judge there will be no suffering, which would distress you more. I shall stay all night if you wish it."

"Oh, if ye wad be so kind, sir," said Meg. As she spoke, the hand she was holding stirred a little. "He's comin' roun' noo, sir."

The sheriff and Dr Fraser signed the declaration, and as her father clasped her left hand tighter when she tried to withdraw it to go to the table, the doctor brought the paper, and held it steady while she added her name.

"They winna tak' Wullie wi' them the nicht?" she whispered to him.

"No, no," said Mr Bruce, who heard what she said; "nothing will be done to agitate or distress Mr Grant. I am only sorry that my coming should have been unavoidable. I sympathise with you very much in your trouble. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, sir, and thank ye kindly."

Her father lay in what appeared to be a heavy sleep, only showing consciousness of her presence by holding her hand more firmly when she tried to withdraw it. After an hour of watching, the doctor bade her go and get some food, as she would need her strength through the night. She rose obediently, and he took her place. The old man opened his eyes drowsily when he felt the hand that held his changed. "Are ye awa'?" he whispered.

She looked appealingly at the doctor,—"Yes, go," he said.

"Ay, fader, but I'll no be lang."

She made up the fire, and set the room straight again, moving the candles so as to shade her father's face: then she hurried away.

Kirsty was out about the doors,—Willie was just going to bed. "Tak' off yer sheen here," said Meg, "and dinna mak' mair noise than ye can help; an', Wullie, if fader wants ye I'll come for ye."

"What sud he want me for?" said Willie, staring at her.

"The doctor says he's gaun to dee," said poor Meg, with a choking sob. "Oh, Wullie! Wullie!" and she threw her arms round his neck in a passion of weeping. Willie stood motionless for a minute, and then began with clumsy

caresses to soothe her. "Dinna greet, Meg, dinna greet," he said; and then, "Maybe he wunna dee."

But she could not at once stop her tears, and when Kirsty came in she turned to her and they wept together, as she told the doctor's opinion.

"I maun gang to him," said Meg, suddenly springing up.

"Oh, wait a wee, mem," cried the old woman, holding her. "He cudna hae a better body wi' him than the doctor,—he's jist as kind and conseederate a man as there is. I maskit a cup o' tea for ye as sune's they gaed awa', but I didna like to come ben, it was sae quaite, — I thocht maybe he was sleepin'."

"Sae he is," said Meg, drying her tears, and accepting the proffered tea; but she could not eat, the bread seemed to choke her. Kirsty promised to make supper for the doctor, and have a bed ready; and with a kindly "ye maun bear up for a' our sakes, mem," from the sympathetic old servant, she went back to her long night watch.

The doctor came back from his supper, and sat with her for a time, but there was no visible change. Hour after hour passed by. The old man's breathing was quiet and regular, and they hoped he slept; but he always seemed conscious of any movement of Meg's hand clasping his.

At last she begged the doctor to go and rest. "I wad ca' up the stair gin he needs ye; an' ye maun be weary, sir," she urged.

He had been up almost all the previous night, and was very tired, so he said he would go.

"If he wakens, get him to take a few spoonfuls of the wine," he said; "it will be better than anything else."

Meg promised, and he left the room. She heard his footsteps going softly up the little stair, and then the door overhead closed, and all was silent.

The fire had burnt very low, and she could hardly see her father's face. She knelt by the sofa, and laid her cheek softly against his wrinkled hand as it lay above the blankets, clasping the other in both of hers. There was rest and quiet now, after the distraction and grief of the day. He slept peacefully, and his peace comforted her heart. "This is what deith will be tae him," she reflected—"a peacefu' sleep efter the burden an' heat o' a lang, lang day."

She remained kneeling by him for a long time. The candle burnt down, flickered, and went out; the fire was out too, but the growing light from the window which faced the east revealed more and more plainly the face she loved. As she knelt, at length her father's eyes opened, and looked at her with quiet recognition. He smiled a little, and, raising his hand, stroked her hair tenderly.

"I'm gaun awa' to yer mither, Meg," he said; and after a pause, laying his hand again on her head, he added, dreamily, "Ye'll min' an' say tae them 'at they maunna be hard on Wullie." Then he slept, and Meg knew it was now no passing slumber, but the rest so long and quiet, undisturbed by earth's many voices — the sleep which only death can give to the weary children of men.

THE LAST STRING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV HARTWIG.

"Off with it, old fellow, before you start!
A glass of good wine will cheer your heart.
The night is cold, you have far to go,
And deep on the track lies the drifted snow!"

"Good night!" Out from the revel-swarm,
His trusty fiddle tucked under his arm,
Out from the room, hot, steaming, low,
Stepped the fiddler,—round him all ice and snow.

Just as his bow he had stoutly plied,
So down the street does he briskly stride.
His home is distant some seven miles good,
But a shorter cut lies through the wood.

"Great God, what cold! It chills me so!
Body and bone! Through the wood I'll go!
Many's the time that I at dead
Of night that self-same road have sped."

Lit by the moon, the pine-trees throw
Their shadows dark o'er the sheeted snow:
All round is hushed as death, save where
A falling branch crashes through the air.

The fiddler, a merry man is he,
For he hears in his pocket clink the fee,
His fiddle for him has so dearly bought;
And already he is at his home in thought.

Like countless arms the trees they throw
Their branches out, all swathed in snow,
Into the night, a ghostly clan,
Weird-like and blanched in the moonlight wan.

"Hark! What stirs there in the thicket deep?
A hare, belike, I have scared from sleep?"
The fiddler thinks, and on he hies:
Lo! glaring before him two flashing eyes!

"A dog! and starving too—that he
Dares show his teeth that way at me?
Be off! What's this? One, two, three,—how!
Fierce eyes all round! God help me now!

"A pack of wolves, and far and nigh
No help! All, all alone am I!"

Through the forest his cries of horror ring,
"Is there no one, no one, that help will bring?"

His hair stands on end, his eyes they swim,
He quakes, he totters in every limb,
He is like to fall. From jaws flung wide
He sees death threaten on every side.

A lofty oak's majestic trunk
Supports him, else he must have sunk;
And now a tune, a wild mad thing,
Through the eerie forest is heard to ring.

He pulls himself up; in his trembling hand
The bow across the strings is spanned,
And they moan, and they groan, and they wail and sing,—
"Is there no one, no one, that help will bring?"

The wolves with eyes half blinking gaze
At the strange, strange man in a blank amaze;
They have hedged their helpless victim in:
Huzzah! Let the merry Csardas[1] begin!

What an eldritch din, what a hell-like strain!
He plays, his face writhing with fear and pain,—
Fiddling to wolves! One moment's pause,
And he would have been in their ruthless jaws!

Never beggar poor drew such bow as he;
'Twas now a roistering melody,
Then a grating, groaning, agonised thing,
Then a piercing note. Crack went a string!

A stream as of fire runs through every limb;
He shudders; still there is that circle grim.
One string broken—but three remain—
"Woe is me!" A second snaps in twain!

Like a beast that down to death hunted lies,
With frantic bounds, and with hungry eyes,
The wolves around the fiddler close,
And fainter and fainter the music grows.

And died with its dying tones away
The spell that had kept the wolves at bay;
Round their helpless victim more near they drew;
One stroke! and a third string snapped in two!

[1] The Csardas is a Hungarian national dance. It is danced at every opportunity, and what adds to its fascination is, that the text of some popular *Volkslied* is associated with every favourite Csardas-tune.

"There is but one left! All's up!" Like the cry
Of a soul in its death-throe agony
Is the sound from the one poor string he wrung:
His arm shook, dropped, and there nerveless hung.

With the sounds that away into silence went
The howl of the hungry wolves is blent.
Over his eyes falls darkness; and dumb
Grow his quivering lips. The end has come!

"Great God, in Thy hands my soul I lay!"
On this the poor fellow swooned away.
The victim lay senseless on the snow,—
A demoniac howl! a flash! a blow!

A shot! a second! The hand that drew
On that bevy of howling wolves was true.
Laden with death, both charges told,
And down in their blood two wolves were rolled.

The rest fly off. Like a spheric-song
Rings a sound of voices and bells! Along
A sledge brings the hunters twain, that sped
With such true aim the death-dealing lead.

At the fiddler's door hangs an image fair
Of the Blessed Virgin; God's mother there
Is set in a dainty shrine, and you
Will see his good fiddle enshrined there too.

THEODORE MARTIN.

THE OLD SALOON.

We bring a cheerful procession with us when we enter the Old Saloon in the beginning of another year, bidding the gentle reader to a New-Year collation in the best of company. Our predecessors, were they in bodily presence here, would rise with all the cordiality of old friends to meet the fine old gentlemen who come marching in, hale and ruddy, in all the well-preserved force of a comely old age, to haunts not unfamiliar, where they might have shared the talk in 'Maga's' most heroic age. The Queen's Remembrancer needs no introduction among so many of his own class and profession. And Mr Trollope, on many accounts, as the son of his mother and the brother of our excellent Anthony, and for the sake of 'Widow Barnaby' as well as his own, will be ever welcome to the warmest corner; while even Mr Frith, though we doubt if he is equal to the strain of such fine company, will not be out of place. What odd turn of fashion it is that has set all these venerable fathers a-recollecting, and has impelled them to pour forth the contents of their cheerful memories upon the public, we do not attempt to divine. The impulse, it is evident, has been a very general one, and it comes at a propitious moment, when, the time and the season being conducive to reflection, we are all very glad to hear what the old gentlemen, who have seen so many people, and assisted at so many changes, and gone through so large a share of the experiences of life, have to say to us. They have a great deal to say—a little too much, perhaps, if we might hint a fault—the big volumes under which our table groans being, on the whole, too weighty in body for the amount of wit and wisdom which is contained in them; but this is perhaps the less a drawback that large print and clean margins are a luxury in their way. We remember, however, regretfully, the days when such a flood of good stories would have been the stock-in-trade for at least one season of those lucky persons who were near the centre of literary affairs, and got them in their bloom. No one nowadays can thus hope to set the table in a roar at second hand. In the very farthest depths of the country, the diner-out who counts upon making a point in this way will see himself regarded with a stare of contempt, even by the little girls in the nursery, which is a step lower than Macaulay's schoolboy. The newspapers, these restless busybodies, forestall everything. They make the best of jokes everybody's property—indeed by dint of reading it over and over again in every paper, the best of jokes becomes stale as the oldest of Joe Millers in the course of two or three days. We will not weary the reader by repetition of these pleasantries: but yet it may not be unworthy of his time to cast a glance at those veterans of the age of Victoria, as shown, each by his own lantern, for the edification of the world.

Before, however, we approach that group of old gentlemen eloquent (or garrulous), all as lively as crickets, and full of the pleasure of living—there is a graver figure which presents itself, the record of a man whose whole existence, and not only a part of it,

is before us, completed by the last great event which rounds the tale.[1] Everybody by this time has received so much information about Mr Darwin, that the literary historian is perplexed by a record too complete. If we do not know everything which that remarkable thinker was and did, it is not for want of details. His methods, his looks, his clothes, his little walks and his great ones, the refreshments he "partook of," to use a newspaper phrase, the kind of chair in which he sat, the manner in which he used his books (not, among all Darwin's excellences, a usage to be admired or followed), are all before us. We do not exactly remember what kind of walking-stick he generally carried, or whether, if the weather were gloomy, he preferred an umbrella, like lesser men; but we have no doubt the question might be settled by a minuter study. In the three huge volumes which are put forth to embalm the philosopher's name, he is observed like one of his own specimens under the microscope, and every peculiarity recorded, for all the world as if a philosopher were as important as a mollusc, though we can scarcely hope that a son of Darwin's would commit himself to such a revolutionary view. Shakespeare himself — heaven reward him for leaving no record behind him!—could not have been more sedulously set forth, or considered by his belongings more absolutely interesting to all time. This assumption is the result of a perfectly frank and assured belief, and is put forth in all good faith —no doubt of the fact that these details were seriously wanted, and would be most devoutly received, having, it is evident, occurred to the minds of Darwin's heirs and expositors. And yet we are not sure that the world would have been much the worse had the oracle remained mute. The Gospel according to Darwin was not exactly good news to mankind, nor is the life of its promulgator one of heroic interest. Strange losses, uncontemplated probably in the first enunciation of his doctrine, are found to be involved in it—losses not solely or even chiefly theological; and an ideal which, on the whole, is not of a very lofty kind, and which depends upon many limitations and safeguards of circumstance, is all that is to be got from the life. But there is one advantage in the publication of this and kindred works, that they make these unthought-of losses clear to us, and prove that the mass of mankind can never be Darwinian, all arguments to the contrary notwithstanding, and in spite even of all superficial and temporary impressions and appearances of faith.

Science has got so entirely the upper hand in our day, that it is very difficult for her followers to recognise the fact that, setting aside bigots and fools, all the world is *not* of her opinion, but that on the contrary there are two distinct classes, to one of which her assumptions and conclusions bring no conviction, and that not from prejudice but from a natural inability to see the facts of life in her light. Darwin himself puts this condition of affairs very clearly, though without any such intention, when he says of Carlyle, with mildly indignant contempt, "He thought it a most ridiculous thing that any one should care whether a glacier

[1] The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, F.R.S. By his Son, Francis Darwin, F.R.S. 3 vols. 8vo. London: John Murray.

moved a little quicker or a little slower, or moved at all." The gravity of this statement, full of subdued exasperation and incapacity to understand the extraordinary state of mind which it describes, is one of the very few gleams of humour that illuminate these three huge volumes — but Darwin did not mean it so. To him that condition was one of sheer perversity, ignorance of the most invincible kind, bigotry and inconceivable incompetence. He could not in the face of facts conclude Carlyle to be a fool. Levity was not the characteristic of that philosopher's mind. Yet there he stood indifferent to one of the first principles of science, not caring—not he—whether the glacier moved or not! What was a scientific man to think of this astonishing and wilful inability to understand?

We think it is worth the while of the enlightened to allow, that three-fourths of mankind at least are of Carlyle's opinion. It is not intentional perversity; and though ignorance may be a cause, it is not the ignorance of refusing to believe, but the ignorance of being incapable of belief. Mr Darwin speaks with sharp contempt of some one who had promised to read his book, but with the proviso that he would not believe it; —an admirable way this of beginning a book, he says! And so, no doubt, it is a highly reprehensible way. But nature cannot be gainsaid; and truth compels us to admit that had Mr Darwin borne the aspect of an angel of light (before such fictions were exploded), instead of being only a very well-to-do, leisurely, excellent, and amiable invalid gentleman, invincible ignorance would still have been the plea of a great number of his fellow-creatures in respect to his discoveries. To them, also, it would have remained a matter of indifference whether the glacier moved or not: and how the secret of life could be discovered by the dissection of pigeons and by poking into the watery entrails of a medusa, would still have seemed to them a thing impossible, almost as contemptible as it is to him that they should not see and believe. We are not unaware of the scorn to which we are exposing a class with which we have much sympathy by thus stating their case. Professor Huxley, who has recorded his opinion that the carpenter who knows all that had happened to the world before the piece of chalk in his pocket could get into being, is a better instructed man than he who had only studied what was going on upon the mere upper surface of the earth since then, will not be able to conceive the possibility of such a benighted state of mind. We have ourselves exactly the same feeling in respect to George III. for example—that excellent monarch who considered Shakespeare much overrated. We are of opinion that "Hamlet" alone, for example, not to speak of anything greater that may have appeared on the earth, is of infinitely more importance to mankind than the no-records of the dark inchoate ages of mastodons and megatheriums, when man was not. We can conceive no circumstances in which it would be of the slightest interest or pleasure, or even entrancing horror and dismay, to us to trace the development of mankind out of a jelly-bag. It is all futile—something resembling nonsense to our ears—just as it would be entirely futile to attempt to convince persons like King George who do not believe

in Shakespeare. The philosophers on their side and we on ours are equally scornful and exasperated at this incapacity. To "think it ridiculous to care whether a glacier moved a little quicker or a little slower, or if it moved at all."—To consider "a primrose on a river's brim" to be only a yellow primrose, and nothing more. Which is the worse of these two incapacities? To ourselves it is the latter. But we do not think that we scorn the unpoetical soul with the same heat of contemptuous disdain with which the scientific missionary in the fervour of his faith scorns the unscientific. We recognise that disability—and that it is not the product of bigotry or of any holy horror of the results, or alarm lest Truth should take a different form from that to which the mind is primarily disposed. But the apostles of science do not take the other characteristics so mildly.

Having thus explained our standpoint, and that the greatest discovery of the age, the theory which everybody tells us has entirely changed the mind of modern thought, is as foolishness to our incapable faculties, we may put his speculations and conclusions into the background and consider Darwin—a being within the range of these imperfect perceptions, and of whom every facility is offered to us to form our opinion. Indeed we remember no man amid all the range of biography who has been so minutely described—by himself in the first place, and by his son in the second. The record of his life is like a combination of the camera and the microscope. There is something of that absence of atmosphere and perspective in it which we find in the photograph, and of the extravagance of fact exaggerated, which belongs to the other scientific instrument. There is little or no distinction between the small and the great, between essentials and details. But fortunately the character of the philosopher is one which does not suffer from this treatment, as others might. A human creature full of amiable tendencies, without any passions to confuse his path through the world, or temptations to lead him astray, or troubles to test his mettle, has less need than most of those unconscious selections of the artist, which are wanted to give a recognisable portrait. It is true that he had bad health, against which he bore up manfully during the greater part of his life; but it was aggravated by no complications of moral or economical difficulty,—for he was in a position which exempted him from anxiety, and in which he was able to procure all the alleviations possible, to work as he liked and arrange his life so as to promote comfort in every way—circumstances very different indeed from those of the poor man who has to struggle through failing strength and racking pains for the daily bread of his children, as so many unconsidered martyrs have to do. Mr Darwin's two hours' work in the day was most creditable to him, and no doubt they were also the best of medicine, and preserved him in the full moral dignity of usefulness when another man might have sunk unreproved into nullity; but the praise to be awarded to him in these circumstances is very different from that pathetic sympathy with which we follow the failing days of the unfortunate author who toils along to the very brink of the grave under the burden of a daily conflict. It must be allowed that from this point of view the prosperous and well-off philosopher of our days stands at a disadvantage when his life comes to be written.

For the uses of the artist there is but a very limited interest in him. We remember, years ago, to have heard it said of an admirable writer, now happily progressed above such troubles, that it was a question with him whether he should stay in his chamber and starve, or go out to deliver a lecture at the risk of breaking a blood-vessel, which indeed was a catastrophe which happened now and then. In the sickness of such a man the interest of a tragedy, the tenderest pathos of humanity, as well as the finest triumph of soul over circumstances, is involved; for the living of a helpless household depended upon the valour and heroic calm of the sufferer, and every moral quality had its share in staving off the crisis. Darwin, with every accessory of alleviation, and no need to make a stroke of his pen more than he found practicable, has a much less claim upon our sympathies. Nevertheless he has all the credit which belongs to patience and cheerfulness, wherever found. The only thing we object to is the undue celebration which would make these qualities in him sublime: a claim which that exceedingly modern, composed, right-thinking man would never, we feel sure—knowing how many millions were much more to be pitied than he—have made for himself.

The facts of his life are few. He was a natural, lively, not over-educated boy, with a father before him whom he admired not much less than his son admires him, and the comfortable foundation of highly respectable and well-to-do kindred all round. He went out with the Beagle on a five years' expedition, in very narrow quarters, and was constantly sea-sick—a most real misery—against which he struggled manfully. He came home again with the best of reputations, both as comrade and naturalist. He married, and after a little trial of London, which did not suit him, settled down in the country in the greatest comfort and happiness for the rest of his days, which exceeded by some years the appointed threescore and ten. He was a little over thirty when he settled at Down, a country house in Surrey, very pretty and rural, if the picture is to be trusted, and which he arranged to his own liking, fitting it up for study and for happiness. Here during the course of the years he pursued his work with the most methodical regularity, fitting himself into his rules as he fitted his materials into his cupboards. His dissections, his examinations, his gradually growing theories, went on in this perfect leisure without pressure or hurry. And here from time to time he received everybody of his way of thinking, all the most eminent scientific men of the day who could sympathise in his studies, and other notable personages, and lived an admirable life of goodness and kindness and comfort and peace. Nothing troubled this favourite of heaven—though heaven, indeed, was not much in his thoughts. Sorrow would scarcely seem to have come near him; everything went well with him. And gradually, poking among his dead things, there was accorded to him the climax of a great discovery. Branching out into innumerable connections with every species of existence, he saw the meaning and the method of life—how it grew, how it changed, modified, rose to higher and higher heights. The starfishes and polypi of the Beagle's dredging-nets thus opened the secrets of what we call creation to his intent and ever-inquisitive eyes. The process, like

the theory, begins with a jump. Mr Darwin never decided who or what formed the first watery bladder which possessed animal life; and he never made out, so far as we can see, what early flash of intuition, of imagination, suggested to himself that in this was the secret he sought. These two points of initiation have to be taken for granted: after them he found everything clear.

The human interest of his life all centres in the production of this great theory to the world. He was still only turning it over in his mind, though its first conception had been years before, and he had fortunately communicated to two of his scientific friends the new views which had been rising in his mind, when another eminent naturalist suddenly produced a paper in which the same views were given to the world. It was like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky to Darwin. He never lost his temper nor altogether his equanimity; but it is easy to see that the shock was great, and that the magnanimous position which he took up was attained not without a mental struggle. It is thus that he communicates his sensations to Sir Charles Lyell, one of the friends whom he had taken into his confidence:—

"My dear Lyell,—Some year or so ago you recommended me to read a paper by Wallace in the 'Annals' which had interested you, and as I was writing to him, I knew this would please him much, so I told him. He has to-day sent me the enclosed, and asked me to forward it to you. Your words have come true with a vengeance, that I should be forestalled. You said this when I explained to you here very briefly my views of Natural Selection depending on the struggle for existence. I never saw a more striking coincidence: if Wallace had my MS. sketch written out in 1842, he could not have made a better short abstract! Even his terms now stand as heads of my chapters. Please return me the MS., which he does not say he wishes me to publish; but I shall, of course, at once write and offer to send it to any journal. So all my originality, whatever it may amount to, will be smashed, though my book, if it will ever have any value, will not be deteriorated, as all the labour consists in the application of the theory."

Here for the first time the mild and good philosopher has our fullest sympathy. To work out this wonderful new thing, so startling, so novel, likely to set the world aflame,—to go on elaborating the theory in peace, with no fear of any competition, and suddenly to wake up with a start, to find another man occupying your ground, cutting the earth from under your feet, appearing in the glory that is yours! It is impossible to imagine a greater intellectual shock, a more dreadful incident. And it is a refreshment to the weary spirit, tired of too much perfection, to find that our philosopher really does feel it like a man. A few days later he writes again to Lyell, with many apologies, sorry to trouble him in a mere personal affair, ashamed to be so much moved, yet full of hesitations and doubt — half magnanimous, half discouraged.

"There is nothing in Wallace's sketch which is not written out much fuller in my sketch, copied out in 1844, and read by Hooker some dozen years ago. About a year ago I sent a short sketch, of which I have a copy, of my views to Asa Gray, so that I could most truly say and prove that I take nothing from Wallace. I should be extremely glad now to publish a sketch of my general views in about a dozen pages or so; but I cannot persuade myself that I can do so honourably. Wallace says nothing about publication, and I enclose his letter.

But as I had not intended to publish any sketch, can I do so honourably because Wallace has sent me an outline of his doctrine? I would far rather burn my whole book than that he or any other man should think I had behaved in a paltry spirit."

"My good dear friend, forgive me," he says at the end; "this is a trumpery letter, influenced by trumpery feelings." The reader, however, will sympathise more with Darwin in this vexatious event than in moments more serene and cloudless. His anxiety and annoyance are exceedingly natural and human; and we are glad to find that though his principles are so exalted, his feelings are those of ordinary men. The conclusion of the matter was that a joint publication took place by means of the Linnæan Society—Sir C. Lyell and Dr Hooker appearing, it would seem, as guarantors of Darwin's real priority; and Mr Wallace accepted, with equal magnanimity, whatever loss of prestige may thus have happened to him. "The interest excited was intense," Sir Joseph Hooker reports. "After the meeting it was talked over with bated breath. Lyell's approval, and perhaps on a small scale mine, as his lieutenant in the affair, rather overawed the Fellows, who would otherwise have flown out against the doctrine." It is satisfactory to find from this that the fathers of the faith are very influential in the Church of Science as well as elsewhere.

This justificatory and limited publication for the *illuminati* was followed by what Darwin calls an Abstract of his opinions, eventually growing into the work upon the 'Origin of Species,' with which the world is now so well acquainted. The letters which concern the composition of this book and its publication, and all the hesitations and difficulties of the author about his style, and about the clearness and fulness of his statement—for concerning his facts and deductions he did not hesitate—in which we have glimpses of the brotherhood around him, who appear vaguely as his backers-up throughout everything—are full of interest, and occupy a great part of the second volume with matter more manly and satisfactory than the long-drawn-out narrative of his habits and ways. The excitement grows as the work gets nearer and nearer to publication, and Mr Murray offers the handsomest terms, and gives the most flattering opinion. Darwin, it appears, was very nervous about his style, and very humble-minded, not standing upon any literary *amour propre*. After they have all said their say, he begs that his MS. may be sent by *careful messenger, and plainly directed*, to a lady who is "an excellent judge of style, and is going to look out for errors for me." This lady "found only two or three obscure sentences," which gave him heart; but another lady, judging differently, "makes him tremble."

At last the book is out, and the friends await, with the eager suspense of conspirators, the effect of that bombshell thrown into the world. But indeed it is scarcely just to describe the attitude of Darwin's friends as that of suspense. They rushed themselves into the field to further the success which they had predicted. Review after review from those excellent seconds pressed upon the world the qualities of the new work. Professor Huxley, the most energetic of all, not only devoted an article in 'Macmillan's Magazine' to its discussion, but by a brilliant chance found means to blow a trumpet loud and long from those watch-towers of the 'Times,' whence voices carry over all the

world. The firmament rang with Darwin: from the other side of the Channel and the other side of the Atlantic came answering notes. With an enthusiasm that does them credit, these friends who had been in his secret—to whom the new philosophy had been first disclosed—vied with each other in magnifying and recommending it each to his public: and the result was a success beyond their highest dreams. A great number of the leading scientific men of the day were entirely converted to Darwin's views; and with a curious sudden sweep of universal reception his very phrases, his terminology, got into the language. Professor Huxley says justly, in the curious and characteristic chapter upon the "Reception of the Origin of Species," where, by way of expounding the manner in which "instructed and fair-judging men" were led to embrace Darwin's views, he gives a full account of his own experiences in regard to them—that the change in common sentiment since the time at which that book was presented to the world is so startling, that he is sometimes inclined to think his memories dreams. It *is* a startling change. We use words such as evolution, natural selection, and the survival of the fittest, as the best and most widely known symbols of thought, which nobody can mistake. Thousands of people, who have never read a word of Darwin's books, who neither agree with him, nor understand him, nor care about the matter, do this with the simplicity of an established certainty. We do not think, for all this, that the faith is so thorough or so operative as believers think it is; for, after all, the number of instructed persons in the profounder depths of science is small, and the uninstructed, who are multitudinous, and who are content to accept a system of doctrine like this on the assertion of those scientific teachers whose sway is the fashion of our age, are on the whole very lame adherents, and would not for an hour resist any strong turn of the tide in another direction. For there is nothing whatever in this creed to delight, or console, or satisfy any human spirit, neither can it have any active influence upon what men do, or the course of their lives. It demands nothing of them save acquiescence in matters too recondite for the ignorant. Faith, indeed,—a faith consummate and complete, but with no practical nor yet any emotional side—a faith which tends to nothing, which requires neither the test of works nor the wholesome discipline of practice. The influence of such a system can never enter deeply into the nature or the being of men.

Mr Darwin himself was not unfrequently questioned as to the effect of his system upon his religious principles, and whether it could be held in conjunction with a belief in God and immortality,—questions which he had no right to be asked, and to which he was cautious in replying. There is, however, a sufficient exposition of his own sentiments given in the chapter entitled "Religion" in the first volume of the present work. The picture it gives is interesting, but not encouraging.

"Formerly I was led by feelings such as those just referred to (although I do not think that the religious sentiment was ever strongly developed in me), to the firm conviction of the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. In my journal I wrote that, whilst standing in the midst of the grandeur of a Brazilian forest, 'it is not possible to give an adequate

idea of the higher feelings of wonder and admiration and devotion which fill and elevate the mind.' I well remember my conviction that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body. But now the grandest scenes would not cause any such convictions and feelings to rise in my mind. It may be truly said that I am like a man who has become colour blind. . . . Another source of conviction is the existence of God connected with the reason and not with the feelings. This follows from the extreme difficulty, or rather impossibility, of conceiving this immense and wonderful Universe, including man, with his capacity of looking far backwards and far into futurity, as the result of blind chance or necessity. When thus reflecting, I feel compelled to look to a First Cause having an intelligent mind, in some degree analogous to that of man: and I deserve to be called a theist. But then arises the doubt, Can the mind of man, which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions?"

Words more profoundly mournful than these were never spoken; but Darwin does not seem to have felt them to be so. He states this appalling thought very calmly as one of many reflections—grave, but no more important than a hundred others; yet how deeply it goes to the root, not only of every hope, but of all imagination, reason, every noble faculty with which our race has credited itself. "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!" And yet, says this philosopher, with another meaning than Hamlet's, "What to me is this quintessence of dust?" It will throw an almost equally dreary yet not so hopeless light upon this conclusion, to quote another change that had come over Darwin's capacities and thoughts.

"I have said that in one respect my mind has changed during the last twenty or thirty years. Up to the age of thirty or beyond it, poetry of many kinds—such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley—gave me great pleasure; and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that formerly pictures gave me considerable, and music very great, delight. But now, for many years, I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also lost my taste for pictures and music. I retain some taste for fine scenery, but it does not cause me the exquisite delight which it formerly did. . . . This curious and lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes is all the odder, as books on history, biographies, and travels, and essays on all sorts of subjects, interest me as much as ever they did. My mind seems to have become a sort of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts; but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive."

It is, however, strictly logical that this should have been—almost too much so, allowing for the usual caprice of human nature, which seldom does so exactly what is expected of it. One who is deeply convinced that the mind of man has developed out of the lowest movements of instinct, and owns no higher origin than the blind struggle for food and safety by which a medusa wriggles into solidity and gets itself bones and muscles, must naturally be nauseated by Shakespeare—for Shakespeare is a tremendous nut for an evolutionist to crack. He may doubt or reject the existence of God, but he cannot reject the fact

of that supreme and sovran poet. It must, one would think, have been a relief to him to find Shakespeare sickening, in the light of that immeasurable contempt which can put no faith in any "grand conclusion" arrived at by a thing brought out of mud and slime, like the mind of man. It shows, however, the perfect honesty and good faith of Darwin, that he admits this damaging result—or, perhaps, a certain comfortable satisfaction with himself which did not see how damaging it was.

We may add, however, to console the reader, that he found in "novels, which are works of imagination, though not of a very high order, a wonderful relief and pleasure." The novelist, though blessed by the sage, is thus snubbed at the same time, and taught to know his place. Darwin "likes all," so long as they do not end unhappily: it was a survival, perhaps, in the philosopher's fully developed mind, of that rudimentary state in which the higher poetry and sensations of sublimity and devotion were necessary to the wellbeing of his soul.

It is most curious to the ordinary looker-on to find that the conclusions which produce this unfortunate and stupefied state of mind were published with veritable enthusiasm, and received with shouts of triumph. One asks why? for no doubt the feeling which Darwin had in the Brazilian forest—and which lesser men do not go so far to seek, but sometimes find in the calm and solitude of nature in many a milder scene at home — was better worth having than the convictions of nothingness to which his discoveries brought him. One would have thought that the system which produced such a result would be received with regret rather than triumph. Truth at any price is, no doubt, the thing to be sought after, and not to be rejected, when fully ascertained and understood, however bitter it may be. For our own part, however, we think that a truth so entirely inoperative is very dearly purchased by the loss of our Shakespeare, even if it did not involve the loss of our God. To be caught up, whenever we have any lovely image presented to us, by the horrible reflection that no "grand conclusion" is to be trusted in that comes out of that developed mud which we call the human mind; to lose the perception of the beautiful both in art and nature; and to hope for nothing better than to become "a machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of fact," is an appalling progress. It is better in every sense, we should say, to believe that we come "trailing clouds of glory" from "God, who is our home"—better to feel His presence, while we can, in forest silence and mountain heights—better to take comfort in a beautiful imagination of His protection and lofty magnificent companionship. Should it end in nothing after all, we could at least sustain no injury, for we should never be any the wiser: no disappointment could await us on the other side of death if there is no other side; and we should in the meantime have the support of our God, the company of our poets, the great and beautiful thought that we are made in His image, and that, instead of being capable of no great conclusion, the human mind is never wholly incapable even in its lowest forms of being awakened to what we consider the highest conclusions of all. On the lowest as well as on the highest ground,

we should think this preferable. But it is with the men of science as with the French novelists, who have persuaded their world to believe that in accepting the facts of life indiscriminately, truth compels them to place in disgusting prominence the exceptional horrors of vice. It may be very old-fashioned to believe that all truth cannot be got at by dissection, any more than that all human experience should be acquired in the stews. We cannot accept either investigation as a martyrdom for truth—and surely both are wonderful curtailments of human happiness. Darwin, being very prosperous and well-to-do—a man happy in his surroundings, backed up by congenial friends and every circumstance of comfort, with no strain upon him of body or mind except such as arose from the delicacy of his health, a drawback which many inferior men bear with patience—did not suffer, it would appear, from the consequences which he admits so frankly. He does not seem to have regretted his Milton—he did not regret the loss of that "sense of sublimity" which he supposes must have been all it meant when he felt devotion and reverence rise within him in the tropical forest. But yet what a serious loss these things would be to mankind! The greatest happiness of the greatest number, if that were our leading principle, would protest almost as warmly against such a sacrifice as the Christian does. The gain would seem to bear no proportion at all to the infinite and unspeakable loss.

A whimsical reflection occurs to us, which we do not ask the reader to accept, save as a suggestion for his own fancy. The teachers of mankind have been usually poor, and exposed to the fullest strain of the inconveniences of life. Is there perhaps a safeguard in this circumstance? is it more easy for the well-to-do philosophers to cut off scornfully or with indifference those consolations and prospects which enable the mass of men to hold on their way without breaking down? Leisure, wealth, good fortune, superiority to the tug of everyday struggles, do they perhaps tend to make a teacher callous to the sinister effects of his teachings? We have lately seen a great scientific authority propound to the world a string of classical platitudes for the cure of low spirits, which he confessed to be a weakness of his own, and this to men who had toil and weariness, and poverty and care, and sorrow and bereavement to encounter! Darwin, however, did not require even this resource: he had endless occupation in his researches, which evidently counterbalanced the loss of the poetry. The same routine which supports a monk, and keeps him from thinking of anything deeper than his monastic rule, supported, but in a more genial way, the scientific investigator. He was a good man, conscious of discharging all his duties with a perfection which the higher standard of religion seldom permits even to the best: no sense of being an unprofitable servant ever seems to have crossed his mind. He was thoroughly amiable, kind-hearted, friendly to all. He was not even polemical: a gentle disdain of ignorance is the only sentiment less than kind which we find in him. To be sure, the greater part of the world lay in the region of this compassionate disdain; but it was purely theoretical, and interfered practically with none of his relationships. And he was a completely successful man. His name is placed among the greatest of his genera-

tion — perhaps, according to contemporary opinion, there is none so great. The dissatisfaction, which it used to be supposed was a symbol of man's higher nature, which could not find absolute content in anything on earth, did not exist in Darwin, or at least there is no evidence of it. He was thoroughly satisfied with his work and its results, with his conditions and circumstances and himself. But for his constitutional malady, which did not however shorten his life, he seems to have lived and died a man without a grievance, contented and comfortable. There is a Scotch proverb which expresses roughly but forcibly the appreciation of the good things of this life entertained by a poor and hardly-living populace in admiration yet depreciation of the so-well-to-do — "If they get heeven at the hinder end, they may say they were never out o' it." And Darwin did not particularly care for heaven at the hinder end. Let us hope that in the higher satisfaction of finding something far better than he had ever conceived, he has accepted now with equanimity the position of the ignorant, learning how many more things there are in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in his philosophy.

It is taking nothing from the credit of the gentlemen who have each presented the world this Christmas with several volumes of recollections, to say that they necessarily come a long way after Darwin. They are all successful and distinguished men; but they do not count among the two or three who give character to a generation. The first place in importance and interest naturally falls to Sir Frederick Pollock,[1] whose mysterious and picturesque title of Queen's Remembrancer is explained at the end of his book for the benefit of ladies and other ignorant persons. But we will not quote that explanation. Let us rather take the suggestion of the name itself, and picture to ourselves that well-known, tall, erect, and vigorous figure at her Majesty's elbow, reverentially jogging from time to time the royal memory, and keeping details that might have slipped from it, before the Queen. It is, however, equally well known that no one in her Majesty's dominions has less need to have her memory jogged, and that the Queen possesses in perfection that especially courteous and delightful royal memory for both things and faces, which is the greatest compliment which a sovereign can pay her subjects: so it is well that the Remembrancer should have certain legal matters to occupy his time withal. Sir Frederick gives us the lighter social record of a long and honourable life. The drawback of such books is one that will at once occur to the most superficial reader. It is their nature to give us a very imperfect glimpse of their author. He must be the chief figure, however modest in respect to his own advantages or reticent about his circumstances he may be; and yet, in the nature of things, he can give us nothing but a half picture, keeping back by far the most interesting portions of his life, and leaving all that is most likely to teach or instruct us in obscurity.

It is, indeed, rather of his surroundings than of himself that he can tell us. The people he has met, the public events in which he has been involved, the lives of his contemporaries, so far as law and good manners will let him;

[1] Personal Remembrances of Sir Frederick Pollock. London: Macmillan.

—all which conditions limit the capabilities of his narrow canvas. In short, the reminiscences and recollections of living writers generally come to be more or less a record of social gossip, with here and there a good story. The good stories are the plums in the mixture; and perhaps this is the only way in which the flying *bon-mots* of a generation can be preserved. Such books are at their best when they give us a series of illustrative side-lights upon the notable figures of their time. When they succeed in this, they admit thousands of readers otherwise never likely to be promoted to such honour into the best company, with often greater satisfaction and a pleasure more complete than actual admission would procure. For there are no discouragements in the society which is opened to us in a book. We cannot be snubbed even by the most rampant historian. The man of science cannot smile contemptuous at us; nor the fine lady ask, with her curved eyebrows, what we are doing there. We are favoured guests everywhere, and always at our ease, catching the joke as it flies; never making mistakes of names, or fixing our attention upon the wrong person. This is delightfully the case when we are in Sir Frederick's company, where all the best people are to be met with. There are drawbacks, it is true, and as we are about to show how good this method is, we may deliver our soul at once by showing how bad now and then it can be. There is, for instance, a good deal more of this sort of thing in Sir Frederick Pollock's volumes than we should expect from such a writer:—

"24*th March.* — Dined at John Murray's. Dr Curston, Sir Justin Shiel, Elwin editor of 'Quarterly,' and Layard.

"7*th April.* — Dinner at home. Dean of Westminster and Mrs Trench, Lacaita, John Murray, &c. In evening, Thackeray, Babbage, &c.

"13*th April.*—Dined with J. W. Parker. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Owen, Hodges, Lord Bury, &c."

Or this, a few pages further on:—

"12*th January.*—Acted proverbs at 59 Montagu Square, in which the whole family appeared—F. and W., both now at Trinity, under the names of Mr Newcourt and Mr Trincolocamby.

"11*th February.*—At dinner, Alfred Tennyson, Spedding, Tyndall, William Herschell.

"17*th February.*—Dined with Woolmer, with whom Tennyson usually stayed at this time when in London. Met here Spedding, F. Palgrave (with whom Tennyson used to stay). A. T. read to us 'The Aylmers' and 'The Lincolnshire Farmer,' the names of which were not then definitely fixed."

Now these names, and especially the last, may make the mouths water of innocent country-folk who might have liked to be there. But is it worth paper and print? Sir Frederick, however, has a great deal that is pleasant and profitable to tell us. He affords us a delightful glimpse, though exceedingly reticent and self-restrained, into the existence of one of those great legal families in which the principle of heredity, such as it is, tells with fuller force and more agreeably than in any other sphere. Perhaps we should say professional rather than legal; for though there is no evidence that literary genius descends, but rather, we think, the reverse—or indeed that original genius of any kind reproduces itself—there is no doubt that families of great lawyers, great churchmen, great doctors and soldiers, do abound. Something, we presume, in the habit of work which is needed to form a very successful

career in one of the learned professions, gets into the blood of the unborn clergyman, lawyer, or physician; while the soldierly impulses are even more sharply and distinctly transmitted. In the case of the Pollocks, the succession is not only from father to son, but from father to sons in the plural—a still more remarkable result. And the reader can scarcely fail to be interested in the dignified figure of the Chief Baron, whom we can trace to old age from the time when he appears driving to circuit, a successful barrister, in his travelling carriage, with his clerks in the rumble, after a fashion which is also referred to by Mr Adolphus Trollope in his Recollections—a custom long abandoned, but which was indispensable in the first quarter of the century, when a barrister "might hire a post-chaise, or might ride his own horse or even a hired one; but he must not travel by a stage-coach or put up at a hotel." The Pollock coach held a small boy or two on occasion, and there were delightful discussions on the road, and sights by the way, to which the now venerable lawyer who writes, returns with a fond and softened recollection. The rise and progress of the second Frederick Pollock grows naturally and pleasantly out of the paternal career, which gradually passes into the background of the picture: and presently, before we know, we are assisting at the growth and education of another of the name, whose appearances in some recent powerful and conclusive letters in the warm political controversies which move us all so much to-day, were by no means the first that the public has heard of a third Frederick Pollock, destined in all probability to carry to high distinction the paternal name. Sir Frederick is so careful of not thrusting his domestic affairs into his recollections, that it is with a certain pleasure in our own ingenuity that we thus read between the lines.

To say that the present head of this potent family has encountered most people that were worth meeting in his generation is almost unnecessary. The reader will meet them too in the lively pages of these recollections, with varying degrees of pleasure. Sir Frederick's own legal experiences come in pleasantly to afford us a glimpse of the details of that profession which is so largely reinforced from among the young men of the period, and contains perhaps more agreeable company and a greater power of brilliant conversation than any other. Professional experiences are always most generally interesting at their beginning, and the account of the early life at circuit and first start of the young barrister is very pleasant reading. Here is Sir Frederick's tale of his first professional appearance. He had, so to speak, breathed the legal atmosphere all his life, from the time when he travelled the round of assizes in his father's family coach; but even this familiarity did not deliver him from the alarms of the new beginner.

"The fee on my brief was two guineas, and it was the simplest and plainest of all possible cases. It fell to me, of course, to examine the first witness. I knew my brief by heart, but got up in the greatest funk to my duty. The court swam round me. I did not know what questions I asked or what answers came from the witness-box; and sat down thinking it was all over with me, and wishing the floor would open to let me disappear as completely and quickly as possible. At the close of the case a little scrap of paper, two inches square, was passed to me in the cleft of the crier's white wand; and to my vast

surprise and pleasure I read a note from Dundas which said: 'You examined your witnesses quite like an old and experienced hand, reminding us of your sire.

'O patri Pollock,
Filius Pollockior.'"

The society which we find in these volumes is one which begins to grow luminous with the light that gathers about the past, though many of its actors still remain. The tender glow which some of Thackeray's recent and unexpected letters have thrown upon it, comes back in a pleasant reflection from the names we meet at every turn. Thackeray himself comes in occasionally in friendly mention, and Brookfield, who "was always very delightful to listen to in the pulpit, and full of varied illustrations from life and literature." There is also a very genial and charming little sketch of Faraday, to turn to another kind of society, in which the gentle William Spottiswoode, beloved of everybody, has also a niche and a word of affectionate appreciation. But we turn with still greater pleasure to Sir Frederick's sketches, here and there repeated, of Carlyle. The following glimpse of him is as true as vivid:—

"He was most severe about Parliaments and parliamentary representatives and all the apparatus that belonged to it, including registration of voters; and as he knew what I should shortly be doing in the country, he fell foul of revising barristers, and chaffed and laughed at me in the heartiest and absurdest of ways, to my great delight and amusement. For as always happened when I saw him in later years, and he used to break forth in his wild and strange way, I did not believe he meant half of what he said. It was grim enough very often; but there was always a great deal of latent humour in it all. In the midst of his most trenchant denunciations there would be a twinkle of the eye and a laugh and a sort of quiet mental dig in the ribs, as much as to say, 'You must not think this is all quite serious.' I do not mean to assert that I never heard him say intentionally rude and unjust things, for he did so; but they were the exception and not the rule. So that on the whole his conversation was most genial and delightful, especially when he was telling of his own early days and about Annandale, or recounting some curious anecdote from history, when one could listen to him with the most perfect admiration."

Here is another instance. Carlyle and Pollock were seated together at a dinner-party given by Lord Houghton, at which the tiny politician, Louis Blanc, was one of the guests:—

"He asked if I would like to be introduced to him after dinner. I answered rather emphatically, 'No, thank you!' which amused him. Presently afterwards it happened that with the same words I successively declined several dishes and wines that were handed round, and Carlyle remarked, 'So it's always No, thank you,' and he got into one of his uncontrollable and boisterous fits of merriment, laughing enormously every time I repeated No, thank you. I could not help joining in the laugh, until at last Milnes called out to us and wanted to be admitted to share the joke, which of course was impossible with Louis Blanc sitting opposite to us; and so it passed. This was one of the frequent instances of Carlyle's power of enjoying fun, and no one who had often seen him in this mood could bear to hear him described as the morose and ill-natured person he was after his death made to appear to have been."

We may be allowed to pause, for personal motives, upon Sir Frederick's charming description, in one of his northern journeys, of the interesting house of Dalemain, near Ulleswater, with its fine oak-carvings and relics of the early Georgian age, in which there died

—very lately—an old and esteemed contributor to this Magazine, Miss Hasell, whose fine culture and knowledge of foreign and classical literature have often enriched our pages, and whose volumes on Tasso and Calderon were published in the series of "Foreign Classics" several years ago. Sir Frederick speaks of an impromptu visit here, in which "the suddenness of my introduction and the heartiness of my welcome reminded me of a scene in Mr Ward's novels." It was, indeed, very like the delightful and stately country-house into which the hero of an old-fashioned novel used to be suddenly introduced, to find his fate there. Our contributor was the sister of the Squire, and in her vigorous and cordial middle-age seemed likely still to have a long life before her, when we shared Sir Frederick's experience a few months ago. It is one defect, among many advantages, of the anonymous system, that such a name as hers does not immediately appear before the public with half the brilliancy really belonging to it. Many of the finest studies of classical subjects that have appeared during a course of years in these pages were from her pen. No trumpets were blown about her Greek, nor did she herself, or her friends, put it forth as a miraculous thing: for the "higher education of women" had not become a fashionable craze at the time when she pursued her studies without fuss or notoriety, with that love of learning for itself which alone makes a real scholar. And her knowledge of the modern languages was equally thorough, which is a thing not so usual among classical scholars. Nor was she less warm a student of the peculiarities of her own beautiful Lake country than of matters more recondite, but loved her mountains as only mountaineers can. It gives us a curious sense of the long extent of these Recollections, to note that this accomplished lady could have been only a child in the Dalemain nursery when Mr Pollock, as revising barrister in Cumberland, passed that way.

He was himself, we are reminded, a lover of the same rich and noble poetry, and one of the first translators of Dante after Carey, whose version, with all its defects, will probably turn out the most robust and long-lived of all the translations. Sir Frederick tells an amusing story of a nurse who had attended him through a long illness, and who on an after-occasion, in course of reading aloud to another patient, came to the name of Dante, and paused to say with natural pride, "I know him." "This somewhat surprising statement led to inquiry, and the nurse said, 'Yes: he is a great friend of Sir Frederick Pollock. There is a bust of him on his staircase. He is a very severe-looking gentleman.'"

Mr Adolphus Trollope's book[1] (by the way he calls himself throughout, and is called by everybody, Tom, which is much more characteristic and natural) is more autobiographical than Sir Frederick Pollock's. There is no veil between him and his public, with whom his family has already so many relations. It is something like a contradiction in terms of our refusal to acknowledge the principle of heredity as concerns literary genius, to find in Mr Trollope's volumes the mother and her sons, all three of whom have taken

[1] What I Remember. By T. A. Trollope. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

so good a rank among the novelists of their time. Especially in the case of Mrs Trollope and her younger son Anthony is the contradiction palpable. There is something, perhaps, in the difference of sex which changes the conditions, a mother transmitting to her son, a father to his daughter (as in the case of the Thackerays), the almost incommunicable light. Mr Trollope will not object when we say that the picture he gives us of his mother, which is at once more full and more tender than that quite unexpected revelation of her which Mr Anthony Trollope gave to the world in his autobiography, is the most interesting part of his book. In Mrs Trollope's time the art of biography, it is to be supposed, was not so generally employed as now, and it would not seem to have struck anybody that the life of this woman, which now seems to us to furnish one of the most pathetic chapters of literary history, was anything remarkable. That a woman finding herself quite unexpectedly in possession of a hitherto unsuspected quality should use it vigorously for the redemption and support of her family, with labour and devotion which were heroic, would appear to have been considered by all around her the natural thing to do—a thing indeed so natural, so much in the course of events, as to call for no particular notice. It says much for the robust character of the race, and the high sense of duty existing in the English middle class, that this should have been so. It was, indeed, a commonplace for our mothers to do everything that women could do for their children, and whether it happened to be in the unseen labours of the domestic interior, or work of a more conspicuous description, made probably little difference; but the present generation, which thinks it necessary to seek a professional nurse for every malady, and dismiss every son and even daughter to struggle for themselves as soon as there is any possibility of so doing, may well wonder at the indomitable woman who was the sole support of all belonging to her, and never claimed, or, so far as is apparent, ever thought of any special credit in so doing. We do not remember personally to have felt any particular admiration for the 'Widow Barnaby.' The fiction which pleases in one cycle of time is often not satisfactory in another. But she was received with enthusiasm in her day and was one of the most popular of creations. If, however, we had ever undervalued Mrs Trollope's chief achievement in fiction, a knowledge of the circumstances under which the work was done—which brought her in apparently a large amount of money as well as fame—would for ever close the critic's mouth. She was the wife of a struggling and crotchety barrister, who did little in his own profession, and seems to have attempted various other expedients of money-making with a perpetual bad luck which reacted on his nervous system, and added unhappiness to evil fortune. Mrs Trollope was the mother of a number of children, and always a person of the brightest and most genial temper, bringing cheerfulness and light with her wherever she went. The start in life of the pair seems to have been prosperous, but their troubles had begun when their boys had reached an age to feel domestic misery and the humiliation of poverty bitterly. The picture given of these youthful trials is not, however, at all so gloomy in the present book as in Mr Anthony

Trollope's autobiography. Perhaps Mr Tom possesses more of his mother's brightness—though geniality was the last thing that was wanting in the manly novelist to whom we owe perhaps the best general reflection of English society in the Victorian period which, in an age which is essentially the age of fiction, has been made. It was not till she had reached the age of fifty that the mother of these youths, heretofore doing no more than arduously striving against the general tendency downward of the family affairs, found out that she possessed a talent which would help to set them right. How this discovery occurred we are not told, but it was quickened into being by the novelties of a then altogether virgin society—the well-known book upon America, which was the only permanent result of an adventurous rush made across the Atlantic in the hope of redeeming the family fortunes, being Mrs Trollope's first literary performance.

It was after this period, however, when various changes, chiefly disastrous, had been undergone, that we see her definitely appearing in a moment of heroic exertion and trial. She had removed the family, after the final break up of all possibilities in England, to Bruges, one of the cheap Continental residences in which the genteel exile could then make the best of straitened means, as well as hide his troubles from the world—and settled there with one son in an advanced stage of consumption, a younger girl in the first beginnings of the same malady, her husband an irritable and restless invalid, and the whole burden of the household life upon her shoulders. They lived in "the Chateau d'Hondt outside St Peter's Gate," which might well be the object of a pious pilgrimage to those to whom sorrow and a heroic struggle are venerable. Mr Anthony Trollope told the story, but with less fulness, so that we may be excused if we reproduce the narrative here.

"And now began at Bruges a time of such stress and trouble for my mother as few women have ever passed through. The grief, the Rachael sorrows of mothers watching by the dying beds of those to save whose lives they would—ah, how readily!—have given their own, are, alas! common enough. But no account, no contemplation of any such scene of anguish, can give an adequate conception of what my mother went through victoriously. Her literary career had hitherto been a succession of triumphs. Money was coming in in increasing abundance. But these successes had not yet lasted long enough to enable her, in the face of all she had done for the ruined household to which she had returned from America, to lay by any fund for the future. And though the proceeds of her labours were amply sufficient for all current needs, it was imperative that that labour should not be suspended. It was under these circumstances that she had to pass her days in watching by the bedside of a very irritable invalid, and her nights—when he fortunately for the most part slept—in composing fiction. It was desirable to keep the invalid's mind from dwelling on the hopelessness of his condition. And indeed he was continually occupied in planning travels and schemes of activity for the anticipated time of his recovery, which she had to enter into and discuss with a cheerful countenance and bleeding heart. It was also especially necessary that my sisters, especially the younger, already threatened by the same malady, should be kept cheerful, and prevented from dwelling on the phases of their brother's illness. This was the task in which with agonised mind she never faltered, from about nine o'clock every morning till eight o'clock in the evening. Then with wearied body and mind attuned to such thoughts as one may

imagine, she had to sit down to her desk to write her novel with all the *verve* at her command, to please light-hearted readers, till two or three o'clock in the morning. This, by the help of green tea and sometimes laudanum, she did daily and nightly."

It is necessary, perhaps, to be a writer of fiction, to realise the inconceivable contrast, the tragic humour of an anguished mind, working out and making pathetic the little troubles of perhaps a pair of parted lovers in the midst of sorrows of her own so much more overwhelming! but let us hope that few of the workmen and workwomen in that craft have time in the midst of their toil to make such a comparison, even when they happen to be in circumstances to call it forth. A more striking picture of human courage and constancy, and of the all-inspiring power of love, was never made. Was the poor lady working at 'Widow Barnaby,' one wonders, next door to her dying boy, after her long day of patient nursing, and self-repression, and cheerful encouragement of all the piteous plans which she knew were never to be carried out? It would, perhaps, be easier to go on with the broad farce of such a book in the strain of that tragic moment than to deal with scenes more tender. Whatever it was, the heart swells at the tale, the eyes fill. The novel, which, perhaps, might not please our more fastidious taste on its own merits, grows in the light of this wonderful revelation into something sacred. Heaven forbid that we should laugh or scoff at the imagination which did its work with such noble valour for such ends!

It is pleasant to see, however, that the woman in whose life such a struggle had taken place, was, as happens often fortunately in the case of such brave spirits, a cheerful woman, and one who would not, despite all its trials, have called her career an unhappy one. Her son describes, with an evident burst of heartfelt pleasure, the difference made in the farmhouse at Harrow Weald, of which Anthony Trollope has made so doleful a picture, by her arrival. "But my mother was one of those people who carry sunshine with them!" he cries. "The place did not seem the same!" And wherever they went a similar result seems to have followed. Cheerful company, the refreshment of variety and constant animation, seems to have sprung into being wherever this lady went. Her indomitable nature sprang up again after every crushing blow. There is one equally pathetic picture given, however, of the unsuccessful and unhappy father, in which there is even more of the tragic element, for he was one of the defeated in whom there is no rebound. He was in the act of compiling a dreary Ecclesiastical Dictionary when he died.

"And truly it was a pathetic thing to see him in his room at the Chateau d'Hondt, ill, suffering, striving with the absolutely miserable, ridiculously insufficient means he had been able to collect to carry on his work. He was dying,—he must, I think, have known he was,—he had not got beyond D in his dictionary; all the alphabet was before him; but he would not give up, he would labour to the last. My mother was labouring hard, and her labour was earning all that supplied the needs of the whole family. And I cannot help thinking that a painful but not ignoble feeling urged my poor father to live at least equally laborious days, even though his labour was profitless."

This is the other side of the picture. It leaves us with an aching thought of all the unconsidered

tragedies of which life is full. The wife who proved herself capable of doing everything, calls forth, after all, a less profound pang of sympathy than this poor broken man, incapable and permanently defeated, who furnishes all through the shadow to her brightness.

Mr Trollope's story of his own cheerful existence, and love of movement and travel, is full of interesting and amusing details. He is not afraid of confiding in us his loves and his imprudences, as well as the pleasant strain of good fortune that runs through his life. The delight he took in his many journeys fills us with sympathetic pleasure, and when his mother and he set out, hand in hand, all over the world, we cannot but brighten in the excellent company of these two perennially young adventurers, to whom "another blue day" was always another world of interest and amusement and kindly sympathy. Mr Trollope has, it is needless to say, met an infinite number of interesting people in his long career. How far his earlier sketches of foreign society are to be relied upon, now that the rounding of history has brought us to understand more of the epochs through which he has lived than a contemporary can, we need not inquire. In the case, however, of Victor Hugo, for instance, we cannot at all receive the report given, though both Mrs Trollope and her son agree in it. That the whole of "the *décousu* school of authors" was spoken of "with unmeasured contempt," and that "France seems to be ashamed" of the author of 'Notre Dame' and the head of the Romantic School in literature, is too much for our credulity. It was very likely to be said in the antiquated circles which recognised nothing younger than Chateaubriand—and this sufficiently accounts for the complete disappearance of such books as Mrs Trollope's 'Paris and the Parisians,' although they were very welcome at a moment when Englishmen knew very little of Paris, and French literature on this side of the Channel had not got beyond the 'Mémoires d'Outre-tombe.' To come to a much later and more manageable period, Mr Trollope's personal experiences of the Leweses — meaning chiefly George Eliot—are pleasant reading; but we shiver when our lively cicerone calls the great novelist "Polly"—even with the excuse of inverted commas. *Rien n'est sacré* for the man who can do this.

An artist is generally one of the best writers of autobiography. His art, in which so much that is material is involved, as well as all the gifts of imagination and perception, lends itself to narrative, and the difficulties that attend the making of a picture are much more picturesque and readily described than those that encircle the making of a book. There is something amusing in the frank audacity with which Mr Frith[1] steps up on the stage before us with a roll of his drum to call the attention of all to the real and genuine Victorian painter, the man of his time, through whose experiences we may see what art has come to in the middle of the nineteenth century. The bustling figure which he presents to us, in all the assurance of success, is already the representation of an age which is over, a school which we may hope is, at least temporarily, in abeyance, though it is not likely under the existing conditions of art in England that it will ever be extin-

[1] My Autobiography and Reminiscences. By W. Powell Frith, R.A. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

guished among us. The story he has to tell is in many respects like that of the knife-grinder, yet has its original features. For one thing, instead of that struggle against parental objections which is so often the beginning of an artist's career, this famous representative of modern art tells us of his youthful struggle against the fiat that made him a painter, and gives what is really a very good rough sketch of the gaping boy, half stupefied by talk which went miles over his head, about "breadth," and "tone," and other mysterious things, the settled desire of whose heart was to be an auctioneer, and whose spirit was all the time in a dull revolt against his fate. Mr Frith, we do not doubt, would have made an admirable auctioneer. His native ease and energy, his powers of eloquent banter and jest, his activity of mind and promptitude of invention, would all have been in his favour. But the fates were against him. His devout hopes that the bust of Clytie which he is doomed to attempt to draw may be broken on the way to his lodging; his feelings when he is "left alone with the dreadful thing," his desperation over that first attempt, is quite a new reading of the young artist. Giotto drawing his sheep upon a stone may be perhaps a more attractive picture, but young Frith is exceedingly real.

Notwithstanding his unwillingness to begin, he would never seem to have been an unsuccesssful student, and his longings after the tribune of the auctioneer soon lapsed in the transference of all those active bustling qualities which would have made him successful in that line into the realm of art. He took up his profession with that sharp-sighted intelligence and determination to make his business pay, which is the British tradesman's boast. Perhaps Mr Frith does himself injustice in thus putting forward his business qualities, and keen look-out for the kind of wares which should please the public. He had probably after all a touch of the sacred fire, or he would not have attained the success which fell to his share. But we must take him at his own showing. He has not very much respect at any time for his own work, and frankly wishes the purchasers joy of many of the "pot-boilers" which he executed with a light heart. His success, however, was rapid enough to have given him a higher opinion of these productions. He was elected an Associate when he was still under twenty-five; and a few years after, having pondered long in his mind, searching everywhere for a subject which should catch the popular fancy, hit upon that panoramic exhibition of actual life in its best known scenes, which made Mr Frith's fortune, and immediately raised him to the foremost position among the painters of the day. "Ramsgate Sands" was the first of the series of pictures which produced this desirable result. It was a reproduction of that animated if commonplace scene, with all the easily indicated interests of the various groups scattered upon the sands. Kind friends all round warned the painter of the vulgarity, the Cockney character, of the subject. They wondered how he could "descend to such a Cockney business"; they declared it was unworthy even of an illustrated paper (of which, by the way, there were few at this period). He went on, however, steadfastly with his work, and the result was absolute triumph. He was himself on the Hanging Committee of

the Royal Academy that year, and "took care that 'Ramsgate Sands' had a good place"—but up to the last moment looked on with anxiety, uncertain of the result.

It was not, however, until the "Derby Day" followed, that the painter reached his height of triumph. When he heard that a policeman was posted by his picture "to keep the people off," his heart swelled with natural satisfaction; and the crowning honour of a rail placed round the picture to preserve it from injury, while the public swarmed about it in an ever-increasing crowd, put the climax upon a success which had never been surpassed. The other Academicians resisted the placing of this rail, declared that such a thing had never been done before save once, for Wilkie's "Chelsea Pensioners," and that such an "unfair distinction" was never to be given again; but they yielded to the pressure put upon them. "If you wish to see the picture at all," the happy painter wrote to his sister, "you must see it in my own place, for you won't be able to get near it in the Exhibition. Some people go so far as to say, 'It is the picture of the age,' and no mean judges are they." Six times was this triumph repeated. To call yourself R.A. is a small matter in comparison. The eloquence of a rail round his picture is one that may well convince the most humble-minded that he is the greatest painter of his day.

And yet who will so much as remember the "Derby Day" when the history of English art is written? The astonishing luck of the painter who gained this facile triumph will be one of the most curious things in the wonderful chapter which shall hereafter commemorate the painters of the Victorian age. Her Majesty herself, no mean judge, bought "Ramsgate Sands"—and the renown of these panoramic compositions spread far and wide. It would be rash to say that we have advanced much in the love and knowledge of art since these days. And there is no telling what may catch the popular fancy in one of those strange rushes which are without rhyme or reason; but the triumphant success of these pictures seems, looking back upon it, one of the strangest of pictorial accidents. It must be added that they were of most conscientious workmanship. "I desire to reiterate," he says, "for the information of young painters, that every object, living or dead, was painted from nature." In pursuance of this necessity every class of the community came to Mr Frith's studio. From the royal and noble persons who were present at a royal marriage to the detectives in the "Railway Station," and the acrobats in the "Derby Day," our artist was satisfied with nothing but the genuine article, which he would pick up on the streets or seek in a police office with indefatigable determination. His chapters on the models whom he thus found everywhere are sometimes amusing, and throw a light upon the manifold labours necessary for the making of a picture, which would not perhaps of themselves occur to the reader. No one, it is evident, could have worked more sedulously, more thoroughly, than Mr Frith, and in this way his success was well deserved. The arts are ungrateful, and do not always yield their secrets to the most industrious; but according to every rule of morals, and all the laws of trade, he ought to have secured the place which he did secure: and with this consolatory conviction we may be satisfied, as is the artist. It would

be difficult indeed for a man, with the consciousness that he had thus fairly worked for his laurels, and the visible proof of success in that "stout iron rail against which broke a tide of anxious humanity," to entertain any doubt upon the matter.

There are some amusing anecdotes about the more dignified models who found their way to Mr Frith's studio, some of whom appear under a new classification as good or bad sitters, which is somewhat comical. The following is a very good little character-sketch. We may explain that the picture in progress was the marriage of the Prince of Wales.

"When the Lord Chancellor (Westbury) sat for me, his eye caught the form of the Bishop of Oxford, and he said, 'Ah, Sam of Oxford! I should have thought it impossible to produce a tolerably agreeable face and preserve any resemblance to the Bishop of Oxford.' And when the Bishop saw my portrait of Westbury, he said, 'Like him? Yes — but not wicked enough.'"

On a similar occasion Mrs Disraeli, who had accompanied her husband while he gave a sitting (though not to Mr Frith), came back after the sitter had withdrawn, and "walking quickly up to the painter, said, 'Remember his pallor is his beauty!' and without another word rejoined her husband."

Mr Frith became a Royal Academician at a very early age. But he is not very loyal to his brotherhood. Individually he is anxious to declare his conviction that professional jealousy did not exist among the men of his day; but he likes to believe, at the same time, that the "unfair distinction" of the rail rankled in the mind of the Academy in general, as it is very likely it might. That company, so highly celebrated and much applauded in its day—the Maclises, Landseers, Mulreadys—were not, it would appear, penetrated by any lively enthusiasm for their art.

"A newly elected R.A. finds himself also elected into offices for the duties of which he may or may not be competent. He becomes a teacher in the Life and Painting schools—he is at once placed upon the Council, and finds himself a member of the dreaded Hanging Committee. It is well known that some of our best painters are the worst teachers. Landseer used to say, 'There is nothing to teach.' I heard one of the most eminent Academicians say, in answer to reproaches for his neglect in not attending at the Painting school, 'What would be the good? I don't know anything; and if I did, I couldn't communicate it.' Maclise said to me, when as a student I was copying a picture of Reynolds, 'I can't teach you anything. I am here to take a lesson myself.'"

We will not linger long upon Mr Frith's travels, which were of the Philistine kind, much checkered by complaints of inns, and servants who had the misfortune not to be English. "He who misses Siena, will not miss much besides dirt and discomfort," is a bold speech which has already been held up to public admiration by the newspaper critic. "'Well, of all the *sells* in the world!' we all exclaimed," when the painter and his party reached Pompeii. When he is at Venice, our brisk tourist seems unconscious of the existence of the Bellini, and at Bologna of Francia. "There are some fine churches, but I resolutely refused to enter them," he says, in the latter city, where are some of the most curious and interesting ecclesiastical buildings in existence. "As to Messieurs Cimabue, Giotto, and even Perugino, I fear I must confess I am sick of them."

These are audacious sayings. The "imperfect art and infantine attempts to produce what is shown in such perfection in later times," disgusts the author of the "Railway Station" and "Ramsgate Sands." He thinks they are "curiosities rather than pictures," those fading glories of Assisi, over which Mr Ruskin weeps. And indeed we cannot wonder at his opinion. Giotto's saints or Perugino's lovely celestial visions have about as little in common with the acrobats and the detectives as it is possible to conceive. Why a man who is so happy as to be able to produce the latter should thereby be better qualified to appreciate the former, we are unable to tell. The great Umbrian and the highly successful Londoner are, it is true, both painters; but we cannot think there is between them much of the freemasonry of art.

At the same time, which is much to his credit, Mr Frith has always an eye for nature, and there are some really pretty bits of flying description to be encountered here and there in his book, which, by the way, is apparently as successful as his art, being already in a third edition. This, like the rail round the picture, is an indubitable sign of the admirable good luck which has never deserted our cheerful, bustling, prosperous Academician. No one can grudge the good fortune which he has earned according to the truest principles of industrial economy, and enjoys with so much good-humour and self-satisfaction. We congratulate him on his double success, in literature as well as art.

We have thus men of all professions disclosing themselves and their circles of life and society for the amusement of the reader. Space does not permit us to enter into the curious question how it is that the reader is so easily amused. One thing is certain, there is not an ounce of harm in all those big books, few bitternesses if any, no characters taken away, the pleasure of gossip without its disadvantages. We may represent to ourselves that we are thus put upon calling terms with the best of company, which is a pleasant alleviation for homekeeping persons in these sombre wintry days.

THE WAR OFFICE.

OUTSIDE DEPARTMENTS.

It is not our intention, in the present paper, to recur at any length to the arrangements which Mr Stanhope has made, or proposes to make, for the purpose of infusing new life into the office over which he presides. We have delivered our mind pretty freely on that subject in a former number of this Magazine; and it is a great satisfaction to know that the views then taken correspond in the main with the opinions of an authority so high as General Brackenbury. Only on one point, indeed, as it appears to us, is there any serious difference of opinion between us. He would connect the Intelligence Department, of which he is the head, with the Adjutant-General's Office. We, for the reasons elsewhere given, deprecate overloading the hardest-worked official at headquarters, and the more so because the arrangement, if carried into effect, would bar the way to the formation of such a council as, in Germany, advises the Emperor on all important military questions; and in this country, where such counsel is far more urgently needed, should be the official adviser of our civilian Minister of War. Neither General Brackenbury nor Lord Wolseley, however, can for a moment suppose that, in taking this view of the case, we doubt the fitness of the present Adjutant-General to become the chief of such a council. Give him a position independent of both the administrative and the military branches of the War Office, and thus enable him to advise without the risk of coming into collision with the personage whose subordinate he now is, and his knowledge of both the theory and the practice of war will be of the greatest possible service to the country. But to throw upon him the burthen which in Berlin is borne by Count von Moltke, keeping him all the while at the grindstone superintending the discipline of the whole army, would be little else than cruelty to animals. Besides, as Lord Wolseley has successfully commanded armies in the field already, so, in the event of serious war impending or occurring, he must be prepared again to take the command—an incident which, if it stood alone, ought to protect him from being thrown into what we have just pointed out would be a false position. Elsewhere, therefore, if he prefer keeping his present post, the Secretary of State must look for his chief military adviser; and elsewhere the army, if he become head of an expanded Intelligence Department, must look for its Adjutant-General.

It is not, then, as we have just said, our intention to enter upon any further criticism of the steps already taken by Mr Stanhope to render the great office in Pall Mall less unwieldy than it was. There are, however, matters outside that overgrown establishment into some of which the Parliamentary Committee has instituted searching inquiries; and on these —as briefly as the nature of the subjects under consideration will allow—we will do our best to fix public attention.

And first of all, let us dispose at once of the assumption that it might be possible by rigid econ-

omy to reduce public expenditure in this country on the army to something like a due proportion with the public expenditure in Germany. on the German army. Over and over again, on the examination of the witnesses brought before them, the members of the Commission have done their best to get an affirmative answer to this question. The chairman, for example, referring General Brackenbury to a paper furnished to him by the War Office, says: "If you look (in this paper) along the line to the last year, you will find that the total net ordinary expenditure (on our army) is £18,393,900; now what would be the cost of the German army upon that basis, excluding all special war preparations? The answer is, £21,608,520." The contrast turns out, however, not to be, after all, so startling as it seems, because deductions must on both sides be made on account of contributions to the two navies. The account accordingly stands thus—that for £19,300,000 Germany can put nineteen army-corps in the field; whereas England, after spending £14,600,000, could scarcely, "owing to our defective organisation," put one. Such a statement naturally astonishes the Commission; and many further questions follow, the replies to which lead up to two conclusions. First, that with our present organisation not even a largely increased expenditure could give us an army comparable to that of Germany; and next, that so different are the two countries in geographical position, in the social habits of their inhabitants, and the institutions, political and domestic, under which they live, that England could not get together an army at all were it seriously proposed to deal with her soldiers as Germany deals with hers. Just take note of the terms on which Germany, on the one hand, engages the services of 450,000 thoroughly equipped and organised troops in time of peace; and England, on the other, about 150,000, not a third of whom could she put into the field for lack of necessary equipments. Germany levies her troops by conscription, and pays a private 4½d. a-day; England goes into the labour-market and hires her recruits at the rate of 1s., with reserved pay of 2d., and the chance of two or three good-conduct badges over and above. Germany pays her sergeant-major 3s. a-day, England hers 4s. a-day. The pay of a second lieutenant in the German army is 3s. 6d., in the English army 5s. 3d. And so the scale of remuneration goes on till we reach the highest grades of all, where the German major-general in command of troops receives £705, the English major-general £1550; the German lieutenant-general £1061, the English lieutenant-general £2573: while of general officers unemployed there are in Germany not more than two or three, whereas in England there are not fewer than 109—all drawing pay. Will the ingenuity of man succeed in producing a common measure by which the necessary outlay on armies thus remunerated can be fairly tested?[1]

[1] In Germany there is scarcely any difference between the pay of the various arms. Officers are paid monthly, non-commissioned officers and men every tenth day. Up to the rank of colonel—corresponding to our colonel on the staff—the rates calculated monthly are as follows: Colonel, in marks or schillings, 650; lieutenant-colonel or major commanding a battalion, 450; first captain, 300; second captain, 180; first lieutenant, 90; second lieutenant, 75; sergeant-major, 60; sergeant, 36; corporal, 25-56; private, 10-56.

Again, in England every officer employed on the staff receives staff pay in addition to his regimental pay. In Germany a staff appointment brings with it no pecuniary gain to a regimental officer, his pay remaining precisely the same as if he were serving with his regiment. Indeed, till they attain the rank of first captain, German officers are required to satisfy their colonels that they receive allowances from their friends, the amounts of which vary from three to five pounds a-month, and in crack corps to more. Nor are these rates of pay and allowances at all at variance with the money value of office, either in the public civil service or in the service of private firms. Every income arising, whether from manual labour or head-work, is in Germany on a scale so moderate, that we find it difficult in this country to understand how the recipients can make the two ends of the year meet. Yet this they not only do, but not a few of them, living in what they regard as comfort, manage to lay by out of their earnings money enough to provide against the demands of a rainy day.

Abandoning, therefore, all idea of maintaining a British army as a whole on an expenditure which shall not exceed that of a German army by forty or fifty per cent, it may be well if we look a little into matters of detail, with a view to ascertain how far it may be possible to reduce, be it even slightly, the burthen of the non-effective item in our estimates, and at the same time to gain something in the way of economy from a few changes in the administration of our army departments. Concerning the former of these problems, we shall have little to say which has not been said already. The latter appears to us to claim a wider field of inquiry, and we therefore propose to deal with it more at length.

Of the moral effect on the German army of providing deserving soldiers with civil employ after serving a given time with the colours, we have spoken in a former article. The term of service entitling to this privilege extends to twelve years; and forasmuch as the conscription continues in force barely three years, civil employment can fall to the lot only of men who hold on, instead of passing, like their comrades, into the reserve. But volunteers of this description are for the most part the sons of non-commissioned officers whom the State had educated when children at a garrison school, and whom, on their attaining to man's estate and joining the ranks, it transfers to one or other of its non-commissioned officers' schools, there to complete their mental training. There are five such non-commissioned officers' schools, all well attended: one at Frülich, another at Bisbrich, a third at Weisenfels, a fourth at Ettlingen, and a fifth at Marienverder. From these seminaries the young men return to their regiments not only qualified to exercise a strong moral control over their subordinates, but fitted for the situations, in public offices and elsewhere, which a considerate Government keeps in store for them. And be it observed, that the arrangement is of equal advantage to both parties—to the Government and to the individual. The individual is thus provided for in a manner agreeable to his self-respect, and the Government saves a pension.

In England every private has it in his power to receive in our regimental schools an education as liberal as that which in Germany is brought within the reach of non-commissioned officers

and their children. Not a few of them take advantage of the opportunity offered, and some turn it to such excellent account as to win their way to commissions, and more to the rank of warrant officer. Neither for them, however, nor for their less fortunate comrades, is there any other future secured than a possible pension after twenty years' service in all parts of the world. Hence, while sharp lads from civil life secure situations in the public offices and on railways, our expenditure on the non-effective side of the estimates grows continually heavier; for so cleverly do we manage these matters, that even the few superannuated soldiers whom we employ as writers or messengers about the War Office retain their military pensions while drawing respectable salaries as civil servants. Would it not be possible to take a leaf out of this volume of the German book, and, encouraging our soldiers to seek promotion through the regimental schools, to hold out to them the prospect of winning their way, not to pensions, but to remunerative civil employment after, say, twelve years' service with the colours? But no. Work must be found for our Civil Service Commissioners, and the gentlemen whom they employ to test the depth of knowledge possessed by all persons aspiring to serve the State; and the intelligent non-commissioned officer, who for years has kept his company's books correctly, and writes well and spells well his native language, is rejected because he could not tell the latitude or the longitude of some out-of-the-way place in America or Africa. And so the pension-list goes on swelling, while the House of Commons complains of the extravagance of the spending departments of the Government.

But why, it may be asked, are the privates in the German army denied these advantages? In England the regimental schools are open alike to all ranks and to their children. In Germany the State provides only for the education of her non-commissioned officers and their children. Surely if the practice of our Teutonic friends be in this respect judicious, we could not do better than follow their example. Nay, has it not gone forth on high authority that, whatever may be the case in a country which is not so much a country with an army as an army with a country, it is sheer waste of public money to bring within the reach of English soldiers and recruits thirsting after knowledge such an education as they receive in our regimental schools? Forty years ago there might have been room for an institution which is now out of date. Of the recruits passed into the service then, scarcely one out of twenty could either read or write; now the proportions, as given in official returns, show a percentage of less than ten in every hundred of whom the same thing may be said. There is therefore no longer any difficulty in finding educated men enough to supply the army with intelligent non-commissioned officers; while for their children, as well as for the children of privates, board schools are everywhere open.

If the British army were in time of peace a localised force like that of Germany—if it were further localised exclusively in Great Britain, and composed in the inferior ranks of bachelors — something might be said in favour of placing it in this respect on a lower ground than its model. But of the British army one half is constantly stationed in India and the colonies, while the occupation of Ireland gives employment to at least a third of the remaining

moiety. Moreover, the British army is not in any sense a bachelor army, nor can ever be rendered such so long as the British empire holds together. If, then, you determine to effect a saving by abolishing regimental schools, you must make up your mind to the consequences. India has no board schools, nor Gibraltar, nor Malta—Ireland has. But would any rational Englishman, much less an officer in command of a regiment, ever think of sending either the children of his regiment or his young soldiers to an Irish National school, managed as Irish National schools now are? It would appear, then, that only during their brief stay in England or Scotland could the rudiments of education be brought within the reach of soldiers and their children, to be forgotten as soon as a change of quarters occurred, and followed by such manner of life and conversation as usually attends on idleness and ignorance.

The space at our disposal will not allow us to go at more length into this question, nor, indeed, is it necessary to do so. In a letter to the 'Times,' which appeared last August, the late Chaplain-General has stated the case against the abolition of regimental schools very clearly, and has never, as far as we know, been answered. But this we are prepared to admit, that the expense of maintaining these schools has grown unnecessarily great, and unless decided steps be taken to arrest its progress, must every year become greater. The creation, from among the regimental schoolmasters, of a body of inspectors, advanced to commissioned rank, and entitled to retire, after a given time, on commissioned officers' pensions, was a great mistake. It never entered into the contemplation of the founders of the system, that more than one inspector-general, with three inspectors under him, would be required to keep all the schools within the limits of the United Kingdom up to the mark; while in India and other foreign stations officers qualified and willing to undertake the duty of inspecting schools, should be recompensed for doing so by staff pay on a moderate scale. But a change of heads to the department brought about a change of system; and now, under the auspices of a Director-General of military education, we have one school inspector in the Madras Presidency with the rank and pay of captain, and not fewer than twenty-two in Great Britain and Ireland with the rank and pay of lieutenant. Nor does the abuse end there. On the retired list we find the names of twelve ex-regimental schoolmasters, with the honorary rank of major, besides three sub-inspectors whose honorary rank is not specified, but may be taken, we presume, to be that of captain.

Had the original scheme been rigidly acted upon, and every inspector and assistant-inspector been a combatant officer, not only the immediate expenditure would have been very much less than it now is, but the outlay on a constantly increasing retired list would have been avoided. The home inspectors, after retaining their positions for a fixed time, would have returned to their regiments like other officers whose term of service on the staff had expired; while from their coadjutors on foreign stations the inspectorships would have passed, as they pass now, into other hands, as the necessary results of removal to home stations. Happily so much of the original plan survives, that, except in the Madras Presidency, combatant officers still take charge of regimental schools on the old

conditions. In that direction, therefore, no change appears to be necessary. It is not so, however, at home, and as we cannot go back to the primitive arrangement when there was no Director-General of military education, with his three assistants, one deputy, and we do not know how many clerks, it may be well to consider how far it is practicable so to deal with the problem, that the inspection of regimental schools in Great Britain and Ireland shall be conducted as regularly and efficiently as ever, while the expense of conducting them is at the same time seriously diminished.

Forty years ago the education of the people, as far as it went, was almost entirely in the hands of the National Society. The schools were largely Church of England schools, and the duty of inspecting them—if the term be in any sense admissible—devolved upon the parochical clergy and their families. A movement had, however, begun which culminated at last in the state of things which now confronts us wherein denominational and undemoninational schools vie with one another in getting help from the State, and equally submit to be periodically visited and reported on by her Majesty's school inspectors. The subjects taught to children in civil elementary schools, are precisely the same that are taught to children in regimental schools; and if, in adult regimental classes, higher attainments are aimed at, there is nothing into which the least instructed of her Majesty's inspectors could not inquire. What is there to prevent the Secretary of State for War from entering into an arrangement with the Privy Council, and thus handing over the inspection of regimental schools to the gentlemen who inspect our civil schools? The arrangement might possibly render necessary some slight addition to the existing number of school inspectors; and towards the expense thus incurred the War Office must, of course, contribute. But the outlay would be trifling when weighed in the scale against the pay of the two-and-twenty lieutenants who now inspect the regimental schools in Great Britain and Ireland, and the constantly increasing numbers of those who retire at fixed intervals with major's rank and major's pensions.

This is not, however, the sole direction in which, as it appears to us, some saving may be effected in the educational department of the army, not only without damage, but with positive advantage to the cause of education itself. Why is it that in this country four staff officers are appointed to perform a duty which, in Germany, is performed by one; and according to what test is their peculiar fitness for the very special duties intrusted to them, tried? No doubt, in England, military education, if under this head be included the elementary instruction communicated in regimental schools, is far more widely diffused than in Germany; and an officer of field or captain's rank would find useful employment in digesting and commenting upon the reports of ordinary school inspectors. But setting this national peculiarity aside, there can surely be no need of the co-operation with the Director-General of two assistant and one deputy-assistant Adjutants-General in prescribing the course of study to be pursued in each of our four greater schools. What you really want is this—that at the head of each, whether you call him governor or commandant, shall be an officer thoroughly master of the specialities taught in his establishment, and over all, the most accomplished

soldier you can find in the army, whose exclusive business it shall be to satisfy himself that all four are working on the best models, and with a view to the attainment of a common end. Assisted such a Director-General must indeed be by subordinates capable of setting examination-papers and pointing out both the merits and the demerits of the answers sent in. But these gentlemen need not of necessity be military officers, so long as they possess the qualifications we have a right to look for in competent examiners. Now it happens that the Director-General, over and above his three military coadjutors, does command the services of a certain number of such examiners, the remuneration paid to whom amounts to something like £3000 or £4000 a-year. Is any good end served by placing over them three members of the Adjutant-General's military staff, thus doubling an expenditure which, even if it stood alone, could not be described as insignificant? There can be but one answer to this question: provided always the Director-General of military education is the right man in the right place, —an assumption which, referring to the past, we should be exceedingly loath to affirm, while perfectly satisfied that the exercise of a little common-sense could give us now, and retain for us through several years, exactly the sort of man whom we want. There is still on the active list, though, we regret to say, not actively employed, a general officer who, when Chief of the Staff School, made it what it is, and by whom has been written a work on the Operations of War[1] which has been translated into every European language, and is pronounced by every competent judge, as well foreign as domestic, to be a masterpiece. To place him, subject to the proposed changes in the *personnel* of his subordinates, at the head of the educational department of the army, would not only effect some saving to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but would at once recognise and turn to the best account talents which, much to the detriment of the public service, have been too long allowed to lie dormant.

There is yet another possible means of economising, on which we touch with diffidence, because some risk may attend it of losing more in the direction of discipline than could be gained by saving in money. If we may trust the third report of the Educational Commissioners, our civil training establishments turn out yearly a greater number of instructed schoolmasters than can find employment either in denominational or board schools. If this be really so, it may well be worth the while of the Secretary of State for War to offer to one or two of the schoolmasters thus circumstanced the charge of regimental schools. Of course they must enter the service on the same terms as are binding on the students from the training-college in Chelsea. They must go to their regiments enlisted men, and be bound in all that they do by the rules of the service. But as they will enter as non-commissioned, or rather perhaps as warrant officers, the process of enlistment exposes them to no heavier penalty than liability to lose their situations, and with them the certain prospect of pensions in old age. Should the experiment answer—should these schoolmasters, trained in civil training-colleges, prove as efficient in every respect as the

[1] The Operations of War Explained and Illustrated. By Lieut.-General Sir E. B. Hamley, K.C.B., M.P. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

alumni from Chelsea — then the Chelsea Training College may be abolished, and arrangements made for gaining admission — say to Battersea — of as many non-commissioned officers as may desire to change the rifle for the ferrule, and for the board of whom the Secretary of War considers it expedient to pay.

We pass on now to a consideration of the processes by which, in the German and British armies, young gentlemen pass into the service as officers, and win their way to advancement.

Young gentlemen enter the German army as officers through two channels, — some after receiving their education at cadet schools, some from private life. Of cadet schools there are seven in all, of which six are preparatory and one a finishing school. Boys may enter the preparatory schools at ten years of age, and remain till they reach their fifteenth year; they are then transferred to the finishing school, where they remain three years. The expense to parents and guardians varies according to circumstances: some youths — chiefly the orphan sons of officers — are thus educated gratuitously; others pay, some £4, 10s., some £8, some £15, and so on up to £40 a-year. For foreigners the charge is considerably higher, amounting to £75 per annum. The numbers received into each of the preparatory schools vary; the finishing school accommodates eight hundred cadets. The great or finishing school, through which all cadets pass, is now at Lechterfelde, near Berlin; the preparatory schools are at Culm, Potsdam, Wahlstatt, Bensberg, Prön, and Oranienstein. The education of cadets in the preparatory schools is a general education; in the finishing school it is technical, and prepares the youths for all branches of the service — for the cavalry, the artillery, the engineers, and the infantry alike.

From private life young gentlemen enter the German army on the recommendation of colonels of regiments. We use this expression because it may be more intelligible to the general reader than any other, though in point of fact it rests entirely with the colonel either to accept or reject a candidate as he himself may judge expedient. The candidate rejected at once must look elsewhere than to the army for a career; the accepted candidate joins his regiment on probation. If, after mastering his drill and passing the usual examination, his brother officers give judgment in his favour, he is confirmed in his rank; if they pronounce him unfit for military life, he is sent back to his friends.

The German army has its separate artillery and pioneer, as well as its cavalry and infantry, regiments; and young men showing special aptitude for one or other of the three auxiliary arms, serve for two years in a regiment of cavalry, artillery, or pioneers, as the case may be. At the end of that term officers of cavalry proceed to Hanover, where, in the Great Riding School, as it is called, they make themselves masters of equitation in the widest sense of the term — an accomplishment in the acquisition of which many staff officers voluntarily join them. In like manner officers from artillery and pioneer regiments are transferred to the mixed school of artillery and engineering in Berlin, where they go through a course of purely technical study, extending over two years. This course being completed, they return, the former to their regiments, the latter to whatever station may require their presence.

In addition to these special

schools, Germany has its great War School, wherein officers from all the different arms study the military art in all its details. It is to this school, to which Von Moltke pays unwearied attention, that candidates for employment on the staff betake themselves, and from which, at the end of two years, they come forth either relegated, though not disgraced, to ordinary regimental duty, or soldiers thoroughly accomplished. It depends a good deal upon circumstances how long individuals shall continue without interruption to discharge staff duties. As a general rule, however, the juniors go back at the end of five years to their regiments, where they do duty for three years, and whence they return, with a step of promotion, to staff employment. It is worthy of note that in all the higher schools, and especially in the great War, or, as we should call it, Staff School, much importance is attached to the knowledge of foreign languages. The youth who shows himself so far master of French, English, Russian, and Italian, as to be able to converse freely in them, and to carry on an epistolary correspondence, takes a high place in honours. And if to that he add some acquaintance with Turkish, his fortune is made.

The Germans used to have at the headquarters of every army-corps a garrison instructor, whose business it was to coach up the officers of the corps for the examinations to which, till they attained the rank of major, they were at each step on the ladder subjected. Of late these appointments have been abolished; but not so the examinations, which are conducted as regularly and sternly as ever, the young officers being expected by private study to fit themselves for passing the ordeal.

These various schools are visited from time to time by an Inspector-General of War Schools, to whom reports of the progress made by individual students are sent in. Subsidiary to him is a Council of Military Education, which is composed partly of soldiers, partly of civilians, which selects the text-books to be used in the different schools, prepares questions to be answered in writing by the students, and at the end of each half-yearly term examines both the answers and the drawings which accompany them. The members of this council take no part personally in the inspection of schools. They may be said, indeed, in a sense, to direct the course of military education, and keep it abreast of every new invention, whether domestic or foreign; but this they do from their office in Berlin, all power to act on their suggestions or otherwise being left in the hands of the Inspector-General, one of Von Moltke's most trusted lieutenants.

The effect of all this elaborate care is to give to Germany the best instructed, best disciplined, and best appointed army in the world. Not its commissioned officers exclusively, but its non-commissioned officers likewise, are all educated men, who have accepted military service as the business of their lives, and therefore give to it their most earnest attention. The sergeant instructs his squad, the lieutenant his subdivision, the captain his company, and the major or lieutenant-colonel his battalion, in everything necessary to convert the peaceful citizen into an accomplished soldier. So also, when we move upwards from the squad to the army-corps, we see a multitude of units all so working on a common model, that at any moment they may be fused without the slightest risk of friction into a perfect whole. Nor does this apply exclusively to

the standing army on a peace establishment. Every reservist knows the place he is to take in the event of mobilisation. Every superintendent of an arsenal and a store has the material for equipping the army-corps with which he is connected, in readiness to be issued with promptitude and regularity. Every owner of a horse within the territorial limits of the district, which is fit for military purposes, is prepared to hand it over to the officer told off to demand it; while an order from headquarters brings as many of these army-corps as may be required to a given point without confusion, and at very short notice.

But Germany, like England, has behind her regular army auxiliary forces which, under ordinary circumstances, cost her virtually nothing,—not like our militia and volunteers, made up of half-drilled and often very young men, but consisting entirely of veterans, some in the prime of life, others still fit for garrison duty. Having served his two or three years in the line and his four years in the reserve, the German soldier passes into the Landwehr, of which he continues to be a member till he reach the thirty-fourth or thirty-fifth year of his age. Like the standing army, the Landwehr is organised into regiments of the various arms, and officered by gentlemen trained in the line, and appointed by the Emperor. The Landwehr has its periodical musters, so arranged as to interfere as little as possible with the ordinary business of life, but is never embodied except on the outbreak of war. The Landsturm, in which, up to his forty-fifth year, every able-bodied German is mustered, remains quiescent till called upon to supply the place of the Landwehr; when it is required, as was the case in the war of 1870, to co-operate with the regular army in the field. And every officer and man in each of these armed bodies knows exactly what he is to do, and where he is to do it.

It may be worth while, before contrasting the German and English systems as they stand, to take a rapid survey of the processes by which, in this country, measures used to be adopted for ensuring to our army that its officers shall possess other qualifications than gentle birth and animal courage. Not that we would for a moment think slightingly of the gallant men who followed the Duke of Wellington from Lisbon to Toulouse, and bore the brunt of battle at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. Scientific soldiers, much less well-read scholars, few of them might be. But they had studied war in the best of all possible schools, and under the best of all possible masters, and were well up to the parts each was appointed to play—though few might have been able to step into his place had their great leader fallen in the *mêlée*. Therefore, in what we are going to say, it must be observed that it is with the defects in our military system, and not with the individuals by whom it was administered, that we find fault. They acted according to their lights, which is more perhaps than can honestly be said of their successors, whom no superstitious veneration for great memories held in restraint, but who rather obeyed the dogged determination to learn nothing more from others than might fall in with public opinion for the time being.

Fifty years ago, when the condition of the army was, in all important respects, what it had been at the close of the great war, a large majority of first commissions in the cavalry and infantry came to young gentlemen from

private life by purchase. It was an arrangement which, in an economical point of view, operated most favourably for the State; because the officer who made the vacancy by selling out, retired on the money's-worth of his commission, while he who filled it did so on the understanding that he too, when weary of soldiering, should, by a like process, fall back into civil life. The half-pay and pension lists which now so largely swell our army estimates, were thus kept down, and discipline and all other outward and visible signs of efficiency were just as satisfactory as they had ever been, both at home and abroad.

Another channel of admission to the service was by favour, when the Commander-in-Chief, for some good reason judged it expedient to fill up a non-purchase vacancy by bringing forward a youth from civil life. Even to this youth the privilege of selling out was not refused, provided he had served a certain number of years and applied for it. But as officers so circumstanced usually aspired to reach the higher grades of their profession, the half-pay list was very little lightened by their availing themselves of permission to sell.

A third door was opened to rank in cavalry and infantry through the Royal Military College at Sandhurst—an institution for which the army was indebted to the late Duke of York. It was a very different place from the Royal Military College with which the present generation is familiar. Boys entered at any age from ten or twelve to fourteen, and remained till sixteen, and sometimes later. Dressed and drilled like soldiers, and subject to a stern military discipline, they received just such an education as boys receive at a good private school, to which was added a smattering of fortification, plan-drawing, and the French language. Of the Sandhurst cadets, the orphans and sons of poor officers received their board, education, and clothing gratuitously. The fees paid by the rest were very moderate, the expense of the establishment being provided for mainly by grants from Parliament. While the needs of cavalry and infantry were thus provided for, entrance to the artillery and engineers was obtained through an older institution, the Royal Academy at Woolwich. The age of admission ranged between fourteen and sixteen, and the course extended over two, sometimes three, years. Admission to Woolwich was preceded by a somewhat superficial examination of candidates—all of whom were nominated by the Master-General of the Ordnance for the time being; and the annual sums paid by parents or guardians, varied according to the social condition of the cadet. The charge for officers' sons under field rank was £40; above the rank of captain £50; for the sons of generals and civilians, £80 and £100; for officers' orphans, £20. Woolwich, like Sandhurst, received in those days grants provided for in the army estimates; and Chatham was then, as it is still, the finishing school for the young men to whom commissions were assigned in the engineers.

It would not be easy to fix the exact time when dissatisfaction with a state of things which appeared to treat the profession of arms as a place of refuge for the ignorant and the idle, began to show itself. Newspapers and magazines early admitted articles which complained, with perfect justice, that not so much as medical inspection was applied to prevent a youth physically incapable of military service from purchasing

a commission. One of these went, indeed, rather too far when it stated that a gentleman appointed to a light infantry regiment was found, on joining, to be minus a leg. This was a gross perversion of a fact, quite justifiable in the then existing customs of the service—viz., that an officer, whom the loss of a leg in action had compelled to go on half-pay, was allowed to exchange to full pay, in order that he might retire from the service by the sale of his commission. The story had, however, its effect in calling up a constantly increasing host of army reformers, some of whom, being bitten by the fashionable mania of universal education for the people, clamoured for some intellectual test to be applied to young men before they should be intrusted with supreme authority over any section of her Majesty's subjects.

It is a curious ethnological fact, that the first move made in the direction indicated in these diatribes was made from below. The Royal Asylum, or Duke of York's School for the sons of non-commissioned officers and privates, in Chelsea, was found to be in a disgraceful state. Further inquiries were made into the condition of regimental schools which, like those at Chelsea and in the Phœnix Park, owed their existence to the same royal founder; and they, too, came out from the ordeal condemned. Then followed that burst of zeal in a good cause which, in spite of strenuous resistance in high quarters, brought about the regimental school system—not as it exists now, but as it reached its prime in 1860, or thereabouts. Yet even they who took the most prominent part in pushing forward the system, felt that they had begun at the wrong end. An army composed of well-educated men in the lower ranks, and of men in the higher, indifferently educated and ostentatiously idle, was as likely as not to get at some critical moment out of hand; and coincidently with measures suggested for bringing about the attainment of the former object, the Secretary at War had before him a plan for the attainment of the latter. It was neither more nor less than a transcript of the Prussian system as it worked in 1847, slightly modified, so as to fall in with the social and political condition of the country to which it was to be applied. No change was suggested in the conditions on which commissions in the army were to be obtained. Purchase and patronage were still to be allowed in the cavalry and infantry, though not till the candidate had satisfied both the medical and the literary examiners that he was in sound health, and had received the education of a well-instructed English gentleman. Sandhurst was to be enlarged, so as to admit an increased number of cadets, whose ages at entrance were to range between sixteen and eighteen. The preliminary examination which entitled to admission was to be as rigid in every respect as was imposed upon the candidate from private life, and would thus justify the restriction of the studies pursued within the walls to strictly professional subjects. Two years were to complete the course, though at the end of one, young men who displayed decided tastes for pyrotechnics or engineering were to be allowed to pass, should they or their guardians desire it, into other schools hereafter to be noticed. The rest were to go forth almost exclusively to infantry regiments, inasmuch as few among them, it was anticipated, would be rich enough either to purchase promotion or to live in cavalry

regiments; but on all alike one condition was to be imposed—every youth, whether a purchase or a non-purchase officer, was to serve one year on probation. If, at the end of that period, he should be reported on as in all respects satisfactory, he would be confirmed in his rank. If the report should be unfavourable, he was to be sent back to his friends—the purchase officer by the sale of his commission, the non-purchase by a simple process of discharge, without any disgrace whatever attaching to the name of either.

Meanwhile in Woolwich changes similar to those introduced into Sandhurst were to be effected. The age of admission was advanced from fourteen to sixteen. The preliminary examination was rendered much more severe, and during the first year of residence candidates for service in the artillery or engineers were to study together. At the commencement of the second year the engineers were to proceed to Chatham and complete their special education there.

Besides reforming existing institutions, the plan submitted to the Secretary at War proposed the creation of two additional schools,—one in which young cavalry officers should spend six months out of their probationary year; the other a college wherein officers should be trained, under accomplished teachers, for effective service on the general staff. In the great riding school the young officer was to be instructed in everything relating to the horse. Not alone how to ride, but how also to shoe him, groom him, harness and unharness him,—so to manipulate the saddle as to guard against sore back, and how to treat it in the event of sore back occurring. The staff school was to be open to students from all branches of the service alike, provided only they had done duty with their regiments at least four years, and were recommended by their commanding officers as gentlemen likely to make good use of the knowledge brought within their reach. And finally, to guide and direct this educational machinery, it was proposed that a Council of Military Education should be created, to consist of a president and three members; the president to be a general of experience and recognised acquaintance with the art of war; the members distinguished officers of not less than field rank, to be selected from the cavalry, artillery, and engineers. Thus, while the council in its collective capacity prescribed the course of study to be pursued in all the schools, selected the text-books to be used, set papers, and examined the replies, the members severally inspected in person, each his own department, and took care that the objects for which it existed were fully attained.

The times were not favourable for innovations so serious as these, and a good many years passed before any thing was done. By-and-by, however, came the Crimean War, and with it those changes in the constitution of our military hierarchy which landed us in the mess from which there appears at last to be some prospect of emerging. And then followed a succession of efforts in the direction of improved education for officers, of which it would serve no good purpose to give a detailed account. Enough is done when we say that, so far as concerned Woolwich or Chatham, no further change was effected than to raise the medium age of admission to the Royal Academy from seventeen to nineteen; that, besides a similar advance in the age of its inmates, Sandhurst vibrated for a while between the

status of a preliminary school and a college to which young officers, after serving for a year with their regiments, should repair in order to study the science of their profession; that the idea of a cavalry school was never seriously entertained; and that a staff school came into existence. Of this last, after it fell into the hands of Lieutenant-General Sir Edward, then Colonel, Hamley, it would be difficult to speak too highly. The course was no longer confined, as in the old days of the senior department, to fortification, field-sketching, and lectures, delivered in class-rooms; but year by year the students, under the guidance of the commandant, were initiated practically into the duties which would devolve upon them in the event of their being called upon to act as staff officers in war. The process was this: a district having been selected on which to operate, and the general design of the imaginary campaign explained to them, the officers were set to work arranging for the transport of troops, horses, and stores by rail; furnishing reports on roads, rivers, and the nature of the country to be traversed; placing outposts, choosing positions, and stating how they should be occupied, laying out camps, and regulating marches. These operations occupied a week: whereupon the commandant reversed the order of his instructions, and led his scholars through a similar series of movements, such as an opposing force might execute. Moreover, on the evening of each day, as well while acting defensively as offensively, he assembled his pupils in some large room, and explained to them fully all that had been done, and for what purpose done, in the day's work.

The military professors from the College accompanied the commandant on these occasions, and in their several branches, tactical, administrative, and topographical, acted as his staff. The time of the year chosen for thus blending practice with theory was after harvest, when the fields were clear, and the country open.

Finally, a Council of Military Education came into existence, which, somehow or another, satisfied nobody, and drifted gradually away into the over-manned office of a Director-General, which, it is to be hoped, we shall soon see doing better work in an amended form.

From a comparison of other semi-civil institutions connected with the German and the English armies, there is comparatively little to be learned. Both have their departments of law, religion, and sanitation, which carry on their special business, each in its own way and at its own rate of expenditure. Military law in Germany is as much a component part of army-corps discipline as the order in which squadrons, companies, and battalions assemble for purposes of parade or manœvre. The law officer, corresponding to our Deputy Judge-Advocate, is present to advise the general in command should any complicated case arise. The War Office has its legal adviser in like manner, to whom, in case of need, the Secretary of State may refer. Such references, however, are of rare occurrence, and the salaries of the officials are on a scale commensurate with the pay and allowances of combatant officers. In England the Judge-Advocate-General is—or let us rather say was—a highly paid member of the Government, having a deputy and a few clerks under him; for whom a seat in the House of Commons was indispensable, and who came and went with every change of administration. His extinction,

we believe, has already been determined on, and his responsibilities, as well as the duties attached to them, are handed over to his deputy. Not, however, we suspect, till a beginning has been made in the decentralisation of our scheme of military administration, considered as a whole, can we hope to see the expense arising out of the maintenance of discipline in the ranks seriously diminished.

Religion, like law, is cared for in Germany strictly within the territorial limits of the army corps generals' command. The pastors recommended by the head of this department in Berlin are relegated by the War Minister to their respective charges, with which they remain, as well during war as in peace-time, so long as they are capable of rightly discharging their duties. In every garrison town there is a military church in which the chaplain officiates; and the sick in hospital are, as with us, under his charge. There is no specific age at which a German chaplain must retire, nor any fixed pension to which he can look forward. He serves on till either the Government can present him to a benefice, or age and infirmity transfer him to the non-effective list of German officers.

We were somewhat surprised to find Mr Knox, the Accountant-General of the army, when questioned respecting the Chaplain-General and his department in England, answering in the following terms: "The Chaplain-General is selected by the Secretary of State from among the chaplains of the army. . . . The department is, comparatively speaking, a new one. We have only had three Chaplains-General—Mr Gleig, Bishop Claughton, and the present Chaplain-General. Mr Gleig held the office of Chaplain to the Forces before he was Chaplain-General; Bishop Claughton did not."

If Mr Knox be not better informed on other matters concerning which he has given an opinion, his evidence need go but a little way towards helping the Committee to sound conclusions. The chaplain's department is not comparatively new. It is as old as the nomination of the Duke of York to be Commander-in-Chief of the British army. The Chaplains-General under him were dignitaries of the Church—one an Archdeacon, the other Dean of Carlisle. They had never served as Chaplains to the Forces, and knew as little, and we fear cared as little, about the army as one of the vergers of their respective cathedrals. In 1829 the Duke of Wellington, in a fit of mistaken economy, prevailed upon Dean Hodgson to retire, and giving to Dr Dakins, then Chaplain to the Forces in London, the title of Principal Chaplain, allowed the rest of the chaplains to die out by degrees, and threw the army on the care of the parochial clergy. How this mutilated department worked, only those who are old enough to look back over sixty or seventy years can tell. At last the abuse became too crying, and in 1844 Sir Henry Hardinge, then Secretary at War, offered to Mr Gleig, at that time Chaplain to Chelsea Hospital, the office of Principal Chaplain. Two years afterwards, during Mr Sidney Herbert's tenure of office, Mr Gleig was gazetted Chaplain-General, and the moribund department gradually recovered health; and, much to the satisfaction of the army, and of all who were interested in its well being, became what it now is.[1]

[1] The present Chaplain-General, an admirable selection, is the only instance on record of a Chaplain to the Forces being promoted to the headship of his depart-

Mr Knox's mistakes in describing the Chaplain's department as comparatively novel, and limiting the power of the Secretary of State in selecting the individual to preside over it, are easily accounted for. He entered the War Office after the resuscitation of the department had begun, and did not know that, in 1834, the chaplaincy of Chelsea Hospital was a local appointment in the gift of the Paymaster-General, as President of the Chelsea Board. But we confess that we cannot understand how any man in Mr Knox's position can seriously propose to undo the work of forty years, and revert to a system as unjust to the overworked clergy of England as it was fatal to the cause of religion in the army.[1] Do not, however, let us be misunderstood. We are far from averse to any scheme which, without impairing efficiency, may introduce economy, be it on ever so small a scale, in the management of military affairs; and in our opinion something may in this direction be done, not in the Chaplain's department only, but in all other departments connected with the service. Take that which is now before us, in the first place. The Chaplain-Generalship of the army was held early in the present century by a dignitary of the Church. Why should not this good custom be revived, though under improved conditions? Dr Hodgson, besides his deanery, and the living of St George's, Hanover Square, received pay as Chaplain-General at the rate of £800 a-year. What is to prevent the Crown from presenting Dr Edghill to a canonry in Westminster or St Paul's, or even so far off as Rochester, and settling it for ever, in lieu of a money-payment, on the Chaplain-General for the time being? Nor need we stop there. The increase in rank and pay, according to length of service, may surely admit of modification, while retirements can safely be made to depend more on the reports of medical boards than on the age at which individuals may have arrived. Specify the maximum of chaplains of which the respective classes shall consist, and make no promotions till vacancies occur, though in a case of severe congestion the disappointed individual, especially in any of the lower ranks, may from time to time be consoled by some slight addition to his pay or allowances. By these means, and by reverting to the old scale on which services performed by officiating ministers used to be remunerated, a considerable saving may be effected, without in any degree lowering the influence for good of religious instruction as it is now offered to our soldiers at home and abroad.

If law and religion be both useful adjuncts to discipline among troops, sanitation, wisely conducted, is necessary to their very existence. An army can no more retain its efficiency without doctors to watch over the health of the men, than it can perform forced marches without shoes, or live upon air. Of this fact the members of the faculty, as well outside as inside the service, are aware, and may not perhaps be indisposed to

ment. The case will not, we trust, be treated as a precedent, and the Secretary of State be thereby restricted from choosing the best man, whether in or out of the department, for a delicate and important office.

[1] Mr Knox is not content to economise by abolishing chaplains and regimental schools. He advises the Secretary of State to get rid of Sandhurst, Woolwich, and Chatham, and to officer the infantry and cavalry through the militia, the artillery and engineers from the universities.

make the most of it. But the members of the faculty are likewise, for the most part, thoughtful and considerate gentlemen, whom higher motives of action than the desire of either pecuniary advantage or social position guide in the practice of their profession. We, therefore, do not hesitate to apply to the medical department of the army the same test that we have applied to the educational and theological departments, in the full assurance that there will be the same disposition in the former, which we assume to be present in the two latter, to meet the not unnecessary cry for economy as far as it shall consist with the maintenance of efficiency in the branch of the public service committed to their charge.

And here we frankly admit that to set up in any way the medical department in the German army as a model to be copied in that of the British army, would be simply absurd. In Germany aspirants for employment as military doctors receive their professional education at the expense of the State. In return for this they engage to serve a certain number of years, after which, without any pension or half-pay, they fall back into the ranks of civil practitioners. But besides these, the German army is provided with doctors to any conceivable amount, and literally at no expense. The conscription sweeps them, as it does all other subjects of the Imperial crown, into the ranks, and in order to avoid a three years' spell of duty as privates, not a few medical men join their regiments as one-year volunteers. In peace and war alike, therefore, the German army is attended by medical officers, more than sufficient in point of numbers to supply its wants, at a cost to the Government of something like £200,000 a-year. At the same time, we must not forget that the status of the medical officer in the German army is highly respectable and well defined, as we took occasion in a former article fully to explain.

From first to last, the conditions under which medical officers serve in the British army are quite distinct from these. The British doctor educates himself before he applies for a commission in the British army. It is only after he has passed his examinations in one or other of our great medical schools, and secured his diplomas, that the State steps in, and, in order to perfect his familiarity with gunshot wounds, and maladies induced by service in unhealthy climates, sends him to Netley, and keeps him there for four months on a rate of pay little in excess of that of lieutenant. In point of fact, therefore, he owes the State nothing, except the opportunity of practising his art among soldiers and their families for a modest fee, instead of taking his chance in private practice, where success, if he achieve it, proves more profitable than medical soldiering, at least tenfold.

There was a time, not very long ago, when medical service in the British army was like medical service in the German army, partly regimental, partly departmental. The young doctor joined a regiment or battalion as assistant-surgeon, and, taking rank with the lieutenants, acted under a surgeon whose rank was that of captain. In these capacities they served till vacancies occurred in the ranks above them, whereupon the surgeon, ceasing to be a regimental officer, became a staff surgeon, and the assistant-surgeon, according to the rate of his standing, became a full surgeon. We venture to say that the position of a medical officer in the British army was everything, so long as

this order of things remained, which a reasonable man could desire. Dressed in the same uniform with other officers of his corps, occupying the same quarters with them, meeting them every day as equals—in the morning, on parade, in the evening, at mess,—the instances were rare indeed in which the doctor failed to become the friend, and often more than the friend—the adviser—in their difficulties, whenever they got into them, of his brother officers. There was no foolish craving then after substantive military rank, no ambition to appear in military spectacles as generals, colonels, or majors; but perfect satisfaction with the place which they filled in military society, whether it were as surgeon of a battalion, or in charge of a military district as surgeon on the staff.

We have never been able to understand why a system which worked so entirely to the satisfaction of all whom it affected, should have been changed. The reason assigned by Sir Thomas Crawford, the Director-General, is this: that in the Crimean war the medical department broke down, and that the failure was owing to the absence of all means of establishing and perfectly organising general hospitals. And the blame of this failure he throws upon the regimental system, just as the Government of the day attributed to the defects in our general system of military administration the sufferings of the army in the Crimea, which were owing entirely to the ignorance of the individuals by whom the system was worked. Now we who write this paper can carry our memory back far beyond the date of the Crimean war—we can speak from personal experience of the skill and ability with which Sir James Macgregor, the great Duke's principal medical officer, supplemented the regimental hospital, then in full vigour, with general hospitals, which—while the regimental hospitals kept well up to the front and attended to wounds and trivial diseases—dealt with serious cases; which followed the movements of the army at convenient distances, and in which, under the guidance of staff surgeons—as able as they were experienced — young medical men from England studied to become, and in large numbers became, first-rate surgeons. No doubt our hospitals, both general and regimental, were lacking in many conveniences which wait upon those of the present day. Chloroform was then unknown; there were no lady nurses; tinned meats, and other comforts for the sick, had for us no existence; and of trained bearers and cushioned litters for carrying off the wounded from the field we knew nothing. Still, the perfect adaptability of the system, as it then prevailed, to the wants of an army in the field, when in able hands, was fully shown; the English hospitals, whether established in Lisbon or St Jean de Luz, or moving as the columns moved, from the Tagus to the Garonne, being confessedly the best appointed hospitals in Europe.

It would be presumptuous in us laymen to point at the possibility of reverting to the old system. That the doctors themselves would gain in comfort by such reversal, whatever effect it might have on their professional prospects, cannot be doubted. In camps like Aldershot and the Curragh they may do tolerably well as they are; but to see them elsewhere—denied quarters in barracks, excluded from the mess, and forced to seek for society in clubs or eating-houses,—this is indeed a

sorry spectacle. Nor does either the service or the tax-payer gain by it. A bird of passage, liable to be sent from one military station to another, the doctor has no time to make himself acquainted with the constitutions of his patients, or the habits of life which produce them, while every move costs the country something more or less in the shape of travelling expenses; and the charge for lodging-money, fuel, lights, and servants' allowance is abiding. We do not pretend to know how far these items contribute to make up the enormous sum which stands in the estimates against the department in its collective capacity; but £529,000 per annum on account of our effective medical staff, and £173,000 in payment of a non-effective staff, is surely a prodigious charge, considering that the entire strength of the force to be attended to does not exceed, if it comes up to, 150,000 men all told.

Lord Randolph Churchill's committee will doubtless, when at leisure to report, suggest some means more or less drastic of cutting down this formidable expenditure. For our own part, we cannot pretend to go further than to recommend that in this, as in the Chaplain's department, a fixed term at which retirement on pension may be claimed as a matter of right be abolished, and that doctors, like clergymen, be required to serve on till a medical board shall pronounce them unfit for home duty. Perhaps, also, a moiety at least of our depot-centres may be suppressed, in which case the charge for medical attendance will in due proportion be lessened. But of this fact we must never for a moment lose sight: the faculty have the game to a great extent in their own hands. The army cannot go on without its own doctors. We have no power, as the Germans have, to compel their attendance on the army, and must therefore, if we desire to be in this respect well served, engage our medical officers on such terms as they are willing to accept. Nor shall we for a moment do them the injustice to insinuate that their requirements are, or are likely to be, unreasonable. Let them get rid of the silly desire to pose before the public as combatant officers,—a desire, we believe, which torments only a minority of the younger branches of the profession — and whatever can really tend to render their position in the army agreeable to themselves will be freely conceded to them.

There is yet another department about which we desire to say a few words before quitting the subject before us, at all events for the present. Why was the pay department called into existence? The army did extremely well when to every battalion a paymaster was attached, and took his place at mess and elsewhere as a permanent regimental officer. Nor was discipline interfered with, or the slightest inconvenience suffered, when the battalion, throwing off its four-company depot, carried the regimental paymaster with it to some foreign station, and left the payment of the depot to be managed by an old subaltern, who received, in remuneration of his services as both paymaster and quartermaster, a small addition to his subaltern's pay. We shall be told, no doubt, that the reorganisation of the army—the introduction of short service, the creation of a reserve, the intimate connection of militia with line battalions, and the localisation of regiments—rendered some change in the manner of paying the troops indispensable.

Assume that the case is so, could not some better and cheaper arrangement have been effected than the calling into existence of a host of functionaries, a portion of whom move about with battalions, while others abide in fixed quarters—some to pay the permanent militia staff, reserve men, and so forth, while others check their accounts, only that the accounts thus checked and audited may be checked and audited over again in Pall Mall? Just consider how all this apparently complicated business is transacted in Germany, and at what expense. Here is General Brackenbury's account of the matter, as it is connected with the administration of an army-corps' command; and General Brackenbury, our readers may depend upon it, understands what he is speaking about. After explaining the functions of other branches of the staff, he says:

"There is the department of administration. The chief intendant is directly responsible under the orders of the general, and is also directly responsible to the Minister of War. He carries out everything connected with the pay and clothing, and all those various items which constitute what one may call the administration of the army — namely, provisions, clothing, building, stores, and hospitals. The whole of that is under the chief intendant; and the general commanding an army-corps is not only, as I have said, responsible for the efficiency of everything within his district, he is responsible also for finance, and the intendant is the man who, under him, is responsible for that."

Here we have a scheme as simple as it is effective, which is worked out in sections, beginning with the widest and going down to the narrowest circle within the command. Each division has its intendant, so has each brigade, who provide for the Landwehr as well as the standing army; and last of all, and in like manner, first the regiment is cared for, and next the battalion separately, if the battalions happen to be at different stations.

"The money, counted as strictly as it can possibly be, . . . is drawn by the regiment. The regiment has a commission of pay, which consists of the colonel, the second in command of the regiment, and the paymaster. The colonel is generally responsible that everything is correct; the second in command is responsible for looking over the paymaster's accounts, while the paymaster himself is directly responsible for the complete accuracy of the accounts, and for the payment of the men. The money is kept in a chest with three keys with three different locks, each of them having its own key, and the money can only be got out by the three of them opening it at the same time. Once a-month there is an inspection made of the chest by a separately appointed committee, who visit and inspect the chest, and see that all is right; and at uncertain times the intendant of the division or the corps comes and takes the paymaster's books and inspects them. Now a similar system to that goes on through the whole army with every intendant of a corps, he being liable to inspection by an inspecting officer from Berlin."

When we have succeeded in telling off our army into separate army-corps, some plan of pay and inspection founded upon the above may perhaps be adopted. Meanwhile it appears to us that, if proper use were made of provincial banks, the number of staff paymasters required to attend to outsiders — such as reservists, pensioners, and militia staff—might be greatly diminished, while the general staff drew their pay through their London agents. Were this done, paymasters, like doctors, would become again as much regimental officers as captains, being themselves accommodated in barracks as their predecessors used to

be, and entitled to retirements whenever a medical board shall pronounce them unfit for further service, and not before.

It will be seen that we have not touched at all upon the clothing establishment in Pimlico, though it is classed in official documents as an army department. Our reticence on that point is not owing to any conviction we entertain that it either is or is not conducted as wisely and economically as might be possible, for that is a question on which we should not presume to express an opinion till, in common with all the other manufacturing establishments which supply the army with its various requirements, the *modus operandi* in Pimlico be thoroughly investigated. We believe, however, that, on the whole, the arrangement works well: we know that the clothing supplied to the troops is better than it was under the old *régime;* and we imagine that if the soldiers' accoutrements were kept in wear somewhat longer than at present, little or no fault could be found on the score of extravagance with the measures adopted to equip him for the field.

There remains yet one more subject on which we would gladly touch, could we but see our way to carrying high military authority along with us. The outlay on our system of reliefs for foreign garrisons is very heavy, and can never be seriously lightened till we consent to enrol two armies, one for long service in India, the other for shorter service elsewhere. These need not of necessity be separate armies, as were those of the India Company's European regiments, and the Crown's regiments which co-operated with them; and the right of exchange from one to the other must be conceded to the officers of both. But so long as every non-commissioned officer and private is entitled to claim at fixed periods in his service a passage home, and the realisation of his deferred pay, you may make what regulations you will, but you can never hope to reduce to any appreciable extent the expense to the country of the system now in force. How this great end is to be effected we may have our own idea, though we do not presume to avow it, much less take it upon us to suggest a plan for providing for worn-out Indian soldiers the means of spending the evening of their days in comfort. These are matters to be settled by wiser heads than ours. But no fact connected with our system of military administration can be more fully established than this—that the expense to India and to England of holding India as we now do, grows greater every day; and unless by some arrangement or another its outward progress be arrested, the question will force itself on public opinion whether the game we are playing is worth the candle. The subject is, however, too great to be approached at the end of a long article, especially by one who is well aware of the weight of authority which will be cast into the scales against him.

Here then we stop, ending as we began, by expressing our settled belief that, when the Military Council, to which frequent reference has been made, gets into working order, whatever can be done to combine economy with efficiency in the administration of army affairs will be done; and that, till this consummation is arrived at, we shall go on trying expedient after expedient without ever attaining the object after which we are honestly striving.

"SO-CALLED PATRIOTS."[1]

"*PATRIOTISM IS THE LAST REFUGE OF A SCOUNDREL.*"
—*Dr Samuel Johnson.*

STRANGE times! Did ever such a plot
Our British politics degrade,
Or lend the name of "patriot"
To such a mocking masquerade?
An *amor patriæ*, foreign paid!
A patriot? a spouting hack!
To show the world of what you're made,
We need the good old Doctor back.

As long as treason boils the pot,
He carries on his *roaring* trade,
He cares not who is maimed or shot!
Another of his dupes conveyed
To jail, affords a fresh tirade
Against the torture and the rack,
In words that prove what I have said—
We need the good old Doctor back.

How careful of his single lot,
'Tis his to urge, incite, persuade;
But when the situation's hot,
He loves the pleasant ambuscade,
Where out of danger, who's afraid?
He bravely watches the attack.
In short, to mark the game he's played,
We need the good old Doctor back.

Envoy.

Prince, if to call a spade a spade,
And prick the windbag of the quack,
Be worthy of an honest blade,
We need the good old Doctor back.

LEX REX.

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[1] Lord Hartington in Dublin proposing the health of her Majesty.

OUR PROSPECTS.

If Mr Gladstone had succeeded in forcing his crude Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons in 1886—still more, if after its defeat there the reconstituted, and, as he no doubt thought, easily swayed and unreasoning constituencies had returned him a plastic majority in the summer of that year, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that at this moment a parody of Grattan's ridiculous Parliament might be sitting in the Bank of Ireland, and a huge debt, incurred for the expropriation of Irish landlords, be hanging round the neck of British taxpayers. The attempt, however, to secure the disintegration of the kingdom by a rush and surprise having failed, we cannot understand by what process of reasoning thoughtful men like Mr Morley, Lord Spencer, and Sir G. Trevelyan can bring themselves to believe that so harum-scarum a policy, based on an intimate alliance with the bullies and the charlatans of the National League, and the bravoes of Chicago, can gain by argument and consideration.

In speculating, therefore, on the political prospect, we think it needless to devote time and space to criticising either the original scheme or its various suggested alterations. It is dead, root and branch, top and lop; and no sooner was the recent autumn campaign opened than it became clear that such was really the opinion of those who were commissioned to open it.

From Mr Morley and Lord Rosebery the country learned that the conduct of the Government in Ireland, and not Home Rule, was to be the subject of the recess agitation — and so it was: with what result? Primarily that a wave of lawlessness swept over the country, and the excesses of Cork, Mitchelstown, and Limerick bade fair to find their counterpart in Trafalgar Square. But no sooner had the good sense of the English people appreciated the danger to social order and public peace than the Government were able, with the hearty assent of all classes, to check the rising tide of anarchical folly, and at the expense of a few broken heads restore the supremacy of the law. The reaction produced by the Trafalgar Square *fiasco* has similarly extended to Ireland: people naturally ask, if Mr Cunninghame-Graham got no more than his deserts in Trafalgar Square, why should we weep over Mr Wilfred Blunt's prostrate form at Woodford? and the rodomontade of the Nationalist papers and orators over Mr O'Brien's clothes, emphasises the contrast between the feminine extravagance of that mouthing hero and the creditable endurance of the Englishman, Doughty, who has submitted to the punishment he braved without unmanly complaint or repining.

In spite, therefore, of periodical announcements that when Parliament opens the whole conduct of the Irish Government will be impugned, and a Ministerial crisis be precipitated, we are of opinion that Mr Gladstone will abstain from the tactics of despair, and decline to follow again the blundering lead of Sir William Harcourt. That some nights will be wasted by Irish and English Parnellite members in airing their imaginary grievances, is certain; but the closure is applicable to a

debate on the Address, and the House will be in no humour to permit its opening ceremonies to be unnecessarily prolonged. If, indeed, contrary to our expectations, Mr Gladstone, pushed on from behind, elects to try conclusions with the Government on the Address, a debate of some length would ensue; but the division once taken on an amendment involving a vote of want of confidence, the House would resent and deal summarily with any further attempt to protract the proceedings on the Address.

We therefore are of opinion that the Government will have a fair opportunity this coming session of placing before the House of Commons the principal measures which it wishes to pass into law. Before, however, passing them in review, it will be well to consider the general aspect of our foreign relations. Ever since the conclusion of the last Russo-Turkish war there has been a tendency on the part of the great European Powers to separate themselves into two groups, according as their interests or supposed interests dictated. The attitude of Austro-Hungary towards Russia and Turkey is determined by her geographical position, and so is Germany's towards her. The closest alliance, apart from the convictions or schemes of individual sovereigns or ministers, must necessarily prevail between those two empires. That, however, which was doubtful after the Treaty of Berlin—the attitude of the other great Powers—is now made clear, and the position of France, Italy, and Great Britain is accurately defined.

France, partly out of hatred and fear of Germany, partly out of jealousy of England, has ranged herself on the side of Russia, and, reversing her policy during the Crimean war, is apparently prepared to sanction Russian encroachments on Turkish territory, in return for Russian support in case of a German war. On the other side are arrayed Germany, Austro-Hungary, Italy, by land; Austro-Hungary, Italy, England, by sea. But that bald enumeration does not fully describe the situation. In the first place, Turkey is omitted. Now no doubt the conduct of the Sultan in obeying Russia and France, and disregarding the advice of the other great Powers on the Egyptian Convention question, affords ground for suspecting that in the event of a Russian attack on the integrity of Turkey, either in Bulgaria or Armenia, the forces of the empire would not be employed in resisting it. But this we do not believe. In declining to ratify the Egyptian Convention, the Sultan was able to pose as the vindicator of Ottoman rights, and he incurred no risk of alienating the loyalty of his Mohammedan subjects. In yielding to Muscovite aggression he would run the risk, not only of unpopularity, but of dethronement, and his whole career and character constitute a pledge that whatever his inmost wishes may be, the very considerable naval and military resources of his empire will be ranged on the side of the defence. Then again, in all the former aggressions of Russia, the native Christian races were always paraded as the justifying cause of hostilities, and in the last war they were more; they contributed largely by their military prowess to Russia's ultimate success. Their subsequent treatment by Russia is neither forgotten nor forgiven, and the armies of Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria must be reckoned upon as hostile to Russia in any attempt she may make against

Turkey in Europe. There remains yet one Power of whose naval position and resources account must be taken in estimating the elements at the disposal of the Mediterranean allies — Spain. Spain has no apprehensions of England, Italy, or Austria on the shores of the Mediterranean; but she has a great, and not ill-founded, dread of the encroachments of France on Moorish territory; and Spain, there is every reason to believe, with her hardy sailors and reviving marine, is ready to join, if she has not already joined, the great Mediterranean alliance in favour of peace and the *status quo*. It is significant that just at the moment when Spain is beginning to make her power felt, her claims to be readmitted as one of the great Powers should have been granted, and that the wise and dignified sway of the Queen Regent should have received a recognition so gratifying to the national sentiment of Spaniards. The European preponderance, then, is so enormous against any wilful disturber of the public peace, that we think Lord Salisbury's favourable anticipations at the Guildhall banquet were amply justified, and that if his firm and steady hand is allowed to direct our foreign policy, there will be no outbreak of aggressive covetousness, either in Europe or in Asia. But in order to enable this country to take an effective part in maintaining the general peace, it is essential that her naval and military armaments should not only be sufficient and available, but should be known to be so by other Powers.

Compared with the paramount question we have been discussing, the ultimate fate of the Egyptian Convention, of the Afghan boundary, or even the Fishery Conference at Washington, sinks into insignificance, though we have reason to hope that all three will be settled in a satisfactory manner. In India our position has become stronger and more assured than it was ever before. The noble offer of the Nizam, followed as it has been by that of other feudatories, guarantees us support in those quarters where it was least to be looked for, and enables us to face any possible Russian aggression with the whole force of armed India, while the wise decision to carry the Pishin Railway through the Amran range to a point within striking distance of Candahar, demonstrates to all whom it may concern that the Indian Government has no intention of waiting within its own territory any attack a hostile Power may think fit to make. Turning from India to the Colonies, the action of the Australian legislatures in adopting the scheme of imperial naval defence adds an important link to the defensive armour of the empire. The corresponding duty of making safe our coal depots, the unprotected state of which has been quite recently revealed by Lord Brassey, still rests on the Home Government; and we trust that no economical prejudices will deter Lord Salisbury and his colleagues from making safe those military and commercial ports on the proper protection of which the vital interests of this widely extended empire will in the case of war depend.

This hasty and short sketch of our foreign and colonial relations is sufficient to show that when Parliament meets next month the Government will on those all-important subjects be able to present a more than usually satisfactory report.

But by common agreement it is to domestic affairs that the atten-

tion of Parliament in 1888 is to be devoted, and we shall proceed to lay before our readers a sketch of what we think Government and Parliament may fairly be expected to accomplish. First of all, and to enable anything to be accomplished, it will be necessary to effect a drastic alteration in the procedure of the House of Commons. Without questioning the wisdom of the vast constitutional changes which took place in 1884-85, it must be admitted that they effected so complete a revolution in the composition both of the electoral and the representative bodies that the old-fashioned system became unsuitable and inoperative. It is the custom, we know, to lay the whole blame of the recent breakdown of the parliamentary year on the Irish members; but bad and deplorable as their conduct has often been, we fear Mr Speaker, if interrogated on the subject, would reply that during the last two years English and Scotch members have given him many an anxious moment, and contributed materially to the general disorganisation of the House over which he presides.

It is not, therefore, a temporary palliative to meet an accidental emergency, but a well-considered permanent code of procedure which is required; and the success which attended the closure resolution of last session indicates the general line which should be adopted. In a full House, with the Speaker in the chair, the closure rule worked well; but in thinner houses, with the Chairman of Committees presiding, the rule was found difficult of application, and towards the close of the session, when temptations to obstruction are strongest, it became impracticable, owing to the impossibility of securing the attendance of two hundred members favourable to its application. A remedy must be found for this defect—probably by a reduction of the obligatory numbers. By an amended closure the scandal of concerted obstruction can be met; but trouble and delay are occasioned by the safeguards which now protect the individual aggressor against the patience of the House from the intervention of the Speaker: it seems to us that one warning is all that an offensive orator should have, and that when he is "named" the penalty of suspension should extend over a longer period than at present. These are changes to which probably no serious objection will be taken outside the Parnellite group; but those who reflect upon the fearful hours kept by the House last session, and upon the inevitable effect produced on the constitution of the Speaker, the officers of the House, and the attending members, will expect a change to be proposed which shall compel the observance of more rational hours. Long habit, and the composite character of the House, render any sweeping substitution of day for night sittings difficult, if not impossible. But at least an effort might be made in that direction. The hour of meeting might be three instead of a quarter to four, all opposed business might cease at midnight, and the Speaker leave the chair at half-past twelve; further, we would recommend that the Tuesday sitting should be from two to seven, the Government having the right to call for a nine o'clock sitting if special circumstances demanded it. Whether on the Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays there should be an adjournment of a couple of hours for dinner, is a very moot point. Did all members live within a short distance of St Stephen's, we should be decidedly in favour of such a break; but as the tendency

every year is to drive members further afield, we have some doubts as to the practical working of such a system. A perhaps greater change is that proposed with regard to the estimates — viz., their delegation to large committees up-stairs. In principle the change is very serious: in practice we believe it would work well. The personal, discursive, interested, and extravagant speeches and proposals which now abound in Committee of Supply would find no place in the business-like Committee up-stairs, and the Treasury and the Departments would know they had to deal with men who would bring to the consideration of each item a fairly dispassionate judgment. The abuse of questions has long been recognised as a serious evil; and although some slight check has been imposed on their scandalous personality, the triviality of many of them, and the waste of time they occasion, seem to demand a further remedy.

With these, and perhaps other changes in procedure effected, the House of Commons ought to be able to give a good account of the principal measures submitted to it by the Government. Lord Salisbury at Oxford, and his principal colleagues at other places, have indicated pretty clearly what will be the leading features of the official programme. Transcending all in importance and complexity stands the reform of local government, coupled with the revision of local taxation. The great agricultural interest throughout the country is in such a state of exhaustion that to propose the former without the latter would be to strain to breaking the friendly relations now existing between the rural community and the Government. Even with the help of a generous readjustment of taxation between the imperial and the local exchequers, we do not expect popularity to attach to any large measure of local government reform. It is easy to expose and denounce the complexity of the present system, to point out how county boundaries are overstepped in this Union, and how that Highway Board has so many score of miles more to manage than any other in the county. But these and other anomalies probably sprung out of the convenience of the district; and although a change in those respects may be tolerated, it is not likely to be enthusiastically welcomed. So again, with respect to the cardinal change, the substitution of elected members for the county magistrates in the control of county business, there is a general belief that the business will not be better or more economically transacted than it is now; and if the choice of the electors falls to any great extent on persons of small means, there is reason to fear that the cost and trouble of a journey to the county town will deter those who live at a distance from attending, and virtually leave the management in the hands of those who are more conveniently situated. But these and similar dangers must be encountered, for it is obvious that a large and comprehensive measure of local government reform will be not only submitted early in the coming session, but pressed forward by the Government with all the resources at its command.

Among the bills piloted safely through the House of Lords, but wrecked on the obstructive rocks of the House of Commons, perhaps none more merited a better fate than that dealing with the incidence of tithe. To its main object — the transference of the burden, in the first instance, from

the occupier to the owner—it is difficult to perceive any valid objection, while the convenience of the change is abundantly patent. This is made so clear by Lord Grey in his very remarkable letter in the 'National Church' of last month, that we shall quote a sentence or two from it. Speaking of the anti-tithe movement in Wales, he writes :—

"I have no doubt that the 'Times' correspondent is right in saying that if lawlessness is allowed to be successful in the matter of tithes, it will very soon be extended and be displayed in resisting rents also, so that even on the lowest principles of self-interest the landowners ought to act; besides that, I think they have a duty to discharge towards the tithe-owners. And the landowners have a very obvious and easy mode of counteracting the anti-tithe movement. They have only to inform their tenants that in future they will hold their farms tithe-free, and that the landlords will take upon themselves the payment of tithes, making a corresponding addition to the rents. I have long done this, and I consider it clearly the interest of landowners everywhere to do the same, because under the existing law, if the tenant neglects to pay tithes, and should leave his farm insolvent, the tithe-owner has a claim on the land which the owner cannot resist."

Lord Grey then substantiates the last statement by a case which happened to himself, and gives convincing reasons for believing that the landowners were large gainers by the Commutation Act of 1836.

We hope the facts and the reasoning of this letter will be well weighed by the landowners of the country, and their representatives in the House of Commons. Last session, it is notorious, the Tithe Bill was viewed with disfavour by the landed gentry in the lower House, and an autumn and winter of strife and lawlessness in Wales is the result. The candidate or member who promises to defend the Church against all attacks, and yet refuses to defend her oldest and most sacred source of revenue by the simple and just change proposed by the Government measure, must not be surprised or complain if he finds the clergy and a large body of the laity withholding their support from him at the next election. But we hope that the Bill will be introduced in the House of Commons before Easter, and pressed forward with vigour, and that it will receive the cordial support of the English and Welsh country gentlemen.

With respect to another of the Bills intended to mitigate clerical distress, while facilitating the acquirement of allotments and small holdings—the Glebes Bill—the case is not so urgent. In the first place, land is at such a discount that purchasers, at a price fair to the living, can hardly be expected; and in the second, the Allotments Act of last session sufficiently supplements the action of private individuals, and would deprive the glebes-owners of the market they might otherwise have found. In the press, therefore, of other measures, we think the Glebes Bill will disappear. But if, as we fear is the case, ordinary agricultural land is practically unsaleable, that is no reason why every unnecessary legal clog and impediment to its sale should not be removed; and we rejoice to know that the Lord Chancellor will reintroduce, possibly with some amendments, the Land Transfer Bill of last session. On this subject, as on many another, it is instructive to note the progressive rapacity of destructive Radicalism. For many years what was called, absurdly enough,

the Law of Primogeniture was the pet object of the Radical land-reformer's reprobation. Recognising the fact that in theory it is out of harmony with the general law dealing with intestacy, and that in practice its abrogation would produce little effect, the Government propose to abrogate it. Instantly the school of land reformers, of whom Mr Arthur Arnold is the head, cry out, "It's not the abolition of primogeniture we want, but the prohibition of all settlement." A more intolerant and tyrannical demand was never made, and we read with sincere pleasure Lord Hartington's temperate but firm rebuke of it at Rossendale. The same tactics which were used to defeat the Allotments Bill and the Mines Bill last session will probably be employed in 1888 to defeat the Lord Chancellor's sensible and practical measure of land transfer reform, and, we hope, with as little success.

Among the measures which were reluctantly abandoned last summer, not one was perhaps more regretted by the country than the Railway and Canal Rates Bill. In the present depressed condition of agriculture, the just relief, however small in amount, awarded by that Bill would be gratefully accepted; and as the general body of traders are interested in its success, as well as the agriculturists, we hope to see it become law this year. The fierce competition to which not only our farmers, but our manufacturers and artisans, are now subjected from their foreign rivals, has given a great impetus to the demand for State aid to Technical Education. In a quiet way, the South Kensington Department, for some years past, has done something in that direction, and Schools of Art are to be found in all our large towns; but the time has come for a more sustained effort, and Sir W. H. Dyke will no doubt submit a scheme for advancing Technical Education at an early date. Lord Salisbury, at Oxford, expressed an opinion that so serious, so intolerable, were the evils of the present system of dual ownership in Ireland, that at all hazards an attempt to terminate it should be made. When a Prime Minister makes a statement of that sort, it must be assumed that legislation will follow; and so, although such very different authorities as Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Michael H. Beach, Mr Bright, and Lord Derby have all dissuaded the Government from entering upon that arduous enterprise, at any rate during the coming session, we suppose a Bill upon the subject will be introduced. For the first time since the proprietors of Ireland have been made the subject of special legislation, they have, during the past autumn, taken common counsel and common action, and, as they must know better than any English statesman where the shoe pinches, we hope the Government will pay great attention to whatever views, on the question of land purchase, may emanate from the Dublin Convention. One thing is already clear—a large number of Irish proprietors, very much to their credit, have no wish whatever to abandon their native land and their ancestral acres; nor should it be forgotten, that if the Union is to be preserved, it must be owing largely to the hearty and constant support of a resident gentry. To dream of a peasant proprietary in the south of Ireland, overwhelmed with debt, and mere tools in the hands of priests and agitators, forming an effective

defence of the Union, because the small proprietors in the north of Ireland pay their debts, and are quiet in the land, is to indulge in a fatal delusion, greater even than Mr Gladstone's, when he thought that the tenant-right system of the north could wisely and well be extended to the rest of Ireland.

If it be necessary for the ultimate pacification of that country to extinguish the system of dual ownership, it is obvious that there are two ways of accomplishing that object, and there is no more reason, logically or economically, for the State's facilitating the purchase by the occupier of the rights of the landlord, than for its giving equal facilities to the latter for the purchase of the rights of the former. In either case, as the consent of both parties would be required, no injustice would be done; and by a fair scheme of this sort, there is reason to hope that dual ownership would be gradually diminished by the contented disappearance from the country of the most impecunious and helpless of both classes. But, legislate on the land question as Parliament may, there will remain a tract of country extending from north to south which never can be made to sustain an agricultural population, —we mean that district to the west of the black line drawn in Mr Tuke's map. The dwellers on that coast may be assisted by State intervention to develop their fisheries, and so maintain themselves in their homes; and we earnestly hope that the work commenced under Lord Aberdeen's administration will be pressed forward by Lord Londonderry's, and that before long there will be proper pier, harbour, and railway accommodation for the landing and transport of fish along the whole of the west coast. The inland peasantry, however, will not be reached by measures of that kind, and they, by the admission of Mr Parnell himself, can only be relieved from their present hopeless condition by emigration or migration. The latter alternative, not unnaturally, found favour with the League, and a company was formed to relieve by migration the congested districts; but nothing, so far as we can learn, has been done in that direction. The curse of sterility appears to rest on the attempts, few and far between, of Irish agitators to create anything: their mission is to destroy. Of all the Irish Parliamentary leaders, from O'Connell to Parnell and Dillon, we remember but one who ever tried practically to encourage or develop Irish industry, and that was Francis Macguire, who made an effort, and spent some money in endeavouring to naturalise the linen manufacture in Cork. If, therefore, the material improvement of the country is to be promoted, if her latent natural resources are to be developed, we fear it is, in the first instance at anyrate, to State aid that resource must be had. When the League has been put down, when peace and order once again reign in Ireland, and when the west has been relieved of a population which it cannot support, English, Scotch, and Irish capital may be expected again to seek investment in Irish enterprises, and her people be rescued from their present hopeless dependence on the cultivation of the soil.

But whatever the precise nature of the Irish measure, or measures, may be, we know that English and Scotch measures will have the precedence, and the question remains to be considered, What sort of reception are they likely to receive from the House of Com-

mons?—or, in other words, What will be the condition of the House of Commons next session?

The recess, with its agitating campaign, is over; all the resources of oratory and faction have been exhausted, and we can calculate pretty accurately what has been the effect produced on the morals of the House of Commons. Mr Buchanan, Mr Evelyn, and Sir T. Grove have left the Unionist ranks, and Mr Lacaita has left those of the Gladstonians. Those may be described as the overt parliamentary results of the recess. But examining a little more closely the probable effect of what has been said and done during that time, it is impossible not to see that, while the cause of the Union has been greatly strengthened in the country, the cohesion of the Unionist sections in the House of Commons is visibly closer and firmer. It is, we suspect, to a conviction of this fact that we owe Mr Gladstone's despairing appeal to the old Whigs: professing, as he does, the deepest admiration of Burke, we wonder that the recollection of that great man's appeal to the old Whigs of his day did not dissuade him from issuing that halting and feeble plea to the statesmen whose support he has lost, and whose confidence he has forfeited. But it marks a distinct stage in the great controversy, and is a confession on the part of the Separatist chief that, without the help of the Whigs, the coalition of Radicals and Parnellites is powerless to effect his object. Lord Hartington's manly and statesmanlike speech at Rossendale entirely confirms the view we have thus expressed; and there is no reason to doubt that the large Unionist majority of last session will be fully prepared to support the Government in its demand for improved procedure, and in discussing those measures of a moderate character which it may bring forward.

It is of course obvious that in so very exceptional a state of political affairs an unusual degree of political reserve and forbearance must be observed by the Government; and if they are well advised, by its supporters. So far as we can foresee, it is only on one question—that of fiscal reform—any serious divergence of views is at all likely to arise. On that subject our views were made public some years ago,[1] and we rejoice to see the great advance recently made in that direction. But any premature division in this House of Commons, elected on a totally different issue, would, in our opinion, not only be disastrous to the cause itself, but might seriously endanger the solidarity of the now compact Unionist party. One of the chief reproaches urged against Sir Robert Peel in 1846 was that he used the parliamentary power given him in 1841 for a purpose not only not intended, but repudiated by those who returned his majority; and certainly the great majority of the constituencies in 1886 expressed, and were asked to express, no opinion on the question of Tariff Reform *v.* Free Imports. That a great change has come over the popular mind on the subject is undoubted, and ought to surprise no political student. Lord George Bentinck, in memorable words, prophesied it would be so; and one of Lord Sherbrook's strongest arguments against the lowering of the franchise twenty years later, was his dread that a working-man elector-

[1] See Blackwood's Magazine for October 1881, "Tariff Reform."

ate would insist upon reverting to a policy of Protection. At the next election, therefore, it is highly probable that fiscal reform will become a question of primary importance, and our statesmen will do wisely to occupy the interval in studying it from a practical rather than a theoretic point of view. Meanwhile it will be their duty, and that of Parliament, to provide whatever alleviations of the present agricultural distress it may be within their power to offer, and as there is a decided improvement in the condition and prospects of trade generally, it may be hoped that agricultural depression has reached its limit, and that from it there will be a gradual and steady, if slow, recovery. But be that as it may, we adhere to the opinion we have so often expressed, that justice to our own working people requires the imposition of moderate duties on articles of foreign production or manufacture which enter into competition with their own, and the sooner that desirable change can take place the better will it be for the community at large.

Turning from this general consideration of our prospects in the House of Commons to a more particular examination of the position of the Ministry, we notice that the oratory of the recess, more especially the clear and weighty utterances of Lord Hartington, lead to the conclusion that there is no wish on the part of the Liberal Unionists to be more closely identified with the Conservative Government than they are at present. Mr Goschen, in their opinion, sufficiently represents their principles in the Cabinet, and they are content to wait patiently outside the Ministerial circle until the Gladstonian tyranny be overpast, and the great body of disenchanted Liberals resort to the obedience of their natural leaders. Meantime, with Mr Goschen and Mr Balfour, and with the assistance of the law officers of the three kingdoms, and the sturdy good sense, tact, and courage of Mr Smith, the front Ministerial bench can hold its own in debate. In mentioning the law officers we must be allowed to make special reference to the remarkable ability displayed last session by the Solicitor-General for Scotland, who stands now in the first rank of Parliamentary debaters, and may be looked to for efficient assistance in any important debate.

On the benches behind the Government sit many men of recognised ability and eloquence; doubtless they will, in the coming session, have many more opportunities than they had in the past of exhibiting the stuff that is in them: but for our present purpose we confine our attention to two statesmen who, in their prime and vigour, for different reasons, fell out of the Government ranks. It is a matter of sincere and general rejoicing that the grievous affection of the eyes which compelled Sir M. Hicks Beach's retirement last spring, has proved to be only temporary, and that while it might be imprudent in him to undertake the duties of an office requiring much reading of papers, there is reason to hope he may before long be able to resume his place in the Cabinet.

Of Lord Randolph Churchill's position and career, it is far more difficult to form an accurate estimate. His natural abilities are very great, his capacity for work unbounded, his style of speaking admirably adapted to a popular audience, and his reign at the India Office was a marked success; in addition to all which he,

both last session and during the recess, rendered most timely and efficient support to the cause of the Union. On the other hand, the circumstances attending his sudden and, as it seemed to us, unjustifiable retirement from office, must be fresh in his late colleagues' recollection; and his desire to cut down the naval and military armaments of the country, irrespective of their efficiency, would render his presence in the Cabinet a source of apprehension to all who wish to maintain the international and imperial position of the kingdom. It is, however, worthy of consideration that these extreme views were not advanced by him during his tenure of the India Office, and may have been implanted in his singularly receptive mind by some of the permanent officials of the Treasury, who, belonging to the school of Lord Lingen, believe the cutting down of estimates to be the crown of statesmanship. If, therefore, some such office as that which he held in 1885 were to be offered to and accepted by him, we should incline to think that he would regard the efforts made in the direction of safe retrenchment by the present heads of the Admiralty and War Department as sufficient. But, after all, these are airy speculations, the solution of which must be left to time.

To sum up, then. The Government will, in our opinion, meet Parliament intrenched in a very strong position, in defence of which they will be powerfully aided by Lord Hartington and the Liberal Unionists; but that position may be weakened, perhaps endangered, by any legislative imprudence on their part or on that of any great section of their followers. Their main duty in the coming, as in the last session, will be the maintenance of the Union. To that all other enterprises should be postponed; nor need this sacrifice of parliamentary activity be of long duration. It is far from improbable that when, at the close of the session of 1888, the followers of Mr Gladstone find themselves no nearer to the realisation of his objects than they were at the beginning, they may cool in their attachment to Home Rule, and begin to consider whether a permanent exclusion from power and place is justified by the antecedents and present conduct of their Irish allies. When that epoch of enlightenment occurs, the play of political parties will resume its normal current, and, the integrity of the empire being secured, Whigs, Tories, and Radicals will be set free once more to press their favourite measures on the attention of the Parliament of the United Kingdom.

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CONTENTS.

Osborne. Before Midnight, 31st December 1887, . . . 161
Joyce.—Chaps. XXXVII.–XL., ... 162
Mrs Oliphant on Venice, ... 185
A Plea for Landlords, ... 193
Princess Yiela: An African Episode, . . . 203
Cæsar Borgia.—III. His Captivity, Flight, and Death. By M. Charles Yriarte, 215
Irish Affairs as they now Stand. By an Irish Liberal, 225
Mr Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea,' . . . 237
Shakespeare or Bacon? By Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., 256
Work for Willing Hands: A Practical Plan for State-aided Emigration, ... 273
An Autumn Idyll. Scene—The Park, Hawarden, . . 279
The Balance of Power in Europe: Its Naval Aspect, . 280

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OSBORNE.

BEFORE MIDNIGHT, 31st DECEMBER 1887.

One hour, and 'twill be numbered with the past,
My year of Jubilee, that to my heart
Has tribute brought from cot and hall and mart
Of loyalty and love;—a treasure vast,
There to be nursed and cherished to the last,
And with that one dear memory held apart,
Still sweetening through the years its bitter smart
With love in kingly story unsurpassed!
Go, then, bright year, go with a fond good-bye,
For all thy days with loving-kindness fraught!
And may all blessings from the God on high
Light on my people for their loving thought,
Keeping them worthy of the days gone by,
And the great name by their forefathers wrought!

T. M.

["The Queen is loath to part with the year in which she has met with so much affection and kindness."

—*EXTRACT FROM LETTER BY THE QUEEN.*]

JOYCE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"CANON, what does this story mean which I meet wherever I go? I heard it at the St Clairs' yesterday, but took no notice, and to-day there's poor Lady Thompson bursting and panting—what does it all mean?"

"I should be better able to answer if you told me what it was."

"That is just like a man," cried Mrs Jenkinson, "as if you did not know! When any gossip is going it always gets here first of all. I believe you have a telephone, or whatever you call them. Is there anything in it? What is the meaning of it? You have always had a fancy for the girl, more than I saw any reason for — but that's your way."

"The girl," said the Canon. "I suppose you mean old Hayward's girl. Well, and what do they say?"

"I am very surprised that you should ask me; and now I feel sure there must be something in it," Mrs Jenkinson cried.

"That she was a schoolmistress, or something of that sort? I always suspected as much. The mother was a governess—and if Hayward left her, as he seems to have done, with poor relations—and what then, my dear?" said the Canon, briskly. "Eh? that doesn't alter the fact that she's a very nice girl."

"It alters the situation," said the Canon's wife. "Miss Beachey is a very nice girl; but I should not ask her to meet the St Clairs, for example, in my drawing-room."

"Empty-headed noodles," said the Canon. "Miss Beachey is worth the whole bundle of them; but I hope you don't compare Miss Beachey with Joyce."

"If that were all!" said the lady, shaking her head. "I hear now that's not half. They say she is nothing to the Haywards at all —only a girl that took their fancy, and that they took out of her natural position——"

"I'll swear she never took Mrs Hayward's fancy, Charlotte!"

"Well, well. Mrs Hayward is a woman of sense; she knows it is vain to go against a man when he has taken a notion in his head. The Colonel saw her, it appears, and thought her like his first wife. These romantic plans never succeed. It appears she was engaged to a man in her own class, and he has been here making a disturbance. I am very distressed for these poor people. Well? You know all about it, of course, a great deal better than I do."

"My dear, I think that notion of yours about a telephone is quite just. Of course I have heard it all — first, that she had been a schoolmarm, as these troublesome Americans say (we'll all find ourselves speaking American one of these days), then a board schoolmistress, additional horror! Yesterday, however, nobody had any doubt she was old Hayward's daughter. The other thing has come up to-day. I don't believe a word of it, if that's any satisfaction to you."

"It is very little satisfaction to me, Canon," said Mrs Jenkinson, shaking her head, "for I know how you are swayed by your feelings. You like her, therefore

nothing that tells against her can be true. But unfortunately I can't give up my judgment in that way."

"What has your judgment got to do with it? That's a big thing to be put in movement for such a small matter," said the Canon, pushing his chair from the table. The rotundity of the vast black-silk waistcoat burst forth from under that shadow with an imposing air. He crossed one leg over the other, filling half the vacant space with a neat foot in a black gaiter and well-brushed shoe.

"I don't call it a small matter. I am very surprised that you should think so. A Scotch country girl, with a pupil-teacher's training, brought among us—presented to us all as a young lady!"

"Well, wasn't she a young lady? What fault have you to find with her? She puts me to my p's and q's, I can tell you, with what you call her pupil-teacher's——" The Canon changed his position impatiently, bringing his other foot into that elevated position. "It's all a horrid nuisance!" he cried. "I don't know when I've been more vexed. Hayward's an old fool—I always knew it. I wish they had never settled here."

"I knew you'd think so, Canon," Mrs Jenkinson cried.

"What was the good, if you knew I'd think so, of aggravating everything? I'll tell you what it is, it's those pernicious people at St Augustine's. That woman *must* be in mischief. I told you so. She can't keep out of it. And to fall foul of the people who have been her best friends! But for that poor girl, whom she's fixing her fangs in, neither old Sam nor I would have moved a step. I've a great mind to go and stop the building. It would serve them right."

"I don't defend Dora Sitwell, Canon; but if there had been nothing wrong she could not have made a story. It is the people who shock all the instincts of society and break its rules—as the Haywards have done——"

"Well, I said he was an old fool," said the Canon, getting up and marching about the room, which shook and creaked under him—the windows rattling, the boards bending. "I give him up to you—flay him alive, if you like—— Still, at the same time," he added, stopping in front of her, with his long coat swinging, and his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, "if a man should happen by any misfortune to find his own child in an inferior position—suppose she had been a housemaid instead of a board schoolmistress—should he have left her there? is that what you ladies think the right thing to do? Respect the delicate breeding of girls who have run about town for two or three seasons, and don't bring the rustic Una here."

"The Una!" said Mrs Jenkinson. "Canon, when you are very excited, you always become extravagant. Una was a princess, not a schoolmistress. Oh yes, of course, it's all one in a fairy tale; but a Una, with a lover who comes and makes a disturbance——! And besides, everybody says she's not their daughter—only a country girl to whom they took a fancy."

"A strange fancy on the wife's part!"

"I do wish you would be reasonable. The wife, of course, saw the difficulties, poor woman! Very likely she disapproved of all that romantic nonsense, adopting a stranger—if it had been a child even! but a grown-up girl with a

lover. It has not been for her happiness either, poor thing. To have been left in her own sphere, and married, as she would naturally have done, would have been far better. I am sorry for her, and I am sorry for Mrs Hayward. As for him, it is all his fault, and I have no patience with him," cried Mrs Jenkinson. "You are quite right, Canon; he is an old fool."

"Still, I don't see, if he had been Solomon, how he was to have left the poor little girl behind him when he had once found her. Do you?"

"Canon," said Mrs Jenkinson, with a dignified look of reproach, "I allow that you may be a partisan; but don't keep up that transparent fiction with me."

The Canon said, "By!" in an access of feeling, and with a fling which made the rectory ring. It is not permitted to a Churchman to swear: even By Jove! comes amiss with a clerical coat and gaiters; but the use of that innocent monosyllable can be forbidden to no one—the wealthy English language would fall to pieces without it. He said "By!" making a fling round the room which caused every window in the old house to tremble, and then he came to a sudden stop in front of his wife, like a ship arrested in full sail. "Fiction!" he said; "the girl's the image of her mother. My brother Jim was in Hayward's regiment. I remember the poor thing, and the marriage, and all about it. Hayward behaved like a fool in that business too—he'll probably wreck his daughter's happiness now,—but mind you, Charlotte, there's no fiction about it. You can say I said so. I mean to say so myself till I make the welkin ring—whatever that may be," he added, with a short laugh.

"Oh, you'll make the welkin ring, I don't doubt, anyhow: but, of course, that's strong evidence, Canon—if you stick to it."

"I'll stick to it," Dr Jenkinson said. "Poor little girl! I knew she'd get into trouble; but, my dear, if I were you, I'd go forth to all the tea-parties and sweep these cobwebs away."

"My dear, if I were you, I'd do it myself," said the lady. "You had better go now, while you are so hot, to Lady St Clair's."

The Canon flung himself down in his study chair, once more making the rectory ring. He said something about tabbies and old cats, which a clerical authority ought not to have said, and then he informed his wife that he was writing his sermon—the sermon which she knew he had to preach before a Diocesan Conference. "I felt very much in the vein before you came in. I must try to gather together my scattered ideas."

"You don't seem to have made much progress," said Mrs Jenkinson, looking severely at a blank sheet of paper on the writing-table. The Canon uttered a low chuckle of conscious guilt, and drew it towards him.

"I'll tell you what—I'll give them a good rousing sermon on scandal and tea-parties."

"Oh, tea-parties! your clubs and things are worse than all the tea-parties in the world," said Mrs Jenkinson, rising with dignity. The rectory was an old house, and very ready to creak and rattle; but scarcely a window moved in its frame, or a board vibrated under her movements. The Canon's lightest gesture, when he threw himself back in his chair, or pulled it forward in the heat of composition, made every timber thrill.

Mrs Jenkinson took her way with dainty steps along the road,

where there were puddles, for it had been raining, to Lady St Clair's. Now that the days were closing in, and winter approaching, the season of tea-parties had set in. The gardens were all bare and desolate, not so much as a belated red geranium left in the beds. Everything naked and sodden with autumn rains. But in Lady St Clair's, who followed the fashion even in flowers, there was a sort of supernatural summer in the conservatory, a many-coloured glow of chrysanthemums which lit up one side of her drawing-room. The day was mild, the fire was hot, and so was the tea; and the crowd of people in the warm room were hot too, in their unnecessary furs and wrappings, and disposed to be sour and out of temper. Lady Thompson had got a seat near the fire; she had a cup of tea in her hand; she was being served with hot tea-cake and muffins, and she wore a sealskin cloak trimmed with deep borders of another and still more costly fur. Her good-humoured countenance was crimson, her breath came in gasps. By her side sat Mrs Sitwell, busy and eager. "Of course I was interested," said the parson's wife. "A tale of true love. We ought all to do what we can for them. You, dear Lady Thompson, that have so much influence——"

"I don't think," said Lady St Clair with emphasis, "that anything of the kind should be asked from us. We have been made to receive a girl on false pretences, who should never have been admitted among us. I always had a feeling about that girl. She was so *gauche*. One could see she had been accustomed to *no* society. And my girls had quite the same feeling. It was instinctive; one has a sort of creepy sensation when one rubs against some one in a crowd—some one who is not of one's own class."

"I was always fond of 'er," said Lady Thompson, in the middle of her muffin. "I never 'ad no creepy feeling. If you ask my opinion, she's a pretty dear."

"Oh," said Mrs Sitwell, clasping her hands with enthusiasm, "everything, everything that has come out has been favourable to Joyce!"

"Not to thrust herself into society on false pretences," said the eldest Miss St Clair. "I really know nothing of her. I have been from home most of the summer; but to push her way among gentlepeople — a little schoolmistress! Why, Dolly and Daisy were very nearly making a *friend* of her!—a girl with these antecedents!"

"It was dreadful cheek," said Dolly aforesaid.

Miss Marsham, who had been pulling the lace round her thin wrists into tatters, here put forward a timid plea. "Oh, I am sure there was no thrusting herself forward! If there was anything, she was too shy — dear Joyce! She always said it was the schools she was interested in—from the first. Mrs Sitwell, you remember, in Wombwell's field."

"Oh," cried Mrs Sitwell, "I never have said anything but praise of her. I think it is noble to work like that,—to exert yourself for your people. Her poor old parents were so poor, living in a wretched cottage upon oatmeal and I don't know what messes, as the Scotch do. And she occupied herself to get them a little comfort in their old days. It was noble of her; everything is to Joyce's credit—everything! Wild horses would not have drawn it out of me but for that."

"I never 'ad no creepy feeling," said Lady Thompson, pulling at the

velvet strings of her bonnet (which had been carefully pinned, poor woman, by a careful maid). "She's always been as nice as nice to me."

"What seems very strange," said another of the company, "is that the Bellendeans, really nice people, who must have known all about it, should have countenanced such an imposition; and your little cousin, Lady St Clair."

"Oh, Greta's a mere child,—and you know the silly ways some girls have. They think it's fine to take up people, and have a *protégée* out of their own class—bringing the rich and poor together, don't you know—that's what they say."

"They are so silly, all those revolutionary ways!"

"And then Captain Bellendean, who should have known better, dangling after her everywhere—compromising the girl, I always said."

"Oh, we always knew," said Lady St Clair, with a smile, "that nothing would come of *that*. A young man, of course, will take his amusement where he can find it—and if a girl allows herself to be compromised it is her own fault."

"The parents are most to blame, I think," another lady said.

"The parents!" said Miss St Clair, with a laugh.

"My dear Mrs John—a mere matter of adoption, and not a successful one. Mrs Hayward, I believe, never approved of it. It was all the Colonel's doing—a foolish fancy about a resemblance."

"And who was she, then, to begin with?"

"A foundling—picked up by the roadside—adopted by some cottagers—the lowest of the low."

"Oh!" cried Miss Marsham, behind backs, with a cry of pain. "Poor child, poor dear!—if it is so, it's not her fault."

Mrs Sitwell had grown pale. She was not done up in velvet strings like Lady Thompson, who sat gasping, making vain efforts to release herself, unable to speak. "I don't think it is so bad as that. I never said—I was never told—Only poor people, that was all—poor village people—very respectable. And everything to Joyce's credit, or I never should have said a word."

Mr Sitwell and Mr Bright had come in from one of their many services in the pause of awe which followed the severe statement of Joyce's fabulous origin. "Who was that?" said the curate, in Miss Dolly's ear.

"Oh, the girl at the Haywards'—don't you know? You ought to know, for you saw a great deal of her in the summer. You ought to have found out all her secrets."

"I never pry into a lady's secrets," said the curate.

"Oh, don't you, just! But she turns out to be nothing and nobody, though they took her everywhere. Did you ever hear such awful cheek?"

"I always tell you, Miss Dolly, human nature is so depraved—except in some exceptional cases," Mr Bright said, with an ingratiating smile, bending over the young lady's chair.

Mr Sitwell asked the same question of the elder circle, standing up in the severity of his clerical coat amid the group of ladies. Two or three people answered him at once.

"It is Joyce, Austin," his wife said, in a faint voice.

"It is Miss Hayward."

"It is," said Lady St Clair, emphatically, "the young person—Colonel Hayward's *protégée*—whose appearance has always been such a wonder to us."

"Dora," the parson said, in con-

sternation, "you never told me this."

"Oh no—oh no. I told Lady St Clair so. It was not half so much, not half so much! only that they were poor people, quite respectable; and that Colonel Hayward recognised her directly. Didn't I say so? I never, never meant it to be understood——"

"Mrs Sitwell evidently thinks—which is a pity—that all my information on the subject is derived from her," Lady St Clair said. "She forgets that my husband is Scotch, and that we have many connections about the country. The story is no novelty to me."

Lady Thompson could bear her dreadful position no longer. She stumbled from her seat, a mass of hot furs, and thrust her teacup into Mr Sitwell's hand. "Then 'ow was it that Miss Dolly was nearly making a friend of 'er?" she cried. "Oh, let me get away from the fire!—there's a dear!"

This cry of anguish took something from the force of the strong point which the homely lady had made. A little bustle ensued, and general changing of places, in the midst of which Mrs Jenkinson came in, full of the important contribution which her husband had made to the evidence on the subject. But she found the conclave broken up, and had no opportunity of putting forth her testimony. It was still discussed in corners. Mrs Sitwell, quite pale, and very eager and demonstrative, stood under her husband's shadow, who looked exceedingly severe and grave, making explanations to two ladies aside; and Lady Thompson had been led into the conservatory to recover, where she had been joined by Miss Marsham. These two poor women were in a great state of emotion and excitement. It was not tears, indeed, which the soap-boiler's wife was wiping from her crimson forehead. Yet she was all but crying, too.

"I took a fancy to 'er the first day. If she ain't a lady, Miss Marsham, dear, I don't know when I 'ave seen one," Lady Thompson said.

"Oh, poor dear! poor dear! If she has made a sacrifice for the sake of her people, who could blame her?" the other gentle creature cried, with sniffs and sobs. They were the helpless ones who could not affect society—even the suburban society which was led by Lady St Clair.

Lady Thompson had loosed her great cloak: the coolness of the conservatory gave her courage. "'Ow can we 'elp 'er?" she said. "Me and Sir Sam would do anything. And I don't believe—not one word. Not one word!" she repeated with emphasis—"as them cats says." She was vulgar, it could not be denied, but her heart was in the right place.

Miss Marsham, poor lady, was not vulgar at all. She could not refuse to believe what was told her, being incapable of understanding how anybody could, as she said, "look her in the face" and tell a lie—a characteristic which the school children and the people in her district knew and worked pitilessly. "Oh, poor dear! poor dear!" she said, "I for one would never, never blame her. There is nothing in the world so natural as to sacrifice yourself, if it's to do anybody any good. I understand her," said the good woman. "I am sure there's been nothing wrong in it. But, oh, I don't know in the least what to do."

Lady St Clair, however, was talking of other things among her guests, who had begun to disperse, and there was no opportunity for

Mrs Jenkinson. This roused that lady to a wholesome sense of opposition, and a growing determination to interfere.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The storm subsided which had raged around Joyce for that long and miserable day. When a few others had passed in their usual calm, the Colonel, who had elaborately refrained from all allusion to what had occurred, saying even from time to time, "We must not speak of that," made up his mind with great satisfaction that Joyce had dismissed it from her mind. "She is so full of sense," he said to his wife; "she doesn't go fretting and worrying about a thing as I do. When she knows that there is nothing to be done, she just puts it aside. I wish we were all as sensible as Joyce."

"Then take care you don't remind her of it," said Mrs Hayward.

"I—remind her! Why, I have said from the first — We'll say nothing of that. Time will settle it. I have said it every day. And you think I would remind her!"

"Well, Henry, I would not say even that if I were you. I have given Baker his orders never to let that man in again. I hate to take servants into my confidence, but still—— Fortunately nobody has seen him or knows anything about him," said the deceived woman, with mistaken calm. She was not so sure about Joyce's good sense as her husband was; but even in the midst of her annoyance a certain compassion for Joyce had awakened in her mind. Poor thing! to feel herself bound to such a man. "And we are not done with him," Mrs Hayward said to herself. She sighed for the calm of those days when there were no complications—when it was quite unnecessary to give Baker any instructions as to who should be admitted—when a disturbance and angry controversy in her pretty drawing-room would have been a thing inconceivable. She thought she could decipher a trace of Andrew's country boots on the Persian rug, a delightful specimen, upon which (she had remarked at the time) he had placed his chair. The Colonel in his anger had crushed up between his hands a piece of fine embroidery, and ravelled out some of the gold thread which formed the exquisite pattern. In spite of these things Mrs Hayward, for the first time, was sorry for Joyce. She felt with an impatient vexation that if Captain Bellendean had but "spoken" when she thought he did, all this might have been avoided. There would no doubt still have been a struggle. The schoolmaster would not have given in without a fight; but Mrs Hayward knew human nature well enough to be sure that with a man behind her whom she loved, Joyce would have felt her bond to the man whom she did not love to be still more impossible. In such a case fidelity was no longer a virtue but a crime. But Bellendean had gone, and had not spoken. Mrs Hayward had been both angry and disappointed by this failure. She had blamed Joyce for it, and she had blamed the Colonel for it. That a man should *afficher* himself and then go away was a thing not to be endured, according to her ideas. And now she was really sorry for Joyce, in both these as-

pects of her case. If Joyce had but known how much her stepmother divined, all her troubles would have been increased tenfold. But fortunately she did not know, although the additional kindness of Mrs Hayward's manner gave her now and then a thrill of fear.

She was walking with her father in the park one morning, not long after these events. Winter was coming on with great strides, and the leaves fell in showers before every breath of wind. Some of the trees were already bare. Some stood up all golden yellow against the background of bare boughs, lighting up the landscape. The grass was all particoloured with the sprinklings of the fallen leaves. Under the hill the river flowed down the valley, coming out of distances unseen. The Colonel and his daughter paused at a favourite point of theirs to look at the prospect. The wide vault of firmament above and the great breadth of air and space beyond were always a refreshment and consolation. "O Thames! flow softly while I sing my song," Joyce said, under her breath.

"Eh?—what were you saying, Joyce?"

"Nothing," she said with a smile; "only a line out of a poem."

"Ah! you know so much more about books, my dear, than I have ever done. You must get that turn in your education early, or you never take it of yourself. I have never asked you, Joyce, though it has often been on the tip of my tongue, How do you like the place, now you know it? I hope you like your home."

"It is very—bonnie. I use that word," said Joyce, "because it means the most. Pretty would be impertinent to the Thames—and beautiful——"

"Do you think beautiful's too much? Well, my dear, tastes differ; but I never saw anything that pleased me like the course of the river and the splendid trees. You should have lived in a hot climate to appreciate fully English trees."

"Oh, but I do," cried Joyce. "They are finer than we have—in Scotland," she said, after a pause. It had been on her lips to say "at home."

"Much finer," said the Colonel, with conviction; "but that is not exactly an answer to my question. I asked if you liked it—as your home."

Joyce raised her eyes to him, moist and shining. "Father," she said, "it is you who are my home."

"My love!" the Colonel stammered and faltered, in unexpected emotion. The water came to his eyes and blotted out the landscape. "You make me very happy and very proud, Joyce. This is more, much more than I had any right to." He took her hand in his and drew it within his arm. "I have wanted," he said, "to surround you with everything that your poor mother did not have—to make you happy if I could, my dear; but I scarcely expected such a return as this. God bless you, Joyce! Still," said the pertinacious inquirer, caressing the hand upon his arm, "that's not quite what I asked, my dear."

Joyce had twice avoided the direct response he demanded. She paused before she replied. "Some," she said, "father, are happy enough never to need to think, or ask such a question. I wish I had been always where you were, and never to have had any life

but yours: or else——" Colonel Hayward fortunately did not remark these two syllables, which were very softly said, and breathed off into a sigh.

"My dear," he said, "under the best of circumstances that could never have been, for you know the most of my life has been spent in India. The worst of India is, that parents must part with their children. We should not really have known very much more of each other if—if you had been born, as you should have been, in your father's house."

"Then there is little harm done," said Joyce, this time with a smile.

"Not if you trust us fully, my dear, and love your home." He patted her hand again, then moved on unsatisfied. "I think, however, you are beginning to like the people, and feel at home among them. And they like you. I am sure they like you—and admire you, Joyce, and feel that you are—— There is Lady St Clair, my dear, with all her bevy of girls. You will want to stop and speak to them. My wife says they're the best people, but I'm not myself very fond—— How do you do?" cried the Colonel cheerily, taking off his hat with a flourish. "Lovely morning! How do you do?"

The old soldier stood the image of good-humour and cheerful courtesy, holding his hat in his hand. There were so many ladies to share his bow that it was longer than usual, and gave the wind time to blow about a little the close curly locks, touched with grey, which covered the Colonel's head with all the vigour of youth. His countenance beamed with kindness and that civility of the heart which made the fact that he was not himself very fond of this group inoperative. But when Lady St Clair, picking her steps to the other side of the road, delivered in return the most chilling of faint bows, while her daughters hurried like a flock of birds across the park to avoid the encounter, Colonel Hayward stood dumb with consternation in the middle of the path. His under lip dropped in his astonishment, he forgot to put on his hat. He turned to Joyce, holding it in his hand, with dismay in his face. "What—what," he cried, "is the meaning of that?"

"Indeed I don't know," said Joyce. She was not aroused to the importance of the action. Unfortunately she did not care, nor did it seem to her that so slight a matter was worth noticing. "They were perhaps in a hurry," she said.

"In a hurry! They meant to avoid us. They would rather not have seen us. What does it mean, Joyce? They consulted together, and the girls rushed off and their mother. I am utterly astounded, Joyce."

"But," said Joyce, very calmly, "if they did not wish to speak to us, why should they? I do not think I care."

The Colonel put on his hat. He had grown a little pale. "Elizabeth will not like it," he said. "She will not like it at all. For a long time she would not go into society, because of—— But now that she does she likes to know all the best people. I am not myself fond of those St Clairs. But any unpleasantness, I am sure, would make her unhappy. Can I have done anything, I wonder? I am a blundering old fellow,—I may have neglected some etiquette——"

"Perhaps it would be better to say nothing about it," said Joyce.

"Much better!" cried the Col-

onel. "That's the right way—take no notice. I am glad you are of that opinion. But I'm very bad at keeping a secret, Joyce. Probably I'll blurt it out."

"No, father. I will look at you when I see you approaching the subject," said Joyce. She was quite unconscious of any seriousness in the matter. Lady St Clair and her girls seemed incapable of any influence on her fate. She even laughed, looking up at him with a lightness quite unusual to her. "It will be a little secret between us," she said.

"So it will," said the Colonel, brightening; "but you must keep your eyes upon me, Joyce. I never could keep a thing to myself in my life, particularly from Elizabeth. But this cannot be of any importance after all, can it? No, I don't think it can be of any importance. Lady St Clair may be vexed with me perhaps for the moment. I may have done some silly thing or other. I would not for the world have a secret from Elizabeth—but such a trifle as this."

"It cannot be of the least importance," said Joyce. She was more confident of being right than he had ever known her before.

"Well, my dear: but you must keep your eyes upon me," Colonel Hayward said.

He came back to the subject several times as they went on, and worked out the shock, so that by the time they reached home, he himself had come to regard Lady St Clair's incivility as a matter of little importance. "Perhaps she had something on her mind, my dear; their eldest boy, I believe, gives them a great deal of trouble. And I know they are not rich—and with that large family. People are not always in the mood for a conversation on the roadside. You are quite right, Joyce. I daresay it meant just nothing at all but the humour of the moment. It will be a little secret between you and me—but you must keep your eyes upon me. Give a little cough, or put your hand up to your brooch, or some sign I shall know—for I am an old goose, I know it: I can keep nothing to myself."

When they reached home, however, the incident and the secret were both forgotten in the surprise which awaited them. They found Mrs Hayward in the drawing-room entertaining Mrs Bellendean. Joyce, though she had always been more shy of her dear lady since she had discovered how much Mrs Bellendean's behaviour to herself was influenced by her change of circumstances, was startled out of all her preventions by this unexpected visit. But the sight of the woman to whom she had looked up with such sincere reverence, and admired before everybody in the world, was not now to her so simple a matter as it had once been: after the first burst of pleasure it was impossible to forget how closely associated she was both with the old life and the new. And Mrs Bellendean herself was changed. There were lines of anxiety and care in her face. She was no longer the calm queen in her own circle, the centre of pleasure and promotion she had once appeared to Joyce. The peace of the old life was gone from her, and something of its largeness and dignity. She talked of her present plans and purposes in such a way that Joyce, though little accustomed to the subtleties of conventional life, slowly came to perceive that the object of Mrs Bellendean's visit was not that which it professed to be. She explained to them that she was about to leave England with her husband for Italy,

and that she had come to take leave of her friends—but this was not all. Joyce's training in the network of motives which lie under the surface was very imperfect. She wondered, without at all divining, what the other object was.

"Things have changed very much since Bellendean ceased to be our headquarters," she said, with a smile which was not a very cheerful one. "You remember how much I threw myself into it, Joyce. After having nothing particular to do, to come into that full life with so many things to look after was delightful to me. But my husband never liked it," she added quickly. "He dislikes the worry and the responsibility. He thinks it worry: you know I never did."

"My friend Norman," said the Colonel, "will be lost without you. It must have been such a thing for him."

"Oh, Norman has been very good." Lines came in Mrs Bellendean's brow which had not been there. "You saw something of him during the summer?"

"Something—oh, a great deal! We got quite used to see him appearing in his flannels. Fine exercise for a young fellow: it helped him to support London," said the guileless Colonel. "I think he found us very handy here."

"Old fellows, I suspect, think more of exercise than young fellows," said Mrs Hayward; "and London is very supportable in Captain Bellendean's circumstances—but we did see a little of him from time to time."

Joyce said nothing at all. She kept a little behind, away from Mrs Bellendean's anxious eyes. She could not prevent the colour from deepening in her face, or her heart from beating high and loud in her breast—so loud that she felt it must be heard by others as well as herself, the most distinct sound in the room.

"He has not been here very lately, I suppose?" Mrs Bellendean said.

"Oh no, not since August—when he came to bid us goodbye."

"As I am doing now," said Mrs Bellendean. She could not see Joyce, who was behind her, but she was noting, with the intensest observation, every movement and word. She was on a voyage of discovery, not quite knowing what she expected, almost too eager to distinguish what she imagined from what she saw.

"Shooting, I suppose," said the Colonel. "I hope he has had good sport. There was some talk of his coming back, but I never expected him for my part, until the moors began to pall; and that doesn't happen soon, your first year at home. You preserved, of course, at Bellendean."

"There are always plenty of partridges—nothing more exciting. He has been up in the Highlands, coming and going. I think he has thoroughly enjoyed himself—as you say, the first year at home."

These words were all very simple and natural; but there was a little emphasis here and there, which betrayed a meaning more than met the ear. Joyce felt them fall upon her heart like so many stones, thrown singly, resolutely, with intention. It had never occurred to her before that any one could wish to give her pain: and that her own lady should do it—her model of all that was greatest and sweetest! The cruel boys throw stones at wounded, helpless things. She remembered suddenly, with that quickness of imagination which enhances every impression, a scene which detached

itself from the past—a boy in the village aiming steadily at a lame dog, and how she had flung herself upon him in a blaze of indignation, to his supreme astonishment. Why this should come into her head she could not tell. The dog could yelp, at least, but Joyce could not cry out. It seemed to her that it was Mrs Bellendean, in her mature, middle-aged beauty, tall, dignified, and serene, who stood and took aim. It was all new to Joyce—the covert blow, the deliberate intention, the strong necessity of keeping still, uttering no sound, giving no look even of consciousness. Nothing in her past experience had prepared her for this.

"I have more sympathy with your plans than with Captain Bellendean's amusements," said Mrs Hayward. "Sport's monotonous, at least to women who only look on. But to get away for the winter is always delightful. Oh, not to you, Henry, I know! You like your walks. And he tells me it is so English, so like home. Very English indeed, and pleasant, for girls who skate, and all that; but when one begins to get old and go about in a shawl!"

"I would willingly compound for the shawl," said the visitor. "It is cold enough at Bellendean; but there one had both duties and pleasures. I hate to be one of a useless crowd, drifting about pleasure-places. When it's health it is dismal enough; but at least there is some meaning in that."

"Oh, there is a great deal of meaning in being warm," cried Mrs Hayward, with a little shiver, "in seeing sunshine and the blue sky instead of universal greyness and fogs. The Colonel takes a pleasure in it, even in east wind; but so do not I."

"My dear," cried Colonel Hayward, anxiously, "if you really do feel so strongly about it, you don't think that I would ever object? I like my own country, I confess; and to understand what everybody's saying—but if you feel the cold so much——"

It was not much wonder that he should not understand; but Joyce, for whom the thing was done, knew almost as little as he did that this diversion was for her benefit. A half-forlorn wonder arose in her mind that so much useless, aimless talk should mingle with the torture through which she was going. Better that the stones should all be thrown, and the victim left in peace. But this was not how it was to be. The gong sounded, beaten by Baker's powerful hand, and the little procession went in to luncheon. Joyce had to expose her face, with all its clouds, the burning red which she felt on her cheek, the heavy shadow about her eyes, to the full daylight and Mrs Bellendean's searching gaze. Nobody could help her now.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"At last I can get a word with yourself, Joyce!"

Mrs Bellendean led her out under the verandah to the garden path beyond with an anxiety and eagerness which startled Joyce. She half enveloped the girl in the warmth of her cloak and of the caressing arm which held hers. It was a caressing hold, but very firm, not leaving any possibility of escape. More than an hour had passed slowly in the usual vague interchanges of drawing-room con-

versation, when there is nothing particular to talk about on either side; but the visitor had said nothing about going—had not even mentioned, as such visitors are bound to do, the train by which she intended to leave. She had kept a furtive watch upon Joyce, following all her movements, but she had not transgressed against decorum and domestic rule by asking to speak with her alone. Accident, however, had done what Mrs Bellendean did not venture to do. Mrs Hayward had been called away for some domestic consultation, the Colonel had gone out, and Joyce was left with her visitor alone.

"Are you afraid of the cold?—but it isn't cold—and I do want to say a dozen words, where no one can possibly hear. Then Joyce, my dear girl, do let me speak to you while there is time. Joyce—I don't know how to open the subject—I would not venture if I were less anxious. Joyce, you heard what I was saying about Norman, my stepson?"

"Yes." Joyce did not look up, nor did she feel herself able to say more.

"You used to be—devoted to me, Joyce; as I always was very fond of you. A little cloud has come between us somehow—I can't tell how—but it has made no difference to my feelings." Mrs Bellendean was a little short of breath. She paused, pressing Joyce's arm with hers, leaning over her, with anxious eyes upon her face. But something prevented Joyce from making any response—that cloud was still between them, whatever it was.

"You know very well the interest I have always taken in you from the very beginning, before any one suspected—— And Greta—Greta was always fond of you. You have not met much lately."

"No." Nothing would come but monosyllables.

"I want to speak to you of Greta, Joyce. She is younger than you are, though you are young enough. She has never been crossed or disappointed in her life. I can't think of *that* for her without a shudder. She would die. It would break her heart."

"What?" said Joyce.

"Joyce, I am going to take you into our confidence—to tell you our secret; you will never betray us. If things should happen so that what we wish never came to pass, you would not betray us?"

For the first time Joyce raised her eyes to Mrs Bellendean's face.

"I know—I know—I never doubted for a moment. It will rest with you to decide. Joyce, you have got Greta's life in your hands."

"I! in my hands." She looked up again into the face which was bending so closely with such an anxious look over hers. The lace of Mrs Bellendean's veil swept her forehead. The breath, which came so quick, breathed upon her cheek.

"Joyce," said the lady again, "I know that it was not a little that you saw Norman. I know that he was here day after day. I know that he was—in love with you."

Joyce detached herself suddenly from that close enlacement. She drew her arm away, shook off the draperies which half enveloped her. "I do not think you have any right—to say that to me," she said.

"If I did not know it to be true—and you know it's true. He came here day after day till he imagined—he was in love with you. And then he came to Bellendean. All this time he has been seeing Greta every day. He has

made her believe that it is she whom he loves."

The heart of Joyce gave one bound as if it would have burst out of her breast.

"And she believes it," said Mrs Bellendean. "She is a tender little flower; she has never been crossed in her life. She believes that it is she whom he loves—and she loves him."

There was a momentary silence, complete and terrible. A little gust of wind burst forth suddenly, and sent a small shower of leaves at their feet. They both started, as if these had been the footsteps of some intruder.

"It has always been our desire:" —the visitor began again in a low voice, as if she were afraid of being overheard—"everybody has wished and expected it. They suit each other in every way. She has been brought up for him. She has always thought of Norman all her life. Poor little Greta! she is so young — not strong either; her mother died quite young. And she doesn't know what disappointment is. We are all to blame; we have petted her and made her think there was nothing but happiness before her. And she was always fond of you, Joyce. You, too"—Mrs Bellendean added, after a pause—"you were devoted to her."

Joyce's voice sounded harsh and hoarse. After the silence it came out quite suddenly, all the music and softness gone out of it: "What have I to do with all this? What has it to say to me?"

"Joyce! do you think I would come to you without strong reason—betraying Greta?"

"This has nothing to do with me," said Joyce again.

"It has everything to do with you. So long as he has been at home all has been well. He has seen her every day. He has got to appreciate her, and to see that she is the right wife for him, his own class, his own kind, fit to take her place in the county, and help him to his right position. But he is coming up to town. He will be coming here," said Mrs Bellendean, putting her hand again upon the girl's arm. "Oh, Joyce, Joyce——"

"I have nothing to do with it," said Joyce. "What—what do you think I can do?"

"He—can be nothing to you," said the visitor, tremulously. "You —you're engaged already. You've given your word to a—good respectable man. Norman is only a stranger to you."

Joyce did not reply. She drew herself away a little, but could not escape the pressure of that eager, persuasive hand.

"I understand it all," said Mrs Bellendean. "He is not clever, but he has the manners of a man that knows the world, and he has been very much struck with you. And you have been—flattered. You have liked to have him come, even though he could never be anything to you."

She had got Joyce's arm again in her close clasp, and she felt the strong pulsations, the resistance, the movements of agitation, which, with all her power of self-control, the girl could not restrain.

"Oh, think, Joyce, before it goes any further! Will you for simple vanity—or like one of the flirts that would have every one at their feet—will you break Greta's heart, and make a desert of both their lives? All for what —for a brag,—for a little pleasure to your pride,—for it can be nothing else, seeing you're engaged to another man?"

The woman was cruel, remorseless,—for she felt Joyce's arm

vibrate in her clasp, which she could not loosen,—and thus commanded her secrets, and forced her to betray herself. The girl felt herself driven to bay.

"I don't understand—the things you say," she answered slowly at last. "You speak as if I had a power—a power—that I know nothing about. And oh, you're cruel, cruel! to put all that in my mind. What—do you think I can do?"

"Oh, Joyce, I knew you would never fail me. You have such a generous heart. Let him see, only let him see, that between him and you there can be nothing. He will accept it quickly enough. A man's pride is soon up in arms. It has only been a passing fancy, and he will soon see that everything is against it; while everything is in favour of the other. If you will only be firm, and let him see—oh, Joyce, you who are so clever! dear Joyce!"

Joyce's heart swelled almost to bursting. "You call me clever, and dear," she cried; "and you tell me I must save Greta's heart from breaking; but what if I were to break mine,—and what if I were to hurt his,—and what if I were to make three miserable instead of one? You never think of that."

"No," cried Mrs Bellendean, with a tone of indignation; "because I would never do you that wrong, Joyce,—you that are honour itself and the soul of truth,—to believe that you had even a thought of Norman, being engaged to another man."

Joyce shrank as if she had received a blow. "Oh," she cried, in a broken voice, "you never ceased to say that I had done wrong—that it was not a fit thing for me—that I would change, that I would find it not possible to keep my word. You said so—not I."

"My dear, my dear!" cried Mrs Bellendean.

"No," said Joyce, "don't call me so. I am not dear any more. You know that there was a time when Joyce would do what you said, if it was small or great, if it was to give you a flower or to give you her heart; and then you changed, and that ceased to be; and we got all wrong because I was Colonel Hayward's daughter. And now you come and put me back again in my old place, but far, far lower—the girl engaged to Andrew Halliday, whom you never could bear to hear of—and bid me do what may be, perhaps, for all you know, a heartbreak to me——"

"No, Joyce—no, dear Joyce!"

"For what?" she said, sadly—"that you may call me *that*—you that raised me up to your arms, for being not myself but my father's daughter—and now drop me down, down again, for fear I should come in your way. And why should I break my heart more than Greta? why should I be disappointed and not she? why should I give up my hope to save her—if it was so?"

"But, Joyce, Joyce!—it is not so!"

Joyce made no reply.

The two figures moved on together slowly in silence, with the autumn leaves dropping over them, and the afternoon growing grey. Mrs Bellendean felt upon her arm the strong beating of the girl's heart, and the tremor that went through her; and her own heart smote her for what she was doing: but not for so little as that did she give up the work which was already more than half done. She followed all the movements of the girl's mind with an extraordinary sympathy, even while she set herself to the task of overcoming them; for she was not the less fond of Joyce, and

scarcely felt with her less, for this determination to subdue her. She was conscious of the commotion, the revolt, the sense of personal wrong, yet underneath all the strong fidelity and loyalty of the spirit over which she was exercising a tyrannical power. She let her own influence work in the silence, without saying a word, with an assurance of victory. The only thing that lessened the cruelty of the undertaking was that she did not really know whether Joyce's heart was or was not engaged—even now she could not fathom that—but was able to persuade herself that the girl's protest was one of indignation only, not of outraged love; and that the sacrifice, if she made it, would only be a sacrifice of her pleasure in a conquest and of her vanity, not of any real happiness or hope.

Mrs Bellendean's confidence was justified. After a minute or two, which had seemed hours, Joyce spoke again. "There is no need to tell you," she said, very low, so that the lady had to stoop to hear her—for Joyce's head was bent, and her voice scarcely audible,—"there is no need to tell you—that as far as in me lies I will do what you say."

"My dearest, kind girl—my own Joyce!"

"No," she said with a shudder, drawing away her arm, "not that—never that. It is all changed and different, Mrs Bellendean. I am not even Joyce, your schoolmistress, that was so proud to please you; but in another parish, with another name—as you think best for me."

"Oh, Joyce," said Mrs Bellendean, with real pain, "don't say that! I only think so because you yourself thought so; and with your father's help and that of your friends, it need not be another parish, nor any parish. He is a most respectable, clever man. We will find him something far better, something more worthy of *you*."

Joyce said nothing more. She turned round and led the way back to the house, keeping apart from her companion, walking with a new-born dignity and pride. There was not another word said as they returned to the verandah, from which Mrs Hayward was looking out, looking for them. She had a shawl wrapped close round her, yet shivered a little in the early falling twilight. "You will both get your death of cold," she cried. "Come in, come in, and have some tea. Joyce, you really carry rashness too far: you must be chilled to death."

"I am afraid it is my fault," said Mrs Bellendean. "I forgot she had no wrap. It was such a pleasure to have a little talk with her"—the lady hesitated for a moment, then added with a tremble in her voice—"as in the old days."

As in the old days!—a pleasure to talk! "Yes, it is very cold," said Joyce, holding her hands to the fire. She stood up there, a dark shadow against the warm glow. A strange fascination kept her in the presence of the woman whom she had so loved, who had turned her love to such account. She stood there without moving, trembling with the cold, and something more than the cold. So long as these entreaties were not repeated here! so long as her stepmother was not taken into the lady's confidence too. Nothing was further from Mrs Bellendean's mind. She took with pleasure the warm cup of tea, which, and the warm air of the fire-lighted room, brought back a genial heat

all over her. She was a little tremulous, yet satisfied, feeling that she had done all for which she had come. And no harm had been done to Joyce — no harm. She wished the girl would not stand there, cold, reproaching her by the silent shiver with which she held her hands to the fire. But that was all. What is a little cold at her age?—no more than the little puncture of her vanity, the little salutary wound which was all, Mrs Bellendean persuaded herself, that she had given.

"It was foolish of me to forget that Joyce had no shawl. She has always been so hardy, I hope it will not matter. It is such a long time since I have seen her." It seemed impossible to change the subject, to get out of these *banalités* which meant so much worse than nothing, which conveyed so false a sense to Joyce's keen ear. Mrs Bellendean was embarrassed, but she was not conscious of being false. She added, "And it will be a long time before we meet again. I shall have to try and dismiss all my anxieties about my friends from my mind. Joyce is one whom I can always trust not to misunderstand me, not to forget anything," Mrs Bellendean said.

Joyce heard everything, even the rustle of Mrs Bellendean's gown, the movement of her arm as she lifted her teacup to her lips, but could not move or say a word. She stood still, warming herself, while the two ladies carried out the usual little interchange of nothings. All they said entered into her brain, and remained in her memory like something of importance. But it was of no importance. Presently Mrs Bellendean remembered that she must go by a certain train, and a cab had to be sent for. There was a little bustle of leave-taking. Joyce felt herself enclosed in a warm embrace, tenderly kissed, still more tenderly said farewell to. "I don't say, Remember, for I am sure you will not forget me, Joyce," were Mrs Bellendean's last words, "nor what I have said." But to this also Joyce replied nothing.

"I thought she was never going away," said Mrs Hayward. "She must have had something very particular to say to you, Joyce."

Joyce was walking across the hall towards the stair without any response. Mrs Hayward stood still under the light and cried impatiently, "You don't seem to have heard me. You look dazed. What had she to say to you, Joyce?"

Joyce turned half round, holding by the banister of the stair. She said, "Nothing—it was I myself——" then stopping. "She was telling me about Greta. Greta —has never been disappointed—not like—like other folk."

"Never disappointed!" cried Mrs Hayward. "Do they think she can get through life like that? And was this all Mrs Bellendean came to say? I think she might have saved herself the trouble. I would let Miss Greta look after her own affairs."

CHAPTER XL.

Never had been disappointed—never crossed!

Perhaps that is as real a claim upon human compassion as is the claim of the long-suffering and much-tried. Perhaps it is even a

stronger claim. It is the claim of a child. Who would be the one to open the doors of human trouble to a child?—to give the first blow?—to begin the disenchantment which is the rule of life? People get used to disappointments as to the other burdens of human existence; but to snatch the first light away and replace it by darkness, who would do that willingly? to change the firmament and eclipse the sunshine, where all had been brightness and hope! There had been a sombre anger roused in Joyce's heart by that appeal. She had said, Why should one be spared by the pain of another? Why should her heart break, that Greta's should be saved from aching? But she no longer asked herself that question. She said to herself that it was just. There are some that must be saved while the others go bleeding. It is the rule of life—not justice, perhaps, but something that is above justice. Some must have flowers strewn upon their path, while others walk across the burning ploughshares. There was no reason in it, perhaps, no logic, but only truth: for some object unknown, which God had made a law of life. Greta had been the idol of her family all her life. Everybody had loved her, and cared for her. She had been sheltered from every wind that blew. Joyce was only a little older, but already had passed through so many experiences. *She* knew what it was to be disappointed, to have all her dreams cut short, and the current of her being changed. Another pang to her, who was accustomed to it, would not be half so much as the first pang of wounding misery to Greta. Poor little Greta! fed on the roses, and laid in the lilies of life, to give her all at once the apples of Gomorrah, to wrap her in the poisoned robe. Oh no! oh no! It was a just plea. Let the heart that is used to it go on breaking; let the child's heart go free.

Joyce's room was the one full of thoughts in the middle of that peaceful house. In all the others was the regular breathing of quiet sleepers—the rest of the undisturbed. She alone waked, with her little light burning, throwing a faint gleam across the invisible river-banks, on the dark stream floating unseen. Had there been any wayfarer belated, any boat floating downstream, the gleam from that window would have given cheer in the middle of the darkness and night. But there was not much cheer in it. The room it lighted was full of thoughts and cares, and sheltered a human creature facing a sea of troubles, doing her best to keep afloat — sometimes almost submerged by these rising waves: and there is this additional pang in the troubles of a woman — of a girl like Joyce—that there is no motive to strive against them. The Hamlets of existence have a great life and great possibilities before them; but what profit is there to the world in one poor girl the more or less? If she is glad or sad—a victim or a conqueror — what matter? Her poor old people were separated from her. They would never know. Her father would not suffer, and no one else in the world would care. There was no mother, no sister, to wish her woes their own—not even a friend—not a friend! for Mrs Bellendean and Greta were those who had been most dear. There would be some use in her suffering, but none in her happiness — none at all: rather evil to all concerned. A selfish good purchased by others'

disadvantage. No good—no good to any one in the world.

Joyce said to herself, in her profound discouragement, that after all Mrs Bellendean's prayer had made no change in anything. She had already made up her mind. Happiness was a very doubtful thing in any case, everybody said. It was not the end of existence, it was a chimera that flew from you the more you sought it. But your honour was your life. To be faithful and true, to be worthy of trust, to stand to your word whatever happened, that was the best thing in the world, the only thing worth living and dying for. Even if you could not keep your word to the letter, she said to herself with a shudder, at least to do nothing against it, not to contradict it before earth and heaven! No human creature but can do that. She would never, never turn her back upon her pledge. What was the need of invoking another motive, of adjuring her by Greta's happiness, by Norman's advantage? This was only to irritate, to import into the question a sense of injustice and wrong. It had been decided before there was a word of all that. Everything that Mrs Bellendean had said had been an irritation to Joyce. To take it for granted that her happiness should yield to that of Greta, —that Norman's interests should be considered before hers,—that she would be a burden, a disadvantage to Norman, while Greta would be nothing but good and happiness:—and finally to thrust her back to what they considered her own place, into the arms of the man whom they all had thought unworthy of Joyce in Joyce's humblest days,—to thrust her back into his arms, to speak of promotion for him, of humble advancement, comfort which would make him a match for her! Mrs Bellendean's appeal had only brought a succession of irritations, one more keen than the other. Joyce felt herself angered, wounded, driven to bay. She had not needed any inducement to do what she felt to be right; but now it required an effort to return to the state in which she had been when she had renewed her pledge and promised to keep to her word. She would stand by that resolution whatever might be said; but she was angry, offended, wounded in her deepest heart. Her friends, her own friends, those who were most dear, had torn away all veils from the helpless and shrinking soul. She had been Joyce, their handmaiden—oh, eager to do their will; ready to spend her life for them, in proud yet perfect humility. And then they had lifted her up, called her their equal, pretended to treat her as such, because of the change—though there was no change in her. And then, last phase of all, they had flung her down from that fictitious position, and shown her that to them in truth she never had been more than a handmaiden, a being without rights or feelings, born only to yield to them. And these were her dearest friends, the friends of her whole life, whose affection had elevated her above herself. Joyce hid her face, that she might not see the thoughts that rent her heart. Her friends, her familiar friends, in whom she had trusted; her dear lady, who had been to her like the saints in heaven; her Greta, whom she had thought like an angel. They had betrayed her, and after this, what did it matter what man or woman could do?

The night was half over before the little light in the window dis-

appeared from the darkling world through which the Thames flowed unseen. It disappeared, and all was black and invisible, the dark sky and the darker earth, lost in the night and the blackness of the night and its silence. No such watch had ever been kept in that peaceful house before.

Next morning, when Joyce came down-stairs, looking very pale and sleepless, with dark lines under her eyes, she found her stepmother standing in the hall, turning over a letter, with great surprise in her face. "It is inconceivable," she was saying.

"It must be a mistake," said the Colonel; "depend upon it, it must be a mistake."

"To ask you and me, and not Joyce,—I cannot understand it. Can Joyce have done anything to offend them? Why should I be asked to a ball but for Joyce? We are not dancing people, you and I. I might have gone for Joyce, and Joyce is left out. What can it mean? She must have done something to offend them."

"That reminds me, my dear," said the Colonel, "of something that happened yesterday. We met the St Clairs, that huge regiment. I took off my hat—oh!" said the Colonel suddenly, beholding Joyce with her finger up, standing behind Mrs Hayward.

"Oh, what do you mean breaking off like this? What happened?" cried his wife.

"Oh, nothing, nothing, my dear," said the veteran, with confusion and dismay.

"Nothing, Henry? you change your tone very quickly. You spoke as if it had some bearing upon this strange invitation, which wants explanation very much."

"No, my dear, no. I was mistaken; it couldn't have anything to do with that. In short, it was nothing—nothing—only a piece of nonsense—one of my mistakes." He looked piteously at Joyce, standing behind, who had dropped her hand, as if abandoning the warning which she had given him. Joyce, in the extremity of her trouble, had fallen into that quiescence which comes with the failure of hope. She remembered the bargain that had been made between them at the instant, but that and anything else seemed of too little importance now to move her beyond a moment. Mrs Hayward, however, turned round, following her husband's look.

"Oh, it is you, Joyce! You wish your father not to tell me."

"The fact is," said the Colonel, eager to speak, "we thought it might annoy you, Elizabeth."

"You are taking the best way to annoy me," she cried. "What is this you have been making up between you? Henry, I have a right at least to the truth from you."

"The truth!" he said; "surely, my dear, the truth, if it was of any consequence. Joyce will tell you what happened. It was of no importance. Most likely Lady St Clair is short-sighted. Many ladies are, you know. Most likely she didn't make out who we were. That was your opinion, Joyce, wasn't it?" The Colonel felt that the best thing he could do, as Joyce did not help him out in safety, was to drag her into her share of the danger.

"There might be many reasons. I did not think it mattered at all," said Joyce.

"Reasons for what?" said Mrs Hayward, stamping her foot on the ground. "I think between you you will drive me mad."

"My dear! for nothing at all,

Elizabeth. She scarcely returned my salutation. The girls all scuttled off across the park like so many rabbits. They are not unlike rabbits," the Colonel said, with an ingratiating smile. "But we agreed it was of no importance, and that it was useless to speak to you of it, as it might annoy you: we agreed——"

"You agreed!" Mrs Hayward gave Joyce an angry look. "I wish in such matters, Henry, you would act from your own impulse, and never mind any one else." She swept in before the others into the dining-room, where it was the wont of the household that the Colonel every morning should read prayers. But it is to be feared that these prayers were not so composing to the soul of the mistress of the house as might have been wished. "We agreed"—these words kept ringing through the devotions of the family, as if some sprite of mischief threw them a sort of demoniac squib or cracker through the quiet air. To have her husband consult with his daughter as to what should or should not be told to her was more than she could bear.

Mrs Hayward went out in the afternoon alone to make a call at a much frequented house, where she hoped to discover what was the cause of Lady St Clair's rudeness and Mrs Morton's strange invitation. She met a great many acquaintances, as was natural in a small place, where all "the best people" knew each other. Among them was Lady St Clair, who, instead of avoiding her as she had done the Colonel, came forward with *empressement*, showing the most sympathetic civility. "How are you, dear Mrs Hayward? I hope you are well. I do hope you are bearing—the beginning of the severe weather," that lady said, shaking her hand warmly, and looking with tender meaning in her eyes.

"I don't pay much attention to the weather, thank you," said Mrs Hayward, "and we can't complain of it so far. I am glad to see *you* so well. My husband thought he saw you yesterday, and that you were put out about something."

"Put out! I did see Colonel Hayward," said Lady St Clair, with dignity; "but I am sure you will understand, dear Mrs Hayward, that charming as he is, and much as we all like him, there are circumstances——"

"Circumstances!" cried Mrs Hayward. "I don't know indeed any circumstances which can possibly affect my husband. None, certainly, that don't affect me."

"Oh, we all feel for you," said the leader of society, pressing Mrs Hayward's hand.

She had to pass on, fuming with indignation and astonishment, and next minute it was her fortune to meet the lady who had sent her the invitation of the morning: for Mrs Hayward had by chance stumbled into a tea-party specially convoked for the purpose of talking over the last great piece of news. Though she had as yet no clue to what it was, she felt there was something in the air, and that both in the salutations and the silence of those about her, and the evidently startling effect of her unexpected appearance, there was a secret meaning which was at once perplexing and exasperating. The mere fact of a tea-party of which she knew nothing, in a house so familiar, was startling in the highest degree. She went up eagerly to Mrs Morton, with a belligerent gaiety. "How kind of you," she said, "to ask me to your ball, the Colonel and *me!* It is

very flattering that you should think me the young person—unless it was all a mistake, as I am obliged to believe."

"Oh, no mistake," said the lady, a little tremulous. "I hope you can come."

"I—come? But you must be laughing at me," cried Mrs Hayward, with a little burst of gaiety. "Of course I go everywhere as Joyce's chaperon: but to ask *me*, at my age, to *a dance!* My dear Mrs Morton, you must think me an old fool."

"Oh, indeed, I should have liked to ask—indeed, if it hadn't been for what was said,—but I hope, I do hope you will come. I am sure I did not mean any—any disrespect——"

"Disrespect! oh, flattery I call it! to think a dance was just the thing for me. My stepdaughter will be asked to the dinner-parties, I suppose. Now it is evident that the balls are for a young creature like me."

This lady, who could not conduct matters with so high a hand as Lady St Clair, slid away behind backs, and concealed herself from those severe yet laughing looks. They had thought it would please Mrs Hayward to be the one chosen, while the other was left out. Presently she fell into the hands of the lady of the house, who led her aside a little. "I am so glad," said this friendly person, "to see you here by yourself. It is so lucky. Of course I should have asked you to come if it had not been—many of us, you know, don't think we would be doing right if we were to countenance——"

"To countenance—what?" Mrs Hayward grew pale with astonishment and wrath.

"But I assure you," cried this lady, "no one blames *you*. We quite understand how you have been led to do it to please him and for the sake of peace. We don't think one bit the less of you, dear."

"The less—of me!"

"Rather the more," said the mistress of the house, giving her bewildered guest a hasty kiss; and then she was hurried off to receive some new-comers. Mrs Hayward stood and stared round her for a minute or two, neglecting several kind advances that were made to her, and then, without any leave-taking, she walked out of the room and out of the house. She was in a whirl of anger and astonishment. "Don't blame—me! don't think the less—of me!" This was the most astounding deliverance that had ever come to Elizabeth's ear. She was not in the habit of supposing that any one could think less than the highest of her. The assertion was the profoundest offence. And what could it mean? What was the cause?

Coming down the hill she was met by the Thompsons' big resplendent carriage, which stopped as she drew near, and Lady Thompson leant out, holding forth both hands. "Oh, 'ow is the poor dear?" said Lady Thompson, beginning to cry: "I'm sure you 'ave too much 'eart to forsake 'er whatever 'appens. Oh, 'ow is the poor dear?"

"I don't know whom you mean, Lady Thompson. I never forsake anybody I am interested in—but I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, I'm sure you're a good woman. I'm sure you're a real lady," Lady Thompson cried.

Mrs Hayward walked away from the side of the carriage. Her head seemed turning round. What did it mean? *She?* Who was *she?* Utter perplexity took possession

of her. She was so angry she could scarcely think, and Lady Thompson, notwithstanding that warm unnecessary expression of confidence, was, with her blurred eyes and eager tone, almost more incomprehensible than the rest. She walked quickly home to avoid any further insinuated confidence, to think it over, to make out what it meant. Who could tell her what it meant? She saw Mrs Sitwell at a little distance, and concluded that she would be the most fit interpreter; but the parson's wife saw her too, and quickened her steps, hurrying away. "It is her doing," Mrs Hayward said to herself. At last she came to her own door. Some one was there before her, standing in the porch waiting till the door should be opened. He turned round at the sound of her step, and stood aside to let her pass, holding out at the same time his hand.

"Captain Bellendean! it is a long time since we have seen you."

"Yes, a long time. I have been a fool. I mean I have been—busy. I hope you are all well, Mrs Hayward. My dear old Colonel, and——"

"He is quite well—but I fear you will not find him at home. This is not his hour for being at home." She stood between him and the open door, barring his passage, as it seemed. It was a way of working off the disturbance and trouble in her mind.

"I hope you will let me in," he said humbly. "It is not a mere call. I could wait till he came back. I—I have something important to say to him: and—and—I hope you will let me come in and wait."

"That is a modest prayer. I cannot refuse it," she said, leading the way.

MRS OLIPHANT ON VENICE.

THE interest of Venice is inexhaustible, and its fascination perennial. The one unique city in Europe has had in every age a host of admirers; and a multitude of writers in our own time have essayed to seize and perpetuate "its incommunicable charm." There is something almost pathetic in this eagerness to stamp ineffaceably upon the memory of mankind the beauty of a life which is passing swiftly away. Rome is not what it was; neither is Venice; though Venice has not been "restored" out of recognition, as Rome has been. We saw it for the first time soon after the great days of 1848. The fever of revolution had been quenched by Radetsky. The Austrian cannon had silenced Manin and Pepe. But the city itself had suffered little. It was still in its adorable perfection as it had come down from the middle age. The mosaics of St Mark's and the capitals of the Ducal palace were still coated with venerable dust. The Grand Canal was lined by palaces not one of which had been renewed for three hundred years. The Cathedral of Torcello was untouched by whitewash. When we went to bathe on Lido in the sultry summer mornings, we found the island exactly as it had been left by Byron and Shelley:—

"An uninhabited sea-side
Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,
Abandons; and no other object breaks
The waste, but one dwarf tree and some few stakes
Broken and unrepaired, and the tide makes
A narrow space of level sand thereon,
Where 'twas our wont to ride while day went down.
This ride was my delight. I love all waste
And solitary places; where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be;
And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
More barren than its billows."[1]

From the garden of Titian, yet wildly luxuriant, we looked up to Cadore,—to splintered, fantastic pinnacles, whose very names were then unknown to us. The Austrian bands played in the Piazza at night the national music of an alien race—the battle-music to which doomed men died bravely. We lodged in one of the old palaces where the ceiling was covered with smiling Loves and dainty Cupids,—the gay and festive life of Giorgione and Tintoretto and Bonifazio still vaguely visible upon the walls. The exclusive supremacy of the gondola had not been shaken—only those who woke with the dawn knew that the market-boats of the islands were astir at Rialto. The main water-way of the city up to the bridge had never yet been disturbed by the scream of the steam-whistle; no noisy little craft with screw or paddle had ruffled the placid surface of its muddy waters; and the railway which crosses the Lagoon was still unfinished. *Now*, we are landed at a station in the centre of the city which differs in no respect from any station on the mainland; *then*, we left the mainland, for good and

[1] Shelley's "Julian and Maddalo."

all, at Fusina on the Brenta, and, as the night fell and the breeze freshened, turned our faces to the sea. It was difficult to believe at such a time that the silent and desolate water which lapped against the boat as the rowers bent to their oars, had been for centuries one of the beaten highways of the nations,—the mainroad between the monarchies of Europe and its most polished and warlike Republic. But, even while we doubted, the red moon rose from the Adriatic, dispersed the clouds, and discovered along the horizon, amid a charmed pause in the waves, the white domes and cupolas of Venice!

All this was in the old time before Gilbert and Churchill had discovered the Dolomites. Only an infrequent wanderer, an Alpine pioneer, had hitherto traversed the flat marshy plain between Conegliano and the Brenta, where, up to the ears in golden maize, the husbandman tended his vines. Now that the railway has spoilt the approach to Venice across the Lagoon, the route through the Ampezzo Thal should be taken. The Dolomites were in a sense the Venetian Highlands; and the Lion of St Mark, somewhat the worse for wear, may yet be seen in the market-places of Belluno and Caprile. A strain of the old Venetian blood runs in the veins of the shepherds and hunters of the valleys that lie between the Marmolata and the Tre Croce. When we drive from Cortina to Conegliano by the highroad, we pass (under the shadow of the Antelao) the birthplace of Titian; and in the immediate neighbourhood there is more than one rocky peak—strangely pallid and ashen, as is the way with the Dolomites when they are not dabbled with blood, or scarred with ruin of earthquake or avalanche—from which the Adriatic is visible. Ten to one the peasant who has been your guide to the summit, diverting your attention from the wilderness of jagged pinnacles around you, and looking away to the south, through a break in the rocky wall that guards the Lombard plain, to where on the blue water of the gulf "the city sparkles like a grain of salt,"—a city, to the uninitiated eye, of faith rather than of sight,—will eagerly assure you, in barely intelligible *patois*, that it is—the Campanile of San Marco.

Mrs Oliphant is the latest of the writers who have undertaken to tell the story of this incomparable city.[1] Her hand has not lost its cunning. 'The Makers of Venice' is even more delightful than 'The Makers of Florence.' The writing is bright and animated, the research thorough, the presentation of the old Venetian life brilliantly vivid. It is an entirely workmanlike piece of work by an artist who knows how to mix the colours on her palette to the best advantage, and by a story-teller who can translate the lay-figures of the past into real men and women. It might have been thought that since Mr Ruskin wrote 'The Stones of Venice,' there was no room for a fresh history. But it is not so. The moderation and sobriety of Mrs Oliphant's narrative will be a welcome relief to many exasperated readers who have wearied of a gospel which, when not absolutely fantastic, is bewilderingly fanciful and florid. The truth is that Mr Ruskin—as the world is beginning to learn—asks too much of Art. He requires the unfortunate artist

[1] The Makers of Venice. By Mrs Oliphant. London: Macmillan, 1887.

to do more for our morals than he is able to do. These passionate jeremiads against bad painting—as if bad painting were a deadly sin, and a bad painter a state criminal—are probably at the root of many of the exaggerations against which we have felt bound to protest. For if Art is such a vital matter to us all, there may be nothing absurd in trying to "live up" to a lily, or a chintz, or a Japanese screen, or a flower-pot. We have serious doubts (whisper it not at Brantwood!) whether, after all, Art has much to do with making us better men and women; and we incline to agree with the clever writer who says that the only thing that can have a permanently beneficial effect on the character is to have come of good ancestors, and to live among nice people. Mr Ruskin's *hysterica passio*, moreover, is a severe strain upon the minds of ordinary mortals, who are never quite sure whether this infallible Pope of the Fine Arts is a prophet or an impostor. It is vain to reason with the fanatics of a new faith; but as they do not burn heretics now—even at Brantwood—we make bold to say that there is far more sound instruction for simple-minded people like ourselves to be got from Mrs Oliphant than from Mr Ruskin. She shows us Venice, and the men who made it "in their habit as they lived;" whereas Mr Ruskin fills an altogether disproportionate space in his canvas with the paradoxes—sometimes ingenious, sometimes childish—of the most whimsical and capricious of critical autocrats. There are, of course, imaginative heights in 'The Stones of Venice' to which Mrs Oliphant does not pretend to rise—passages of true eloquence and wisdom which will live with the English language. We had the first edition with us in Venice the year it was published, and it would be ungrateful to deny that from that day to this there are a score of places on the Lagoon which we see through Mr Ruskin's spectacles. The glamour of his style obscures as much as it discloses; and the mother church of the Lagoon is not a bit like the "Oxford Graduate's" sketch; yet we can never dissociate that deserted and weather-beaten shrine from the noble and beautiful words which close the chapter on Torcello: "And if the stranger would yet learn in what spirit it was that the dominion of Venice was begun, and in what strength she went forth conquering and to conquer, let him not seek to estimate the wealth of her arsenals or number of her armies, nor look upon the pageantry of her palaces, nor enter into the secrets of her councils; but let him ascend the highest tier of the stern ledges that sweep round the altar of Torcello, and then, looking as the pilot did of old along the marble ribs of the goodly temple-ship, let him repeople its veined deck with the shadows of its dead mariners, and strive to feel in himself the strength of heart that was kindled within them, when first, after the pillars of it had settled on the sand, and the roof of it had been closed against the angry sky that was still reddened by the fires of their homesteads,—first, within the shelter of its knitted walls, amidst the murmur of the waste of waves and the beating of the wings of the sea-birds round the rock that was strange to them,—rose that ancient hymn, in the power of their gathered voices:—

The sea is His, and He made it;
And His hands prepared the dry land."[1]

[1] The Stones of Venice, ii. 26.

It is to be observed, moreover, that what intensely interests the one writer has little, or comparatively little, interest for the other. Venice to Mr Ruskin is a city of Art; to Mrs Oliphant it is a city of men. Mr Ruskin does not care much for the Venetians except in so far as they were painters or sculptors, or the patrons of painters and sculptors: Mrs Oliphant delights to record how the great doges and admirals and captains prosecuted their work by sea and land until they had made their strange and beautiful city the mistress of the Adriatic. She is mainly moved, indeed, by the passionate human interest of the story; and she skilfully selects those episodes in which all that was most striking and characteristic in Venetian humanity asserted itself in council-chamber or battle-field. The painters are not neglected—nor the builders either; but they are treated rather as notable Venetians than as notable artists.

The free and independent republics of medieval Italy were numerous; and we have sometimes fancied that each vigorous municipality had a character, an individuality of its own, which stamped itself upon their churches, their palaces, their town-halls, and which can be traced more or less distinctly in the fragments of their architecture that remain. It cannot, we think, be denied that the municipalities of Northern Italy — Genoa, Siena, Pisa, Padua, Milan, Bologna, Florence, Venice —had little in common. There is nothing, for instance, to connect the belfry of the Palazzo Vecchio with the towers of Bologna or the cupolas of St Mark's. It is difficult to account for this extraordinary versatility of genius and temper: they were all of them proud of their freedom and independence, no doubt; but they came of the same stock and were bred on the same soil. One would have fancied that the bonds of kinship and neighbourhood would have made themselves felt; but Pisa hated Florence and Venice hated Genoa as heartily as the English hated the French; and while the Minsters of York and Rheims and Ratisbon might have been designed by the same architect, "the dome of Brunelleschi" differs from San Marco as light from darkness. How is the diversity to be explained? Mrs Oliphant has written of Florence as well as of Venice; and with Dante and Savonarola and Lorenzo de Medici in her thoughts, she says in effect that while the history of Florence is the history of great men, the history of Venice is the history of a great city. In Florence there was ample opportunity for the play of individual ambition; in Venice the individual was suppressed, and no noble was greater than his peers. What may be called municipal ambition thus became the inspiring principle of the race; and while the patricians of the Great Council were often cruel, vindictive, and unscrupulous, they sinned not for themselves but for Venice. It was an old Scottish gentlewoman who is reported to have said, when proposing to hide the disgrace of the head of her house by a pious fraud, in answer to a remonstrance from her clergyman ("But you will lose your soul, madam!")—"Tush! what signifies my poor silly soul compared with the honour of the family?"—and, with wider application, Foscari and Contarini would have echoed the sentiment.

'The Makers of Venice' is divided into four sections—the Doges, the Soldiers of Fortune,

the Painters, the Men of Letters. Like the chapter on the snakes of Ireland, that on the men of letters might possibly have been omitted; for, except some industrious annalists, Venice has no men of letters to show, and the chapter is mainly devoted to Petrarch and Boccaccio, who, as honoured guests, once, or more than once, visited the city. Still it must be admitted that the notice of Marino Sanudo is singularly fresh and interesting, and could not well have been dispensed with. We rather imagine that Sanudo was one of those contentious and conscientious busybodies (not to say bores) who are regarded with dismay by practical politicians; but whether he was a Primitive Whig or an Advanced Radical we cannot undertake to determine. That his immense industry, however, has been of essential service to history, there can be no doubt whatever.

The constitutional history of Venice is followed step by step, in the lives of the doges. The doge was originally elected by a popular vote, and every citizen of the republic was a qualified elector. How the popular liberties were gradually circumscribed, how a powerful oligarchy (and latterly, a Council of Ten, silent and secret as the grave), became the governing body, excluding the populace on the one hand and the doge on the other from any real control of the state, has been excellently told by Mrs Oliphant. Two of the most striking and picturesque incidents in Venetian history are closely associated with these constitutional changes—the rising of Bajamonte, the death of Faliero. The convulsive efforts of the populace to recover the power (after all, more nominal than real) of which they had been deprived, ended in the insurrection of 1310; and the wrath of the venerable Faliero, when he found that the doge had become the mere tool of the oligarchy, possibly accounts for an otherwise unaccountable indiscretion.

The night of the 14th of June 1310 was long remembered in Venice. It was the night that Bajamonte Tiepolo had selected for an attack by the people upon the palace of the doge. As the rebels were assembling, a terrific storm of thunder and lightning burst upon the city. Undismayed by the war of the elements, the partisans of Quirini and Tiepolo assembled and marched by separate routes upon the palace. But though the secret had been well kept, some traitor had warned the doge in time, and so it came about that when the first column led by Quirini debouched in the darkness into the great Square, "a sudden wild flash, lighting up earth and heaven, showed them the gleaming swords and the dark files of the defenders of San Marco, awaiting their arrival." Almost bloodlessly, the insurrection collapsed; but Marino Faliero was not so lucky. His protest against the oligarchy was fatal to himself. He threw himself blindly, fiercely, recklessly against a force which he could not hope to master. His helpless, impotent anger was the passion of a child; but when he came to die the passion left him. "Calmed by the tragic touch of fate, he bore all the humiliations of his doom with dignity, and was beheaded at the head of the stair where he had sworn the *promissione* on first assuming the office of doge."

Of incidents connected with the special experiences of less well-known doges, some interesting details are furnished by Mrs Oli-

phant. The death of Pietro Candiano in 976, when, with his child in his arms, he rushed from the burning palace upon the swords of his enemies, is infinitely pathetic. "This scene, so full of fierce and terrible elements, the angry roar of the multitude, the blazing of the fire behind that circle of tumult and agitation, the wild glare in the sky, and, amid all, the one soft infantile figure held up in the father's despairing arms, might afford a subject for a powerful picture." Hardly less pathetic were the relations between the great doge, Francesco Foscari, and his wild and wilful son, whose early promise was so quickly clouded by crime and folly. "There is no lack of parallels to give the interested spectator an understanding of what a son such as Jacopo, so reckless, so light-minded, so incapable of any serious conception of the meaning of life and its risks and responsibilities, yet with so many claims in his facile, affectionate nature upon those who loved him, must have been to his father." The romantic story of the meeting of the Pope and the Emperor—Alexander III. and Barbarossa—at Venice when Sebastiano Ziani was doge, is now, it appears, discredited. Even Sanudo can only say, "Is it not depicted in the Hall of the Great Council? and if it did not occur, would our good Venetians have had it painted?"—an argument by no means conclusive.

Outside the political circle of the doge and his councillors, we have admirable sketches, in Mrs Oliphant's best manner, of Marco Polo the great traveller, of Carlo Zeno the popular hero, and of Carmagnola, one of the most notable of the soldiers of fortune who sold their swords to the Republic. Carlo Zeno, who saved the commonwealth when Chioggia was taken by the Genoese in 1379, is perhaps the most noteworthy of these striking figures. The unwearied patience and tact he displayed when dealing with the unruly mercenaries are even more impressive than his zeal, his devotion, and the persuasive oratory of which he was a master. "A truer type of the ideal Venetian—strong, subtle, ready-witted, prompt in action and prepared for everything; the patriot, pirate, admiral, merchant, general, whichever character was most needed at the moment—could not be found." The terrible but imperturbable temper of the Secret Tribunal which governed Venice is vividly exhibited in its contest with Carmagnola. The famous soldier, the idol of the populace, returned in triumphal procession to the city, only to die. But he appears to have had no suspicion of the impending doom. Going in the morning to pay his respects to the doge, he met him coming from the council-chamber, where the Ten had sat all night. Should he bid his dogeship good-morning or good-evening? Carmagnola jestingly inquired. With a sinister smile Foscari replied that, during the night-long debate, no name had been so frequently mentioned as Carmagnola's. Some months later, when the great soldier was led out to die between the columns of the Piazzetta—*gagged*, that he might not address the populace—he learnt (but not till then, so absolute was the secrecy) how closely he had been concerned in the deliberations of the council.

The portion of the volume devoted to the artists is not the least interesting. Mrs Oliphant's sympathies are with the earlier painters,—she inclines to side with the

Bellini and Carpaccio as against their more robust and less precise successors, though it is only fair to say that of the lavish Tintoret and "the delightsome" Giorgione she furnishes us with most appreciative sketches. On the other hand, she does scant justice to Titian, whose best work, we venture to believe, was never excelled by any Italian painter. She likes neither the man nor his works; yet her description of one of those famous suppers in the garden which looked across Murano to Cadore is full of charm. "The house" (according to Priscian, the grammarian, who was one of the party) "is situated in the extreme part of Venice, on the sea, and from it one sees the pretty little island of Murano and other beautiful places. This part of Venice, as soon as the sun went down, swarmed with gondolas, adorned with beautiful women, and resounding with the varied harmony and music of voices and instruments, which till midnight accompanied our delightful supper, which was no less beautiful and well arranged than abundant and well prepared. Besides the most delicate viands and precious wines, there were all those pleasures and amusements that were suited to the season, the guests, and the feast." We sometimes wonder whether it was the view of his native Dolomites that attracted Titian to this quarter of the city. Mr Gilbert, in 'Cadore, or Titian's Country,'—a work of great merit and ingenuity,—proves decisively, as we think, that in the landscape background of many of his greatest pictures, the singular forms of the Cortina and Caprile mountains are reproduced; and though it is not for his landscape that we value Titian, yet the association is suggestive of simpler tastes and finer sympathies than are sometimes attributed to an artist who was certainly not an ascetic.

And having said thus much, we venture to add that we do not feel perfectly certain that Mrs Oliphant entirely appreciates the characteristics of the later Venetian art—the art of Titian, of Veronese, of Giorgione, of Bonifazio, of Tintoret—which make it most interesting to ourselves. Foremost among these were the freedom of its tone and the fervour of its patriotism. As religious art, it can at best be regarded as second-rate only; the stereotyped suffering of the Christian martyr and the stereotyped ecstasy of the Christian saint are better represented elsewhere: but when it descends to the common earth, when it deals with the men and women of the day, when it relates, with a rich and emblazoned pen, the achievements of the Republic, it has no rival. The churches themselves are crowded with trophies of secular glory; the altars are hung with the banners of conquered cities; statues of victorious admirals, of doges who wed the Adriatic, replace the effigies of priest and pontiff. Art has escaped from the exacting dominion of the Church as nowhere else in Italy has it escaped, and become the handmaid, the proud and willing handmaid, of the great merchant commonwealth.

Some lively notices of Venetian life appear in Petrarch's letters. A palace on the Schiavoni had been granted him by the Senate, and from its windows the whole of the bustling life of the harbour across to Lido could be watched at leisure. "Behold," he exclaims, "the innumerable vessels which set forth from this famous port—in the desolate winter, in the stormy spring, some to the east, some to the west; one carrying

our wine to Britain—another our fruits to Scythia—others our oil, saffron, linen, to Syrian, Persian, and Arab!" He never wearied of seeing the great vessels arrive and depart: he relates with a fine enthusiasm, for instance, how, at the moment of writing, a mighty ship, amid the shouts of the sailors, is quitting the quay. "The end of the voyage is to be the Don; but many of those on board will not pause until they reach the Caucasus, the Ganges, and the Eastern Sea!" Byron was a later resident; and though it is presently the fashion to disparage not only his life but his poetry, we venture to believe that the fine stanzas in the last canto of 'Childe Harold,' which celebrate "the pleasant place of all festivity, the revel of the earth, the masque of Italy," when many a subject city

> "Looked to the winged lions' marble piles,
> Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles,"—

will not be readily forgotten.

The praises of Venice have been sung by alien poets; and her prose-writers, as we have said, are hardly more numerous than her native minstrels. The lover of books, however, is aware that the Aldine press—the famous workshop of the new learning—was a Venetian institution, and Ser Aldo a popular citizen of the Republic,—so popular, indeed, that he had to invite his admirers, by a notice affixed to the door of his house, to be less persistent in their attentions. "Whoever you are, Aldo requests you, if you want anything, ask it in few words and depart." But for those who were able and willing to aid "the weary Atlas" there was cordial greeting. "Here will always be found something for you to do, however many you may be." Among those who came was no less a personage than Erasmus.

We are grateful to Mrs Oliphant for this very charming and instructive volume—it is prettily and intelligently illustrated, and type and paper are worthy of the great Aldus himself—and it is with regret that we bid her farewell. For one more extract—the passage in which she describes the origin of the ceremony which, more than any other, is associated with the vigorous manhood of the great maritime Republic—we must find room; for many others, not less striking, we must refer our readers to the book itself.

"It was on the return of Pietro Orseolo from this triumphant expedition, and in celebration of his conquests, that the great national festivity, called in after-days the Espousal of the Sea, the Feast of La Sensa, Ascension Day, was first instituted. The original ceremony was simpler but hardly less imposing than its later development. The clergy, in a barge all covered with cloth-of-gold, and in all possible glory of vestments and sacred ornaments, set out from among the olive-woods of San Pietro in Castello, and met the doge in his still more splendid barge at the Lido; where, after litanies and psalms, the bishop rose and prayed aloud in the hearing of all the people, gathered in boat and barge and every skiff that would hold water, in a far-extended crowd along the sandy line of the flat shore: 'Grant, O Lord, that the sea may be to us and to all who sail upon it tranquil and quiet. To this end we pray. Hear us, good Lord.' Then the boat of the ecclesiastics approached closely the boat of the doge, and while the singers intoned '*Aspergi me, O Signor*,' the bishop sprinkled the doge and his court with holy water, pouring what remained into the sea. It had been on Ascension Day that Orseolo's expedition had set forth, and no day could be more suitable than this victorious day of early summer, when Nature is at her sweetest, for the great festival of the lagoons."

A PLEA FOR LANDLORDS.

THE spirit of Socialism or Communism which is all about and around us now, threatening to destroy in one great holocaust the fruits of the thought and toil of three centuries, is no new phenomenon. The first step from savagery towards civilisation brings inequality. The strong, the clever, and the thrifty get the largest share of the good things of life. They leave them to their children. The process begins again under conditions which become more complicated with each generation, till the time comes when there arises a cry from those who have not against those who have, a clamour for a fresh start, a demand that the book of the past be wiped out and the race begun again.

How could it be otherwise? Who that has to toil daily that he may live, has not at times looked enviously on the lot of him who can live without toil? What man is there that needs not to work for his bread, yet whose powers of body and mind are not such as to qualify him to take his place and do his work among the ὀρχάμοι ἀνδρων who lead the way, who has not felt a pang of shame at his own idleness, so that he would fain have taken the spade out of the hand of the labourer, and said to him, "This at least I can do; go you, rest and amuse yourself for a while, and I will take your place"?

It is easy to answer that all security, all excellent work, all vigorous effort, all real progress would cease, if a man could not enjoy and dispose of the fruits of his labour or self-denial—if he might not leave to his children an inheritance of security from poverty, of honour, of power, and opportunity for good. Even Hector would have been scarcely Hector, could he have bequeathed to his boy only the name Scamandrius, and the place of a unit in the crowd, and not the name Astyanax. All this is plain enough. But no one who is hungry, still less any one who is envious or angry, stops to listen to reason, or looks beyond the present minute. If there should be a scramble, the penniless have nothing to lose,—so at least they think,—and there is a chance of plunder. Why, then, has not the scramble come oftener in the world's history?

The simple reason surely is that those who prosper in the long-run do so not merely by superior strength and knowledge, but on the whole also by superior worth in its highest sense. "Yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread," is, in spite of multitudes of exceptions to the rule, true in the main. As a rule, the righteous, or at least the son of the righteous man, is also the powerful man. It must be so, or the progress would be downwards and not upwards, and we should be still dwelling in caves and living on rats and roots. When rarely and at long intervals the pyramid of society is inverted and placed tottering on its apex—when the balance of wrong and incapacity passes to the other scale, and the brutishness, the improvidence, and the envy of those who have not are overbalanced by the apathy, the selfishness, the neglect of responsibilities of those who have,—then the crash comes, and the

"Anarchic floods of revolution,
Drowning ill and good alike in night,"

bring horror, misery, and ruin on all alike.

If this is what history and the Old Testament writers teach us, it is none the less true that the strength and prevalence of the Communistic spirit is not usually proportioned to the amount of excuse there is for it, or to the degree of difference between the conditions of rich and poor. The improvements and inventions of the last hundred years have done much for all classes, but they have done far more in proportion for the poor than for the rich. The inequality in money of incomes may be as great or greater than ever; but large fortunes are becoming every year of less use to their possessors, bringing with them little increase of comfort or even of luxury. A constantly increasing number of the requirements and luxuries of life—good houses, I fear, remain more or less an exception—are now within the reach of the prosperous workman as well as of the rich man. The same express train and the same steamer take both, where formerly there was the difference between a well-horsed carriage and going on foot. A man can sail to America or to Australia, housed, warmed, and fed, for less than a farthing a-mile. The frozen New Zealand mutton which the artisan buys for his Sunday dinner, is scarcely distinguishable from the home-grown Southdown from the park. The workman's flannel-suit is a more comfortable dress to work in than a gentleman-cricketer could get forty years ago. In the public galleries, in the print-shop windows, in the illustrated newspapers, the artisan can see more to train his eye and educate his taste than the *dilettante* of the first half of the century could find in the whole country. A man cannot, if he would, spend a large income on himself. The stable full of horses, the multitude of servants, the thousands of wax-candles, that used to go to make life easy and luxurious, are for the most part rendered comparatively useless by the railway, the telegraph, the gas-works, the postman, and the hansom-cab. All mere comfort that is purchasable costs comparatively little, and the surplus of income can scarcely fail to be dispensed by, rather than spent upon, the possessor. The conditions of rich and poor are more nearly alike beyond all comparison than they were a century ago. Yet the spirit of Communism is far more rife.

For, after all, the root of Communism is envy, not always inexcusable envy, but envy nevertheless. And envy is a very capricious passion. Those who give way to it show little sense or discrimination in choosing the victims of their dislike. It has for some time been a caprice of the Communistic spirit to attack property in land in contradistinction to personal property; and that, too, just at the time when land is least profitable and most burdened with obligations.

The Farmers' Alliance coolly proposed to take the land, subject to a fixed rent-charge, from the owner who has inherited or bought it, and whose capital has in nine cases out of ten built and repaired the farm-buildings by which it was made available, and to give it to the man who cultivates it, or rather, in the great majority of cases, to the man who only superintends its cultivation, for it is seldom, comparatively, in England that the farmer is the actual tiller of the soil. The Alliance is not consistent enough to carry its Communistic principles from the

farm to the stock upon the farm, and to take away the cattle or the sheep from the farmer whose capital bought or bred them, and give them to the cowman or the shepherd who watched at their birth and tended them in the cold March nights, at the cost probably of an unpensioned old age of rheumatism.

The Land Act of 1881 compelled Irish landlords to accept about £75 instead of £100, which they could obtain in the open market. The 'Spectator' considered it wicked and shocking to call this confiscation. If an Act were to be passed to limit the price of newspapers, and a commissioner were to consider the 'Spectator' so indispensable as to fix its price at fourpence-halfpenny instead of sixpence, would it be wicked to call that confiscation?

The Land Bill of last session proposed to give power to a judge in certain cases to remit arrears due to the landlord; but because it gave the same powers in respect of debts due to the money-lender and the tradesman, it was objected to by the Opposition and ultimately withdrawn.

The two grounds on which land, as distinguished from personal property, has been claimed as a proper subject for total or partial confiscation are,—first, that it has increased in value without any expenditure of capital or labour on the part of the owner; and secondly, that being limited in quantity, the demand for it is so great that it cannot be left to be owned by comparatively few people.

The first argument tells far more against investments in personal property than against land. And indeed of late, in the face of the notoriously heavy fall in the value of agricultural land all over England, it has been dropped for very shame. Let us test it, however, by taking an actual case.

I have before me the accounts of one who derives an income from various investments, and who also has a small estate of land. Let us compare the two from this point of view.

Rather more than twenty-two years ago, he bought some North-Eastern Railway stock at 102. Eight years later part of it was sold at 169. It has paid 10 per cent several times, and only once as little as 4½, the average being nearly 7 per cent. New stock has been issued to shareholders from time to time, always saleable at a profit. The stock now stands at about 152. Thus, if 5 per cent be taken as a sufficiently good return for money invested, and the remaining 2 per cent be capitalised and added to the other accretions, it will appear that the capital has considerably more than doubled in the twenty-three years. This has happened without the slightest interference or trouble of any sort or kind on the part of the capitalist. The income has, unasked for, been paid regularly to the day. Except income-tax, no rates or taxes remained to be deducted; and, what has made it most profitable of all, there seem, in the estimation of the public, to be no duties or responsibilities attaching to it. Signal-men and porters may, for aught the shareholders know, have to work for longer hours than human nature can fairly bear. Smoky cities may grow up foul and uncared for round the railway works. The happy shareholder pockets his dividends without a thought of responsibility. The utmost that comes to him is a modest appeal for building a church or establishing schools, an

appeal rarely responded to, and if attended to at all, easily satisfied by a donation bearing an infinitesimally small proportion to the donor's half-year's dividend.

Surely if ever there was "unearned increment," this 100 per cent increase of capital was.

The same person inherited twenty-two years ago a small estate of about 500 acres, divided into three farms. The land is good, the farms lie well, the tenants have been and are good farmers and reliable men. No farm has ever been unlet. Abatements of rent have of course been made in bad years, but not a shilling has been left unpaid. Of the cottage rents only one year's rent of one cottage has been unpaid; only in the case of sickness or infirmity has any reduction been made. Year after year as Michaelmas-day comes round they are punctually brought. In times when so many farms are in hand, so many rents unpaid, this estate therefore may be taken as a fortunate specimen. How, then, about the "unearned increment"?

The rents of the three farms twenty-two years ago amounted to £772, 10s. They are now £487, 10s. So much for "unearned increment."

But this is only a small part of the story. For the benefit of those who have had no experience of the difference between gross and net income from land, we will go a little into figures.

The value of the estate twenty years ago, judged by what it had cost twelve years previously, may be put at, at least, £23,000. This includes thirteen cottages, but excludes the house and three cottages built recently. The gross rents of the three farms in the twenty-two years amounted to £14,772; the repairs and improvements on the same to £3002, or a little more than 20 per cent. The gross rents of the cottages have been £933, the repairs, &c., £646, or 69 per cent. The repairs would have been higher, and there would have been additional expense for supervision, were it not that they were executed by exceptionally reliable workmen, to whom a piece of scamped work was a thing impossible. Then there is land-tax, £8, 17s. 5d., and insurance, £7, 17s. 9d. annually. And there are the rates on the cottages, of which the amount is not stated, for the mysteries of rate-papers baffle an ordinary man's patience. On many estates there would be also deductions to make for agency, rent-collecting, and law expenses. In the present case the law expenses have been so small that they are not set down, and on agency there has been absolutely no expenditure, for on no occasion has a paid agent been employed to take a shilling of rent from farmer or cottager. Omitting, therefore, smaller deductions, the average gross rental of £714 stands reduced to £531, which, on the capital sum of £23,000, is equivalent to rather less than 2⅓ per cent.

Two and one-third is not a high rate of interest. But even this is by no means available in the same way as so much interest derived from railway stock. There are claims and calls of different degrees of urgency, to some of which even the most parsimonious landowner must to some extent submit, and to which one who is awake to his plain duties and responsibilities must yield in a much greater degree. First of all, income-tax had to be paid, not on the net income of £531, but on the gross rental of £714; that is to say, 34 per cent more than is paid on the income from railway stock, or

eightpence in the pound, when other property is paying sixpence. Next comes the school-rate, voluntary, happily, in this case, as in that of most country parishes; but an involuntary expense all the same, for were it not paid it would soon be made compulsory. The amount is £446 for the twenty-two years, or about £20 a-year.

Here I stop quoting figures, for here, perhaps, all absolute obligations to disbursement cease. But here — fortunately, as I hold, for the country — the obligations imposed by society and by public opinion are very far from ceasing. The stockholder, the professional man, the merchant may spend his whole income on himself, and no man, probably, will call him to account. But the fabric of the church, the parish charities, the reading-room, the benefit-club, the pedlar whose donkey has unexpectedly succumbed to nature at the untimely age of thirty, and a miscellaneous crowd of claimants all come, as it is right they should come, for help in time of trouble from the owner of land, with what farther effect on the 2½ per cent may easily be imagined. All this public opinion demands rather as a right than as a favour, and is not sparing of censure if the due standard of liberality be not reached. Between most people it is expected that a bargain deliberately made should be binding on both sides. If a customer has run up a bill with a tradesman, it is not held to be an answer to a demand for payment that times have been bad with the customer, and that a lower price than that agreed upon is as much as he can afford to pay. But as between landlord and tenant, it is "Heads you win, tails I lose." In prosperous seasons the stipulated rent comes in. In adverse years, or at least in a succession of adverse years, every reasonable landlord—nineteen out of twenty—as a matter of course makes an abatement.

Of course there are landowners, as there are people in every class, who are *not* reasonable, who do not do as they ought in these matters, who exact the uttermost possible rent under all circumstances, who repair farm-buildings as little as is consistent with retaining a solvent tenant, who cannot be made to see that they are bound to provide a sufficiency of decent cottages. But such men, who after all only do or omit to do nothing more than what is considered the natural and proper thing for a stockholder or tradesman to do, or omit to do, in his course of business, are universally condemned and detested as unworthy and despicable.

All this is as it should be. A higher standard is demanded, a stricter account taken of an owner of land than of an owner of any other kind of property. Those who possess it must remember that they are thereby privileged, that *noblesse oblige*. I, for one, should deeply grieve to see the "mercantile spirit" pervading the last corner of English life where it is not yet wholly supreme, undermining and destroying the last remnant of healthy old-fashioned custom, whereby the man who has the means is held bound to use them for helping his neighbours, without any undue sense of obligation being conferred. Only if a day of reckoning with Communism is to come, let these things be remembered; let it be known what it is proposed to sweep away, and, as regards agricultural land at any rate, let us hear no more of "unearned increment."

And now as to the other asser-

tion, that the demand for land is so pressing that a forced redistribution must come sooner or later.

Some years ago, when I was starting on a voyage to Australia, a friend who had had experience in voyages advised me to take a portmanteau made of anything rather than real leather. "If the ship makes any water, and the hands want pump-leather," he said, "they will just tear up your portmanteau without asking your leave first." Assuredly, under such circumstances, a nationalisation of portmanteaus could not be objected to. But there never was a time when the pump-leather argument was less applicable to land. There is hardly a county in England at the present moment where land is not, in larger or smaller quantities, actually going out of cultivation for want of some one who will cultivate it. Large farms may be hired on lease at *no* rent, if the tenant will pay the outgoings of tithes, rates, taxes, &c. In many places land has been sold, or has failed to find a purchaser, at less than half the value it fetched ten years ago. Nor is the observation that has been sometimes made, that it is sold in too large quantities for ordinary men to purchase, of any force; for if there were any probability of its fetching a higher value in small plots, speculators would soon be found to purchase and subdivide it. As for the Australian colonies, which, if people would only believe it, are really a part of England, and may be reached as cheaply as Scotland could have been reached from Cornwall a hundred years ago, the Crown land is sold at a pound an acre; so that, a labourer's wages there being about seven shillings a-day, or more than two pounds a-week, a single week's wage will purchase the absolute freehold of a couple of acres! Nay, as only one-tenth part of the price need be deposited on purchase, the remainder being payable in instalments of one shilling an acre in the third and succeeding years, a common labourer can secure the freehold of an acre of land by the sum he obtains for about *two and a quarter hours' labour!*

The person, whoever he was, who applied the phrase "land-hunger" to the existing condition of things in England, must have been gifted with a very lively imagination.

Two years ago, Mr Chamberlain, when he was patronising and courting the agricultural labourers, asserted that it was a thing unheard of for a labourer to rise in the world,—once a labourer, always a labourer.—Dr Jessop, in his excellent book 'Arcady,' has so effectually disposed of this ridiculous assertion, that I will only add that at the time it was made there were three farmers within a mile of my house who had begun life as labourers.

It is about eleven years since the depression in agriculture began. Year after year the prospect has become worse and the losses more severe. Doctrinaires and demagogues, who never turned a spadeful of earth in their lives, want to persuade us that it is the system of landlord and tenant which is to blame. One would think that a succession of extreme and unfavourable seasons, followed by a fall of prices to more than 30 per cent below what the old free-traders are said to have named as the lowest possible, would be sufficient to account for it without attributing it to any particular system. But to me it seems that our English system of landlord, tenant, and labourer, so far from being in fault, has had the singular

merit of causing the pressure of the bad times to fall sooner and more heavily on the rich than on the poor. For ten years past, at least, we have heard on all sides of abatements of rent, of households reduced, of a London season given up, of hunters exchanged for plough-horses, of the big house being half shut up and the owner living in a few rooms. Only within the last one or two years have we heard of the farm-labourers' wages being materially reduced; and even now, though they have been reduced, yet so cheap are the necessaries of life, that, measured by what they will purchase, wages are really higher than they were ten or twelve years ago. Many farmers have failed; but how many more would have failed, if, instead of paying say $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the capital value of the land as rent to the landlord, they had had to purchase their farms with borrowed money, and pay,—not $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, with a good chance of abatement when needful,—but 5 per cent, and, in case of doubtful security, perhaps 7 or 8 per cent interest, exacted to the day and to the last penny, by the mortgagee or the banker? It is want of capital, consequent upon losses, which is pressing so sorely on the farmers. How much worse would it have been for them if they had had the best part of their capital sunk in the fee-simple of the land?

When you have no case, abuse the plaintiff's solicitor. When you have a speech to make, and nothing to say, abuse the "land laws." "Land laws" is a conveniently vague expression, which may mean anything or nothing. Generally, I suppose, it means the existing powers to sell or let land with the same freedom that we possess in other transactions of life. Before this liberty is restricted let us have some better reason than any we have heard as yet; let any change that may be made be based on facts, not on fictions and delusions. The mere suggestion of wild projects of legislation has helped to aggravate the depression, by frightening away capital, and discouraging weak and ignorant persons from meeting it in the only way it can be met, by industry, thrift, and hopefulness.

That the speculator, the man who buys land merely as a profitable investment, without a thought of the obligations and responsibilities which the ownership of land brings with it,—that such a man should be frightened away is indeed an unmixed benefit. If the present condition of things has had this effect, it will not have been without its wholesome use.

But there is many a rich man in England of a better sort than this, who is weary and ashamed of the profusion, the luxury, the idleness, the tedious round of amusements into which his wealth seems almost inevitably to plunge him. He feels that he is fit for better things. To give a big sum now and then in answer to an appeal does not require much effort, and is a sorry way out of the difficulty. Too often money thus given is wasted, or worse than wasted; the poor in the end is made poorer, the reckless more reckless. Like the rich man of old he asks, "What shall I do?"

Let him, if he have the power, the intelligence, and the grace, become an owner of land. In three parishes out of four there will be use enough for spare money, without fear of pauperising anybody. Building cottages alone will take plenty of that, and if done judiciously, confer an unmixed benefit. But before he takes

the leap, let him count the cost. To begin with, cheap as land is now, comparatively, there will be probably a considerable loss of income. And for some time it may entail many small worries, and many mistakes, not only in his own private affairs, but at the Vestry, the Board of Guardians, and the Trust meeting. He must buy his experience, if he is to be good for anything, and take pains about small matters. Above all things, he must not employ an agent, but take every penny of rent from farmer and labourer, and give every order himself. Agents are more or less indispensable in the case of large properties, and where the owner is from any cause prevented from doing his work himself. But it is at best an evil that there should not be frequent intercommunication on matters small and great between the owner and the occupier. How many a real grievance goes unredressed, how many a farmer breaks, how many a labourer's cottage lets in the cold and the rain because the landlord's servant, perhaps against all orders, sends away an applicant from his master's door to the agent's! But it is much worse in small properties than in large ones. A small estate is not considerable enough to employ a resident agent. And so a firm of solicitors, living perhaps ten or twenty miles off, or in London, act as agents and take the rents. And if half the thatch on Giles's cottage is blown off in a gale, or somebody's drain overflows and fouls Stiles's well, you cannot expect this sort of agent to go all the way to look into what seems so small a matter, though it may not seem quite so small a matter to Giles if his wife gets pleurisy, or to Stiles if he dies of typhoid fever.

Another cause that makes the employment of agents necessary is the possession by one owner of estates at a distance from each other, and perhaps in different counties. Now that Lord Cairns's Act has made the transfer of land, however strictly entailed, so easy, one hopes that this evil may diminish, and that outlying properties may be left to younger sons or sold. For an evil it certainly is, involving more or less absenteeism on the part of the landowner; so that either he neglects one property, or gives but a feeble and diluted interest to the two.

On the evils of absenteeism, of the absence of personal interest and sympathy between the owner and the occupier of the soil, it is superfluous to insist. One special evil which it has tended of late years to encourage has been the doing away with small farms and throwing them into large ones. Fifteen or twenty years ago there were many specious reasons for this course. The mercantile spirit was abroad. Old traditions, old tenancies, must give way before it. There would be fewer farmers, and farmers were a valuable class in the community; but small traders were being crowded out everywhere, and it could not be helped. Other businesses paid better if carried on on a large scale, and why not farming? Large fields were easier to plough by steam, and large farmers could afford to pay for machinery. It was much less trouble for the agent to collect the rent from one large tenant—presumably a comparatively rich man—than from three or four small ones; and this last, perhaps, was often the chief reason of the change.

But when the depression and the bad times came, somehow it was the small modest old-fashioned farmers, not the new large ones,

as a rule, that weathered the storm the best. Many a thousand acres is now untenanted, for which there would have been applicants had the land been left in small holdings as it once was. But it is too late now; the old buildings are pulled down, the old fences grubbed. Farming, as Dr Jessop points out so well, is never likely to make people rich very fast. In farming there must always be — what is not necessarily the case with most other industries—facilities all over the world for entering into the competition. It is the thrift in small matters, the personal labour of the farmer and his family, the constant supervision of the work on the farm, that turns the scale and makes the difference between profit and loss, and brings in, not large gains, but modest interest on capital. Surely it is premature to despair about English agriculture. If we have been checked in our haste to be rich, if rents have fallen, and are to fall still more, it may be a wholesome lesson to some of us that nothing can succeed without pains, and that the landowner of all men should be the last to shirk his duties, the last to complain of hard times, if he has now and then been partly to blame.

The best labourers will not stay where they are not well housed, and landlord and tenant will both suffer in the long-run if they let them go. Only rich men can build cottages, as a rule, for if they are as good as they ought to be, they will not pay much interest on their cost. And let not any one think it superfluous and unpractical to make them shapely and architecturally interesting, as well as comfortable. Depend upon it, the sense of form, the artist's eye, is not confined to one class or degree of cultivation, though the power of expressing it may be absent or latent. The brightness of many a labourer's life depends, in no insignificant degree, on the form and appropriateness of his surroundings.

It is in respect of the house he has to live in that, in too many parishes throughout the country, the labourer's condition has scarcely begun to draw nearer, as it has in most other respects, to the condition of the class above him. When one thinks of all the money spent in so-called church-restoration—much of it, unquestionably, well spent and necessary; but how much also ill-spent and unnecessary, expended in mere bad and unintelligent copying of middle-age ornamentation,—when one sees the huge sum collected for the "Church House," the use of which no one seems to know, except that it is to be somehow for the glorification of the clergy, severally or collectively;—when one reflects on all this and other lavish expenditure, the thought will come, how many a man and family might have been housed in comfort who is being driven for want of a decent home to the lanes of a great city, had the cost gone privately, where it was wanted, to build or mend cottages, a worthier Jubilee gift than any conceivable Church House.

Those oak-trees in the old hedgerow, still more those ashes, which send their roots forty or fifty yards close to the surface of the ground, spoil an acre or more of the crop, and shade and injure perhaps half an acre more. The tenant will complain that they do him £5 a-year damage. If it be so, let the rent come down, not the trees. You can spend £100 on a picture, which means paying £4 or £5 a-year for it; you can subscribe to a people's palace or picture-gallery, or to the ghastly painted window,

which shuts out from the church the view of the soft foliage of the churchyard trees. Can you not afford £5 a-year for a picture more beautiful, more seen and enjoyed, than any painted by human hands —an heirloom, perhaps, from past generations, full of memories to high and low? How can you, for very shame, sell your birthright in it for a paltry £5 a-year? If the country-side came to be owned by peasant proprietors, with heavy mortgages, and barely able to live, such considerations would have to yield to stern necessity. But as a landowner, unless you are an insolvent beggar on horseback, *noblesse oblige*, you are the natural guardian of the perishable features and attractions of the country-side, and you will deserve its imprecations if you are false to your trust. Think what East Anglia would be like if every stick of hedgerow timber were cut down, and the keen March winds swept westward over plains as bare and more flat and featureless than those of Northern France.

One more opportunity for good, one more important work I cannot but allude to as falling specially and appropriately upon the landowner—if he have the means, and the intelligence, and the grace —in these latter years. The healthy rural population is always increasing, always outgrowing the demand for labour in the country. It is idle to expect that any change in the system of land-holding, any improvement in cultivation, will in the long-run materially check this redundancy. The population overflows to the large towns, causing want of employment, distress, and demoralisation. Sweeping measures of State employment or State colonisation applied to an immense promiscuous town population are more likely to aggravate the evil than to cure it. Colonisation and emigration require the most careful, the most discriminating selection, not between classes only, but between individuals, which to State officials, necessarily bound by hard and fast rules, is surely impossible. It is in the country—at the sources of the great river, not at the mouth —that the stream must be kept pure. It is thence that the surplus waters must be led, not by vast schemes and hard and fast rules, but by kindly discriminating human intelligence and sympathy, not to crowded cities, but into channels which lead to another and a sunnier England which is waiting for them far

"O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea."

JOHN MARTINEAU.

PRINCESS YIELA: AN AFRICAN EPISODE.

I.

FAR in the interior of Central Africa there dwells a negro tribe which offers strange contrasts to its neighbours. Whereas, in similarity with other savage races, the women of the majority of the negro tribes represent so much real property — so many goods and chattels—to their owners, to be bullied, sold, and even killed and eaten, at the sweet will of their possessors, the contrary custom obtains in the main with that tribe with whom this episode in my roving life is connected. In other tribes the female portion of the community are the beasts of burden and the common labourers, while their lords and masters lounge at their ease. Morally they are a helpless, crushed, and callous race, appearing to live merely for the sake of living, and just to satisfy the animal appetite for life. Physically they have no beauty of form: their figures are stunted and undeveloped, their features deformed and ugly sometimes to repulsiveness. To an outsider, only one purely human instinct seems to belong to them. Of their children they are intensely fond, and lavish an astonishing amount of affection upon them — affection that is almost capable of self-sacrifice. But even she-bears and lionesses do as much.

In the midst of these tribes, and in strong contrast to them, dwells another powerful and populous tribe, whose rulers are selected from the female population. It is governed by a queen and female chiefs, to whom the males are subordinate, which probably accounts for the not altogether unbecoming henpecked appearance that the latter wear. On the one side there is absolute subjection of body and soul,—an offering of a passive and unquestioning obedience on the part of the subject female portion. Like dumb animals, they accept their lot without a murmur, and apparently without a desire or a dream that it might be possible to better it. Suggestions of amelioration would awaken neither hope nor despair, would not even bewilder them, but would be regarded as the fancies of a madman. On the other side, though there is the opposite of all this, the position is not one of absolute security. It is clear the ruling powers detect or suspect the existence of a possible feeling of protestation on the part of their male subjects, and wisely, therefore, do not accept their position as inviolable. They never relax their efforts to maintain its security by making constant exhibitions of their capacity, and by taking advantage of every opportunity that would cause their social superiority to be felt—not by an abuse of power, but by gentle pressure and opportune reminders. And yet they need stand in little fear of rebellion, for there is no conservative like the African negro. These people are too tenacious of custom to attempt to overturn anything that has become habitual. Still, for all this, some undefined fear, some doubt of the security of their position, must have existed when no opportunity that would be effective towards making the so-called lords of creation conscious of their inferior position was

neglected by their female rulers. Whatever his sphere of life—fisherman, warrior, handicraftsman—he was unceasingly overlooked, and it appeared to be an instinctive feeling on the female side that the reign of feminine power would be a short one if this activity were once relaxed.

After the many types of female degradation elsewhere, it was more than interesting to a traveller to come amongst them. It was refreshing to gaze on their fresh animated faces, not without traces of beauty, even according to the European standard; their lithe figures, graceful as only the human figure can be graceful that develops after the true order of nature and unhampered by artificial restrictions. Like Eve before the Fall, they are naked and not ashamed. Ancient Greek women clothed their bodies, and are dubbed immodest by modern European women, who, in order to escape this charge, hide theirs: though both fell into the inevitable temptation to heighten effect by suggestion. But the negro savage neither clothes nor conceals her form, and yet withal does not lack modesty. It needs an intercourse with these people, whom Europeans call savages, and who lead the lives of healthy animals, to discover that modesty is less a principle of education than a natural instinct. It is civilisation only that produces the woman who is modest *because* she has no beauty.

Their tribe is a large and scattered one of domesticated, peaceful, and industrious people, who, though well able to defend their own interests by fighting for them, do not live by war and pillage. Their villages are dotted along the banks of a large inland river in well-chosen positions; each a little cluster of low, oval-roofed grass huts, forming, against a background of wavy banana and graceful palm trees, pleasant little variations to the monotony of the river-banks. There is a busy and important atmosphere around these little towns, very different from the air of general stagnation and laziness pervading the villages of other tribes. It is the great canoe-making tribe of the equatorial region, and its contrast to the surrounding tribes might be compared to that of a large manufacturing district in our own land with a sleepy country village. The canoes are of all sizes, with carrying capacity for from two to fifty persons, and are made from whole trunks of trees hollowed out first by the action of fire, and laboriously finished off afterwards with a primitive tool, half axe, half chisel. Equally well adapted to speed rapidly over smooth water or to shoot a swirling rapid where heavier and more elaborate craft would come to grief, these canoes bear evidence of great skill, both in manufacture and contrivance. The usual mode of propelling them is by means of long-bladed paddles, the boatmen standing up and striking the water with steady and regularly sweeping strokes, bending their bodies to the time of the unmusical taps on a tom-tom or the droning monotony of a native song.

At one of these villages standing midway between the tribal borders, the position of which showed more than usual care and foresight in selection of locality, picture an appearance of unusual commotion amongst its inhabitants. That some news of extraordinary moment had been received and was agitating the minds of all was clear. The canoe-makers had left off chipping, and were talking eagerly with

the spearmen of the tribe, with excited gestures and rapid speech. Little groups of chiefs, some with their babies slung at their backs in the uncomfortable-looking native fashion, stood about the open spaces rivalling the men in the noisy chattering of their tongues, and in the excited movements with which they discussed the news. A messenger had arrived that morning from Ngankabi, the queen of the tribe, that two *mundéli* (white men) were coming down the river in a large canoe so wonderfully made that it was propelled without paddles or manual labour, but by means of an angry hissing *ndoki* (devil) whom the *mundéli* had captured, and who uttered at times strange and fearful shrieks. Though so frightened at first that she and all her people had fled to the shelter of the bush, she had ultimately, trusting in the efficacy of her *nkissi* (fetish) to protect her from harm, ventured off from the shore in her canoe to demand the reason of their visit. She had found them not quite the monsters that rumour had depicted them, but made much after the fashion of a black man, save that they had ugly pale faces, wore much fine cloth wrapped strangely round their bodies, and covered their feet. They did not appear to feed upon the flesh of black men, but asked to buy a goat and some fowls. That altogether they seemed peacefully disposed. They readily dispensed most wonderful gifts, the like of which had never been seen before, and which she could not describe; but amongst them was a magic something at which you looked and beheld a person just like yourself, who imitated all that you did. Finally, she bade Princess Yiela, her chief, receive these *mundéli* in a friendly manner, and gaze herself on the wonders she had told her messenger to describe, and thus be satisfied that Ngankabi the queen had not spoken falsely.

Hence the unusual commotion in the village. The people, consumed with a curiosity they were half afraid to gratify, kept a keen look-out upon the river. Presently, gliding slowly along in mid-stream, a small steam-launch appeared. Open-mouthed they watched the progress of this strange canoe, and as they heard with a shudder the puffing noise of the imprisoned *ndoki*, involuntarily all started back to hide, but were restrained by a gesture from Yiela, their princess, and the head-chieftain of their village, who now appeared at the door of her *shimbek*. She was a striking figure, and one easily singled out from the rest, distinguished no less by her appearance as one accustomed to command, than by her personal comeliness. She was tall and slim, the perfect formation of every limb, and the shapely development of her breasts, showing to the full the grace of their natural curves, as she stood forward, drawn to her full height—her body wholly uncovered, save by a cincture of woven grass. The rich copper hue of her skin had the soft clear appearance of perfect health, and her swarthy face, though it possessed no single striking feature, was full of pleasant expression. An air of power looked out from her keen and wistful eyes, and hovered round the curves of her proudly pouting lips. Her whole attitude was that of one who has a sense of position. In token of her rank and freedom, she wore round her neck a thick and massive brass collar, and on her ankles were heavy, rudely chased anklets of the same metal.

She stood watching the canoe of the *mundéli*, which had now come

to an anchor opposite the village, and its occupants could be seen making friendly signs to the natives on the shore. Princess Yiela, remembering the message of her queen, stepped down to her canoe without hesitation, followed by many of the others. Motioning to the unfortunate man who acted as her husband to sit down at one end, she grasped the paddle, and commenced to propel the canoe containing herself and him in the direction of the steam-launch. It was as if she divined that the man would have a ridiculous appearance if he were seated there helplessly while she did the work. This was one of her methods—and a very feminine one—for making her position felt. Calmly she plied the paddle, and came alongside, having sufficient sense of her dignity the while to try and look as if she were not curiously eyeing the vessel and its appointments with a vague wonder not unmixed with alarm. A male native, were he king or slave, would never have remembered his dignity in such a case, but would have taken the undisguised interest of a child in the novel sight. Not so Yiela: though an untutored savage, she was a woman; and Mother Eve has not transmitted all her idiosyncrasies to white ladies only.

At length arrived alongside the launch, her eager eyes curiously devoured the strange sight before her, resting in turn upon the fittings of the boat, its dusky crew, and with not the least amount of interest upon the two pale-faces that were smiling before her. She imperiously demanded of the black interpreter who stood awaiting her approach, why they had thus ventured to disturb her town? Through the same medium, the chief white man replied that they came in friendly guise, bringing rare and curious presents for the chiefs and people, whom they would pay in the same coin for all food-supplies; that the fame of Princess Yiela (this a sop to Cerberus) had reached the ears of the *mundéli*, who wished to enter into a friendly compact with her, and abide for a short space in her village as her brother. Finally, he proposed that a palaver should be held, at which the whole matter could be discussed. To this she in form assented, and was then invited to step on board and view the strange vessel. Conquering her first feeling of alarm, she duly inspected its appointments, uttering many an exclamation of wonder; and after inviting her strange visitors on shore, she took her leave, and graciously accepted at parting—as an earnest of future friendship—a present of coloured cloth and trinkets, not forgetting a looking-glass, at the production of which she was unable to conceal her delight, for she recognised in it the magic gift described by the messenger from her queen Ngankabi.

Meanwhile, during all this talk, the unfortunate husband still sat on his haunches in the canoe, dumb and immovable. The only signs of interest or life he displayed were by the shifting glances of his eyes, as they restlessly contemplated the movements of the crew, and returned at intervals to cast a deprecating look on his spouse—just as a dog turns ever and anon with obedient simplicity to watch his master's countenance.

They departed as they came, Yiela vigorously plying the paddle, and the impassive figure seated behind her, mute and motionless. He seemed to leave an impression of taint in the air which I, the *mundéli* in question, involuntarily shuddered at, though I laughed as I watched them go. As the skele-

ton at Egyptian feasts served as a *memento mori*, mocking the empty boast and checking the rude licence, so it seemed that this chilling presence also uttered its mute warning: "Male creatures, cease your jesting; behold in me what thou shalt become, beneath the omnipotent rule of the petticoat."

Princess Yiela's departure was the signal for the onward rush of her people. Scores of canoes of all sizes, laden with living black cargoes of men, women, and children, surrounded the launch, their occupants noisily criticising its appearance with the violent gesture and ceaseless chatter that reminded one of a crowd of monkeys. Suddenly an incautious hand touched the steam-whistle, and in the instant following upon its shriek a clear space of water was left round the vessel, the canoes speeding away under the lively paddling induced by the terror of their occupants. Some time elapsed before they were urged to return by excessive amicable demonstrations, and by the ultimate realisation that they were unharmed.

Having succeeded in bringing the natives back and calming their fears, I, in prosecution of my studies in human nature, displayed the attractions of the boat to a select few, sweetening my description with a few judicious presents of cloth and beads, both of which were highly esteemed by the recipients, who had never seen their like before, and lively expressions of satisfaction testified to their appreciation. Like children at the sight of a new toy, they never tired of expressing their delight and admiration, and would sometimes stand for hours and gaze open-mouthed at all they saw, watching minutely the least movement on board.

Signalling to one grave old man, whose name was Nganqua, and who appeared to be of high rank from the respect he exacted from his fellows, I invited him on board, and showed him the engines and other appointments of the launch. But the sight appeared to have a most depressing effect upon his spirits. At the display of each fresh novelty his aspect became more sad and gloomy. Instead of the monkey-like delight which the others showed, he only mournfully shook his head, and, with a sad and downcast mien, returned to his canoe, making only one lugubrious remark to the interpreter, which the latter translated into his negro-English as "white man get plenty sense too much." It was not uttered as a compliment, but seemed rather an ejaculation of despair at the contrast presented by his own people to the wonderful resources of the white strangers than a note of admiration. After-events caused me to keep a vivid recollection of this scene, when the old man literally sighed out his remark — "White man get plenty sense too much." Livingstone records a similar instance of a man who found life with the whites so burdensome, from its wonderful contrast to his own, that he committed suicide.

II.

The morning following upon the arrival of myself and party at the village was the time appointed for my visit to the shore, to hold a palaver with Princess Yiela and her people. My first act was to prepare my interpreter for the event.

This I knew from experience to

be an almost hopeless task. The vagaries of interpreters are proverbial, and men are much to be pitied who are forced to settle political complications when the discussions are carried on through these intermediaries. To fulfil your desires by means of one interpreter is anxiety enough; but when it becomes necessary to filter your remarks through three or four of them, the percolation is always disastrous to the matter in hand, and frequently dangerous to yourself. The process resembles very much that winter evening's amusement of juvenile drawing-rooms, in which some occult observation is whispered by one of the party in the ear of his neighbour, and thus passed on until it reaches the last recipient, who has then to declare aloud the message he has received, which always turns out to be ridiculously unlike the original observation. Interpreters differ only from this in that they add embellishment to misapprehension. They are keen critics of style, and, like all critics, are ever ready to condescendingly place their superior knowledge at the service of unfortunate authors, frequently forcing upon them unwilling lessons in the art of how not to do it. It can easily be imagined how in an interpreter this condescension becomes particularly annoying. He has a fixed idea that one never means exactly all that one says, and that to speak strongly is to show one's self deficient in tact. He is therefore kind enough not only to tone your meaning down, and add to it extra rhetorical embellishment from the stores of his own fertile imagination, but to present it in such a guise as to cause it to be unrecognisable by yourself. His fellow-interpreter treats the communication thus received in like fashion, and modifies it according to his own peculiar ideas. Ultimately the native chief for whom it is intended receives the white man's message thus revised and corrected, and either feels a wild desire to disembowel and devour the proposer on the spot, or gives his consent to an act his white visitor had not the remotest conception of proposing.

Under these circumstances the prospect of a political encounter is not encouraging, and it was with a mind not altogether unclouded by anxiety that I stepped on shore, accompanied by my retinue. Making my way through the narrow ill-smelling alleys formed by the clustering huts built without order or arrangement, I arrived at the centre of the village, where was a circular open space surrounded by huts, and into which the several alleys or streets converged.

Here a picturesque and interesting scene was presented to my view. Beneath a gigantic baobab, the fetish-tree of the village, wherein were enshrined the disembodied spirits of departed chiefs, the whole population of the place had assembled. Squatting upon their haunches within the limited space of shadow cast by the tree were semicircular serried ranks of dusky-skinned female chiefs, male warriors armed with assegais and wicker-work shields, and slaves of all degrees. The female chiefs were seated in the front rows, and comprised women of all ages, from undeveloped youth to full maturity, all of whom were robust and well formed—withered senility being remarkable by its absence. Each wore round her shapely neck a heavy brass collar, while smaller brass ornaments adorned the wrists and ankles. The general effect was extremely picturesque in its simplicity. The

sunlight glancing through the branches played upon their flashing metal ornaments, gave an added brightness to their glistening eyes, and made fleeting effects of light and shadow on their smooth and shining bodies. With lips half parted in anticipation, and restless tongues staying for a moment their ceaseless chatter, they awaited my approach; curiosity, the one generally perfected feminine attribute, compelling silence, the quality deemed most distasteful to the female mind. Round the outskirts of the assembly swarmed the children. Some, rolling their bodies in the sand, sprawled about in all attitudes; others, half in fear, drew closer to the protecting shadow of their mothers, their wide-opened eyes reflecting the curiosity of their elders.

In the centre of the front rank, and more forward than the rest, sat Princess Yiela upon a native stool, awaiting the arrival of the *mundéli*. I stepped up to her, and we greeted each other in native fashion by clapping our hands together twice, and uttering the conventional form of salutation, "*Mbotè, mbotè!*" (good, good). This done, I seated myself upon a second stool facing the queen. I was struck, however, by the quietness of my reception. These females had certainly a due sense of their own dignity, and I was made very early in the proceedings to feel that the holding of the palaver was not looked upon as an act of condescension on my part, but rather as that which it was their right to expect. This unostentatious assertion of their position and unobtrusive acceptance of it surprised me greatly, so different was it to the manner of the male chieftains I had previously had dealings with, whose dignity was of that inane and vulgar type that is with us associated with "Bumbledom." To the latter a palaver had been carried out rather in the spirit of insidious flattery than otherwise: here it was accepted as an unquestionable right.

Through the medium of my interpreter I expressed my wish to form a settlement amongst them, baiting my hook with judicious allusions to the many benefits and novelties that the residence of white men amongst them would bring to them. This explanation, owing to the eccentricities of the interpreter, lasted a long time, the whole audience listening with untiring interest and in attentive silence. When, however, Yiela commenced to speak, all who were present beat their naked breasts with both hands, and without intermission, as an accompaniment. The hollow tap-tap, given with regular time, of this novel performance had a queer and fascinating sound not unpleasing to the ear, and formed even a more stirring applause than shouts. It was their method of showing both respect for the speaker and approval of the speech, and was a curious incentive by which they worked their feelings up to the proper pitch of rhetorical expression, to which it was the prelude. The gist of her speech was her general approval of the *mundéli's* propositions and her consent to them, subject to sundry conditions. Interruptions and suggestions came from time to time from her subjects, who were permitted to interpolate remarks unchecked.

The only objection to the scheme came from Nganqua, who attempted to work on the superstitious fears of the people by urging that the sojourn of the white men

amongst them might be fatal to their prosperity, and might forebode the presence of many an evil fetish. He was, however, completely overruled by Yiela. She seemed to feel a growing interest in the white stranger, and an inclination to see more of him, which she was strongly disposed to satisfy. Hers was a complex nature, a character of high though untrained mental capacity, capable of much feeling, though the uninstructed and unregulated mind of the untutored savage did not afford her the means of expressing it. A nature without moral restraint, and one that in following blindly its own dictates might be doomed to much suffering inexplicable to the sufferer. In defiance of her better judgment, she had yielded to a strong impulse, though she had felt Nganqua's fears were justified when she had contemptuously rejected them.

The palaver ended by the presentation on both sides of friendly gifts, consisting of cloth and beads from the *mundéli*, and a goat from the Princess. I then returned to the boat to enjoy my midday siesta —a rest I had well earned after the fatigues of the palaver.

In the afternoon Nganqua paid me a second visit. Nganqua was a type of man not altogether unknown to civilised life, and merits a few words of description. He was the fetish-man of the tribe—the man who possessed the power of exorcising evil spirits, and of discovering the bewitcher in cases of witchcraft. It is needless, therefore, to say he was dreaded by the commonalty; and even inferior chiefs stood in awe of him. His position gave him a wide-reaching grasp over human life—a grasp that was never relaxed; and it was always dangerous to offend him, for no man knew who might be the next victim singled out to pay with his life the penalty that invariably follows the accusation of bewitching a chieftain. Needless also is it to say that he was a rogue, and knew well his business of trading upon the superstitious instincts of his countrymen. His knavery was, in a different degree, the knavery of all those pretenders to divine right in the world's history, whom only the prevailing religious creed has the faculty of producing. Naturally, therefore, he was bold and unscrupulous. In his own narrow and hampered condition he was a man of strong imagination, and even originality, quick to resent opposition, and incapable of tame submission to superior power; unable to adapt himself to a new order of things; naturally suspicious of change, and jealous of encroachments upon his own strong position. Hence, on the appearance of the white man, he found indisputable evidences of a power superior to all that he had conceived possible, and he consequently scented the danger it might be to him and his position. The situation admitted of only one remedy, which was to drive the stranger away. But to this scheme there was an insurmountable obstacle in Yiela; and he understood her well enough to know that the sudden interest she had taken in the *mundéli* would not be easily eradicated. He knew her power was great, but he knew also that the command his office gave him over the shifting and slavish minds of the people was greater if he bided his time and boldly seized his opportunity. None, too, knew better than he the scope of the rude untempered justice of his race—the justice that spared the red-handed murderer, and slew the petty thief.

Such was Nganqua; and he had come partly with the object of gratifying his sense of greed by obtaining for himself another present of cloth and trinkets, and partly with the desire common to men of his stamp, to spy out the nakedness of the land—if nakedness there were. I entertained him by puzzling him with the exhibition of a few simple conjuring tricks, such as one can buy at a London toy-shop for a few pence. These were to him evidences of magic power, and, rousing within him a consuming fire of envy, made him more morose and despondent than before, and he ultimately retired in an extremely unamiable mood. Had he been a weaker man, and one of more slender imaginative capacity, he would have died of sheer chagrin.

As the evening advanced I followed him to shore, in order to be a spectator of the native dances which form the conclusion to the ceremonies of the morning palaver. I had been often struck, as no traveller can fail to be, with the little difference that radically exists between members of the human family, civilised and uncivilised; and I was not therefore surprised to find unmistakable signs of jollification as I neared the village; for the savage black requires as little inducement towards indulgence as his civilised brother, and any occasion that can be made an excuse for a "big drink" is hailed with delight.

The din of the songs and shouts, mingled with the monotonous boom of numerous tom-toms, had reached me when on my way to land; and as I rapidly proceeded to the centre of the village, I found myself in the midst of boisterous parties of blacks more or less intoxicated. Huge calabashes and clay pots, two and three feet in height, some filled with *malafu*, the sap from the palm tree; others frothing over with *pombé*, a nauseous native beer, stood about the open space; and it was clear, from the animated gestures and lively antics of the natives, that their contents had been indulged in without stint. Worked into frenzy by excitement and drink, numerous groups were restlessly engaged in dancing to the time of their respective tom-toms. There is very little that is graceful in any native dances. They are merely arrangements of heel and toe, accompanied by rigid contortions of the body, and, as the fun becomes faster and more furious, by many indecent gestures.

One by one they fell out and succumbed to drowsiness, until silence at last reigned in the village. I had been an interested observer of the scene to the end, and it was late before I returned to my boat, being guided in the black darkness around me by the loud croakings of the innumerable frogs which were holding their unmelodious converse on the marshy banks of the river.

III.

I awoke the next morning with a strong feeling of oppression, the result of the many toasts I had drunk in *pombé* the preceding night. Through the half-open curtains of the awning beneath which I slept I watched my sentry Abudulai at his prayers. Abudulai's picturesque attitude was strikingly outlined against the hazy grey background of the early morning—his face raised to

the sky, his hands outstretched with the palms turned upwards, saluting the coming dawn. As a Houssa he was a Mohammedan, and one of a negro tribe who, in common with all recent converts to a new creed, had amalgamated the essential points of their old religion with it. Thus though a devout follower of the Prophet, he still carried round his neck numerous small bags of dyed leather filled with fetishes, the emblems of the old faith of his tribe, mingled with phylacteries of written extracts from the Koran.

His devotions over, Abudulai, finding his master was awake, deemed it a favourable moment for preferring one of those numberless requests for *backsheesh* that the black is never tired of making. He has no sense of gratitude or unselfishness, and every service he renders has its price; and if your recognition of his services does not reach his own estimate, he does not fail to remind you of it.

Abudulai, approaching me with his hands spread out before him, began his speech thus: "Captain, you be my father and my mother," —for the Houssa, like the Hindu, invariably prefaces a request with this piece of information, and generally adds a clause to the effect that you are all other relations as well. "Massa," he continued, "me want chop—my belly cry plenty;" then, with his head on one side, added in an insinuating tone that was irresistible, "Give me dash [*i.e.*, present], massa."

This was my ordinary morning experience with one or other of my servants, who never failed, however, to obtain the "dash." Abudulai at length retired satisfied, and gave me leisure to light my pipe and to prepare to enjoy the brief tranquillity of the morning.

There is no part of the tropical day so invigorating as daybreak,—the prelude to the relaxing atmosphere of the heated midday, the brief restful twilight, and the damp malaria-haunted night. The early morning, when all animal and vegetable life wakes almost in an instant refreshed and strengthened, has an all-pervading charm. Plants bud and flower almost under the eye, innumerable insects buzz around, birds scream and chatter; all nature seems to share in the short refreshment offered when the cool dewy morn is linked to the warmth of the on-coming day—soon to be dispelled, however, by the oppressive glare of midday, which droops every head, and hushes every sound. For this brief period nature condescends to smile. At other times she is supreme in her grandeur and her pitilessness. It is possible to feel sated with the monotony of her unvarying luxuriance, and to long for a smiling home-country scene, with its touches of gentleness and suggestions of peace, and its marked changes as the seasons revolve. Then her face wears ever the same awesome calm—grand, cold, and cruel. She is ever at an extreme in both passive and active stages, ever unresponsive; and few are the touches that give a spectator a human interest. In the dense forests there is the same awful silence. The lofty trees—a different specimen at every step—with fantastically twisted lianas curling from every stem, the deep gloom caused by the thickly interlaced foliage overhead, the apparent absence of bird-life, added to the still silence pervading every part, throw a feeling of solemnity over one. Grand natural cathedrals these forests are, with their dark canopied roofs, supported by lofty

columns adorned with numerous spiral traceries. Gigantic cotton-trees rear their lofty crowns far beyond your gaze, upright palms stretch their verdant fans around you, and beautiful tree-ferns wave their graceful fronds in gentle benison above you.

I sat on enjoying the cool morning air, and lazily watching the gambols of a small black monkey in the wood opposite which the boat was moored. At times the monkey would desist from its sport, and, scratching itself in a contemplative way, gaze curiously at me. Seeing which, Massamba, my native boy, crept cautiously to my side and pointed the monkey out to me; but seeing that I merely nodded my head without taking further notice, said with an impressive air, calculated to rouse my pride, "Massa, dem monkey he make palaver. Him head get plenty big [*i.e.*, he is conceited]. He say you no fit." Then he added, in a plaintive tone of entreaty, "He is good for chop, massa." With a sigh I had to satisfy him by taking my gun and condemning the unoffending monkey to the cooking-pot.

It seemed destined to be a morning of interruptions, for shortly afterwards I perceived Yiela paddling her own canoe as usual, with the statuesque husband behind her, and steering for the launch. She came on board, fingered and overlooked everything from the engine-taps to the books, asked eager questions about all she handled, and inquired if I really came from *Mputu*.

Mputu to the native mind is the illimitable unknown beyond—beyond the sea to those who dwell near the coast, and to inland tribes beyond the farthest point known to them. White men are reputed to dwell there, and hence in speaking of my own country to a native, I always alluded to it as *Mputu*.

Yiela listened eagerly to my tales of life in that distant land, and heard with wide-eyed wonder of the pale women, the tall houses, the vast canoes, and all those innumerable wonders, of which anything in native life favoured the description, of this golden-tinted *Mputu*.

New ideas dawned upon her, and a range of mental vision, to which she had as yet been blind, seemed opening its vista before her. Grosser passions she had hitherto found no difficulty in satisfying, but the vague longing which seized her now seemed higher and less tangible. This state of mind was not incongruous with her position. Simple tropical natures resemble tropical fruits, which are tasteless and insipid until an added something brings out the hidden delicacy of the flavour. Yiela's outward behaviour, indeed, was not of a high order. She tore her food asunder with her fingers, and sometimes made a *serviette* of her hair. She was very far from realising our modern criterion of perfect womanhood, having none of the forbidding purity that shrouds our saintly devotees in their selfish raptures, nor of the severe and superficial indifference to humanity that envelops the Girton graduate nourished on the higher mathematics. On the contrary, she was only a simple naked savage, rejoicing in a feeling new and strange. There was something strangely attractive in this dusky queen, and on parting with her I measured with lavish hands a present of beads and trinkets, and wishing her "*mbotè quenda*"—the literal rendering of *bon voyage* in the native dialect—I watched with shaded eyes and

mixed feelings the progress of her canoe towards the shore.

A few hours afterwards I went on shore myself, and wandered on the outskirts of the village. On my return I heard loud and frequent angry shouts, joined to the irrepressible tom-toms, coming from the village. I guessed from the noisy din that a human sacrifice was being inaugurated. Urged by a feeling I could not resist, I made my way in the direction of the sound, although I knew too well my interference would be useless, and the brutal spectacle revolting to me. As I reached the edge of a cleared space amongst the trees, I heard the whistle of an assegai through the air, followed by a deep groan, and saw its stem quivering in the breast of Yiela.

With a yell of bloodthirsty gratification a body of men, headed by Nganqua, were gathering round her prostrate form as I rushed forward. Urging back the crowd with a gesture, half entreaty, half command, which, momentarily startled by my presence, they obeyed, I knelt and raised her head. In a quivering death-throe she fixed her eyes upon my face with a pleading softness in their depths. A momentary quiver passed over the mobile lips, a momentary flash came from the fast-glazing eyes; and murmuring in a vague fluttering tone my last message, "*mbotè quenda*," she smiled, shivered, and fell back in my arms—dead.

CÆSAR BORGIA.

III.—HIS CAPTIVITY, FLIGHT, AND DEATH.

We left Cæsar at Naples, a prisoner in the hands of Gonzalo de Cordoba. After four months' captivity in the fortress of Ischia, he sailed for Spain in the end of September 1504, in the charge of his bitterest enemy, Prospero Colonna, and landed at Valencia, whence, according to contemporary chroniclers, he was conducted to Medina del Campo in the north of Spain, to be confined in the castle of that city. It is, however, certain that he was at first imprisoned at Chinchilla, in the province of Albacete, and that he remained there for at least seven months. Though the Chronicle of Zurita does not record this fact, a number of contemporary writers give Chinchilla as the first stage of his journey; and this assertion is confirmed by the discovery of a procuration bearing the signature of Valentinois, and dated "Chinchilla, May 4, 1505," in the archives of Pau. In this document Cæsar empowers his brother-in-law, John, King of Navarre, to recover the sum of 100,000 francs, French money, forming the dowry of the Duchess of Valentinois, which had been promised by the King of France, and guaranteed by his treasurers, but had never been paid, and never was to be.

The first echo of Cæsar's captivity comes to us from Rome in August 1504. The prisoner had not yet reached his destination. The ambassador of the Most Serene Republic shows us the cardinals of the Spanish party taking every possible step to procure the liberation of Valentinois; the most earnest on his behalf going straight to Julius II., and the others—those who were induced to take action by Lucrezia Borgia, by the Duke of Ferrara, and in fact by all who take an interest in the prisoner—addressing themselves to King Ferdinand the Catholic. On the 19th of November, when Cæsar had been only twenty days in confinement at Chinchilla, fresh despatches from Rome announce an important piece of news. The widow of Cæsar's victim, the Duke of Gandia, a near relation of the King of Spain, who had retired to that kingdom with her children after the assassination of her husband, had lodged an accusation against her brother-in-law, the Duke of Valentinois, and insisted that he should be put upon his trial; and an inquiry had been opened.

A week later, Costabili, the envoy of Ferrara, who had been commissioned by the prisoner's sister to exert himself in her brother's cause, had seen in the hands of the Cardinal of Salerno a letter from Requesenz, the Duke of Valentinois's major-domo, dated from Chinchilla, which held out some hopes: "The Duke, at first confined with only one attendant, has since been allowed to have as many as seven persons with him. Ferdinand the Catholic has received the letters of the cardinals relative to the liberation of Cæsar: he wishes, in the first place, to take cognisance of the charges brought against him by Gonzalo de Cordoba. The ambas-

sador of the King and Queen of Navarre have also taken steps for his liberation, but they have not chosen their time well, for the Catholic Queen, Isabella, is dangerously ill." Finally, on the 5th of January 1505, the rumour of his liberation spread as far as Rome. Giustiniani, the Venetian envoy, asserts that the Pope has received news of the prisoner, who appears to be now out of prison. It was even said that King Ferdinand had determined to employ the daring soldier in his service in Italy. Acciaoli, the Florentine envoy, communicated the same intelligence to the Signoria. The report was soon contradicted, but it was based on a real intention, for we find in the Salazar Collection, now preserved in the library of the Academy of History at Madrid, an as yet unpublished autograph letter of King John of Navarre, dated Pamplona, December 1504, in which the king makes effusive expressions of gratitude to Ferdinand the Catholic for setting his brother-in-law free. It is again Giustiniani, ambassador of the Most Serene Republic, who supplies us with the reason for these fluctuations. "The Duke of Valentinois," he says, in his despatch to the Senate, "would be of great use to the Catholic king as a disturbing element in the affairs of Florence, and, at the same time, he could give the Pope so much trouble, that the various complications in which Cæsar would involve him, would effectually keep him from interfering in the affairs of others." All the Spanish chroniclers agree with the report of the Venetian diplomate. Two circumstances, however, prevented the desired solution of the question. Cæsar, in his impatience to escape, was unable to wait for the right moment; and the death of Isabella the Catholic, which might have been the hour of his deliverance, brought about complications in the kingdom of Castile, which made the prisoner a valuable hostage to either of the competitors for the inheritance of the Queen. Thus, after February 1505, there is no more talk of his liberation. "I learn from my last advices from Spain," says Giustiniani, "the exact contrary of the information conveyed in my last report concerning his imprisonment. The Duke is more closely guarded than ever, as it has been discovered that he had made an attempt to escape."

Let us consider through what circumstances the death of Isabella the Catholic, which happened on the 26th of November 1504, could affect the success of the efforts made by all who interested themselves in the fortunes of Valentinois.

For some time back, the daughter and rightful heiress of Isabella, the mother of Charles V., known in history as the mad queen Joan, who was married to Philip the Handsome, son of the Emperor Maximilian, had fallen into a sombre melancholy, which was aggravated by the departure of her husband for Flanders; she had taken refuge in the kitchen of the castle of Medina del Campo, where she lived in the chimney corner, and refused to leave it. Her mother, in expressing her last wishes, had provided for the possibility of her becoming absolutely insane, in which case she committed the regency to King Ferdinand the Catholic, on condition of his not marrying again. It was the moment when Ferdinand's enemies pressed hard upon him; Gonzalo de Cordoba, his lieutenant

in the kingdom of Naples, was playing him false; Louis XII. disputed his right to that kingdom; and the Emperor Maximilian seemed resolved to support the claims of his son the Archduke, who pretended that he had been wronged by the will of Isabella. The Catholic King proposed to his Most Christian rival to make peace, and asked for the hand of Germaine de Foix, niece to the King of France, as a pledge of his faith. Ferdinand was fifty-four years of age, Germaine eighteen; she brought to her husband, as her dowry, the half of the kingdom of Naples, ceded to France by the treaty of Granada. On the 12th of October 1505 the treaty of alliance and the contract of marriage were signed at Blois —Louis XII. engaging to help the King of Castile in conquering Navarre (which was to revert to the crown of France) for Gaston de Foix, Duke of Nemours, cousin of Louis and brother of the bride. On the 18th of March 1506 the marriage took place in the town of Dueñas. The Cortes, assembled at Toro, passed a decree authorising the Catholic King to take possession of the government of Castile, though this resolution was vigorously opposed by the greater number of the Grandees of the Court, who declared in favour of Joan and Philip. Don Fadrique de Toledo, Duke of Alva, supported Ferdinand, and was powerful enough to hold his own for a time. But the king's new marriage violated the clause in the will of Isabella the Catholic, and changed the claims of Philip the Handsome to the throne of Castile into an absolute right. The latter, therefore, left Flanders, and came to demand the regency of the kingdom. As he had formed a powerful party in Castile, which was supported by the Emperor Maximilian, he succeeded in compelling his father-in-law to give up the regency to him, and came to occupy the royal residence at Medina del Campo, where his wife Joan, still a prey to insanity, found no relief from the confusion of her ideas even when the man she loved returned to her side.

Meanwhile the state of affairs at Naples was growing critical. Gonzalo de Cordoba had been recalled, and the Catholic King had appointed his own son, Alfonso of Aragon, Archbishop of Saragossa, Lieutenant-General of the kingdom of Naples in his place. The Great Captain had required a delay of ten days to enable him to leave the fortresses in good condition and to collect his forces. The allotted space being already past, and the suspicions of his treachery confirmed, the Catholic King resolved to go in person to secure Gonzalo. On the 13th of July 1506 he reached Saragossa, where his young wife, Germaine de Foix, had just arrived. Resolved to employ the services of Cæsar Borgia, and to oppose him to the traitor Gonzalo, he sent Don Pedro de Ayala to his son-in-law Philip to demand from him the liberation of his prisoner, saying that he would imprison him in the fortress of Ejerica, in the kingdom of Valencia, up to the day when he was to take ship at that port for Naples.

A strange turn of fortune for Cæsar! As a Spanish commander, at the head of Spanish troops, he was to hunt down the man who had taken him prisoner by treachery and handed him over, bound hand and foot, to the King of Spain. Philip asked for time to consider, and weighed carefully the possible results of such a pro-

ject. The Council of Castile was summoned to deliberate concerning the liberation of the captive; the first question raised was that of whose prisoner he was. It was undoubtedly the Catholic King who had caused him to be seized at Naples, but he was then acting as King of Castile: as a point of fact, Cæsar was a prisoner of the Crown of Castile, actually detained in that kingdom at Medina, the centre of the government of Queen Joan, under the regency of her husband Philip. In Castile, therefore, Cæsar must stay. Besides, the family of Gandia, who had remained in Spain, had demanded that the assassin of their former chief should be put upon his trial, and the law must take its course. Don Alvaro Ossorio was commissioned to convey to the Catholic King the decision of the Council, which was in the negative. Passing over the authority of the regent, Ferdinand thereupon addressed himself directly to Don Bernardino de Cardenas, Adelantado[1] of Granada, who had especial charge of the prisoner and the government of the Castillo de la Mota, where he was confined; and Cardenas, whom the king had personally selected for this duty, finding himself placed between his master of yesterday and his master of to-morrow, declared that he was ready to deliver up the body of Cæsar to King Ferdinand if Philip, in his capacity of Regent of Castile, or the Queen Joan herself, removed their prohibition. He feared that, were he to obey the command of his former sovereign on his own authority, Philip would be sure to oppose the liberation of Cæsar by force. Ferdinand clung to his project. He therefore made a last attempt, through the medium of Don Luis Ferrer, his resident at the Court of Castile, who again presented a formal request for the liberation of Cæsar, which he characterised as "so just and reasonable a claim that it could not be refused." Philip still held out, and Cæsar, tossed about between the refusal of the regent and the persistence of Ferdinand, was the sufferer by this state of affairs. In the end of August, an envoy from Gonzalo de Cordoba, Nunez de Ocampo (the same man who had demanded Cæsar's sword at the time of his arrest at Naples), presented himself before the Catholic King at Saragossa to announce the coming of the Great Captain. Gonzalo wished to gain time; but about the same period Louis XII., now the ally of Ferdinand, who had already given him warning of Gonzalo's secret intrigues in the kingdom of Naples, now openly denounced him to his new relation. Ferdinand hesitated no longer, but, resolved to put these suspicions to the proof once for all, sailed for Naples on the 4th of September, accompanied by his young wife and the greater part of his court. Gonzalo did not wait for his arrival. Warned by Ocampo, who had got the start of Ferdinand, he had left Naples on the 7th to take refuge at Gaëta, leaving one Don Antonio de Cardenas as regent and lieutenant-governor in his place. At the same time he charged Ocampo to put out to sea with an escort of four galleys to meet his sovereign. Ferdinand had only just landed when, at Portosi, on the 5th of October, he received the news of the sudden death of Philip the Handsome, carried off by sickness

[1] Military governor.

on the 25th of September, at the age of twenty-eight. This premature death occurred so very opportunely to relieve the Catholic King of all anxiety, that he was even supected of having hastened it by poison.

Cæsar did not remain in ignorance of any of these events. In spite of his captivity, he had entered into close relations with the partisans of Philip, and notably with the Count of Benavente, Lord of Villalon, one of the greatest personages of the court, who kept the prisoner informed of every incident. The death of Philip might introduce anarchy into the kingdom of Castile. The Queen Joan had not yet recovered her reason. Surviving the man she had loved so fondly, she would not give up his body, but watched it with the most jealous care. She was, however, able to express to her father her wish for his return from Naples, which was also the desire of the Council of Castile, who demanded the regency of the Catholic King. It was also the wish of his ambassador, Luis Ferrer. Thus urged by all parties, the king made answer that the death of his son-in-law should recall to him all those of his ancient supporters who had embraced the cause of Philip,—that he promised them peace and forgiveness, relied on their future fidelity, and committed the government to his daughter Joan. He also said that he was engaged in restoring order in Neapolitan affairs; and as he was carrying on this work with as much success as he could hope for, he wished to complete it before returning to Spain.

Meanwhile the governor of La Mota, Don Bernardino de Cardenas, who had been called upon before the departure of the Catholic King to deliver up to him the body of Cæsar, but had excused himself from complying on the ground of fearing the displeasure of the regent of Castile, now felt it his duty, the regent being dead, to offer to give him up to Luis Ferrer, the ambassador of Aragon. Ferrer asked for time to get instructions from his master. Cæsar, being kept acquainted with the progress of the negotiations, which were much too slow to please him, soon lost all patience. He was well skilled in intrigue, daring in his schemes, and prudent at the same time, and he was acting in concert with his brother-in-law, the King of Navarre, and with the Lord of Villalon, Benavente. Just a month after the death of Philip, on the 25th of October 1506, he made his escape from the lofty tower in which he was confined, and, after some extraordinary vicissitudes, which history has not yet recorded, appeared suddenly—"like the devil," says the chronicle of Moret—at Pamplona, at the court of his brother-in-law of Navarre.

How had Cæsar evaded the vigilance of his jailers? Taking as a starting-point the theory that it is impossible that the flight of a prisoner of such consequence should not have caused an inquiry to begin with, then a judgment, and finally some kind of penalty, we have searched for the secret of this escape in the archives of Simancas, which have supplied us with the voluminous record of the prosecution of the governor of La Mota in the name of her Majesty the Queen Joan, who exercised her powers in spite of her insanity. We have, therefore, now got the depositions of the witnesses who sheltered the fugitive from Medina as far as the frontier of Navarre, and we are able to follow him step by step

on his adventurous course to that kingdom.

Following our custom of seeking the echo of European events in the despatches of the Venetian ambassadors, always so careful to keep the Senate well-informed, we have found, in the first place, by means of the documents preserved at Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari at Venice, that five days after the flight of Cæsar, Geronimo Vianello, ambassador of the Most Serene Republic at Burgos, had announced the escape to his Government. The accounts of the Venetian diplomates are not contradicted by the judicial inquiry. Little by little, the severity with which Cæsar was treated had been relaxed; he had a chaplain and attendants with him, and, without any great difficulty, could receive frequent communications. The governor, Don Bernardino de Cardenas, a personage of importance, could not trouble himself with such matters, and left all responsibility regarding the prisoner to his lieutenant, Don Gabriel de Tapia of Segovia. Cæsar's chaplain was his first confidant, who kept him in direct correspondence with Benavente, the chief wire-puller of the whole scheme. Garcia de Magona, one of Gabriel de Tapia's retainers, who had been won over by Cæsar, introduced into the fortress the ropes which served for the escape. The tower was very high, like those of the Alcazars of the Moors, defended by battlements, and lighted by narrow windows. Measuring its height with our eyes from the bottom of the moat, we can understand the expression of the *cicerone* to the chronicler, Brantôme, when he visited La Mota: "Aqui por gran milagro se salvo don Cesar de Borja."[1] Three of his accomplices — the chaplain, Requesenz the major-domo, and a certain Don Jaime—were to be in the moat at a fixed hour and give the signal. The Duke, who was young and active, raised himself up to the window of his prison, sending one of his servants, who voluntarily sacrificed himself, first. The rope was too short, and the servant, on reaching the end, let himself fall and broke some bones. Cæsar followed in his turn; but just as he was about to let himself fall on the unfortunate man who lay helpless in the ditch, the rope was cut from the inside by Don Pedro de Tapia, a relation of the jailer, who, suspecting something, was on the look-out and gave the alarm. Cæsar was precipitated down and hurt by the fall. It was necessary to hoist him upon one of the horses as well as could be done. He then started off at full speed, followed by some men-at-arms in the service of Benavente, in whose territories he was to conceal himself, to take breath and get well of his bruises.

The goal Cæsar aimed at was Pamplona, the capital of the kingdom of his brother-in-law of Navarre. For greater security he took a road leading in an opposite direction, and made straight for the coast, thus making a long detour, with the object of avoiding inquiries.

Thirty-eight days passed between his flight and his arrival at the Court of Navarre, and although the event was known at Burgos five days after it took place,—as the despatch of the Venetian ambassador Vianello is dated in the end of October,—it was only in

[1] From this place, by great miracle, Don Cæsar Borgia escaped.

the end of November that Cæsar started on his road for Navarre. His first halting-place was Pozaldes, his second Villalon, on the road from Medina to Santander, the domain of this same Count of Benavente, who had made himself an accomplice in his escape, and had supplied him with horses. There Cæsar put himself in communication with Navarre, and with the king, his brother-in-law, and remained nearly a month hidden on the estate of the lord of Villalon till he recovered from the severe contusions he had received in his fall. It is difficult to understand how the royal letter, ordering an inquiry concerning the escape, only came to be signed at Burgos on the 14th of December—that is to say, more than ten days after the arrival of the fugitive at the Court of Navarre; and we are tempted to believe that it was only the intelligence of Cæsar's arrival at Pamplona which made the judicial inquiry a certainty. The official documents reveal to us the picturesque incidents of the flight. Cæsar, on leaving Villalon, took the road to Santander; he had for guides two inhabitants of the little port of Pasajes, near San Sebastian. The three companions reached the gates of Santander on horseback; they must have made all speed, for their horses were unable to proceed any farther, and they were even obliged to leave them behind at Castres. Scarcely had they arrived at Santander when Cæsar sent one of his guides to make a bargain with the master of a vessel (of a *pinaca*, the indictment says), in order to get by sea to Bermeo, on the boundary of Guipuzcoa and Navarre. The guide showed too much eagerness to arrive at his destination, and was too easy about the price bargained for, which the bystanders deemed so excessive (it was twenty-seven gold ducats) that one of the neighbours went and gave information to the Corregidor's deputy about this voyage of three suspicious travellers, who were too generous with their money, and too anxious to get away. The Corregidor proceeded to the *posada* where Cæsar had stopped, separated the three travellers and interrogated them one by one, obtaining from all three the same story. They were merchants coming from Burgos and Villalon to draw some money; one of them, Miguel de la Torre, was expecting a ship with a cargo of wheat, which was coming from France to Santander; but on arriving in that town he found that the vessel had put in at Bermeo, and he was anxious to get there for fear of losing the cargo. The master of the boat had at first demanded forty ducats for the passage, but they bargained with him as well as they could, and at last agreed on twenty-seven. Besides, to prove that they were respectable people, they offered to deposit fifty ducats in the hands of the Corregidor until they could produce witnesses. The Corregidor, who afterwards wrote a letter to the Queen herself, which appears in the record, with the object of excusing himself for having let his prisoner go, says naïvely "that at that moment he was no more thinking of the Duke of Valentinois than if he had never existed, and was entirely unaware of his escape,—so that there was nothing unnatural in his having declined the proffered security and set his prisoners free, telling them to go to the devil;" . . . but he added, according to Spanish custom, "*con Dios.*" The travellers did, in fact, start at early dawn:

the sea was rough, and the pilot, refusing to go as far as Bermeo, landed his passengers at Castro Urdiales, near Bilbao. From thence, thanks to the guardian of the Monastery of Santa Clara, from whom they hired mules and a guide, the three companions took the road to Pamplona, passing by Portugalete, Bilbao, Durango, Lizarne, Vergara, and Mondragon. Once in Navarre, they were safe. On the 3d of December Cæsar made his appearance at the court of his brother-in-law. All the witnesses examined give the same account of him, "Very dark, of middle height, thick-set (*doblado*), with wide nostrils and large eyes." Cæsar hid his face, and spoke little; he talked French and Spanish. When he was obliged to stop anywhere for a few hours, he kept himself close, and was easily distinguishable from the others,—"because he was not of the same class," says one of the witnesses, who adds that "this personage had his hand swathed in bandages, and seemed to have been hurt,"—which confirms the story of the prisoner's fall when he was escaping from Medina del Campo.

On the 3d of December 1506 Cæsar arrived at Pamplona; on the 7th he despatched one of his servants, who had rejoined him, to the Marquis of Mantua, with commission to relate to him by word of mouth the vicissitudes of his escape, and tell him of his projects and hopes. On the same day he addressed another letter, exactly in the same terms, to his brother-in-law, the Cardinal of Ferrara. "Your Excellency," says the fugitive, "must know that, after so many reverses, it has pleased our Lord God to set me free, and to let me escape from prison, under the circumstances which my secretary, Federico, will explain to you. May it please God, in His infinite mercy, that this should be for His most glorious service. For the present I am at Pamplona with their Majesties, the King and Queen of Navarre. I arrived here on the 3d of December."[1]

Full of courage, and burning for vengeance, Cæsar at once concocted a new scheme which gratified his hatred of Aragon and served the interests of his brother-in-law of Navarre—the only one who had really remained faithful to him—at the same time. The treaty between the King of France and Ferdinand the Catholic was no longer a secret to any one; the marriage with Germaine de Foix, which Louis XII. had brought about, was to give Navarre to France. To ward off this danger, John of Navarre sought to make friends with the Emperor Maximilian, to whom he agreed to open the road to Castile and Aragon, if he would guarantee the security of his throne. Benavente, who had helped Cæsar in his escape from Medina, was taken into confidence; the ambassadors of Maximilian at Burgos, De Veré and Andrea del Burgo, answered for their sovereign, and entered into a formal engagement in his name. Valentinois despatched his emissaries in all directions, set intrigues on foot,

[1] The historian, Gregorovius, has published the first letter, that to the Marquis of Mantua, which figures in the Archivio Gonzaga of that city, in his 'Lucrezia Borgia'; the second forms a part of Mr Morrison's celebrated collection, and we owe its appearance here to the kindness of that gentleman, and of M. Thibaudeau.

reassembled his former officers, sent in his claims for any sums of money due to him throughout Italy, and even demanded from Louis XII. not only the dowry which had never been paid to him, but also the revenues due from his duchy of Valence and his county of Dhyois. Having done this, he waited impatiently for the moment to try the great adventure which was to give the throne of Castile to the house of Austria, and avenge him upon Aragon. It was first necessary to collect the troops of Navarre, and to put an end to a difference of long standing between King John and one of his tenants, Loys de Beamonte, Constable of Navarre, who held for his sovereign the citadel of the small town of Viana, with a secret intention of keeping it for Ferdinand the Catholic. On the 12th of May 1507, Cæsar, who was tired of inaction, and who had been appointed to the office of Captain-General of the troops of Navarre, marched against the rebel count. Beamonte did not wait for his approach, but, leaving his son to defend Viana, took to the open country. The siege was a long one; provisions began to fail; and it was a matter of urgent necessity to revictual the *Castillo*. Under cover of night and of a dreadful storm, the Constable was daring enough to advance up to the walls of Viana, and succeeded in introducing sixty horses loaded with grain into the town. Beamonte himself, who superintended the operation, remained on the watch on the road to Mendavia. Informed too late of this daring sally, Cæsar gave the alarm, and, supposing that some of his men were following him, rode straight towards the rebels who were retiring, came up with their rear-guard, and cut down three men with his own hand. The Constable saw from afar off the horseman, who, mounted on a restive horse, and separated from his party, let himself be carried along in pursuit, and struck blow on blow without ceasing. He therefore detached a few men-at-arms of his escort, who, by feigning flight, enticed him into a ravine, where his followers, who would soon have come up, lost sight of him. Dismounted and alone against five men, Cæsar fought like a hero, but, having been wounded under the arm at the outset, he soon fell, covered with wounds. His brilliant armour having tempted his assailants, they stripped him of it and left the body there.

As soon as he saw the breastplate bearing the arms of a prince, Beamonte was furious with the men because they had not taken its wearer alive, and ordered them to go and search for his body. They had nearly reached it when they heard the shouts of the royal troops, and were obliged to turn back; but in their retreat the rebels took with them a squire, whom they had found wandering about the field of battle in a state of great agitation. As soon as the armour was shown to this prisoner, he burst into tears, exclaiming that he had that morning armed with it his master, Cæsar Borgia of France, Duke of Romagna. There was no time to lose, the King of Navarre might come up with Beamonte, so the latter prudently retreated, leaving the squire at liberty. Juanito Grasica (that was his name) came back to his own party, and guided King John of Navarre to the body of his brother-in-law.

Cæsar was buried in the church of Santa Maria of Viana, where a splendid monument was erected

to him. On the tomb was engraved this pompous epitaph, composed by Soria, which became sufficiently celebrated to figure in the Romancero from the year 1511 :—

"Aqui tiene poca tierra
El que Todo lo temia ;
En este poco se encierra
El que la paz y la guerra
Del mundo todo tenia.
O tu, que vas a buscar
Cosas dignas de mirar,
Si lo mayor es mas digno,
Aqui acabas tu camino :
De aqui te deves tornar." [1]

Absolutely nothing remains of the monument of Valentinois ; the place where it stood is only known from the descriptions given by historians. His very ashes have been profaned. The Jesuit father Aleson, — the continuer of the 'Chronicle of Navarre' of Moret, —who belonged to Viana, and consequently had received the traditional story on the spot, attributes the destruction of the monument to a bishop of Calahorra, who thought his church defiled by the presence of the apostate cardinal.

According to this tradition, which is still current, Cæsar's remains were deposited in the street which passes in front of the church, at the foot of the steps which lead to the entrance. The Alcalde of Viana having consented, at our request, to make excavations at this spot, a human skeleton was unearthed, protected by a framework of tiles, uncemented, and bearing no inscription. There is good reason to believe that we have here all that remains of him who, in the words of the epitaph on his tomb, "held in his hand peace and war."

CHARLES YRIARTE.

[1] Here a little earth holds him whom all the world feared ; in this narrow space is enclosed he who the peace and war of the whole world held in his hand. Oh, you who go to seek things worthy of admiration, if the greatest is the most worthy, here your journey ends : from here you may turn back.

IRISH AFFAIRS AS THEY NOW STAND.

THE cause of the Union, and of all that is implied in it, has gained fresh strength during the last few months. The condition of Ireland, though still unsettled, shows many signs of an auspicious change, whatever partisans may assert to the contrary. The forces of anarchy, which, it must be borne in mind, never controlled more than a fourth of the country, in spite of the most unscrupulous efforts ever made by faction to thwart a Government, have been, to a great extent, repressed, and the National League is perceptibly losing its baneful hold over its once subject peasantry. The miserable poltroonery of the Nationalist chiefs, tongue-valiant, but worthless when brought to the test, in basely consulting their own safety and leaving their dupes exposed to the rigour of the law, has had a potent effect on the Celtic masses; and the utterances of Mr Gladstone, shameful as they have been, against property, order, and law in Ireland, have fallen flat on the ears of a people who have heard the Gladstonian creed expounded by the riff-raff only of the great man's followers.[1] The self-imposed retirement of Mr Parnell, the lecturing tours of Mr Dillon, with the Channel between him and the Crimes Act, the shriekings of Mr O'Brien[2] in jail, and the pitiable flight of the lesser fry of the League at the news that warrants were out against them, have told powerfully on the Irish mind; and who could listen to the gospel of Home Rule, to the wrongs of Ireland, and to Saxon oppression, Messrs Cobb and Conybeare being the orators? The Crimes Act, besides, is doing its work with effect. Slowly but surely offenders against it are being caught and punished throughout the country; and the result is, that the reign of disorder is evidently beginning to pass away; that outrage, boycotting, and all other forms of agrarian conspiracy, are on the decline; that the Plan of Campaign is well-nigh baffled; and that, despite the frantic efforts of the League, and notwithstanding the fall of prices, rents in Ireland are being paid as well as in many parts of the United Kingdom.

While law has thus been regaining its power in Ireland, events have greatly impaired what is called "the Irish cause" in opinion here, and have palpably diminished Mr Gladstone's influence. Mr Chamberlain's visit to Ulster has shown how all that is civilised in that noble province abhors a surrender to the National League, and how the sons of the men of the Boyne and of Derry would no more obey a Home Rule Parliament than their fathers obeyed Tyrconnell's Assembly. The magnificent gathering of the wealth, the commerce, and the intelligence of the Irish capital, to welcome

[1] Lord Ripon and Mr Morley are, it is said, about to visit Dublin. Could not even a failing cause have found a better representation in Ireland?

[2] Yet let us not be too hard on the editor of 'United Ireland.' He has been taught by the highest authority that "law comes to them in a foreign garb." Naturally he objects to a prison dress. We wonder if Mr Childers and Mr Morley, who praise this "pure-minded patriot," have studied the articles of the modern Père Duchêsne?

Lord Hartington and Mr Goschen, has demonstrated how utterly false is the boast that Unionists in the southern provinces are a handful of landlords and their dependants, and must have persuaded Englishmen capable of thought, that elements of national power like these, refusing to blend or being adverse, Home Rule simply means the tyranny of mobs, and Irish nationality is an audacious fiction. The logic of facts, in a word, is distinctly proving, by notable examples, that there are two Irelands, —one Protestant in the main, Teutonic, and loyal; the other Romish, Celtic, and for ages our foe: and England is becoming more and more convinced that to betray the one and to succumb to the other, on a flimsy pretext of national right, would not only be a disgrace to herself, and fatal perhaps to her imperial power, but would probably arouse a civil war in Ireland, and certainly would, in large parts of the island, destroy civilisation, order, and freedom. What has been witnessed in the midst of London, and the occurrences that led up to it, have, however, more than anything else, discredited the Home Rule movement, and lessened the power of its leading champion. The Æolus of Hawarden no doubt believed—his belief in himself is indeed portentous—that he could hold in his hands the blasts of anarchy, and let them loose as it suited his purpose; and for obviously selfish and party objects, he denounced the guardians of order and law in Ireland, and succeeded in stirring up the worst passions against them. But notwithstanding his fine moral protests, appeals to Irish Jacobinism, he found out too late, caused Jacobinism to lift up its head in London; and his attacks on the magistracy and the police force in Ireland quickened into activity the dangerous powers of lawlessness and disorder, at all times latent in the depths of a great city. The citizens of that metropolis feel that it is due to Mr Gladstone more than to any other demagogue, that scenes like the Gordon riots might, within the last few weeks, have spread devastation throughout the capital; and though the triumph of order has been decisive, the struggle in Trafalgar Square will not be forgotten, and nothing has done more to open the eyes of Englishmen to the perils of Home Rule, and of countenancing the Gladstonian Irish policy.

The battle, however, has not yet been won—nay, its issue must be pronounced uncertain—though Ireland is in a state of improvement, and the cause of the Union is making progress. The best and the soundest parts of the people of these realms, curiously coinciding almost with those which, two centuries and a half ago, upheld the rights of Parliamentary England, undoubtedly refuse to abandon Ireland to "Parnellism and crime," and to break up the Empire. Three-fourths probably of Teutonic England, a powerful and growing minority in Teutonic Scotland, and Protestant Ireland almost to a man, are as firmly opposed, at the present crisis, as they were in the days of Laud and Strafford, to sinister intrigues to undermine the Commonwealth, and to annul the fundamental laws of these kingdoms. Indisputably, too, an immense majority of the respectable, the industrious, and the lettered classes reject Mr Gladstone's schemes for Ireland, and especially condemn his recent conduct. In its factiousness, and its reckless attacks on the very foundations of law and government, that conduct, in truth, goes far beyond the intem-

perance of Fox in his passionate zeal for the French Revolution, and his hatred of Pitt, and beyond what Bolingbroke dared in his struggle with Walpole; and it can be compared in political life only to the efforts of the worst Jacobite leaders to overthrow the throne of William III. by "boxing things about," and creating confusion. Shakespeare, however, has given us the truest prototype of Mr Gladstone in this phase of his career; and when we read how a Pretender[1] to the Crown made allies of the "crafty Irish kerne," and summoned to his aid Jack Cade and his followers, we are forcibly reminded of the ambitious demagogue, who, in a desperate attempt to regain lost power, has joined hands with the Parnellite crew, and has hounded on the "masses against the classes." It adds to our indignation that, in his present attitude, Mr Gladstone is stultifying his whole public life: the submissive supporter of Mr Parnell was, a few years ago, his vindictive foe; the champion of Home Rule was the trusted lieutenant of a line of statesmen who would have died sooner than touch the Union; the orator who reviles Lord Salisbury's Government for endeavouring to uphold law and order in Ireland, persistently carried out from 1880 to 1885 a policy exactly the same in kind, but infinitely more severe and coercive. To adore what you have burned, and to burn what you have adored, may be admissible in the case of a barbarian penitent; but it scarcely becomes a veteran statesman, especially when this amazing conversion was obviously due to supposed interest.

Mr Gladstone, we think, has long ago forfeited his title to rank among leading statesmen. But he is not the less a grave danger to England, for he is a demagogue of the highest order; and he knows how to turn to the very best account opinions and influences which, at the present time, make powerfully for his Irish policy. The Government cannot dispense with the Crimes Act: without scruple he misrepresents the law, and appeals to trades-union sympathies here; and he tries to win to his side the English love of liberty, by asserting what is utterly untrue, that Ireland is under a code of special oppression. A conspiracy against the rights of landlords is at work in a large part of Ireland; and because the Executive, from the nature of the case, is bound to vindicate and maintain these rights, he describes it as the harsh agency of an unpopular class; lays to its charge all that can be urged or invented against Irish landlordism, in its worst aspects; and for the omissions or sins of a mere handful of men, condemns the whole order of Irish landlords, and holds them up to contempt and hatred. Mis-

[1] See the soliloquy of York—King Henry VI., Second Part, Act iii. scene 1:

"Be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands,
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell.
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw."

statements like these have a potent effect on masses ignorant of the real facts, and prone to judge a "privileged class" severely; and under incitements of this kind, crowds of electors may be led to believe that these alleged wrongs would be no longer possible could Ireland obtain "constitutional freedom." Mr Gladstone, too, is a very king of sophists, from his skill in concealing all that is perilous and unwise in his Home Rule projects under high-sounding and plausible language, and in so tricking them out as to make them attractive to a generous but ill-informed democracy. The lessons of history prove that Home Rule means disorder, and perhaps civil war in Ireland, and injury to our imperial power and Crown; but all this is veiled behind a cloud of rhetoric extolling "liberty and self-government,"—words justly dear to the ears of Englishmen—as a panacea for all Irish ills. Nor is Mr Gladstone less ingenious in making use of fallacies of a different kind, and praying in aid another set of sympathies. "Reform in Great Britain" is, he repeats, "impossible until the Irish question shall have been settled" in conformity with his peculiar notions; and in this way he labours to make the interests, the impatience, and the needs of millions of men, subserve his Separatist Irish policy, or to weary them out through hope deferred, and to force them to turn for relief to himself. With equal boldness he does not hesitate, disregarding the public professions of years, to bid for the support of a large section of voters, by offering them what must be called bribes, if they will but further his Irish schemes. Disestablishment in Wales, and perhaps in Scotland, is to be the price of this evil compact: and the Church in England, it is hinted, may even be dealt with, if English Dissenters will but remain faithful. All that misrepresentation, rhetorical skill, keeping back the truth, and even corrupt artifice, can effect to promote the Home Rule policy, is, in a word, practised by Mr Gladstone unceasingly, and without the slightest compunction; and a large body of devoted followers, carry out zealously the mandates of their chief. It is vain to deny that these arts of faction, persistently exercised on the widest scale, in an age of not very strong convictions, and in the case of a huge electorate, which has only recently acquired the franchise, must have great and far-reaching effects; and though Ireland, we believe, will never obtain Home Rule, the cause of the Union is still far from safe, nay, remains exposed to many kinds of danger.

All those, therefore, whatever their politics, who have made up their minds to defend the Union, should gird up their loins and take part in the conflict. What is to be feared is, that Mr Gladstone's influence—the Granvilles, the Ripons, the Harcourts, the Morleys, *et hoc genus omne*, do not count — like the Napoleonic legend in France, which, be it remembered, led to Sedan—may, through the voting power of a now huge residuum, enable him to return to office, to revolutionise Ireland, and to ruin the State. To baffle and counteract this detestable policy, should be a main object of good citizens; and much may be done, and is being done now, by speeches, by lectures, and by a most able press,—the 'Times' has, perhaps, never been so masterly,—in spreading information on the Irish question, and in appealing to sound and honest opinion. The tug of war, how-

ever, at least for a time, will have its principal centre in the House of Commons; and the party of the Union, whether in office or not, should study how to defeat the Gladstonian tactics. Amidst all his doublings and tricks of tongue fence, "the old parliamentary hand" follows two methods, addresses himself to two objects, and labours to attain these with untiring energy. Borrowing the weapons of the Parnellite faction, Mr Gladstone is resolved, as far as in him lies, to make one of his predictions an accomplished fact, and, in order to force Home Rule in England, to render it impossible to govern Ireland. With this end in view, he has allowed his followers to paralyse—nay, to degrade, Parliament; he, at least, connived at the worst kind of obstruction; and he has deliberately made attacks on the law in Ireland, and on its ministers of every kind and class, unparalleled in the case of a British statesman. This was his real aim in denouncing the Crimes Act as an edict of force without a moral sanction, in charging the Executive with illegal conduct, in sneering at solemn judicial reports, in insinuating the worst things against the Irish police; and though his wild vehemence has recoiled on himself, he evidently reckoned that arts like these would secure the triumph of anarchy and the defeat of order. Mr Gladstone, again, has announced, like an oracle, that so long as Ireland stands in the way, legislation for England, Scotland, and Wales, however necessary, cannot be hoped for; and while he enumerates a host of reforms, for which, he hints, the country is ripe, he declares that until Ireland shall obtain Home Rule, not one will be carried out by Parliament. Some of these reforms, we have said, are bribes offered, without scruple, to purchase votes wholesale; and were Mr Gladstone in power to-morrow, we suspect he would not set a hand to them, and would say that he had been misunderstood in his casuist fashion. Others, again, are of an extremely Radical type, and possible in a distant future, but certainly not as affairs now stand; and they will obtain no countenance from the existing Parliament. Some, however, such as measures to improve and simplify the law of the transfer of land, to make the dwellings of the labouring poor better, and, above all, to effect a thorough change in the present system of our local government, and to place this upon sound foundations, are undoubtedly pressing and practical needs; and there is no just reason why the existing Government and Legislature should not take them in hand and carry them out with complete success.

Mr Gladstone's tactics may appear able, but their success depends upon one assumption. It would be difficult indeed to rule Ireland, and reforms for Great Britain would, no doubt, be delayed, were Parliament to suffer its time to be wasted, and its dignity and authority to be set at nought, by the shameless and systematic obstruction, never so conspicuous as during the last session. But England will never permit the noblest of her institutions to be thus degraded Lord Salisbury, we rejoice to see, has announced that means to abate this nuisance will be taken the first thing when Parliament meets; and the Ministry will be thoroughly upheld by the country. Independently, indeed, of the plain necessity of enabling the House of Commons to transact its business, by putting an end to factious resistance, it is essential to the decencies

of debate, and to the honour of the first Assembly in the world, that a check should, once for all, be placed on the brutalities of the Parnellite faction, and on the noxious cant of their Gladstonian satellites. Messrs Tanner and Healy, Messrs Labouchere and others, must be kept within bounds in a place made for gentlemen. Once the change in procedure shall have been made—Mr Gladstone, the author of this class of reforms, will characteristically, we believe, oppose it—his policy of mere worry will have been baffled, and Parliament will be restored to freedom. It will then be found that it will be not at all an impossible task to govern Ireland: the Government has only to go on steadily in the task to which it is addressing itself; to punish crime when it lifts its head; to track out and break up illegal conspiracies against the rights of landlords, and of every other class; to put treasonable sedition down, and firmly to repress agrarian disorder,—and Ireland will be ere long at peace. Nor is there the slightest reason for being nervous or tender-hearted in enforcing the law; the recent Land Act has redressed any grievance incidental to the lot of the Irish farmer. As Mr Chamberlain has remarked, a tenant in Ireland is in a position by far better than his fellows in any part of Great Britain; and severity in putting down a scheme of knavish swindling, like the Plan of Campaign, is now free from all taint of injustice. Ireland, it will soon appear, spite of all the efforts of the Parnellite and Gladstonian allies, will no longer be a real impediment to reforms in England, Scotland, and Wales; and for our part this will be, we hope, an imperial and not an Irish session. It is not for us to indicate what ought to be the reforms to be proposed by the Government; but Lord Salisbury, we are happy to perceive, has promised that the improvement of local government will be a chief part of the programme of the Cabinet. A really comprehensive and searching measure dealing with this vast and most difficult subject would certainly take up a great deal of time, but we hope that an opportunity might still be found for attempting to carry the other reforms to which we have alluded before, especially for facilitating commerce in land, and for the amelioration of the condition of the poor. It is in this last direction, to which the sentiment of the nation evidently now inclines, that legislation should for some time proceed; and Lord Salisbury thoroughly understands the subject.

These general considerations convince us at least, that Irish questions ought to be let alone by Parliament in the approaching session. There are special reasons to confirm this view, if we reflect on the present state of Ireland, on the policy which the occasion requires, and on the attitude of Mr Gladstone and his Irish allies. The country—at least a large part of it—is still in a disturbed condition; the National League, though scotched, is very far from killed; and time is required to restore order and to re-establish the supremacy of the law. To attempt reforms at such a juncture, would be to play the game of the Parnellite faction, and to add fuel to the flame of agitation; and reforms would be interpreted by the Celtic masses—as has been the case during the last eight years—to mean simply concessions to fear, and would be mere incentives to increase disorder. Take, for instance, the

very important question of Local Government for Ireland, in the proper sense, as contradistinguished from National Government, under anything resembling a Home Rule Parliament. Though not so faulty as it appears to be to speculative thinkers ignorant of the facts, and though the anomalies to be found in it are largely due to imperial subsidies, still Local Government in Ireland, as a whole, undoubtedly rests on a narrow basis; County Government is mainly in the hands of landlords; and the Central Government has absolute power over a series of departments which ought to be, in some measure, under popular control. Were Ireland in a normal and peaceful state, reform in this province is certainly needed, and the middle classes, and even the people, ought to have a real influence in Local Government; though—having regard to the waste, the abuses, and the maladministration which disgrace these centres of Irish Local Government, in which the power of the popular vote is at present dominant — Boards of Guardians, Town Commissioners, and the like —a reform of this kind would make what is bad far worse, if property, and especially the landed gentry, did not retain a full share of authority. But to take Irish Local Government in hand, and to try to recast it at this moment, would be simply to quicken into new life disorder visibly now subsiding; it would furnish Nationalists with fresh weapons to assail the rights of property, to fleece landlords by unjust taxation and other devices, and would make sedition more intense and active; and it would be announced to be another decisive proof of the omnipotence of the Parnellite movement. Lord Salisbury, we are happy to see, has pronounced against any measure of the kind; and there is an additional reason of another sort why Irish Local Government should not be touched this session. Any bill to which Parliament would even listen would be scornfully rejected by the Parnellite tribe and by their sympathetic Gladstonian followers; and Mr Gladstone would seize the occasion to mystify the country by gorgeous rhetoric about Irish nationality and the rights of Ireland, the glory of liberty, justice, and so forth—the higgledy-piggledy of "a friend of humanity"—without committing himself to any plan of Home Rule. It is very important that he should not be afforded an opportunity for a display of this kind; he should be compelled, if possible, to set forth his policy for Ireland in distinct terms. When shrouded in an imposing veil, this Mokanna of politics may delude the multitude; if he is made to lift it up, his dupes will flee from him.

Take, again, the question of the Irish land, considered by many, we think wrongly, to be the only important Irish question. The reasons appear to us conclusive why this subject should be at present avoided. In the first place, if the agrarian question of Ireland is to be solved by land purchase, it is impossible to deal with it until the value of the land shall have been ascertained by the Land Commission, and the existing rents shall have been readjusted. Again, the fund set apart for land purchase, under the present law—the Act of Lord Ashbourne—has not yet been even nearly exhausted; and no wonder, for Irish tenants are told that, if they will obey the National League, they will obtain their farms at the "prairie value."

There is, however, a far deeper reason why the Irish land problem should not be approached just now—and that is to be found in the profound ignorance, the uncertainty, and the vagueness of current opinion, or of what is called such, on this great subject. A hazy idea seems to be dominant, though crossed by ideas of an opposite kind, that the State must, somehow or other, buy out the landlords, and place in their stead the tenants as owners; and a huge confiscation of the Irish land, and a huge bribe of it to the existing occupants, is said to be the true way to settle the question. How this transfer is to be accomplished, especially as the general taxpayer objects to be made liable for any of the cost, the advocates[1] of the scheme do not inform us; but it appears to us—though hasty expressions of more than one statesman seem to give it countenance—unnecessary, iniquitous, impolitic in the extreme, and, when really considered, simply impossible. It is unnecessary, because in the greater part of Ireland the landed classes are not at feud, and landed relations are not out of joint; and the expropriation of the landlords generally throughout the country would, in no case, be called for. It is iniquitous, because an immense majority of Irish landlords desire to retain their estates, even as affairs now stand; and to expropriate a whole order against their will, would be an act simply of high-handed wrong, as intolerable as Cromwellian or Elizabethan forfeitures. It is impolitic on a great variety of grounds, because to drive the landlords from their lands and their homes — their demesnes, it is urged, would be left to them, but few would care to retain these—means the banishment from Ireland of a class of men who form an essential element in the national life; because this involves the creation of the *régime* of a bureaucracy of the harshest type, the very thing which is most detested in Ireland, as a substitute for the expatriated local gentry, at present magistrates, grand jurors, and so forth; because such a measure, which would cause a shock to property universally felt, would give renewed strength to the National League, and a complete triumph to the Parnellite faction; and because, finally, to transfer the land of Ireland absolutely to a mass of peasants, as the reward of sedition and agitation, would be a heavy blow to the renown of England, a surrender only less base than that of the Union—an experiment certain to end in failure, and to form a body not of contented subjects, but a power hostile to English rule, and necessarily swayed by anti-English sympathies. Lastly, the scheme when looked at is not possible. Compensation would have to be paid to the landlords; that compensation, say what you will, would certainly exceed £200,000,000. The British taxpayer properly protests against being made responsible for any such sum; and let it not be supposed that it could be made forthcoming from the newly impropriated peasant owners, for they would be adjured, and they would

[1] It is unnecessary to notice the audacious solution of Mr Arnold Foster. England will never adopt a project of iniquitous taxation which would exasperate the whole Irish community, and afford a really powerful argument against the Union; and no Minister would venture to propose it.

have strong inducements, to repudiate the obligations they had incurred to the State—a foreign, a discredited, and an absentee tax-gatherer.

Opinion, however, as we have said, seems drifting towards a measure of this kind, though Mr Bright, who, of all men, has perhaps the soundest views on the Irish question, has published a remarkable protest against it. The general expropriation of Irish landlords, and the creation of peasant owners wholesale, falls in with the aims of the National League —a strange reason, Mr Bright remarks, for entertaining a scheme of the sort. It is favoured by *doctrinaire* sciolists, by Radical politicians, and by some statesmen, on various grounds of supposed expediency; and it is advocated by needy and bad Irish landlords, by mortgagees, and by some absentee proprietors. It has, therefore, numerous interests on its side; but when we ask for arguments in behalf of it, they are of the most flimsy and worthless character. They chiefly consist in repeating a shibboleth, that recent legislation on the Irish land has brought into being "dual ownership"; that "dual ownership" cannot be endured, for it creates a confusion and conflict of rights; and that expropriation, therefore, and peasant ownership, are the only remedy for a state of things anomalous and impossible to maintain. Every one of these premisses is contrary to the fact, and an illogical conclusion is drawn from them. Mr Gladstone's Land Acts did not create "dual ownership" in any sense of the word, they merely gave the sanction of law to usage. "Dual ownership" has existed for ages in Ulster, and to a certain extent is to be found in England. It is perfectly consistent with the most happy and long-established landed relations; and, in any event, it does not follow that the only way to redress the mischief is to annihilate landlords, and put peasants in their place. Yet this really is the pith of all that can be urged for a portentous change which would effect a revolution in the Irish land greater than any since the Cromwellian conquest. Surely capable statesmen would do well to pause and take counsel in this matter, and should not hastily adopt a scheme inconsiderately put forward in a state of public thought uninformed, puzzled, and by no means convinced. Those who glibly advocate a project of the kind, would do well to recollect how grievously politicians, even of the first rank, have, with able thinkers, erred in this matter. Confiscation in the remote past proved a blight and a curse on the Irish land; and even in this century most measures to improve and change Irish landed relations have been, in different degrees, failures. We can recollect how the late Lord Clarendon was wont to expatiate on the good that would flow from the Irish "clearances" of the great famine; we have often heard Lord Carlisle's sweet rhetoric about Ireland "being the fruitful mother of herds," and not a fitting country for poor peasants. In the same way both Russell and Peel concurred in seeing in the Encumbered Estates Act an instrument to transform the Irish land system, and to produce the happiest existing results; and Mr Gladstone announced that his Land Acts were a final settlement of the Irish land, "irradiated by the divine light of justice." Yet clearances of tenants, the selling out of land-

lords, thirty-seven years ago, at nominal prices, and the reforms of 1870 and 1881, are at present condemned in public opinion; this at least suggests that expropriation may be anything but a successful policy.

A bill dealing with the Irish land is said, however, to be under review, and it is to be introduced in the session at hand. We do not agree in all respects with Lord Salisbury on this important question. He assumes, perhaps, that the land war in Ireland is more general than it really is; he has not perfectly mastered the essential fact of Irish land tenure that "dual ownership" is a long-established order of things, and on the whole has worked reasonably well; and he exaggerates the revolution, great as it is, wrought in Ireland by Mr Gladstone's Land Acts. Mr Bright, we are convinced, has grasped the truth more thoroughly on this subject; and were a scheme of general expropriation, which should impose a charge direct or contingent on the taxpayer, be brought in by the present Government, we greatly fear it would prove fatal to it. To judge, however, from Lord Salisbury's words, if, in his opinion, it is expedient, to transfer the land on a great scale to the Irish peasantry, the process ought to be tentative, and an affair of time; compulsory expropriation of the Irish landlords, he evidently eschews, and thinks impossible; and he seems to indicate that the plan of the Government would mainly consist in a large extension of Lord Ashbourne's system of land purchase, —that is, voluntary arrangements between landlords and tenants. We see grave objections even to a measure of the kind, if brought forward during the next session. It would certainly be resisted by Mr Gladstone and his allies in the most factious way; but no doubt it has nothing in common with the projects of wholesale wrong we have censured; and possibly it may prove a well-designed compromise. Our own opinion, however, is, that the Irish Land question ought to be let alone for a year or two, for conclusive reasons; and if a general reform shall be found necessary, we believe it ought to proceed on the lines long ago indicated by John Stuart Mill,—peasant ownership at perpetual rents, payable, not to the State but to the present landlords, the reversionary rights of these having been bought up,—a transaction that now would not be costly. Two questions, however, connected with Ireland, we contend, ought to have clear precedence before any dealing with the Land question. The condition of about a million of the Irish poor, squatted in hopeless misery on patches of the soil in what are known as the "congested districts," ought soon to attract the attention of Parliament; this is associated with the general question of the humblest classes throughout Great Britain, and legislation is a necessity of the times. The question of Irish Education remains; and this, though fallen out of sight for the moment, is, nevertheless, of supreme importance. Primary education in Ireland rests on a system disliked by the Church of the people and opposed to popular wants and ideas. Intermediate education is still far from good; and Trinity College—that is an institution in the main Protestant —has some privileges as to high education, to a certain extent perhaps invidious. The whole

system—and Mr Gladstone completely failed to amend and reform it—must ere long be placed on the solid foundations of justice and the goodwill of Irishmen. Lord Salisbury's is the very Government that ought to be able to solve the problem, for its sympathies are in accord in this matter with those of nine-tenths of the Irish people; and a happy solution would do more to break up the alliance, already weakened, between the Parnellites and the Irish Catholic Church, than any other measure which can be conceived.

Meanwhile, we repeat, let those who desire to do their duty to the State, stand up for the Union. The danger does not consist in any weakness in the cause — the cause is that of the honour and the power of England; it consists in the arts of an ambitious demagogue, and in the credulity of a democracy lately invested with power. To the eye of reason, of sound sense, of knowledge, the Union "holds the field" against all devices to destroy the bonds that connect these kingdoms; and nothing, perhaps, is more significant of Mr Gladstone's short-sighted rashness than his extraordinary boast that his scheme of Home Rule, now repudiated by himself and his followers, stood unassailable in the domain of politics. We recommend this author of projects to revolutionise the estate of these realms, who, in the age of Cavour and of Bismarck, has tried to break up our imperial unity—who, in his unscrupulous struggle for power, has sought to nullify the work of Pitt in Ireland, that of Somers in Scotland, that of the Tudors in Wales—if he ever looks back at that paper plan for creating a new order of things in Ireland, believed by himself to be the perfection of wisdom, but blown to atoms in the wholesome air of debate,—to recollect the words in which Shakespeare describes what it is[1] to attempt to build up a state, and foolishly to meddle with an established commonwealth:—

> "In this great work,
> (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
> And set another up), should we survey
> The plot of situation, and the model;
> Consent upon a sure foundation;
> Question surveyors; know our own estate,—
> How able such a work to undergo,
> To weigh against his opposite; or else
> We fortify in paper, and in figures,
> Using the names of men instead of men:
> Like one who draws the model of a house
> Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
> Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost,
> A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
> And waste for churlish winter's tyranny."

Mr Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule is dead—that is, so long as it suits his purpose; but any feasible scheme of Home Rule for Ireland that would create anything like a National Parliament, would be ruinous alike to herself and the empire. It does not require Mr Dicey's book—admirable as it is as a philosophic argument—to demonstrate that, were we to make Ireland a colony with a constitution like that of Victoria, of Canada, or other remote dependencies, tyranny and civil discord would certainly follow, the condi-

[1] Henry IV.—Part II., Act i. scene 3.

tions of the case being what they are, with probable reconquest in the near distance. On the other hand, to federalise the three kingdoms, and to give Ireland what is called State rights, would not only lead to the same results, but would utterly subvert the polity of these realms, and would fatally weaken the power of the commonwealth. History in this matter is an unerring guide; and history has taught, by striking examples, what Home Rule for Ireland really means. Charles I. betrayed England in 1643, and handed over Ireland to a National League of confederate and mainly Popish rebels; and civil war, the ruin of the loyal colonists, the scaffold at Whitehall, and the vengeance of Cromwell, were the consequences felt down to our time. James II. took the same fatal course, and the tale of wrong and disaster was again told; and Home Rule, under Grattan's Parliament, devoted as it was to the British connection by interest, by sympathy, and by hundreds of ties, ended in the Rebellion of 1798. Let Englishmen, then, be up and doing; and many as are the difficulties in their way, caused by ignorance, obstruction, and the arts of a demagogue—heavy as will be the strain on their patience and firmness—let them keep the heritage of their greatness unimpaired.

AN IRISH LIBERAL.

MR KINGLAKE'S 'INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.'

EAGERLY as we have been expecting the conclusion of Mr Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea,' now that it has come, we are inclined to regret it. Not only is it the close of a great historical work, but of what, from the picturesque point of view, is a sensational romance, rich in dramatic events, as in profound studies of character. In these days of high pressure, when momentous European campaigns are summarily settled in seven days, or have dragged, at the longest, through a summer and a winter, writers on military events have fallen in with the prevailing fashion. The historical strategist follows hard on the special war correspondent, who has been scribbling or telegraphing against time. Being first in the field is the primary consideration; in the race against rivals, exactitude in facts is inevitably sacrificed to rapidity of execution; and although we have had many brilliant war-books of permanent value from foreigners as well as countrymen of our own, the most of them must have taken higher rank as standard authorities had they been more carefully verified and more deliberately matured. Mr Kinglake has gone on a different system. Refined and severe in his searching self-criticism, it was his opinion that before a dispassionate arbiter can decide conscientiously, he must weigh all that has been advanced by conflicting authorities. No man should know better how hard it is to get at the veritable facts in recent war history, when actual combatants and patriotic partisans perpetuate bitter animosities, when calmer onlookers merely catch faint glimpses of the battle-fields through the cannon-smoke, and when the most intelligent of students seem to be hopelessly at variance. So Mr Kinglake has patiently concentrated his powers on the work, which will be a worthy memoria of one of the most dramatic of modern campaigns. Those who may differ from his ideas and deductions cannot dispute his candour. He has read, marked, and digested everything of importance which has been written on the subject. Nor has he confined himself to a mere chronicle of the campaigning and the councils of war—of siege, sap, and storm, and heroic endurance under suffering. His is the most lucid and comprehensive picture of European politics and politicians at an eminently critical time. He has carefully disentangled the intricate threads of State policy, as he has followed the vibrations of "The Balance of Power," as they answered to national interests, or more often to personal ambitions. He has painted a gallery of highly finished portraits, which may possibly seem sometimes over-coloured, but which have nevertheless been acknowledged for striking resemblances of a wide range of personalities. Lord Raglan, of course, stands out as the central figure in the volumes, which are in great measure his biography; although Todleben, in the fertile audacity of his conceptions, and in the as-

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The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By A. W. Kinglake. Vols. VII. and VIII. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1887.

tute determination with which he worked steadfastly onwards to his aims, seems to tower by a head and shoulders above his antagonists. But in the crowded canvases of these eight volumes, all the potentates and political celebrities of Europe are grouped with an instinctive regard to effect and perspective. In the foreground we have the Crimean Chersonese, with its battle-fields, the scene of the siege operations, and the immediate lines of communication. In that foreground, too, are the gallant soldiers who did the hard fighting on either side, the naval commanders, the chiefs of divisions or of *corps d'armée*, who personally directed the operations; while behind them again, above the multitude of statesmen, diplomatists, and courtiers, loom the figures of the premiers and the autocratic potentates who were holding and playing the fateful cards. An endless panorama of portraiture it is! The imperious Nicholas; the scheming and subtle Louis Napoleon; the Sultan, submitting reluctantly to the "Great Eltchi," who dominated the doubtful Ottoman policy by sheer determination of will; our most famous English statesmen, from Lord Aberdeen to Lord Palmerston; the *entourage* of the French President or Emperor, from St Arnaud to Pélissier; with such relatively subordinate actors as the Austrian Emperor, the Prussian King, the reckless Re Galantuomo, and the far-sighted and unscrupulous Cavour. The author of 'Eothen' is no longer a young man, but years have done nothing to dull his animation. It seems to us marvellous that a painstaking student, who has resigned himself conscientiously to the drudgery of laborious investigation, should have maintained his enthusiasm for one subject through so many years, and write his laborious history out to the end with undiminished pains and with unflagging vivacity.

His last volume, dilating on the Winter Troubles, was melancholy reading. The Allies, after winning a great battle, found themselves almost worse off than before. Things were tending inevitably to the bad, and their brilliant victory could do little for them. On the contrary, it had overcrowded the hospitals and ambulances, already full to overflowing. The absence of decent sanitary arrangements aggravated the increasing mortality. England had tardily awakened to the sufferings of her soldiers, but it was impossible for the moment to do more than mitigate the evils which were the outcome of mistakes and routine. The ranks had been thinned by battle and disease, and there were no adequate reserves to replenish them. The stores and supplies which should have kept the soldiers in tolerable health and comfort had been either mislaid or never forwarded. The difficulties of dragging things to the front were almost insuperable to men who were grievously overworked, and who, in many cases, ought to have been invalided. So the curtain rises in the seventh volume, on "the morrow of Balaclava," upon an army that had been suffering in *morale* as in *physique*. The leaders, with the rank and file, had been doomed to disappointment, and they were alike irritable and impatient. After the misery of the protracted winter, the circumstances might well excuse their murmuring. Even the common soldiers had begun to realise that after the Alma they might have marched straight into Sebastopol. Burgoyne and the other scientific advisers had decided differently, and the com-

manders had listened to the counsels of apparent prudence rather than sagely risk *le tout pour le tout.* To be sure, they had this to say in extenuation, that they were assured that the fortress, when assailed in force, could offer no prolonged resistance. But they had forgotten the chapter of accidents, and necessarily they had neglected to reckon with Todleben. The whole gist and meaning of these concluding volumes is, that Todleben modified the entire course of the war, if he could not actually avert the upshot. It was Todleben's audacious genius, with his inexhaustible fertility of resource, that baffled the cut-and-dry calculations of the Allies by repelling attack with aggression.

The seventh volume begins by vividly depicting what was virtually a turning of the tables. The Allies had been brought to a dead-lock before Sebastopol, and in besieging the place they were threatened, if not positively beleaguered. So serious did the chiefs deem the situation, that they diverted much of the labour of their enfeebled forces to fortifying the camp against Russian field-armies. Mr Kinglake points out that, even had they been stronger in numbers, their position was extremely critical, according to the recognised rules of war.

"They had been guided into their troubles by accomplished, highly skilled engineers, but of those there were none who at first saw whither their counsels were tending. . . . By great scientific advisers they had been not only led by degrees into what was an ugly predicament, but also into open rebellion against the first precepts of Science. . . . They indeed might still be preparing the means of some future attack, but meanwhile, they found themselves thrown upon the defensive, and this too, under conditions of a perilous kind; for whilst closely cooped in as we saw, on the land side, they stood with their backs to a shore overhung by precipitous cliffs; and tacticians all know that to have to accept battle from a powerful enemy without enjoying due freedom of movement towards the rear, is to be in a sort of predicament which is adverse to the hope of a victory, and makes defeat utter ruin."

On calm reflection, and with fuller information, after sad experiences that were sure to continue, they stood committed to a siege, and had no choice but to go forward with it. But now the most pressing consideration with the assailants was to protect themselves from probable attacks. The fiercely contested battle of Inkerman had been a warning; for they might possibly be overwhelmed at any moment by armies of unknown strength. There was one special feature which, we think, Mr Kinglake fails to note, that spies could seldom be employed with success, and it was almost impossible to obtain reliable information as to the force or positions of the enemy. So the Allies were busying themselves with the defensive works; and owing to the situation assigned them in the siege, the brunt of the labour had fallen upon the English. They were striving to push trenches and parallels towards the outworks of Sebastopol, through a stony soil that was wellnigh impracticable, while at the same time they were throwing up earthworks behind their lines. Mr Kinglake brings out in forcible relief the heroic endurance of the feeble English contingent, which scarcely equalled in strength one of Canrobert's strongest divisions. Beyond the hard labour with spade and pickaxe, in the day they had often to do duty as beasts of burden, dragging rations and ammunition from Balaclava to the front, "over miles and miles

of deep quagmire." In place of restful nights, they had continuous and excessive outpost duty, for an aggressive enemy kept them always on the alert. They were poorly fed and miserably clothed, so that "the exigencies of siege-work and continuous strife with the enemy," were "superadded to the bare task of living or painfully trying to live." It must have gone badly with us had Todleben realised how warfare and work had exhausted our army.

For there was one chief element, as we said, which the Allies had necessarily omitted from their calculations, when hesitating between immediate assault and scientific approaches. They had not reckoned with the military genius which Providence had commissioned to take charge of the defence. Thanks to one of the hazards that make war a game of chance as much as skill, the comparatively unappreciated gifts of the great engineer were utilised for his country at that critical moment. Todleben did not waste a day, and his far-sighted plans were formed from the first. From the first he inspired something of his own spirit into a demoralised and desponding garrison; he made the most of great resources in men and material: as he never forgot for a moment that he was defending a fortress which was assailed but never blockaded. More than once subsequently his arsenals were replenished, when he had been stinting the shot and measuring out the powder. But for his immediate purposes the resources were ample. There was almost a superfluity of guns and ammunition, for 1900 cannon belonging to the fleet, with adequate ammunition, were at his disposal. He had to land those stores and shift his guns to new positions: he had to repair dilapidated fortifications, and set himself to the construction of new outworks. But he could command any number of sturdy labourers, fairly fed and comfortably housed, whose physical strength under equal conditions would have been superior to that of Frenchmen or Englishmen.

"It was with these vast advantages, wielded by consummate genius, that the formidable colonel of Sappers proved able to work his wonders. Not even neglecting that quiet, that unmolested 'North Side' which a less wary man might have judged to be exempt from all risk, he converted Sebastopol into a mighty fortress prepared for the fight at all points, and defended on the land side alone by great guns already numbering no less than 700, with besides all the lesser artillery held ready at every apt spot to confront storming columns with round-shot, or to greet them when a little more near with his favourite salutes of mitrail."

Those strictly defensive works were his first concern; but Todleben's system of defence was based upon scientific aggression. He seized at once upon the weak points of his position; he resolved to secure them so far as possible by advance and menace. Nothing can be more deeply interesting to students of military history than the disclosure of secrets, which, had they been unseasonably revealed, would have been of priceless value to opposing generals, and must have materially affected the fortunes of nations. It was a happy thing for the Allies, as we have already remarked, that Todleben did not realise the English weakness. On the other hand, had Canrobert appreciated the causes of those anxieties which Todleben has disclosed in his book, he would have pushed the siege in very different fashion, and would have had his hands effectually strengthened against the paralysing pressure

from the Tuileries. Todleben was doing his utmost, but he was despondent as to the result. He did not believe that with all his exertions he could make Sebastopol safe against an attack, even in the crippled condition of the Allies.

"He still confessed that he had a weak point in his armour which could not by art be made good. He knew indeed that the troops defending his Flagstaff Bastion might be supported by such strong appliances as would enable them, if they chose, to 'die hard'; and to that end amongst many others he bent his designs, never ceasing to provide for the Work, and for all the ground near its gorge such doubled, such trebled, such quadrupled means of resistance that the assailants on the day of the struggle must either recoil from the venture, or dearly buy their conquest with blood; but he believed that with all his resources he could not defend the threatened Bastion against a determined attack; whilst, moreover, he judged that the loss of the Work would so split the Sebastopol defences as to ensure the fall of the place."

On that settled conviction the story of these volumes turns; for Todleben, working comparatively in the light, was enabled, by the science of his counter-attacks, to impose his will on the allied operations. The Flagstaff Bastion being the weak point in the defence, he set himself to secure it, or at least to delay any serious assault. It was the French who threatened the Bastion, and consequently to the French his immediate attention was directed. He had mined the battery in case of the worst, so that it could be blown into the air in the event of its being carried; he had pushed forward lines of rifle-pits, from which the fatigue-parties were being perpetually galled; and he met the subterraneous approaches with counter-saps, as he effected nocturnal "lodgments" behind hastily turned earthworks, which, being covered by a concentrated cannon-fire, could only be captured with heavy loss.

While the siege operations were in suspense, and time and circumstances seemed to be conspiring in favour of Todleben, an event occurred which sent a shock through Europe, although it had no immediate effect on the course of the war. The Czar had died almost suddenly, as it was said, "for want of heart-power." "Now," as Mr Kinglake remarks, "'want of heart-power,' we know, is a kind of bodily ailment not unfrequently brought on by grief; and thus, putting all together, we see that the Palace accounts of this illness are consistent, so far as they go, with the commonly accepted belief—the belief that it sprang from a sense of humiliation, entailing bitter anguish of mind." Mr Kinglake finds the immediate cause of the fatal illness, in the humiliating repulse of the Russians from Eupatoria by Omar Pasha and his Turks. Possibly it may be thought that he exaggerates; but he suggests that "the Czar Nicholas still felt it acutely as another of the humbling blows dealt him by those very Turks whom he had loved to imagine less warlike than his own highly disciplined troops." In any case, it was the conclusion of the match to which Nicholas had challenged the "Great Eltchi," the preliminaries of which were so graphically painted in Mr Kinglake's earlier volumes.

"In that pregnant time of a former year when the question between continued peace and eventual war still hung in a trembling balance, Lord Stratford one day at Therapia received a communication from Dundas which—read as he knew how to read it—imported the ending of doubt—imported the—not yet immediate but

—sure approach of war. Then, whilst yet in the presence of one who had come in all haste with a duplicate of the Admiral's words, he fell into a mood so abstracted as to be pacing up and down the long room with the air of a man half forgetting that he was not alone, who, although he allowed a few words to drop from his lips, was still rather intent on reflection than wishing to make his thoughts known. With something of sadness he said: 'Well, well, there'll be war; the Emperor has chosen to make this a personal question against me, and he must take the consequences.'"

The menacing prediction, partly regretful, partly vindictive, had been fulfilled; yet Mr Kinglake goes on to say from his personal knowledge, that the imperious Ambassador had sympathised with a kindred spirit in the overbearing autocrat. "The Ambassador had always acknowledged the best, the noblest qualities of his Imperial adversary, regarding him ever as one who, by Russians with Russian ideas, might well be revered and admired." From the melancholy end of the Czar, the historian draws the moral of a retributive justice reaching the most highly placed culprits. With the troubles of the mind reacting on the body, his pride had been sufficiently humbled to explain the failure of heart-power.

"From that fatal hour in 1853, when he despatched Prince Mentschikoff to the Porte, he had been encountering a lengthened series of reverses both diplomatic and warlike; had been publicly forced to disgorge that 'material guarantee,' as he called it, which he had ostentatiously seized; had been defeated on the Alma, defeated at Inkerman; had so quickly repressed his outrageous, though not steadfast pride, as to be treating already for peace with invaders close fastened on Russia; and now writhing under the agony of a military discomfiture once more inflicted upon him by the valorous Turks—whom he had thought he could venture to scorn—he died, it seems, at the last, from ills due to his sense of disgrace, a humbled, coerced, and even disciplined man, believed by some who well knew him to be conquered in mind, and yearning to end the war on almost heart-breaking terms."

Nicholas had been notoriously inclining to peace on any possible terms that would have saved his dignity; and it seemed to superficial observers that his death might be the end of the war. Those who were shrewder recognised that peace had for the time become impracticable. The pacific disposition of the new Emperor compelled him to prosecute hostilities; for "a Czar more gentle than Nicholas might scarcely have power enough to make his subjects content with a plainly inglorious peace."

The situation, on the accession of Alexander, was a strange one. A simple Colonel of Engineers—through the sheer recognition of his genius and moral ascendancy—was not only directing the defence of Sebastopol, but was practically in command of the Russian armies. As he chose to play his cards, his military superiors must follow suit. Already, and following up his subterraneous operations, he had necessarily shown his hand to the French. He had made up his mind that the Malakoff was the key to the Flagstaff Bastion, and that the Malakoff must be protected by fortifying "the Mamelon." The Mamelon was a bare mound to the front of the French works, of which a clear-sighted strategist in charge of the attack should have promptly assured himself. One morning the French awakened to a disagreeable surprise.

"Looking out in the early morning—the morning of the 22d of February—from their works of 'approach' on

Mount Inkerman, the French descried a new object which excited at first curiosity, then graver attention, but still, it would seem, did not cause any anxious foreboding of evil. What they saw was a white-looking circlet or loop which somehow had come to appear on the ground lying north-west before them.

"Portending, as we now so well know, a fresh and mighty development of the enemy's defensive resources, and — by consequence — a long, long frustration of all the besieger's fond hopes, this white circlet flung round a knoll on the north-western side of Mount Inkerman did not instantly show its full import to even the more skilled observers."

Yet that beginning of works on the Mamelon was but a more advanced stage of the plan Todleben had already been developing. It was with the design of defending the Mamelon that he had been checking the French approaches. Now that he had shown his game, he knew he must be prepared to repel attacks above ground as well as beneath. He fully expected an assault in force, and the English were looking for it likewise. To leave the Russians free to fortify the approaches to the Mamelon "seemed almost the same as abandoning the main design of the siege." So strongly was Burgoyne convinced of it, that he drew up a memorandum, which was submitted to Canrobert by Lord Raglan. Canrobert rested his objections to an attempt which seemed easy, on the probability that any interferference with the Russian works would provoke a general engagement under conditions that must be disadvantageous. Carrying that argument to its conclusion meant practically the paralysis of the siege. For how, asks Mr Kinglake, could Sebastopol be taken without undertaking some act of aggression?

Naturally, Lord Raglan did not admit the validity of Canrobert's reasons, and he was mystified by the French inactivity. It was the Russians in place of the French who were forcing the fighting—risking the night attack which cost them many men. In reality, Mr Kinglake makes it clear that the unfortunate Canrobert could hardly help himself. He was more sinned against than sinning. No one then suspected the real reasons which restrained him, and his position was as false as it was trying. The solution is to be found in the Imperial State Papers which have been published with the willing permission of the Republic. The French Emperor was persuaded that he had inherited the military genius of his uncle, and had set his ambition on taking the actual command of a French army on active service. His theory was, that if Sebastopol was to be taken, it must be invested; and the investment must be preceded by extensive field operations. It must be confessed that his idea was inspired or adopted by one of the most competent of his generals. From his point of view he was fortunate in finding a zealous and conscientious emissary in General Niel, who was despatched to the camp on a special mission. It was the presence of Niel that had crippled Canrobert. But it was characteristic of the Emperor's underhand modes of dealing, that for a considerable time the pressure brought to bear on the French Commander-in-Chief, though sufficiently persistent, was indirect. Even Canrobert for a time was kept in the dark as to his master's ulterior schemes, for Niel was content to throw his weight into the scale against any active operations; and when the truth was tardily disclosed to Canrobert, he was forbidden to communicate it

to Lord Raglan. Thus the siege operations were arrested, if not suspended, through three critical months; deliberately prepared opportunities were wantonly neglected; lives were being thrown away in futile attacks; and all the time Lord Raglan was left to believe that his colleague was faithful to their understandings, and was seriously pushing the siege. Surely Mr Kinglake is justified in asserting that "concealment of the pith of Niel's mission from our Government and from Lord Raglan shows the stain of revolting disloyalty." Nor was that the last or even the worst consequence of the Emperor's interference. It was in obedience to his peremptory commands that the first Kertch expedition was recalled; and, in Mr Kinglake's opinion, had the entrance to the Sea of Azof been forced early in the spring, it would have influenced the issue of the peace negotiations at Vienna and brought the war to an end. Indeed it is impossible to say what might have been the ultimate event, had not the too complacent Canrobert been replaced by the masterful Pélissier. Perhaps Pélissier was the only man in the French army who was strong-willed enough to set his master at defiance, but who, nevertheless, had so much popularity with his comrades that it was difficult, and even dangerous, to remove him.

We know now that the bloody April bombardment was predestined to be barren of results. Opposed by General Niel, it was apparently undertaken by Canrobert in deference to the general surprise at his inactivity and the feeling that "something must be done." The purpose of that tremendous cannonade was to prepare openings for the assaults from which the French were being restrained by Niel's secret instructions. We have seen that Todleben regarded the Flagstaff Bastion as indispensable to the safety of Sebastopol. After an enormous expenditure of shot and shell, the Bastion lay shattered and exposed, and, nevertheless, Canrobert refrained from attacking it, even at the risk of mutiny in his ranks. Yet Todleben has left it on record, that "the French might have advanced to the assault of this Bastion with an absolute certainty of success, and this so much the more since they found themselves at a distance from it of only some hundred paces."

The futile bombardment must have been a magnificent spectacle, for nearly a thousand of the old-fashioned guns were incessantly exchanging broadsides. And it gave occasion for one of the most magnificent of the many displays of heroism which Mr Kinglake has narrated in his volumes. The incidents are all the more deserving of notice that, owing to an unlucky series of mischances, the gallant service of the hero has never received public recognition. Foremost of the advanced batteries was No. VII. of our left attack. It lay so low as to be commanded by the frowning semicircle of the enemy's most formidable batteries. For itself, it was scarcely more than a straight and shallow trench, protected by a low parapet of sand-bags. The embrasures were as yet unprotected by mantlets; yet, with the proviso that fire should not be opened till mantlets were supplied, Captain Oldershaw had orders from his superior officer to fight this forlorn advanced post, with its four feeble guns, to extremity. No. VII. was not even supported by guns immediately in its rear, for no pieces had been mounted in No. VIII. The fight of the 13th April was opened

by a cannon-shot from the Flagstaff, that tore its way into No. VII. That first projectile exposed the flimsiness of the defences. The sand-bags were hurled among the handful of gunners. The sergeant, tossed in the air and shattered by the shot, prayed his captain to draw a pistol and put an end to his misery. The gunners might well have been dismayed by this sign of what they might expect, when their battery became the centre of a converging cannonade. On the contrary, like their commander, they took the shot as a challenge, permitting them to open fire, although without the shelter of mantlets.

"The gunners that Oldershaw saw now awaiting his orders were men angry indeed, yet rejoicing in the sudden escape from delay, men devoutly intent on a purpose, men elate with the sense of having vengeance—swift vengeance—in their own, in their very own hands, men hardly moving their lips except for some such brief utterance as, 'Now then we'll give it 'em,' but looking intently to their chief for the pregnant monosyllable, 'Load!' and almost anticipating his word of command by hastening to strip off their coats, and—with something of truculent carefulness—rolling up, every man, his shirt-sleeves, to bare the arms for hard work."

Within a few minutes after No. VII. had answered, it was engaged with five of the enemy's batteries, and was the immediate target of twenty heavy guns. Under such unequal conditions as had never been foreseen, the artillerymen were none the worse for the absence of the mantlets, which might have choked the embrasures and filled the battery with wreck. So well sustained was the fire, from behind defences that were almost illusory, that the "Crow's Nest" battery was silenced—"its disabled guns stood tilted up, making public confession of ruin." Seeing the mischief that the inconspicuous No. VII. had wrought, the enemy's fire became heavier and hotter. Almost by a miracle, three of the guns were undisabled, but it was difficult to find unwounded men to work them.

"Great and greater with every minute was the havoc thenceforth being wrought in his hugely overmatched battery. Soon, another of his guns was disabled; and—insatiate of destruction—the enemy's mighty ship cannon-balls never ceased to come crashing in at a rate computed by some at no less than ten in the minute.

"He who happily escaped actual contact with one of these missiles might still not escape its power, for the sand-bags set going by round-shot struck and swept men before them with a terrible violence, inflicting now and then what at first might be easily taken for death-blows, and leaving a man for the time in an utterly prostrate state."

Shell began to follow shot. The shells tearing open the magazines, exploded the powder-boxes; great rents were torn in the partial roofing; the parapet was little but a heap of ruins. "My poor little battery," wrote Oldershaw, "was literally swept away." But he had been ordered to work his battery to extremity; the few survivors neither struck work nor grumbled; and they were still serving their one undisabled gun, when, after a five hours' conflict, a superior officer sent to "survey" the battery, pronounced it "untenable," and directed a retreat. That isolated incident shows the quality of men, selected for service in the ordinary course of things, and not invited to volunteer for a desperate piece of duty. Well may Mr Kinglake add, that if the sanction of command had been wanting, throughout at least the latter half of the

conflict, the persistency of Oldershaw was chivalry rather than war.

The lives of the gallant gunners in No. VII. were practically sacrificed, although examples of heroism of the kind do much for the *morale* of an army. But the interference of the French Emperor, which became more perniciously embarrassing with the establishment of telegraphic communications, continued to hamper the allied operations. We need hardly advert to the French plans accepted in our War Office, by which Lord Raglan was tantalised with the fallacious promise of relief from the weary siege-work; with the command of a force in the field which should secure the investiture of the fortress. The plans proved hopelessly fallacious, because they were founded on false premisses. The Turks refused to be shifted about as pawns on the Imperial chessboard. Even had they consented, the French commander must have refused the responsibility of maintaining the siege with diminished numbers, and incalculable reduction in the quality of the men. But what apparently brought matters to a crisis, and decided Canrobert to resign, was the recall of the expedition to Kertch, which was subsequently carried out so triumphantly. Mr Kinglake admits that the idea of the expedition originated with the English, who were eager to give their navy an opportunity of distinguishing itself. Canrobert had hesitated; he had been misled by false intelligence into exaggerating the difficulties. But, as a matter of fact, he had more or less reluctantly assented; and from 10,000 to 12,000 troops had been actually embarked in the allied squadron. Then came telegram after telegram from the Tuileries. The French ships were wanted to bring up reserves from Constantinople; all the French troops must be concentrated in the Crimea as a preliminary to the proposed campaign in the field. After an apologetic and unsatisfactory communication to his English colleague, Canrobert recalled his contingent. The Emperor's commands may have been "flighty," as Mr Kinglake says; yet it seems to us that his Commander-in-Chief had really no option. He had not the headstrong resolution of a Pélissier; he did not enjoy Pélissier's popularity in the army, to encourage him in an assertion of statesmanlike independence; and as he had hitherto ordinarily accepted his orders from the Emperor, he could scarcely show himself recalcitrant at a moment's notice. Nor can we altogether admire Lord Raglan's action in giving his General and his Admiral in the expedition *carte blanche*, and leaving them the choice between pushing forward unassisted and retreating. No doubt they were even more mortified and disappointed than Lord Raglan himself; consequently he saddled them with the more serious responsibility. Chivalry might have urged them on, and recklessness might have ended in disaster. Fortunately both Sir George Brown and Sir Edmund Lyons were men of such approved courage that they could afford to be prudent. They came back to Balaclava Bay in the wake of the French, and so the Emperor was left solely responsible for the failure or postponement of the enterprise. Shortly afterwards the finishing blow to his mischievous "plan" was given in council of war, and, in the strange irony of circumstances, it was the yielding Canrobert who disposed of it.

But already Canrobert was being dominated and even superseded

by a more imperious personality. Pélissier, in command of one of the divisions, had written a letter pregnant with important results, in which, already and characteristically, he ventured to dictate. He had set his foot down summarily on the Imperial suggestions. He asserted that the vigorous prosecution of the attack was the shortest way into Sebastopol. He deliberately admitted the expenditure of lives which that straightforward method demanded; and, so far as he was personally concerned, he proved the courage of his opinions by pushing his works and pressing forward his columns. The immediate result of the letter was Canrobert's resolution to resign, and nothing in a long and distinguished military career did him greater credit than his resignation. Of irreproachable personal courage, and admirable in the command of a *corps d'armée*, he seems to have been gradually and painfully brought to the conclusion that he had not the qualities of a commander-in-chief — at all events, under the peculiar circumstances. He ought to have shown himself a diplomatist and a statesman as well as a soldier; and probably, like Pélissier, he might have had his own way had he met the Emperor's first proposals with a tender of resignation. Be that as it may, he had yielded and hesitated so long, that at last he found himself helpless. Like Lord Raglan, he was being worn out by an ever-increasing accumulation of anxieties, and he had been fretted besides by incessant mortifications. We may conceive that he felt a certain relief when he cut the ground from beneath the feet of the man who held the leading-strings, by telegraphing his resignation to the Emperor; while his recommending Pélissier as his successor showed a rare generosity. It may be added that it was much to the credit of Niel that he should have cordially backed up Canrobert's suggestion. He telegraphed promptly to the Minister of War: "Accept without hesitation the resignation of General Canrobert. He is very much fatigued. Answer by telegraph. General Pélissier is ready to take the command."

Had the Emperor duly estimated the character of the new Commander-in-Chief, we may be assured that his assent would never have been given. Never was there a more insubordinate subordinate. As chance would have it, although he acted throughout with conscientious intelligence, he seemed to miss no opportunity of mortifying his master. He coolly ignored the Imperial orders, or calmly proceeded to demonstrate, by words and action, his master's military incapacity. Mr Kinglake gives a striking sketch of the man, which many of his readers can verify from their personal recollections.

"This short, thick-set, resolute Norman had passed his sixtieth year; but the grey, the fast whitening hair that capped his powerful head, and marked the inroads of Time, wore a strange, wore an alien look, as though utterly out of true fellowship with the keen, fiery, vehement eyes, with the still dark and heavy moustache, with all the imperious features that glowed, or seemed to be glowing in the prime, or fierce mid-day of life. His mighty bull-neck, strongly built upon broad, massive shoulders, gave promise of hard, bloody fights, gave warning of angry moods, and even of furious outbursts."

With forces of the four nationalities greatly superior to any the Russians were supposed to be able to muster, Pélissier gave early proof of his iron determination, by deciding to confine himself to the siege opera-

tions in defiance of the Emperor. With the fullest foreknowledge of all he risked, he accepted full responsibility for the chances of war and any accidents that might befall. As for Niel, who had hitherto weighed on Canrobert like an incubus, he was thenceforth to be nothing; and, as a rule, he wisely refrained from tendering advice which had the effect of "exasperating the fiery Pélissier." But although Pélissier almost defiantly asserted his independence, he was always in general agreement with Lord Raglan, and lent a willing ear to his lordship's suggestions. He does not appear to have attached the same importance to the Kertch expedition as Lord Raglan had done; but he felt that the English had been unfairly treated. And one of the first consequences of the new departure and of the harmonious understanding between the headquarters was a decision that the Kertch expedition should come off. The results more than justified the wisdom of an undertaking which Lord Raglan and Lyons had urged in unison. The expedition succeeded beyond expectation; the sacrifices on the side of the Allies were ludicrously small, since the casualties were confined to a couple of wounded; the material injury inflicted on the enemy was very serious, and the moral damage, in Mr Kinglake's opinion, was infinitely greater. The Russian general who directed the defence spiked his guns; the Russian admiral burned or sank his ships; 340 pieces of ordnance were taken; nearly 500 grain-vessels were destroyed, beside enormous quantities of stores in magazines; the Russians were forced back from the Circassian seaboard, and compelled to surrender the most formidable fortresses there. But we must quote Mr Kinglake's brilliant description of the moral consequences of that well-conceived enterprise:—

"Long accustomed to have it imagined that they could not be assailed with impunity in the trunk of their empire, Russians bitterly felt the sharp thrust which a new irresistible power was now—with strange ease—driving home. How deep the thrust went, people easily saw when observing that the easternmost of the provinces coerced by the Maritime Powers, and unable thenceforth to send out so much as a sail or a boat from the mouths of its own famous river, was the one that furnished to Russia her Kozaks, or 'Cossacks of the Don'—men deemed so transcendently Russian that—although, as I think, without justice—the figurative diction of many (including the great Napoleon) has made the name of their race an equivalent for Russia herself. By the French more especially, who had heard what their mothers could tell them of 'The Cossacks! the Cossacks! the Cossacks!' there well might be felt strange emotions when—along with a now friendly England—outstretching the long naval arm, and touching the westermost nests of that once notorious horde which, however disregarded as combatants, had as plunderers startled the France of an earlier and horrible time. Those were men who, not quitting their saddles, would trot up the stairs of the palace or the house they were going to despoil, and ride straight into a drawing-room on horses well used like themselves to the piteous screaming of women."

Mr Kinglake assumes—indeed he probably has reason to know—that the effect of the Kertch expedition on the Czar—especially as following the failure at Eupatoria—was inexpressibly painful. His pride was touched to the quick; and there was nothing he felt more than the fact that he had been unable to protect the Greeks, who warmly sympathised with him and had been carrying grain for his

armies. The triumphant success, as the historian points out, had been chiefly due to the power of indefinitely multiplying comparatively insignificant forces, when they can be transported on the swift cruisers of a fleet that has command of the sea. Which confirms the arguments of a military writer in the December number of the Magazine, as to the effects of an English alliance with Italy and the "League of Peace." The final paragraph of Mr Kinglake's chapter on the subject is the least pleasant reading:—

"Those who know where the Czardom is weak, and therefore know where it is tender, will say, I believe, that, if executed with like success some weeks before, when Lyons and Lord Raglan first urged it, this eastward invasion of Russia would have governed the issue of the Vienna negotiations, and brought the war to an end."

Pélissier, with regard to the Azof expedition as before Sebastopol, was persistently setting the Emperor at defiance, but it must not be supposed he did not suffer. Never—or only once—swerving from his purpose; sowing in blood in the belief that he would reap the fruits in due season, he nevertheless had the apprehension that he might be superseded any day, before his lavish expenditure of lives had been justified. Each despatch he sent, announcing some successful operation, was coldly acknowledged with inquiries or complaints as to the sum-total of the killed and wounded. The Emperor could only be silenced, if not satisfied, by the news of the fall of Sebastopol, and, thanks to the start that Canrobert had permitted Todleben, the siege operations had become as slow as they were sanguinary. Thus it came about that Pélissier grew more irritable than ever, was anxious and grievously tormented. He indulged in impulsive caprices, the folly of which he indirectly confessed: as when he summarily dismissed General Bosquet from his command, only to restore him immediately afterwards. And so it came about, according to the very plausible theory of Mr Kinglake, that he altogether lost his head for a few days, and was guilty for once of a gross act of disloyalty. Against Pélissier the case seems conclusively proved: he could only at the best plead extenuating circumstances. Lord Raglan's conduct in a most awkward dilemma is more open to question.

On the 17th of June, after the fourth bombardment, the destruction wrought on the Russian works had been obviously tremendous. The fire of the besieged had slackened in many places, in others it had almost been silenced, and there was a general impression through the allied lines that the moment was ripe for reaping the fruits of their sufferings. On the 17th Pélissier paid a visit to Lord Raglan, to decide upon measures for delivering a simultaneous assault on the morrow. As to the preliminaries there was no difference of opinion, and indeed they were dictated by ordinary prudence. The Russians had shown themselves indefatigable in repairing damages through the darkness: so that the prelude to the assault was to be a revival of the fire, "thus accomplishing a second destruction of any resurgent bat teries."

"But unhappily in the evening of the 17th of June, the resolve of Pélissier underwent a change wild and abrupt. Whether duped by 'information' from some returned prisoner, or some deserter or spy, which told

him that—ripe for conquest at once by the mere sight of infantry columns advancing against them at daybreak—the works of the Karabelnaya would fall, as it were, at his touch; or whether—because at last weakened by the tortures we saw him enduring at the hands of his sovereign—he simply was carried away by the flood of exultant Opinion then sweeping over the camp, he at all events made a rush headlong—a rush towards what was much worse than simply to precipitate action. . . .

"He determined—determined irrevocably—that the further preparative measure of bombarding the enemy's works which was to have opened the morrow's operations should by him be altogether omitted, and that the signal directing his infantry to commence their intended assaults should be given at three o'clock in the morning, that is, at the least two full hours before the time he had fixed in concert with the English commander."

The General's unaccountable change of plans is attributed by Mr Kinglake to over-excitement of the brain, amounting to temporary aberration of intellect. Possibly he may have been influenced by the after-thought, that a surprise in the dawn might be more cheaply successful than a conspicuous assault after the warning of a cannonade. But, in any case, he had distinctly pledged himself to Lord Raglan the day before, and his behaviour towards his trusting colleague was unjustifiable. At the eleventh hour, the head of our Engineers received an official communication, which, so far as the French were concerned, was really an ultimatum. It was couched in terms which, "far from inviting, made bold to exclude all discussion." Lord Raglan, as we remarked, found himself in the most embarrassing of dilemmas, with little time to make up his mind. On the one hand, he was assured that the change of plan must involve great unnecessary loss, and might possibly lead to disaster; on the other hand, he had always attached supreme importance to maintaining the harmony of the Anglo-French concert. "Magnanimously regardless of any slight towards himself implied by Pélissier's conduct," says Mr Kinglake, "Lord Raglan thought only of the public service. . . . Therefore, whilst bitterly pained by his colleague's new and sudden resolve, he determined that the operations of the English on the morrow should be in conformity with Pélissier's altered design." It seems to us that the personal slight should have been a very secondary consideration. His first duty was to his men, regardless of ulterior contingencies: they had to cross a wider space than the French, facing the fire of batteries that were relatively uninjured; and to a soldier of his experience it must have been painfully clear that he was launching them on an almost desperate service, under circumstances made wantonly disadvantageous. Indeed he showed his sense of the doubtful determination to which he had been driven, by reducing the number of the stormers and their supports to a feeble minimum, almost inadequate, under any circumstances, for the work expected of them. The change of plan having been hastily conceived, each successive incident in the chapter of accidents was to tell—perhaps deservedly—against the assailants. Pélissier himself was too late in the saddle. One of his generals, mistaking a shell for the preconcerted signal, set his troops in motion before the hour. Another general, when the signal had been actually made, failed through some misapprehension to recognise it. The supports, by the personal orders of Pélissier, were left too

far in the rear: so that when the French, rather by gallantry and good luck than good generalship, had carried such important positions, that they might possibly have "gone in from them and won," they were compelled to fall back for the failure of reinforcements. But it is in the English attack that we are more immediately interested. Lord Raglan had reserved to himself the right of launching his troops at what he deemed a befitting moment; and he chose the time, not because the French were pushing successfully forward, but because he saw them faced and baffled by unexpected resistance. He had better have waited to bombard the works on his own account; but then "he well knew that nothing short of conformity with Pélissier's new plan—that is, an advance of British infantry—an advance not delayed by first making use of the siege-guns—would pass with the French as affording the loyal support they expected." It is but fair to say that, in coming to his momentous decision, he was backed up by the commander of the Engineers. Yet he had undertaken nothing less, along with other enterprises scarcely less venturesome, than assailing "the Redan from a distance of between 400 and 500 yards, without having first conquered its fire by duly using his siege-guns."

The judgment of the Commander-in-Chief may fairly be criticised; but at least it afforded one section of his force an opportunity of showing their dare-devil gallantry, for it was the sailors who carried off the honours. Sixty soldiers and sixty seamen had been detailed to carry the ladders. The seamen's only idea was to press forward; the soldiers, we were sorry to be told, slunk to the rear and were not forthcoming when urgently wanted. It is true that Mr Kinglake lets them down easily. He says,—"It was found that the foot-soldier seemed averse more or less from the service of carrying burthens across a vast space under torrents of fire without having his hand on the weapon—the weapon beloved and trusted—which in fights of the kind he is most accustomed to contemplate forms almost a part of himself." That is a species of aversion which might easily be confounded with cowardice; but, as Mr Kinglake demonstrates, the sailors were dauntless, while the rest of the army was full of fight. The main column had been delayed, when starting to follow the ladder-men, and this was the reason:—

> "What arrested the column was a throng of English soldiery belonging to various regiments, and even to several Divisions, who, although not on duty, were nevertheless so eager to take part in the attack that they had stolen away from their camps to this part of the 'Quarries,' and now crowded in on the trenches with a weight that intercepted the column and prevented its clearing the parapet."

The fire to be faced was murderous. The shelterless ground was swept by a hail of shot: senior after senior dropped in succession, till a subaltern, vainly seeking for instructions, was astounded to find that he was himself in command Not that he had many men at his disposal, for the rank and file had been falling fast. Indeed the enemy could direct the game, and it was part of Todleben's system there should be no hand-to-hand fighting. The hapless English soldiers had been hurled against a work, the guns of which were lively as ever. The survivors of his assailants could only look and

long; and after escaping death by a miracle, reluctantly obey the orders to retreat. No one distinguished himself more than Graham of the Engineers, now Sir Gerald. He seemed to bear a charmed life, for his towering stature made him conspicuous. Another Engineer, destined to still higher distinction, came near to quarrelling with Graham, because he was balked in his chivalrous ambition for suicide.

"The young lion was wrought into a phrenzy of disappointment and rage, the rage indeed being so hot that there followed something like an estrangement between the two friends. This impassioned lieutenant of Sappers was a soldier marked out for strange destinies, no other than Gordon—Charles Gordon—then ripening into a hero sublimely careless of self, and a warrior-saint of the kind that Moslems — rather than Christians—are fondly expecting from God."

Lord Raglan wrote of the fire that was raining on the right attack—"I never had a conception before of such a shower of grape as they poured upon us."

"For any mortal," adds Mr Kinglake, "advancing in the teeth of the storm it was hard to see how it could happen that, unless by some mystic protection, he still might remain alive; for the air all around him was boisterous with the rushing flight of war missiles, whilst the ground in his front did not cease to throb under the impact of grape-shot, and the lighter touch of the bullets that came thickly pattering down to swell the leaden torrent. . . . Some, for instance, moved forward, head down, and 'butted,' as though in hot wrath, at the storm of iron and lead."

The logical sequence of things had been reversed: the attack was followed by the bombardment. When the shattered remains of the infantry that had assailed the Redan had been withdrawn under shelter, Lord Raglan opened fire from his siege-guns. In three-quarters of an hour the hostile batteries had been silenced. Nothing, had demonstration been needed, could have demonstrated more clearly the fatal mistake of Pélissier, as nothing could have more painfully reminded Lord Raglan of the heavy price he had deliberately paid for maintaining the desirable *entente cordiale*. All that had been won on our side had been gained by General Eyre, who gallantly carried a position that proved of no great service, and was shortly afterwards handed over to the French.

As for Pélissier, he had nothing to show. Todleben's subsequent verdict was, that he had attempted what was impracticable: and, as we have seen, he had wantonly attempted it under conditions which clearly deprived it of all reasonable chances of success. He had the courage to confess one fault, when he replaced Bosquet in the command from which that general had been removed; he had the courage to go further in the same direction, when he reverted to the system of operations for which Bosquet had been summarily superseded. It would have seemed that after his failure, and the tacit avowal of his errors, he must have been at the mercy of the mortified Emperor, who owed him many a grudge. We cannot say that it is made very evident — although by no fault of Mr Kinglake's—why he was not summarily dismissed for disobedience, and for a blunder that strategists might have held tantamount to a crime.

"But Pélissier," we are told, "was a man very strong in adversity, and it even would seem that, although his full use of the powers which Nature had given him might be interrupted

during several days by what are called 'worrying' troubles, his mind was so constituted as to be able to rise in its strength, so soon as he found himself challenged, and put on his mettle by grave misfortune. . . . He disclosed a great force of character, well supported by adroitness, audacity, and fertile resource, with besides, one must own, a return to his old, clever wiles, no longer now marred by a palpably scornful tone."

Yet, as the game was by no means in his own hands, and as he had given his enemies every advantage, the most astute blending of strength with servility could scarcely have saved him. We fancy that Mr Kinglake suggests the real reasons when he touches on the steady support of Marshal Vaillant, the War Minister, who always showed firm faith in Pélissier; in the Emperor's consciousness of the inconsistency of his somewhat flighty telegraphic despatches, with the new arrangements he had come to with the English Cabinet, by which all instructions were to emanate from common consultation; and from the fact, which Mr Kinglake dwelt upon before, that the Emperor feared the general's popularity with the army. Once previously, and with slighter provocation or reason, he had actually issued an order of recall; and it was only by a daring device of Vaillant's that the order, which was cancelled on reconsideration, never reached its destination.

We spoke of Mr Kinglake's 'History' as, in its construction and episodes, a sensational romance: it had been destined to end with the death of Lord Raglan, and by a dramatic coincidence the *dénouement* was preceded by the removal of Lord Raglan's great antagonist. Had Todleben not presented himself in Sebastopol in the hour of its despair, Lord Raglan would have attained the object of his desires, and been spared the anxieties to which he succumbed. For months Todleben had been the head and heart of the defence. For months, by the indefatigable exercise of an iron will, or by the magnetic influences of his seductive ascendancy, he had been sending his troops by battalions to certain destruction in furtherance of his system of defence. He could never have achieved what he did achieve had not Sebastopol been an open place; and so far the French Emperor was undoubtedly right. Whenever the stolid and well-disciplined Russians murmured at standing up to be shot down, when discontent threatened to break out in open mutiny, Todleben had the complaining regiments relieved, and with those that replaced them he went on as before. The generals in the field had to regulate their movements on his plans, if he could not actually give the orders; and we scarcely hear of the nominal commandant of Sebastopol, simply because he had been superseded by the omnipresent engineer. Now, after the endurance of the deadly bombardment, and the repulse of the combined attacks, Todleben, on the morrow of the public thanksgivings, was struck by a chance ball in the leg. Reluctantly he submitted to the advice of the doctors, and was carried off to a country-house in the neighbourhood.

"Thus passed away from Sebastopol its mighty defender. . . . We know that Todleben's method of bringing brain-power to bear on each problem coming before him had rested much more than is common on his own actual, bodily presence. . . . He was by nature a man great in war, and richly gifted with power, not only to provide in good time for the dimly expected conditions which it more or less slowly unfolds,

but to meet its most sudden emergencies. . . .

"To appreciate the power he wielded, and distinguish him from an officer defending an invested fortress, one again must recur to the peculiar nature of the strife on which France and England had entered. Though maintained in great part with the kind of appliances that are commonly used by the assailants and defenders of fortresses, the conflict was so strongly marked in its character by the absence of complete investment as to be rather a continuous battle between two entrenched armies than what men in general mean when they casually speak of a 'siege.' Each force, if thus lastingly engaged, was likewise all the while drawing an equally lasting support, the one from all Russia exerting the strength of the empire in her own dominions, the other from what was not less than a great European Alliance with full command of the sea. . . .

"Because he defended the fortress under all these conditions at a time when the forces on each side were avoiding grave field operations, General Todleben, I think, must be said to have virtually held the command in that protracted conflict which we have almost been ready to call a 'continuous battle,' and indeed — since the Inkerman day — to have virtually wielded the power — the whole of the power that Russia opposed to her invaders on the Sebastopol theatre of war."

His hands being strengthened by Pélissier's consciousness of responsibility for the useless expenditure of life in the assaults, Lord Raglan had been pressing for a change of the siege-plans. "All hope that our troops would be either relieved altogether from their wrongly allotted task of attacking the Great Redan, or else find themselves enabled to attack it under befitting conditions, depended on the life of one man." For no successor, whoever he might be, could hope to inherit Lord Raglan's influence. So, as it chanced, that invaluable life was to be extinguished at a singularly inopportune moment. It was on the 18th of June that Todleben had been struck down, and only eight days afterwards Lord Raglan sickened. Work and worry, with the cares of the war aggravated by the constant anxieties of the divided command, had been steadily sapping his constitution. He sank rapidly, and passed away on the evening of the 28th. Archdeacon Wright, the Chaplain of the Forces, gives a touching picture of the pathetic scene, in a letter written from the death-chamber:—

"At this moment I have before me one whom I had learnt to love, lying in his last moments upon a narrow camp-bed. The room was small and scantily furnished. Colonel Somerset and Lord Burghersh stood on one side of the bed, Dr Prendergast at its head, Lady George Paget was seated at the foot, Colonel Steele and General Airey on the other side. I stood close to the dying hero. As I uttered the words, 'Peace be to this house and all that dwell in it,' all fell on their knees, and I proceeded with the solemn order for the visitation of the sick. At the close of the heart-searching service, I placed my hand upon the forehead and commended the departing soul to the keeping of God, and scarcely had the last word passed my lips when the great man went to his rest. Colonel Steele then asked me to kneel down and pray that those present might be strengthened. I did so, and heavy grief sat upon the hearts of all who joined in that solemn appeal to Heaven."

Throughout the English camp and fleet the grief was universal; but no man seems to have felt the loss of the chivalrous and genial soldier more than his French colleague. Pélissier, we are told in a letter from headquarters, hastened to the melancholy scene, and

"stood by the bedside for upwards of an hour, crying like a child."

With the death of Lord Raglan, Mr Kinglake's task was accomplished, for the private papers placed at his disposal were exhausted. There may doubtless be differences of opinion as to his judgments of men, and his verdicts in their actions in the volumes we have been reviewing. Some may think he has thrown himself with an excess of his characteristic animation into the damaging indictment he has brought against the French Emperor; and that Louis Napoleon and Niel were right in their ideas, according to the laws of war as laid down by the soundest strategists. At all events, Mr Kinglake has demonstrated that the Emperor had neither the courage of his convictions nor consistency in urging them; that he maintained a general in command when he had ceased to accord him his confidence; and that in his dealings with his allies he carried concealment to unjustifiable length where absolute unreserve was an imperative duty. Men may disagree with Mr Kinglake on such points, or be disposed to stop short of some of his conclusions; but no one can deny that where the conscience of the historian is not concerned, he is not only just, but generous of commendation. With the single flaw which he has charitably sought to efface or extenuate, the fiery Pélissier stands out from his pages, rugged and indomitable, as a figure of bronze, though a warm human heart beats beneath it. As for Todleben, he has been elevated on a pedestal, from which he dominates the fortifications he devised, with the operations he directed or baffled.

We regret, as we said, that a great master of style, with a rare power of analysing men and their motives, has not brought down his picturesque story of the war to its tardy but triumphant conclusion. We have seen that Mr Kinglake could hardly help himself, since his exceptional sources of information were Lord Raglan's private papers. The completion of the History of the Crimean War remains to be written; and we venture to suggest that if the work is destined to be done, Sir Edward Hamley is the "man of destiny." We wish he might put forward his indisputable claims to the mantle that has slipped from Mr Kinglake's shoulders. Sir Edward is a strategic soldier and a skilful strategist, who has done good work in the battle-field as well as in the fields of literature. He did good service himself at the siege of Sebastopol, and he has given us a foretaste, in the brilliant volume[1] he published on the subject, of the profit and pleasure we might expect from such a work.

[1] The Story of the Campaign of Sebastopol. Written in the Camp. By Lieut.-Colonel E. Bruce Hamley. With Illustrations drawn in Camp by the Author. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1855.

SHAKESPEARE OR BACON?

BACON, in his will, dated 19th December 1625, made an appeal to the charitable judgment of after times in these words—"For my name and memory I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages." He might well do so. The doubtful incidents of a shifty and in some particulars by no means exemplary life he might fairly suppose would be but little known to foreign nations and to men of future centuries. Time, to use his own words in a letter to Sir Humphrey May in 1625, would "have turned envy to pity;" and what was blameworthy in his life would, in any case, be judged lightly by posterity, in their gratitude for the treasures of profound observation and thought with which his name would be identified. He died a few months afterwards, on the 9th of April 1626.

No author probably ever set greater store than Bacon upon the produce of his brain, or was at more pains to see that it was neither mangled nor misrepresented by careless printing or editing. Neither is there the slightest reason to believe that he did not take good care,—nay, on the contrary, that he was not at especial pains to ensure,—that the world should be informed of everything he had written, which he deemed worthy to be preserved.[1]

Two years before Bacon made his will, the first or 1623 folio of Shakespeare's plays was published, with the following title-page: "*Mr William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies; Published according to the True Originall Copies. London: Printed by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount.* 1623." It was a portly volume of nearly a thousand pages, and must have taken many months, probably the best part of a year, to set up in types and get printed off. The printing of similar folios in those days was marked by anything but exemplary accuracy. But this volume abounds to such excess in typographical flaws of every kind, that the only conclusion in regard to it which can be drawn is, that the printing was not superintended by any one competent to discharge the duty of the printing-house "reader" of the present day, but was suffered to appear with "all the imperfections on its head," which distinguish "proof-sheets" as they issue from the hands of careless or illiterate compositors. Most clearly the proof-sheets had never been read by any man of literary skill, still less by any man capable of rectifying a blundered text. In this respect the book offers a marked contrast to the text of Bacon's

[1] See what care he took of his writings in the next sentences of his will. "*As to that durable part of my memory, which consisteth in my works and writings,* I desire my executors, and especially Sir John Constable and my very good friend Mr Bosville, to take care that of all my writings, both of English and of Latin, there may be books fair bound, and placed in the King's library, and in the library of the University of Cambridge, and in the library of Trinity College, where myself was bred, and in the library of the University of Oxonford, and in the library of my Lord of Canterbury, and in the library of Eaton."—(Spedding's Life and Letters of Bacon, vol. vii. p. 539.)

Works, printed in his own time, which were revised and re-revised till they were brought up to a finished perfection.[1]

Down to the year 1856 the world was content to accept as truth the statement of the folio of 1623, that it contained the plays of Mr William Shakespeare "according to the true original copies." To the two preceding centuries and a half the marvel of Shakespeare's genius had been more or less vividly apparent. His contemporaries had acknowledged it; and as the years went on, and under reverent study that marvel became more deeply felt, men were content to find the solution of it in the fact, that the birth of these masterpieces of dramatic writing was due—only in a higher degree—to the same heaven-sent inspiration to which great sculptors, painters, warriors, and statesmen owe their pre-eminence. They would not set a limit to "the gifts that God gives," or see anything more strange in the prodigality of power in observation, in feeling, in humour, in thought, and in expression, as shown by the son of the Stratford-on-Avon wool-stapler, than in the kindred manifestations of genius in men as lowly born, and as little favoured in point of education as he, of which biographical records furnish countless instances.[2] But in 1856, or thereabouts, a new light dawned upon certain people, to whom the ways of genius were a stumbling-block. The plays, they conceived, could not have been written by a man of lowly origin, of scanty education, a struggling actor, who had the prosaic virtue of looking carefully after his pounds, shillings, and pence, and who, moreover, was content to retire, in the fulness of his fame, with a moderate competence, to the small country town where he was born, and to leave his plays to shift for themselves with posterity, in seemingly perfect indifference whether they were printed or not printed, remembered or buried in oblivion. This virtue of modesty and carelessness of fame is so unlike the characteristic of "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease" in these days, it is so hard to be understood by people possessed by small literary ambitions, that it was natural it should be regarded by them as utterly incomprehensible. So they set themselves to look elsewhere for the true author. Shakespeare lived amid a crowd of great dramatic writers—Marlowe, Jonson, Decker, Lyly, Marston, Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton, and others. But we know their works; and to ascribe "Othello," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Cæsar," "King Lear," or the other great plays to any of them, would have been ridiculous. Outside this circle, therefore, the search had to be made; but outside it there was no choice. Only Francis Bacon towered pre-emi-

[1] In partial proof of this, it is only necessary to refer to the Notes appended by Mr Aldis Wright to his admirable edition of the Essays, published by Macmillan & Co. in 1862. So sensitive about accuracy and finish was Bacon, that he transcribed, altering as he wrote, his 'Novum Organum' twelve, and his 'Advancement of Learning' seven times.

[2] For example,—Giotto, a shepherd boy; Leonardo da Vinci, the illegitimate son of a common notary; Burns, the son of a small farmer; Keats, an apothecary's apprentice; Turner, a barber's son. The list may be extended indefinitely of men who, with all external odds against them, have triumphed far beyond those who had all these odds in their favour.

nently above his literary contemporaries. He, and he only, could have written the immortal dramas! And so the world was called upon to forego its old belief in the marvel that one man had written Shakespeare's plays, and to adopt a creed which made the marvel far greater than ever, adding these plays as it did to the other massive and voluminous acknowledged works of Francis, Lord Verulam—enough, and more than enough, in themselves to have absorbed the leisure and exhausted the energies of the most vigorous intellect. The great jurist, statesman, philosopher, and natural historian of his age was, according to this new doctrine, the greatest dramatist of any age!

Who has the merit of being first in the field with this astounding discovery is not very clear. In September 1856, a Mr William Henry Smith, not our present excellent First Lord of the Treasury, propounded it in a letter to Lord Ellesmere, sometime President of the then Shakespeare Society, which, as the copy before us bears, was modestly printed for private circulation. Mr Smith has really little else to say for his theory, beyond his own personal impression that Shakespeare, by birth, education, and pursuits, was not the kind of man to write the plays; while Bacon had "all the necessary qualifications—a mind well stored by study and enlarged by travel, with a comprehensive knowledge of nature, men, and books." But if Bacon wrote the plays, why did he not say so? Mr Smith's answer to this very pregnant question was, that to have been known to write plays, or to have business relations with actors, would have been ruinous to Bacon's prospects at the Bar and in Parliament; and that, being driven into the avocation of dramatist by the necessity of eking out his income, he got Shakespeare to lend his name as a blind to the real authorship! Such a thing as the irrepressible impulse of dramatic genius to find expression in its only possible medium is not even suggested by Mr Smith as among Bacon's motives. He claims for him, indeed, "great dramatic talent," on the strength of the very trumpery masques and pageants in which Bacon is known to have had a share, and of some vague record, that "he could assume the most different characters, and speak the language proper to each with a facility which was perfectly natural"—a gift which might have produced a Charles Matthews, senior, and is by no means an uncommon one, as we can testify from our own limited experience, but which would go but a little way towards the invention of a single scene of even the weakest of the Shakespearian plays.

Strangely enough, Mr Smith, unable apparently to foresee to what his argument led, founded on the first folio in proof of his assumption. "Bacon," he writes, "was disgraced in 1621, and immediately set himself to collect and revise his literary works." "Immediately" is rather a strong assertion, but he no doubt very soon busied himself in literary and scientific work. He finished his 'Life of Henry VII.,' and set to work upon the completion and translation into Latin of his 'Advancement of Learning,' which appeared in October 1623 as 'De Augmentis Scientiarum.' In the same year he published his 'History of the Winds' and his 'Treatise on Death and Life.' At this time, as his correspondence proves, he was busy with anything but poetry or play-

books.[1] In March 1622 he offered to draw up a digest of the law, a long-cherished project of his, and showed the greatest anxiety to get again into active political life. He was, moreover, in wretched health, but at the same time intent on making progress with his 'Instauratio Magna,' with all the eagerness of a man who feared that his life would be cut short before he could accomplish the chief object of his ambition. All his occupations during 1622-23, during which the first folio was at press, are thus fully accounted for. "But," continues Mr Smith, "in 1623 a folio of thirty-six plays (including some, and excluding others, which had always been reputed Shakespeare's) was published." And then, he asks, in the triumphant emphasis of italics, "Who but the author himself could have exercised this power of discrimination?" As if the researches of Shakespearian students had not demonstrated to a certainty, that one of the chief defects of the folio was the absence of this very "power of discrimination," which, if duly exercised, would, besides giving us a sound text, have shown which of these plays were all Shakespeare's, and which had only been worked up, upon the slight or clumsy fabric of some inferior hand.

It is characteristic of the inexact and illogical kind of mind, which had persuaded itself of the soundness of a theory rested on such trivial data, that Mr Smith accepted without verification the "remarkable words," as he calls them, to be found in Bacon's will. "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations; and to my own countrymen, *after some time be passed over*," language which, it may be presumed, in the light of the use which has since been made of it, was held by Mr Smith to point to some revelation of great work done by Bacon, which should be divulged to the world, "after some time had passed over." Unluckily for this theory the words in italics do not exist in the will. Nevertheless, followers in Mr Smith's wake have found them so convenient for their theory, that they repeat the misquotation, and ignore the actual words of the will quoted in the first sentence of this paper.

Mr Smith seems never to have perceived that, if Bacon were the author, and revised the first folio, or, as we should say, saw it through the press, he was guilty of inconceivable carelessness in letting it go forth with thousands of mortal blunders in the text, "the least a death" to prosody, poetry, and sound printing.[2] The man, in short, who rewrote and retouched over and over even so relatively small a book as his Essays, was content to leave innumerable blunders in passages of the finest poetry and the choicest humour in all literature! What wonder if Shakespearian scholars, indeed the world generally, met the preposterous assumption with the familiar quotation—"Quodcunque mihi ostenderis sic, incredulus odi"?

Nor were they disposed to alter their opinion, when America in the same year, 1856, sent forth an apostle to preach the same new doctrine in the person of a Miss

[1] As to how Bacon was occupied in 1622, see his letter to the Bishop of Winchester, Spedding's 'Life and Works of Bacon,' vol. vii. p. 371 *et seq.*, and his letter to Father Redemptor Baranzano (ibid., p. 375 *et seq.*)

[2] The typographical errors alone have been computed to amount to nearly 20,000.

Delia Bacon, to whom years of study of Shakespeare's works had revealed in them "a continuous inner current of the philosophy of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the imperishable thoughts of Lord Bacon." This was Miss Bacon's first opinion. It seems to have been modified when she came to grapple more closely with the subject in a portentous volume of 582 pages octavo, in which, dropping Sir Walter Raleigh out of the discussion, she ascribed the whole honour and glory of the thirty-seven plays to her namesake. Poor Miss Bacon died a victim to her own belief. She had pondered over it until her brain gave way, and she went mad to her grave. Of course she had followers. What crazy enthusiast has not? for there is a charm to a certain order of minds in running counter to the established creeds of ordinary mortals. Her mantle was not suffered to fall neglected. She was quickly succeeded by a more vigorous, but even more long-winded preacher of the same doctrine, in Judge Nathaniel Holmes of Kentucky, who spent 696 octavo pages in demonstrating that Shakespeare was utterly incapable of writing either poetry or plays, being nothing but an illiterate stroller, who could scarcely write his own name, who had no ambition but to make money, and was not very scrupulous as to how he made it; while Bacon was endowed with every quality, natural and acquired, which was requisite for the composition of the famous plays. Like Mr Smith, Judge Holmes deals largely in assumptions, such, for example, as that "it is historically known that Lord Bacon wrote plays and poems." How "historically known" he does not say, as neither by his contemporaries nor by the collectors of Elizabethan and Jacobean poetry is he credited with that faculty. He left behind him, it is true, a frost-bitten metrical version of seven of the Psalms, which scarcely rises to the Sternhold and Hopkins level, published, when he was quite broken in health, in 1624; and one small poem, "The Retired Courtier," not without beauty, has also been assigned to him on doubtful authority. Very different was the view taken by Mr James Spedding, who, by his fine literary taste and deep study of Shakespeare, as well as by the intimate knowledge of Bacon's mind and modes of thought and expression gained in editing his works, was entitled to speak upon the subject with authority. Judge Holmes had courted his judgment, and this was his answer:—

"To ask me to believe that Bacon was the author of these plays, is like asking me to believe that Lord Brougham was the author, not only of Dickens's works, but of Thackeray's and Tennyson's besides. That the author of 'Pickwick' was Charles Dickens I know upon no better authority than that upon which I know that the author of 'Hamlet' was a man called William Shakespeare. And in what respect is the one more difficult to believe than the other? . . . If you had fixed upon anybody else rather than Bacon as the true author—anybody of whom I know nothing—I should have been scarcely less incredulous. But if there were any reason for supposing that the real author was somebody else, I think I am in a condition to say that, whoever it was, it was not Francis Bacon. The difficulties which such a supposition would involve would be innumerable and altogether insurmountable."—'Authorship of Shakespeare,' by N. Holmes, ed. 1886, ii., App. 613, 617.

Such a judgment from such a man is death to all the arguments drawn by Mr Holmes and others

from fanciful parallelisms or analogies between passages in Bacon's writings and passages in the Shakespeare dramas. No man in England or elsewhere was more thoroughly conversant than Mr Spedding with the works of both Bacon and Shakespeare, or more capable of bringing a sound critical judgment to bear upon the distinctive literary qualities of each. But even if this were not so, it is notorious that arguments of this sort, frequently resorted to as they are to support charges of plagiarism, are utterly deceptive. Great ideas are the common property of great minds, especially if, being contemporaries, their authors are living in the same general atmosphere of thought and daily using the same vocabulary. Literary history does undoubtedly furnish some remarkable instances of authors expressing the same feeling or the same thought in closely analogous language. But we venture to say that every competent judge who will so "slander his leisure" as to wade through the so-called parallelisms cited by Miss Bacon, Mr Holmes, Mr Smith, and other victims of the Baconian delusion, will come to the conclusion that they are mostly farfetched and overstrained to the point of absurdity. It would be quite as reasonable to maintain on such evidence that Bacon borrowed from Shakespeare, as that Shakespeare and Bacon were one

It is obviously essential for the Baconians to set out with the assumption that Shakespeare was an illiterate boor. They say as much as that he was so from the first and remained so to the last. He was a butcher's boy, they tell us; he could only have been some two years at school; and so completely had his nature become, "like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it [had once] worked in," that when he returned, at near fifty, to Stratford, he resumed the trade of butcher and woolstapler! The ascertained facts of Shakespeare's life are few. Still some facts there are which cannot be disputed; and which give the lie to this scandalous assumption.

Shakespeare came of a good stock on both father and mother's side. They held a good position in Stratford, and were in easy circumstances during the boyhood of Shakespeare. There was in Stratford an excellent grammar-school, to which they were certain to have sent their son, when he reached the age, about six, at which boys were usually entered there. What the course of study pursued at this and similar schools was is well known, and was pointed out in an admirable series of papers by the late Mr Spencer Baynes on "What Shakespeare learnt at School" in 'Fraser's Magazine' in 1879-80. It was very much the same as that of the Edinburgh High School in the days of our youth, and brought a boy up, by the time he reached the age of twelve, to the reading of such writers as Ovid and Cicero in Latin, and the New Testament and some of the orators and tragedians in Greek. To send their children to the school was within the means of all but the poorest, which John Shakespeare and Mary Arden were not; and all that is known of them justifies the conclusion, that they would not have allowed their son to want any advantage common to boys of his class. Desperate, indeed, are the straits to which the Baconian theorists are driven, when, without a particle of evidence, they deny these advantages to Shakespeare.

The next fact which bears upon this part of the question is the publication of the "Venus and Adonis," when Shakespeare was in his twenty-ninth year. Only in the previous year does he come clearly into notice as a rising dramatist and poet, there being, as admitted by his best biographer, Mr Halliwell-Phillips,[1] nothing known of his history between his twenty-third and twenty-eighth year,—an interval which he very reasonably considers "must have been the chief period of Shakespeare's literary education,' which, when he left Stratford, could not have been otherwise than imperfect. Mr Spencer Baynes, who would have been the last man to dispute the proposition that it is not at school but by his own self-imposed studies afterwards that a man is educated, so far differs from Mr Halliwell-Phillips as to maintain that before Shakespeare left Stratford he had probably written the "Venus and Adonis," quoting in support of his view the language of the dedication to the Earl of Southampton, in which Shakespeare speaks of it as "the first heir of his invention." It might be so, for Shakespeare was twenty-one when he was forced to leave Stratford; and, weighted although the poem is with thought as well as passion, the genius which produced the dramas might even at that early age have conceived and written it. But, however this may be, the poem shows a knowledge of what Ovid had written upon the same theme, in a poem of which there existed at that time no English translation, which could not have been accidental, any more than it could have been within the command of an uneducated man. Moreover, that Shakespeare knew Latin is conclusively proved by his placing as motto upon the title-page the following lines from Ovid's Elegies, the very selection of which showed that, at this early date, Shakespeare set the calling of a poet above all ordinary objects of ambition:—

"Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua."

The success of the poem was immediate. Edition followed edition, and by 1602 five had been printed. In 1594 the "Lucrece," also dedicated to Lord Southampton, appeared, and ran into several editions. This poem, like the "Venus and Adonis," bears internal proofs of familiarity with what had been written by Ovid on the same theme. Unless, therefore, it can be shown that Shakespeare, who claimed the authorship on the title-pages, did not write either poem, the charge of want of education must fall to the ground. But how can this be shown in the face of the fact that his was by this time a familiar name among literary men in London, some of whom would have been glad enough to

[1] Let us here acknowledge the debt that all students of Shakespeare owe to Mr J. O. Halliwell-Phillips for the invaluable information which he has brought together in the two volumes of his 'Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare,' of which the sixth edition, published by Messrs Longman in 1886, contains every ascertained fact concerning Shakespeare and his family and pursuits. The book is a model of painstaking inquiry, and contains no conclusions that are not based upon judicial proof. We are not aware whether Mr Halliwell-Phillips has published his views upon the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy; but that he regards the proposition that Bacon wrote the plays, and the arguments on which it is founded, as "lunacy," we have direct means of knowing.

expose so glaring an imposture, while by several of them his merits were recognised in such epithets as "honey-tongued Shakespeare" (John Weever, 1595), "mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare" (Francis Meres, 1598); while "his sugared sonnets," then unpublished, but "circulating among his private friends," were acknowledged by Meres as adding fresh lustre to a name that had already been coupled with many popular plays — "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "King John," and "Romeo and Juliet" among the number.

That Shakespeare's success as a furbisher up of plays, which wanted the magic of his hand to turn their dross to gold, had, even before 1593, excited the jealousy of at least one rival dramatist, is shown by the language of Robert Greene in his "Groat's Worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance." Greene died in 1592, leaving this tract behind him in manuscript. In it the starveling dramatist, sinking in poverty into the grave, had poured out the bitterness of his heart at seeing the players making a rich harvest by acting pieces, while the authors of them, like himself, were in poverty. His grudge against Shakespeare was apparently intensified by the fact, that the young man from Stratford not only acted plays, but wrote them, or, at least, had worked them up for the stage.

"There is an upstart Crow," he writes, "beautified with our feathers" (alluding apparently to plays originally written by Greene and Marlowe, of which Shakespeare had somehow or other made use) "that with his *Tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*" (a parody of "Oh, Tyger's heart wrapt in a woman hide's"—Shakespeare's "Henry VI.," part iii., act 1, sc. 4) "supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shakescene in a countrie."

A few months after Greene's death, in the same year, 1592, the tract was published by his friend Henry Chettle. It had given great offence to the "play-makers" attacked in it; and as Greene could not be attacked in return, Chettle found himself in the awkward position of having to bear the responsibility for Greene's invective. Marlowe, to all appearance, and Shakespeare certainly, considered themselves especially wronged; and to the latter Greene felt bound to make an apology, in an "Address to the Gentlemen Readers," published in December 1592, along with his "Kind-Hart's Dreame."

"With neither of them that take offence," he writes, "was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I never be" (a very natural resolution, considering what a Bohemian Marlowe was). "The other, whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heate of living writers, and might have used my owne discretion (especially in such a case), the Author being dead, that I did not I am as sorry as if the originall fault had been my fault, because myselfe have seene his demeanour no lesse civill than he excellent in the quality he professes. *Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art.*"

It is therefore clear beyond all question, that so early as 1592 Shakespeare had made a name for himself both as actor and as author, "excellent in the quality he professed," viz., acting, and noted for "facetious grace," or as we should now write, "graceful facility" in

writing. The latter gift must have made him a most valuable member of the theatrical company to which he belonged, and its possession was what, it is only reasonable to suppose, procured for him his rapid advancement in the theatre. To polish up indifferent dialogue, to write in effective speeches for his brother actors, to recast inartistic plots, was work that must have been constantly wanted in the theatre; and it is obviously work that was frequently done by Shakespeare in those early days. It was, moreover, a kind of work that must often have been wanted in a hurry. It would never have been intrusted to him unless his qualifications for it had been obvious; and, if he undertook it, his brother actors must have quickly found out whether he did it himself or not—for much of it must have required to be done under their own eye, possibly within the theatre itself, and was no doubt conceived on the impulse of that quickness of invention, and executed with that fluent facility which a host of concurrent testimony shows that his brother poets and actors ascribed to Shakespeare as a distinguishing characteristic.

And yet the Baconians ask us to believe that not any of the plays of which he was the recognised author could have been written by him! Have they ever tried to picture to themselves what was the position of an actor and dramatic writer in a theatre of those days? By necessity he was in daily communion with some of the sharpest and finest intellects of the time. In the theatre itself were men like Burbage, Armin, Taylor, Lowine, Kempe, all well qualified to take the measure of his capacity; while his profession as an actor, as well as his pretensions as a writer of poetry and drama, must have brought him into close contact, both at the theatre and in their convivial gatherings, with men like Marlowe, Decker, Chapman, Middleton, Heywood, Drayton, and Ben Jonson. We might as soon believe that a man who pretended that he had written 'Vanity Fair' or 'Esmond,' but had not written them, could have escaped detection in the society of Charles Buller, Tennyson, Venables, or James Spedding, as that Shakespeare could have passed himself off as the author of even "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" or "Love's Labour Lost"—we purposely name two of his earliest and weakest plays,—as that any of that brilliant circle of Elizabethan poets would have given credit for ten minutes to such a man as the Baconians picture Shakespeare to have been for the capacity to construct one scene, or to compose ten consecutive lines of the blank verse—the exquisite blank verse—which is to be found in those plays. How, then, are we to suppose, as the years flowed on, and the young poet of the "Venus and Adonis" and the "Lucrece," who had begun dramatic authorship by patching up old and inartistic plays well known to the public, put in his claim to the nobler dramas which made him, in Ben Jonson's words, "the wonder of our stage," that such rival writers as we have named, could have failed to see that it was the actor Shakespeare, their chum and intimate companion, with all his marvellous comprehensive grasp of character, his play of ebullient humour, his unbounded exuberance of fancy, and fertility of exquisite expression, and none but he, whose genius, and whose genius alone, breathed throughout the series of dramas which, after 1592,

he gave to the stage in almost startling profusion? By 1598, as we learned from Meres's 'Tamia,' already cited, Shakespeare had established his claim to predominating excellence in both tragedy and comedy. "For comedy, witness," says Meres, "his 'Gentlemen of Verona,' his (Comedy of) 'Errors,' his 'Love's Labour Lost,' his 'Love's Labour Wonne' (Much Ado), his 'Midsummer's Night Dream,' and his 'Merchant of Venice'; for tragedy, his 'Richard II.,' 'Richard III.,' 'Henry IV.,' 'King John,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and his 'Romeo and Juliet.'" Within the ensuing twelve years he had added to that noble list the other great plays which will at once leap to every reader's memory. If he had lived for fame, he might well think that by this time he had lived enough for it. Most probably he had warnings within himself that the great fountain of thought, imagination, and feeling, which had hitherto flowed so copiously, was no longer to be relied on. The wine of his poetic life had been drunk, and he was not the man to wrong the public or his own reputation by drawing upon the lees. *Tempus abire tibi est* was the warning that was like enough to have come to a man so wise, as it does evermore come to less thoughtful men. He had made for himself what a man in whom "the elements were so temperately mingled" was sure to regard as a sufficient fortune; and to go back to his boyhood's home and breathe again the free air of the old familiar haunts, and share in the simple duties of a well-to-do citizen among the ageing friends of his early youth, was to such a nature a welcome release from the anxieties and the conflicts of the crowded and struggling and feverish life which had been his since he started to seek his fortune in London. To London he obviously went after this upon occasion—partly on business, as we know—partly, it may be presumed, to enjoy the stimulating society of his old actor and literary friends. There he would renew the wit-combats with Ben Jonson, of which Thomas Fuller must have heard from living witnesses of them,—for he could not have been present at them in person, when he wrote:—

"Which two I behold like a great Spanish Galleon and an English Man-of-War; Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English Man-of-War, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

And yet the Baconians would have us believe that Ben Jonson, despite this frequent collision of their wits, was unable to discover, what is so palpable to them, that Shakespeare was a liar who throws Mendez Pinto into the shade, and a literary impostor such as the world has never dreamt of.

So far was Jonson from having a doubt as to the works ascribed to Shakespeare being truly his, that in his 'Timber; or, Discoveries upon Men and Matters,' written long after Shakespeare was in his grave, he described him in terms that confirm Fuller's estimate in a remarkable degree:—

"He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasie; brave notions and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stop'd: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in

his power—would the rule of it had been so too. . . . But he redeem'd his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praysed than to be pardoned."

Who does not see, from this, the Shakespeare, not of the dramas merely but of social intercourse—with his flashes, not of merriment only, but also of pathos and subtle thought, his flow of anecdote and whim playing like summer lightning amid the general talk of the room, and sometimes provoking the ponderous and irritable Jonson by throwing his sententious and learned talk into the shade? Brilliant talk would seem to have come to Shakespeare as easily as brilliant writing, and he would thus eclipse Jonson in society as he eclipsed him even when dealing with classical themes upon the stage. But the genial player and poet, to whom all concurred in giving the epithet of "gentle," was too good a fellow to deal in the wit that wounds, to presume on his personal popularity, or to view the efforts of a rival author with jealousy. Jonson had good cause to think well of him, for it was to Shakespeare's active intervention that he owed the production on the stage, by the Lord Chamberlain's company, of which Shakespeare was a member, of the fine play of "Every Man in his Humour," which Jonson, then in needy circumstances, had failed to get them to accept. This, and many other acts of good-fellowship, as well as the numberless hours which the talk and fine spirits of his friend had made memorable, were doubtless in Jonson's mind, when in a previous passage of the 'Memorandum' just quoted he said of him—"I loved the man, and doe honour his memory on this side idolatrie as much as any." And this is the man we are now to be told was the poor creature to which the Baconians would reduce him!

They found in support of their theory upon the circumstance that, after Shakespeare settled about 1612 in Stratford, no more plays appeared with his name. If there had been anything extraordinary in that circumstance, surely Ben Jonson and his other author friends would have been struck by it. We know that down to the last he was in intimate contact with Jonson and Michael Drayton, who, according to a fairly authenticated tradition, visited him at Stratford about a month before his death. But neither Jonson nor Drayton, nor, what is more material, his player partners and intimates, hint anywhere the slightest surprise that he ceased, while still in the vigour of his years, to furnish the stage with fresh sources of attraction. Why he so ceased no one can tell, any more than we can tell with certainty why he did not himself see his works through the press. He may very well have intended to do so, so soon as they could be printed without injury to the interests of the theatres to which he had sold them, and to which it was important that they should not be made available to rival theatres, as they would have been by publication. It must always be remembered, too, that Shakespeare died of a sudden illness, which probably cut short many other projects besides that of having his dramas printed in an authentic form. This view is countenanced by the language of Heminges and Condell in their dedication of the first folio to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, in which they speak of Shakespeare with regret as "not having the fate common with some, to be executor to his owne writings." To them it seems clear enough that

he would have brought them out himself, had he lived. "We," they say, "have but collected them, and done an office to the dead to procure his orphanes guardians, *without ambition either of selfe-profit or fame, onely to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare*, by humble offer of his playes to your most noble patronage." The words of their preface to the volume are even more significant:—

"It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthy to have bene wished, that the author himselfe had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings; but since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his friends the office of there care and pains to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne and surreptitious copies, maim'd and deform'd by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors that expos'd them; even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd and perfect of their limbes, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; *who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.*"

Now who are the men who bear this testimony to the fact that Shakespeare's "mind and hand went together," and that composition was to him so easy, that his manuscripts — like George Eliot's or Thackeray's, both great masters of style—were almost without a blot? They were men who had been associated with him for years as brother actors, men who must have often heard discussed in his presence what plots were to be selected for new plays, and how they were to be treated,—who must have again and again marked, with delighted surprise, how he had transformed into something of which his fellows had never dreamed, the tales on which such plays as "The Merchant of Venice," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," and "As You Like It" were founded,—who had known him from time to time write in scenes and speeches, sometimes of his own accord, but sometimes as likely at the suggestion of his brother actors, or at a rehearsal in their very presence cut and carve upon a passage to give it more point and finish. They at least knew his autograph, and had seen "his papers." If he could not even write his own name respectably, as the Baconians contend, they must have known the fact, and would not have ventured to speak of "his papers," when so many people were alive, who, if the Baconians are right, could have shown up the imposture.

It in no way militates against the weight of this argument, that much of the first folio was a reprint merely of some of the plays which had already been printed in quarto. Heminges and Condell might not have intended by what they wrote to suggest that the book was entirely printed from "his papers." Their language may fairly be read merely as a record of the fact that the MSS. of his plays, as originally delivered by him to his "fellows" at the theatre, were not disfigured by the erasures and interlineations with which they were familiar in the MSS. of other dramatic writers.

Ben Jonson, it is true, thought this absence of blots no virtue in his friend. The players, he says, often mentioned it in Shakespeare's honour. "My answer hath beene, would he had blotted a thousand. . . . Many times he fell into those things could not

escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him,—*Cæsar, thou dost me wrong;* he reply'd, — *Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause;* and such like, which were ridiculous." There is a good deal to be said for the sentences excepted to by Jonson (which, by the way, are not in the first folio, nor indeed printed anywhere, though they may very possibly have been in Shakespeare's original MS.); but what Jonson writes is of importance as showing that the cleanness and freedom from correction of Shakespeare's MSS. was notorious in the theatres to which he had belonged.

Jonson's deliberate thought as to how Shakespeare worked, and that art as well as natural gifts went to the composition of his works, is very clearly stated in the splendid eulogy by him prefixed to the first folio:—

"The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,
But antiquated and deserted lye,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part;
For though the poet's matter Nature be,
His art doth give the fashion! and that he,
Who casts to write a living line must sweat,
Such as thine are, and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses anvile; turne the same
And himselfe with it, that he thinkes to frame,
Or for the laurell he may gaine a scorne,
For a good poet's made as well as borne,
And such wert thou!"

Jonson was not the man to write thus without having a basis of fact to go upon. What more natural than that Shakespeare and he should have often talked over passages in their plays, which one or the other thought might be improved? It may be, that among these passages were those very sentences in "Julius Cæsar" to which we have seen that Jonson took exception; for in the first folio ("Julius Cæsar," act iii. sc. 1) what we read is—

"Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied."

Just such a correction as the Shakespeare described by Heminges and Condell would be likely to make upon the spur of the moment, if his attention had been called to the seeming paradox of the words which Jonson says he wrote. Jonson had probably in his mind's eye many incidents of a similar nature, which satisfied him that all the seeming artlessness of his friend —the "art without art, unparalleled as yet," as the scholarly Leonard Digges called it — was nothing more nor less than that highest triumph of art, by which art is never suggested. No unprejudiced mind can read what Jonson has written of Shakespeare without having the conviction forced upon him, that Jonson had seen in the man himself living and unmistakeable proofs that in him was the genius from which sprang both the poetry and the plays which were identified with his name. It is not of the plays alone, but of the man also as he knew him, that Jonson was thinking, when he wrote the lines opposite the Droeshout portrait in the first folio:—

"Oh, could he [Droeshout] but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpasse
All that was ever writ in brasse."

And also in the lines—"To the memory of my beloved the author, Mr William Shakespeare, *and*

what he hath left us," apostrophising him as—

"Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!"

And again—

"If I thought my judgment were of yeeres,"

—that is, that my opinion was to be prized by posterity—

"I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lilly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greeke,"

(How does this comport with the Baconians' theory of the illiterate butcher's boy?)

"From thence to honour thee I would not seeke
For names, but call forth thund'ring Æschilus,
Euripedes, and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage; or, when thy sockes were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britaine! thou hast one to showe,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!"

There spoke out the heart of brave old Ben, remembering how meekly the man with whose friendship he had been blest had borne his honours, and had never made him feel that all Jonson's "slow-endeavouring art," working even upon classic ground, could not bring him abreast in popularity with the heaven-gifted man, who had "small Latin and less Greek." For so it was in Ben Jonson's own time, as we learn from the lines of Leonard Digges, who died in 1635 at the University of Oxford, where he led a scholar's life, when he says,—

"So have I seene, when Cæsar would appeare,
And on the stage at half-sworde parley were
Brutus and Cassius, oh, how the audience
Were ravish'd! With what wonder they went thence,
When some new day they would not brook a line
Of tedious (though well-labour'd) Catiline;
Sejanus, too, was irkesome; they prized more
Honest Iago or the jealous Moore;
And though the Fox and subtell Alchimist,
Long intermitted, could not quite be missed;
Though these have shamed all th' ancients, and might raise
Their authour's merit with a crowne of bays;
Yet these sometimes, even at a friend's desire,
Acted, have scarce defray'd the seacoale fire
And doore-keepers; when, let but Falstaffe come,
Hal, Poins, the rest,—you scarce shall have a roome,
All is so pester'd; let but Beatrice
And Benedick be seene, loe, in a trice
The cockpit, galleries, boxes, all are full."

Few men like the man who eclipses them in a race, where they think they are especially strong,—authors least of all; but "gentle" Shakespeare subdued the envy even of the rough and somewhat jealous Ben. But had Ben for a moment seen reason to surmise that the man who had so thoroughly distanced him and all his compeers in the arena of both tragedy and comedy was sailing under false colours, "an upstart crow" wearing feathers not his own, it would not have been left for the Smiths, Bacons, Holmes, and Donnellys of

the nineteenth century to throw discredit upon the great name, which from 1616 has been held in reverence by all cultivated men.

We have purposely refrained from entering upon any of the arguments from the internal evidence of the works of Shakespeare and Bacon, that Bacon did not and could not have written the marvellous series of plays, of which until 1856 the authorship was undisputed. This would open a field far too wide for discussion. Life is short, and a conflict of æsthetic judgments in such matters is, by its very nature, interminable. We have purposely confined ourselves to a naked statement of facts, based upon contemporary testimony, and argued from upon the principles which guide the judgment of practical men in all matters where they have only contemporary evidence from which to draw their conclusions. On what better evidence than we have cited in regard to Shakespeare, do we believe that Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides wrote the plays coupled with their names, that Horace wrote his Odes, or Tacitus his Germania? From the belief of three centuries the world is not to be shaken by the fine-spun theories of nobodies, who know nothing of the mysterious ways by which genius works, and conceive that fine poetry, and a sweep of thought, of invention, and of knowledge of the human heart, vast beyond their limited conceptions, can only issue from the brain of a man trained in the learning of the schools and moving in high society. Something more than conjecture, something more than unwarrantable assumption, must be produced to entitle them even to a hearing, however slight, at this time of day.

But now we are told that the true authorship of the pseudo-Shakespearian works has been established by a great American discoverer, Mr Ignatius Donnelly, a lawyer, ex-member of Congress, and ex-senator of Minnesota, who conceives that he has solved the problem in a work bearing the name of 'The Great Cryptogram: Francis Bacon's Cipher in the so-called Shakespeare Plays.' The book has not yet left the publisher's hands, but what we are to expect from it has been sufficiently disclosed by a writer in the 'Daily Telegraph,' to whom the privilege was granted of seeing an early copy. Mr Donnelly, it appears, lawyer though he be, and by his profession bound to have some regard to the laws of evidence, started with the fixed idea that Shakespeare's name was simply a mask for Bacon. He does not commend himself to much consideration, when we find that he adopts as gospel all the preposterous nonsense of previous Baconians about Shakespeare having had no education, of his having been a tavern-haunter and habitual poacher, a mere money-grubber, who could not spell his own name, and who was glad to get back to Stratford to his old occupation of butcher and wool-stapler, having had his purse previously well lined by Bacon for having lent the use of his name to a scandalous fraud for some twenty odd years. Neither does he prepossess us in his favour,—although of his sincerity we entertain no doubt,—when he tells us that he was put upon the trail of his vaunted discovery by coming across an elaborate cipher of Bacon's, quoted in 'Every Boy's Book.' "Then," he says, "followed like a flash this thought, could Bacon have put a cipher in his plays?" On further inquiry, he found, what is

very well known, that Bacon had a fancy for cryptographic systems which "elude and exclude the decipherers." Upon this hint Mr Donnelly set to work to find out a cipher in the first folio edition of the plays, that was to confirm his preconceived theory, and, of course, he found it to his own satisfaction. If, however, any judgment may be formed as to the results of his hunt from the specimens cited in the 'Daily Telegraph,' a more thorough illustration can scarcely be conceived of the process known as elucidating the *obscurum* by the *obscurius*. When Mr Donnelly's book makes its appearance, there will no doubt be found persons, blessed or cursed, as it may be, with such superabundance of time upon their hands, and with a passion for such a literary wild-goose chase as Mr Donnelly invites them to, that they will follow him through mazes of figures and calculations which would drive any ordinary brain mad.

On such a chase, however, we do not conceive that Mr Donnelly has a right to ask any one to enter, until he can first establish from credible evidence the following propositions: (1) That Bacon did in some clear and unmistakable way set up in his life a claim to the work which has hitherto been assigned to Shakespeare; (2) That he was privy to the publication of the first folio; (3) That he had Heminges and Condell under his thumb, and got them to write what they did write in the Dedication and Preface, with the deliberate purpose of throwing the world off the scent as to the real authorship; (4) That he suborned Ben Jonson to become a party to the fraud; (5) That there exists somewhere, and in some definite form under Bacon's hand, a suggestion, no matter how slight, that he had aught to do with the plays any more than Mr Donnelly himself.

When a satisfactory answer is given on these points, then, but not till then, Mr Donnelly may have some excuse for intruding his so-called discovery upon the public. It is idle to tell us, as he and his predecessors do, that Bacon had reason during his life to conceal his connection with the stage. No man who wrote the plays assigned to Shakespeare, could have kept up such an imposture for such a lengthened period, and under the circumstances in which these were produced—one of them, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," written at Queen Elizabeth's request and produced within a fortnight. But grant that there might be reason for concealment while Bacon was alive, there could be none after his death. He might say of himself then, in the words of his own (?) Macbeth—

> "After life's fitful fever I sleep well,
> Nothing can touch me further."

He would by that time be beyond reach of the anger of either "Eliza or our James." How simple a matter, then, would it have been to place upon record, *along with the requisite proofs—for clear proof would in any case have been wanted*—that he, and not Shakespeare, wrote the plays! Write them if he did, is it conceivable that he would not have been so proud of their authorship that he would have taken care to place the fact beyond a doubt?

This he unquestionably did not do, and yet we are asked to give a hearing to an American lawyer, who, nearly three centuries after Bacon's death, chooses first to imagine that he wrote the immortal plays, and then to assure us that, instead of placing the fact upon record as any man of com-

mon-sense would be sure to do, Bacon wrapt up his secret in a cryptogram, *of which he did not even leave the key*—a cryptogram distributed in a most mystical and bewildering way through the bad printing of the first folio, and which it was left for Mr Donnelly's laborious ingenuity to discover. Mr Donnelly and his proselytes would have us forget that Bacon knew what was evidence, and what was not, far too well to trust to a cryptogram for the establishment of so important a fact, as that he was entitled to the fame which he knew the plays in question had won for the Stratford poet. However clear a cryptogram might be, it could not possibly amount to more than a mere assertion by an interested witness. On the assumption of fraud on Shakespeare's part, it was a fraud of which Bacon himself was the instigator. He had helped, *ex hypothesi*, to set up Shakespeare's claim, and he of all men must have known that this claim could only be displaced by conclusive extraneous evidence, or by the confession of Shakespeare himself.

Again we say, no man has a right, without a sure ground of fact to go upon, to strain our credulity as Mr Donnelly does, or to ask reasonable men to investigate the cumbrous processes by which he works out his "Great Cryptogram" theory. It is impossible within the space at our disposal to go into an infinite number of reasons which might be adduced against it. Let Mr Donnelly get over the initial difficulties which we have suggested, and then Shakespearian students will give him a hearing. Till then, they, and all men who recognise that one of life's chief responsibilities is the responsibility for a right use of our time, will be content to abide in the faith of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and of wellnigh three centuries of rational men, that the kindly and modest man, whose mortal remains rest in front of the altar in Stratford Church, was no impostor, but the veritable author of the works for which, as one of its wholly priceless possessions, the civilised world owes to him endless gratitude.

THEODORE MARTIN.

WORK FOR WILLING HANDS.

A PRACTICAL PLAN FOR STATE-AIDED EMIGRATION.

On the 19th of December last, the Prime Minister of England addressed to his fellow-countrymen one of those speeches which are of national importance when the speaker is the First Minister of the Crown.

In the course of his remarks he alluded to the fact that the population of this country was increasing at the rate of from three to four hundred thousand souls per annum—or 1000 per diem; and he gave it as his opinion that one, at all events, of the best means for alleviating the pressure incident upon the enormous annual increase to the mouths the community has to feed, was to be found in a comprehensive system of colonisation.

On the last day of the year a letter appeared in a London evening newspaper from a working man accustomed to agricultural pursuits, pleading for the opportunity to utilise his labour on the vast fertile plains of our colonies which now invite occupation and settlement.

We have, therefore, three consenting parties to a bargain.

The statesman feels that our population is congested.

The peasant is willing to emigrate.

The colony is willing to receive the peasant, and to provide him, gratis, with the raw material—land—on which to exercise his labour.

Why, then, have projects of State-aided emigration and colonisation hitherto failed? and are they to be regarded in the future, as in the past, as merely visionary schemes?

It is the object of this article to weigh dispassionately the objections—sentimental, political, and material—to emigration, and to invite the public to consider whether they can be allowed to counterbalance the advantages to be derived therefrom.

There is much that is deserving of respect in the feeling of patriotism which induces a man to cling to his native land, nor should we support for a moment any project which would put pressure on an unwilling labourer to exchange his cottage here for a farm in the Canadian North-West. His emigration should be a purely voluntary act on his part.

A less respectable, but a more serious difficulty, arises from the lamentable ignorance of the climatic conditions of our colonies which prevails amongst all classes of the community, which induces them to believe that Canada is a snow-bed or Australasia a fiery furnace. This difficulty is one that can only be overcome by teaching and experience.

The political objections are but too familiar to us; and, unfortunately, party spirit runs so high, we cannot conscientiously affirm that either party has been, or would be, guiltless of employing them.

There is, first, the senseless cries, Why don't the House of Lords and the Bench of Bishops emigrate? or, Is this the end of your statesmanship? can you do nothing for your people but ship them off from their native land?

Others—a shade more practical—ask, If we send away our bone and sinew, how are we to recruit our army and navy? how are we to get that cheap labour which alone enables us still to compete successfully against hostile tariffs and increasing foreign competition? Are we, they say, whilst we still have thousands of acres lying untilled at home, to impose a tax on our people to export the cream of the labouring classes?

We have not, it is contended, too many good working men for the requirements of the country; whilst the colonies, avowedly, do not require, and will not take, men who are not capable of earning their own livelihood.

Lastly, as regards this list of objections, may be reckoned those entertained by men who consider that the question of emigration or colonisation should be dealt with by individuals or companies rather than by the State at large.

Thirdly, we have to deal with men who have no feeling against emigration *per se*, but who are rightly anxious that any assistance rendered by the commonwealth to one class of its citizens shall be rendered in such a form as to ensure that the whole population shall receive in return, directly or indirectly, value for the money it contributes for the immediate advantage of a section of its inhabitants.

Such are, briefly stated, the objections to State-aided colonisation. As regards the purely sentimental difficulties, or those arising out of honest ignorance, they must be met by education and by impressing on the intending emigrant that his emigration, if it is to occur, will be an entirely voluntary act on his own part. If he thinks he can do better at home, by all means let him stay there.

The voluntary character of the emigration ought also to dispose of the partisan cry of driving away our bone and sinew,—and Lord Salisbury's metaphor of the wood from which many of the finest trees were indeed taken, but in which their removal gave others room to grow, very happily expresses the position in which it is to be hoped our working classes will find themselves if the congestion of the labour market is removed. So far, indeed, as they are concerned, the diminution of the number of hands seeking employment will tend to furnish employment to many men now out of work.

There is no reason why a large colonisation scheme should not run *pari passu* with a scheme for the tillage of the parks and pleasure-grounds of every mansion in England, if a wholesale scheme of this kind should hereafter be adopted; but when all this is done, the relief to overcrowding can be but temporary; and with the price of wheat falling annually, it is surely reasonable to doubt if the soil of Great Britain can possess in itself resources to feed our rapidly growing population.

The rate at which that population increases, and the magnitude of the question to be dealt with, is a strong reason why Government—rather than private individuals or companies—should undertake the task.

Colonisation, on a scale which will affect the economic condition of the whole labouring population of these islands, is a task for the statesman, not the promoter.

If, therefore, the majority of men of both parties can agree that State-assisted colonisation contains a principle that is of value to the nation if a detailed scheme

can be satisfactorily worked out, let us consider the lines on which such a scheme should be drawn.

First of all, the scheme should be large and precise. We should show to our colonies, by the importance of the financial effort we make to provide for our surplus population, that the question has taken high permanent rank amongst the social questions of the day.

We would, therefore, suggest that a formal agreement for the expenditure of a considerable annual sum should be concluded for a term of not less than ten years or so.

It is hardly necessary to point out that to secure the advent of a large and competent population to develop its territory, Canada or any other assenting colony would make every effort to meet the wishes of the Home Government in arranging for the comfort of the immigrants.

The first point to be settled would be their character; and on this two important points must be determined. Immigration must be by families. The colony is within its rights in refusing to take riff-raff; but, on the other hand, the mother country can hardly be expected to export the bread-winner alone, leaving his family to become a burden on the rates.

Secondly, Great Britain and her dependency must arrive at an exact understanding of what is to constitute a bar to a man's being selected as an emigrant.

It will be well worth the while of a new country to accept men who may not have had any practical knowledge of farming or agriculture at home, provided they are robust in health, and willing and anxious to work on the land. That class does notoriously exist here in considerable numbers; it is a class we may fairly ask our colonies to accept; and it should be made plain that they are to be admitted as potential immigrants.

These bases being established, the question arises — Can the scheme be made self-sustaining? —that is, Can our surplus population be put in the way of earning their own bread without increasing the burdens on the taxpayer?

It is pretty well known that the possibility of doing this has been repeatedly brought before successive Administrations.

Roughly speaking, the principle is this:—

Take the case of a man and wife, and four children, emigrating to the Canadian North-West.

The British Government advance him the sum of £120 in instalments — that is to say, so much for his railway and steamship fares; so much for the house and tools he would find erected and ready for use on his arrival.

The Canadian Government grant him 160 acres of good agricultural land free, subject only to a mortgage constituting a first charge on the property, which will be retained by the British Government's representatives as security for the repayment of the original advance.

For the first three, four, or five years the settler might be excused the payment of interest, as he would require time to establish himself, develop his farm, and secure a market for his products.

At the end of the term decided on, interest at the rate of 6 per cent should be charged—a reasonable rate of interest in the North-West, but which would ere long recoup the home Government for

their original outlay of money raised on the security of British credit at 3 per cent.

Present experience, indeed, indicates that the capable and energetic settler would take the first opportunity of borrowing from a loan society on the security of his farm, when once he has begun to make substantial progress with its cultivation, a sum sufficient not merely to pay off the first mortgage thereon, but to put himself in funds to buy stock or costly agricultural implements. In these cases the British nation will not have long to await the return of its capital.

There is unquestionably one not inconsiderable drawback to the scheme — viz., that the British Government must, directly or indirectly, undertake the unpleasant duty of foreclosure in the event of non-payment by the mortgager.

It is a disagreeable necessity, but is probably the least of three evils.

The Dominion Government could not, for obvious political reasons, undertake to hold the mortgages. Non-payment thereof, or extension of time, or reduction of interest, might be made electoral cries in a Dominion political campaign: if listened to they would create serious friction with Great Britain; if neglected, with their own new settlers.

Another suggestion was that these mortgages should be held, and the money collected, by the agents of the three great companies interested in the settlement of the North-West—viz., the Hudson Bay, Canada and North-West Land, and Canadian Pacific Railway Companies.

It is, however, understood that the officers of these companies are not willing, even if desired, to undertake the duty, and it is certainly true that a colonisation scheme, undertaken by the Imperial Government for high reasons of State policy, might be seriously prejudiced by the supposition that it was being used to further the interests of particular corporations.

The least objectionable solution would therefore seem to be, the appointment of a small Commission, who should act as trustees for the money advanced to the settler by the Home Government, and to whom a discretionary power might be awarded of selling the mortgage securities they would hold, and which would form a valuable business asset.

Practical proof has already been afforded that a farm in the North-West of Canada, on which three or four years' labour has been expended, constitutes a valuable security. Some few years ago a number of settlers were established on the prairie, each family having received £120 as starting money. Fifty-four families were so settled, and at the end of four years the estimated value of each family's holding averaged £250, according to calculations made by experts of the Canada North-West Company.

Briefly, then, a proposal which the Prime Minister's speech at Derby seems to invite would amount to this:—

That the colony should provide 160 acres of good agricultural land gratis.

That the emigrant should have his passage-money and railway fare advanced to him, a house provided, and a small piece of land broken for his immediate use, and perhaps a small sum of money for immediate necessities on arrival—the total cost being £120 per family of six.

The loan to be without interest

for three or four years, then to bear interest at 6 per cent.

Provision for repayments by means of a first charge on the settler's farm—to be vested in a Commission chosen by the British Government.

No family to be sent out where the bread-winner was not physically competent to work for his own hand on his own land.

This last point is all essential; and many excellent theoretical schemes are wrecked through forgetfulness on the part of philanthropists at home that there is little or no demand for wage-earners at present in our colonies. There are no manufactories in the prairies, and no great amount of capital for wage-paying purposes.

On the other hand, wheat is always valuable at the Chicago price of the day; or if the price is too low in the producer's view, he can store it for a trifling fee in one of the innumerable grain elevators that line the railway-tracks, and await a more favourable price.

As regards the respective benefits to the mother country, to its dependency, and to the emigrant, Canada would undoubtedly benefit largely by the opening up of its rich but undeveloped north-western territories.

Three points, should, however, be considered: first, that Canada has undertaken a heavy financial burden by the construction of its Pacific Railway in order to give access to its farm lands; secondly, that if this article is founded on sound bases, Canada possesses the raw material—viz., land—which our surplus population requires; thirdly, that, unlike some colonies, the Dominion Government is in a "holiday humour," and anxious, if properly wooed, to yield its consent to a large immigration.

This concatenation of circumstances is not likely to recur, and should be taken advantage of.

The advantages to Great Britain are:—

First, relief from overcrowding, relief to the rates, and the giving a chance to many men who are now crowded out of employment, or compelled through over-competition to work at starvation wages.

Second, the development of our colonial empire, the peopling of British territory by Britons, and the securing to British manufacturers the benefits of the Canadian rather than the United States tariff on their merchandise; though this is, from a free-trade point of view, merely the lesser of two evils.

To the emigrant this scheme offers, not great wealth, but a home, sufficient food, and independence. Rapid fortunes are not to be expected from agriculture, but progress will be sure and steady; and as regards the material comforts, as distinct from luxuries, of life, it is notorious how comparatively cheap they are on the other side of the Atlantic.

It should further be remembered that, though the first step must be to settle a considerable agricultural population on the soil, the second will follow spontaneously—viz., the creation of towns and manufactories to supply the wants of the farmers—and this will, later on, give employment to artisans and mechanics.

We believe that all this can be done without costing the taxpayer a sixpence—if the scheme be a large one,—one which is worked symmetrically, and which would be too large to admit its being hampered by sentimental conditions. In short, the position of an emigrant who declined to repay the Government advance

would be simply that of a recalcitrant taxpayer whose goods would be distrained.

But even if some slight risk or some slight loss should be incurred by the State, is it not well worth our while to run the risk or incur the loss?

Would not every politician—and still more every thinking man in the country who is unfettered by party ties—gladly consent to pay a million, ay, or many millions of pounds down, without thought of ever seeing them again, to slay the gaunt spectre of Famine amongst unemployed?

Here, what do we risk? Simply the interest at 3 per cent on the money we may devote to this colonisation scheme.

If it prove unworkable it can be abandoned; but should it not be tried?

If some large scheme is not tried, we would respectfully ask our public men what they mean when they say overcrowding is a burning question and emigration is a cure? If it is so little of a burning question that our rulers deem it unnecessary to make any effort to relieve it, then let us get rid of superlatives, and tell the people frankly matters are not so bad after all. But if not, has not the time come for national action? You cannot have an ideal scheme: there is no colony that requires all the clerks or all the artisans we have to spare as clerks or as artisans. But there is one, at all events (there may be others), which will take such of this class as can be converted into farmers, and are willing and able to work out their own salvation on their own land.

Should we not give our countrymen the option and opportunity of embracing this new life?

To this question we earnestly trust men of all shades of political opinion will be induced to return an affirmative reply.

AN AUTUMN IDYLL, 1887.

Scene —— *THE PARK, HAWARDEN.*

"Don't fire, Colonel!
I'll come down."[1]

I.

WILLIAM, perched high "up a tree,"
Diligently lopping,
Was much exercised to see—
Vengeful Colonel Dopping!

II.

Saw, both terrified and shamed,
His unerring rifle:
Marked how it was truly aimed
Calumny to stifle.

III.

William, in remorseful pain,
Instant death foreboded:—
(Fears, however, partly vain,
For—"it was not loaded.")

IV.

"*Don't,*" he cried—(from brow and crown
Perspiration mopping)—
"*Don't fire, Colonel! I'll come down,*"—
And he came down, flopping,

V.

Flopping.—William, since that day,
Taradiddles dropping,
Learn to walk in wisdom's way,
And—"REMEMBER DOPPING!"

[1] See Initial Vignette in 'Punch,' No. 2421, December 3, 1887.

THE BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE.

ITS NAVAL ASPECT.

THE series of articles by a military writer, which were brought to a conclusion in the December number of this Magazine, cannot fail to call public attention to the altered position which Great Britain now occupies with regard to the other Powers of Europe, and to the fact that this position has been brought about during the last few years by the steady advance of Russia upon India, until our frontiers are now practically conterminous.

When a vast change takes place in the conditions of a country governed by a despot, it is sufficient that the ruler and his more immediate advisers should convince themselves that such a change has taken place, in order to give effect to the necessary alterations in the military or naval arrangements of the country which are required to meet that change; and assuming, as we must do, that the ruler and his ministers are blessed with common-sense and true patriotism, there is every reasonable prospect that the necessary alterations will be carried out with promptitude and vigour. But in a popularly governed country it is not so; the whole country has to be convinced of the change, and also (which is equally important) of the necessity for action, before any effective steps can be taken by those who are called the rulers, but who are in point of fact the servants of the people. The weakness and strength of popular government appear to consist respectively in the time which it takes to convince the whole country, or at any rate the great body of the electors, of the direction in which their true national interests lie, and in the extreme tenacity of purpose and enthusiasm with which they act when once so convinced. Were all popular leaders in this country true patriots, who invariably placed the interests of the nation above the interests of the party to which they belong, we should have very little apprehension as to the disintegration and downfall of the British empire, with the commanding positions which it holds in all parts of the world, its unrivalled resources, and its still vigorous race. But our great national danger appears to lie in the ever-increasing bitterness and virulence of party warfare, until those who engage in it, though for the most part honest men, have become through the force of habit so indifferent to the exercise of everything in the shape of eloquence or persuasion which does not tend to promote some directly party advantage, that they, the leaders of public thought, who ought to instruct the masses in those matters which vitally concern the interests, and in fact the existence of the nation, so entirely fail in this most obvious duty, that we appear likely to reap all the disadvantages without any of the advantages of free and popular government. Did these leaders of public opinion do their duty to their country but half as well as they do it to their party, it would not be necessary for naval and military officers to step outside the immediate circle of their own

professional studies, and the due consideration of the ever-increasing applications of science to the arts of war, which indeed are their proper functions, and by rushing into the dusty arena of politics, lay themselves open to the charge of seeking personal advancement and employment, and of striving to provoke war by keeping up what are called bloated armaments, simply because they try to point out to their countrymen the imminent dangers to which Great Britain is madly exposing herself, by failing to augment her fighting forces, especially her navy, so that she may have some reasonable prospect of being able to defend her vast possessions when next war shall come upon her.

Agreeing as we do in nearly every particular with the writer of "The Balance of Military Power in Europe," we shall proceed to discuss from a naval point of view the practical conclusions which he has drawn in the series of articles which he has put before the public in this Magazine.

The broad result of his arguments may be stated somewhat as follows:—

1. Russia is steadily advancing upon India by set purpose, and not by accident as she would lead us to believe.

2. If we wish to defend India, we can only do so by acquiring the power of striking Russia in Europe. Or, in the writer's own words (p. 603, 'Maga,' November 1887), "Therefore it is also vitally necessary for us to put pressure upon Russia elsewhere than at Herat in order to protect Herat."

3. If we wish to have the power of striking Russia in Europe, we can only do so by forming European alliances, *offensive* and *defensive*.

4. Our army being so small in proportion to the great armaments of Europe, it is only by virtue of our navy that we can expect to be taken into alliance with the central Powers (the only alliance, in short, which would be useful to us); but that, *if* our navy is what it ought to be, and we choose to apply its force in a statesmanlike manner, we can make it worth more than half a million of men to the central alliance—viz., Germany, Austria, Italy, as against Russia or France, or both combined.

The whole question, then, of the safety of India is governed by an "if"; and we shall proceed to show that it is a very shaky "if."

Our military writer guardedly expresses himself thus (p. 887, 'Maga,' December 1887): "In all that we have spoken of above, we have almost exclusively insisted upon what our navy can do *if* it is as strong as it ought to be." And again (p. 890, *ib.*): "We have cautiously spoken, not of what our navy is, but of what it ought to be."

It is the old, old story. If my aunt were my uncle, she would wear different garments. If the British navy were what it ought to be, we should have some reasonable prospect of being able to defend India.

Let us proceed to inquire, then, whether the British navy is, or is not, what it ought to be. And before entering into details, or discussing the question on its merits, we will quote two opinions from opposite quarters. First, then, we make bold to say, and we believe that we are well within the mark when we say it, that nine out of ten of all our own naval officers who have given a thought to the subject, are firmly

convinced that our navy is not nearly strong enough to perform the duties which the nation will expect of it in case of a war with France alone. We know that we cannot prove that this is the opinion of the vast majority of naval officers, in the way that we could prove a proposition in Euclid; we merely state it as our firm conviction that it is so, and we challenge its contradiction. The other opinion is from the Paris 'Temps' of November 30, 1887, and is as follows: "It is notorious that the maritime force of Great Britain, scarcely sufficient for defence, would have great difficulty in providing for offensive action, such as the protection of the Mediterranean or the German Ocean against a foreign attack." If this is true, where, then, is the value of our alliance?

It may of course be said that the opinions of French newspapers are of little value in the matter; but unfortunately, in the present case the above remark coincides too closely with what we hear from other quarters to allow us to pass over it with indifference.

In estimating the strength of navies up to the year 1860, it was sufficient for all practical purposes to count line-of-battle ships, and perhaps latterly, first-class frigates. A line-of-battle ship was a line-of-battle ship, and she bore a certain intrinsic value as a fighting item; and although we are far from saying that all line-of-battle ships were equal, either in their material force or in the fighting efficiency of the crews which manned them, yet by counting line-of-battle ships, and making a certain rough allowance for the nationality of the crews which manned them, a sufficiently accurate estimate could be formed of the naval forces of different nations. Now all this is changed; we have lost all knowledge of the value of our fighting item — the line-of-battle ship has gone; and although for a short time her place was taken by the ironclad, she in her turn is in a very shaky position, and has already lost most of her original and distinctive attributes. We are far from agreeing with M. Gabriel Charmes' supposition that the torpedo-boat is going to sweep all ironclads off the sea, and thus place the weakest and poorest of maritime nations on a par with the richest and strongest—this was an excentric swing of the pendulum a long way beyond its normal balance; but nevertheless it cannot be denied that the introduction of the locomotive torpedo has gravely affected the conditions of naval warfare, and has also directly produced radical changes in the problem which the naval architect has been called upon to solve; although in this latter connection it is probable that the mounting afloat of very heavy guns of great penetrative power has had quite as great, if not a greater effect upon naval architecture, than even the introduction of the torpedo.

It is not our intention on the present occasion to enter into the controversy on naval designs which has been raging with great virulence, and unfortunately not without personal abuse (though we are bound to say only since politicians entered the field), ever since the mounting afloat of heavy guns rendered it necessary to reduce the extent of armour on ships in order to increase its thickness in certain vital places. The navies of Europe are represented by every conceivable design which the untiring ingenuity of naval architects has been able to produce, in order to

strike various compromises between the requirements of a modern man-of-war—which may be roughly stated as armament, speed, protection, coal endurance, manœuvring power or handiness, seaworthiness—and reasonable size and cost. We have placed the qualities above in the order in which we estimate their value. Probably no two naval officers or naval architects would agree in thus placing them; hence the great variety of designs.[1]

The navy of England has been compared with the navies of other nations on many occasions during the last ten years by various critics, with more or less ability, and with singularly varying results according to the peculiar views of the critic. One authority takes tonnage displacement as a fair measure of the fighting efficiency of various types of ships, on the principle that it must represent *something:* (very vague). Another takes gun-power, counting no guns under a certain weight. Another takes thickness of armour (irrespective of extent). Another introduces speed and horse-power into his calculations. Another fixes upon some particular date, and then assumes arbitrarily that all ships built prior to that date are obsolete. None of these plans are satisfactory, and most of them are very misleading. A short time ago a noble lord in a prominent position stated publicly and emphatically that eight of our most recently built ships (viz., the six ships of the Admiral class, and the Ajax and Agamemnon) were absolutely useless for all purposes of a ship-of-war. This, of course, was only a *façon de parler*, his vigorous method of expressing his disapproval of a particular type of ships—a disapproval which in all probability he had adopted from some hostile and not wholly disinterested expert.

In a praiseworthy endeavour to rescue this subject of the estimation of fighting-power from its nebulous and most unsatisfactory condition, one of our scientific captains read a paper about two years ago before the Institute of Naval Architects, setting forth a very elaborate plan, by which he assigned certain definite values to the different items in the equipment of a ship which could by any stretch of imagination be supposed to add to her fighting-power, and then expressed the value of each ship in a startling-looking algebraical formula, finally assessing the true value of x the unknown quantity.

The usually grave body of naval architects smiled blandly at his efforts, but they did not appear to attach any large amount of practical value to them; and on leaving the hall the present writer was accosted by a friend who said he had a much better plan, by which he took the length of a ship's keel in feet, and having multiplied it by the number of guns she carried, and subtracted therefrom the diameter of the high-pressure cylinder, he divided the remainder by the age of the captain—and this gave him, he said, the exact fighting value of every ship so treated. Of course this was nonsense, but not such mischievous, as the other.

The fact of the matter is, that there are so many points of controversy, and such a great diversity of opinion amongst those most competent to judge in the matter, that it is impossible to assign a

[1] Of course from our point of view cost *governs* the whole question.

value to the different qualities of a ship until actual war shall have cleared up some of the points in dispute. But the moral of this is (or ought to be), that as the value of some of our ships is doubtful, we ought to allow a good margin for possible failures. It may be said that this argument cuts both ways, and that as all other nations are in the same boat as ourselves, an equal margin must be allowed for their failures. True, so far as it goes; but the consequences of failure are not equal. The break-down of the navy of any other European Power than England would not be fatal—it might be very inconvenient to them; but it is their armies and not their navies which constitute their vital powers of resistance—whereas to England her navy is her heart, her soul, the life-giving power of the nation, the mainspring of her existence. Annihilate her navy, and she must die as surely and as rapidly as an animal whose blood has ceased to circulate in his veins. She must stop in her career as suddenly as a watch with its mainspring broken. What madness is it, then, which has seized upon a practical nation like England, which causes her to leave it doubtful for one single hour whether her navy is or is not strong enough to protect her vital interests?

The writer of "The Balance of Military Power in Europe" has stated his case very clearly—viz., that the value of England as an ally to the central Powers will be something like half a million of men, *provided that England's navy is what it ought to be.* Herein rests the whole question, for it is not necessary for our present purpose to take into consideration the question of the two mobilised army-corps which are to act supplemental to our naval force. The way in which our naval alliance is to represent or make itself equal to a force of half a million soldiers is, first, by supplying such a squadron in the Mediterranean, that in conjunction with the Italian and Austrian squadrons the coasts of Italy shall be assured against attack by the fleets of France, and the allied squadrons shall dominate in those waters. The strength of the surplus Italian army, and the opinions of Italian soldiers and statesmen, have been adduced to show that this would set free 300,000 Italian soldiers for the purpose of operating against France or Russia, or both combined. Secondly, by supplying such another squadron in the Baltic, that in conjunction with a portion of the German navy, the northern flank of Germany would be secured against an attack by Russia, and the allied squadrons dominate in the Baltic. We do not propose to consider the third combination which brought in Denmark as a factor, for we believe that the first two propositions are quite beyond the power of England, with her navy as it is at present. What we mean is this, that we do not believe that public opinion—or public panic, to put it plainer—which, after all, is certain to control the Government of the day, will allow for one moment such a dispersion of our naval forces that, with France against us, and our respective navies so nearly equal as they are, it would be in the power of France, from her geographical position, to concentrate an overwhelming force in the British Channel, and thus obtain command of those narrow waters.

The whole subject, then, narrows itself into a nut-shell. We have not got a sufficient naval force to

supply the two squadrons in the Mediterranean and Baltic which would make our alliance with the central Powers worth having: therefore we are unable to form those alliances which alone would give us the power of striking Russia elsewhere than on our Indian frontier; and this power is, in the opinion of military critics, essential to us if we are to hold India against Russia.

The conclusion, therefore, which we are logically brought to is, that if we do not immediately proceed to strengthen our navy, we shall not be in a position to deal with Russia when she makes her contemplated descent on India. Now there are two ways of strengthening the navy: one is to do it steadily in peace-time, when there is no immediate prospect of war, and labour and materials can be obtained at reasonable prices; and the other way is to do it in a panic, on the outbreak or under the immediate prospect of war, when you pay double for everything and get an inferior article. As an instance of the latter, it is not too much to say that if it had not been for the Penjdeh incident, coupled with the panic which followed, we should not now have our seven belted cruisers, our fast ships of the Porpoise class, or our torpedo-catchers of the Rattlesnake class; and our navy would now be actually weaker than that of France. This seems to be a remarkably unbusiness-like method of supplying yourself with a navy; but there is no disputing the fact that it is the method adopted by England: possibly it is one of the glories of popular government.

It was remarked above that the navies of England and France were nearly equal. This, indeed, is the key to the whole question so far as we are concerned; for no other navy save that of France approaches so nearly to that of England as to render the issue of a naval war doubtful. Most critics place England first; France second, and very close upon England's heels; Italy third, and a good way behind; Russia fourth; Germany fifth; Austria sixth; Turkey seventh, and the rest nowhere.

Our readers will gather from what has been already said, that if it is difficult to compare the fighting value of different types of ships, it must be equally difficult to compare the respective strength of the navies which are composed of all these unknown quantities; for the different nations have on the whole adopted very distinctive types of war-ships. Thus, for instance, France has adopted great defensive power in her ships, devoting a large percentage of the displacement to armour, and sacrificing thereto both coal and ammunition for the heavy slow-firing guns. Italy has gone to the other extreme, and has denuded her most recent ships almost entirely of their armour, giving them great offensive power and great speed.

England has struck a medium between these two extremes, and has endeavoured to secure the advantages of both systems, with what success remains to be seen; but she is greatly handicapped by the consideration, that as her ships will be expected to act at a considerable distance from their depots, she is constrained to give them a large coal-allowance. How immensely this affects the whole problem, none but the naval architect who has to work it out can fully realise. As a popular illustration of it, let us suppose that we build a ship of 10,000 tons, and allow her seven per cent of her

tonnage in fuel: this, in fact, is about the allowance which the French make to their ships, on the assumption, we must presume, that they only intend them to act near their own coasts. But British naval officers, knowing what will be expected of our ships in case of a war with France, are not at all satisfied with 700 tons of coal, and require about double that amount. Just let the reader consider, then, what this means. In two ships supposed to be equal, you must allow your enemy 700 tons of fighting-power, which he can take out in armoured protection, guns, ammunition, torpedoes, or anything else he likes; or else you must overload your ship by that amount. This is only one of the numerous problems which the naval architect is called upon to solve: it is a problem which is obviously governed to a large extent by the tactics which England intends to pursue in a future naval war; and hence it indicates the necessity of the closest connection and confidence between the naval architect and the naval officer. It also shows the absurdity of the ill-informed party politician intruding himself into the controversy, and for the first time in its history (so far as we are aware) introducing into it his parliamentary tactics of personal abuse.

The various authorities who have undertaken to compare the fighting efficiency of the English and French navies, differ considerably in their conclusions. Some go so far as to say that in consequence of the greater defensive power of the ships, and of the fact that France has a greater number of heavy breech-loading guns mounted afloat than we have, her navy is now actually the stronger of the two. Some consider the two navies to be about equal. Others, again, estimate the English to be ten, fifteen, twenty, and some say five-and-twenty per cent stronger than the French. This is probably about the outside limit of the optimists; but if we put down the English navy as being now from ten to fifteen per cent stronger than the French, it will be sufficiently accurate for our purpose, and we do not think the error will be great on either side.

The question now arises, What will be expected of these two navies in case of war between the two countries, without allies on either side? For this is the simplest question, and the one which we ought to consider first, as it is an eventuality which might occur any day, in spite of our most earnest desire for peace.

It is obvious that on the outbreak of war we must adopt instantly some clear and definite policy with regard to the Mediterranean: either we must largely increase our force of ironclads on that station, or we must abandon it altogether, and with it Gibraltar and Malta; for, no doubt, military critics will agree, that if the fleet is withdrawn from the Mediterranean, it would be only a question of time, and not a very long time either, when Gibraltar and Malta, with their present armaments and garrisons, would fall before the determined attack which France would be in a position to make upon them in the absence of any possibility of maritime succour. If the present Mediterranean fleet is neither to be strengthened nor withdrawn, it must remain useless in Malta harbour; or if it puts to sea, must, in all human probability, be overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers. If, on the other hand, the

Mediterranean fleet is sufficiently strengthened to give it any chance of coping successfully with such a force as France could bring against it, we immediately split our forces, and put it in the power of the enemy, acting on the inner circle, to gain the command of the English Channel.

Now, when we come to consider the defenceless state of our commercial ports, the feeble defences of our military ones, the nature and strength, or rather weakness, of our Channel and Reserve squadrons, the absolute uncertainty as to where a blow would be struck, and the absolute certainty of the panic that would occur in London on a declaration of war with France—can any one of ordinary foresight bring himself to believe that public opinion would allow the Admiralty to withdraw one ironclad from the Channel for the purpose of strengthening the Mediterranean squadron? This question only considers the Channel and Mediterranean, without having regard to the urgent applications of the admirals on all our foreign stations for the immediate reinforcement of their respective squadrons, on pain of disaster to our commerce and coaling-stations.

A short time ago, when the proposition to abandon the Mediterranean in case of war was discussed in some letters to the 'Times,' and the late General Gordon was quoted as having advocated that policy, there was a regular outcry of patriots raised against the perpetration of such a pusillanimous act. But an outcry of patriots, however loud and honest it may be, will not mount one single gun, or add a ship or a man to the fighting forces of the empire; and if General Gordon ever did advocate this policy, he must have done so because he recognised and gauged correctly the supineness and want of foresight of his countrymen in all matters appertaining to the warlike forces of the nation. But whether he advocated it or not, it is difficult to see how the naval strategist can propose any other plan, so long as the English and French navies maintain their present relative proportions.

If we were called upon to give a rough estimate of the relative strength of the different European navies, we should represent them as follows:—

England, . . .	100
France, . . .	90
Italy, . . .	50
Russia, . . .	45
Germany, . .	40
Austria, . . .	30[1]

The numbers are simply hypothetical, and intended to represent the comparative values of the

[1] These numbers must not be taken to represent in any respect the naval force which each nation could bring to bear on a certain point: if so taken, they would be most illusive and misleading. England, for instance, in consequence of her peculiar circumstances, and the necessary dispersion of her forces, could not in all probability bring half of her strength to bear on a given point; whereas France would be able to bring almost the whole of hers.

And it must be remembered that the possession of Gibraltar does not now give us at all the same power of frustrating a junction as it did in the days of sailing-ships. We should also bear in mind that during our last war with France our navy was always at least double the strength of hers, and yet we were not able to meet her with superior forces at given points; moreover, at that time our colonies and our commerce were not nearly so extensive as they are now.

material of the different navies at the present time; and although we are far from saying that the personal element will not enter largely as a factor into the case, yet we believe that this is quite as difficult, and a far more delicate subject to discuss, than even the fighting value of the different types of ships of which the navies are composed. We should be very glad indeed if we could honestly subscribe to the sentiments of the old "fo'castle" ditty:—

> "Two —— Frenchmen, one Portugee,
> One jolly Englishman lick all three."

But whatever the truth of the song may have been in days gone by, when the element of seamanship entered so largely (we might almost say preponderatingly) into the conditions of naval warfare, we cannot hide from ourselves the fact, that the introduction of steam as a motive power, and the substitution of machinery for manual labour, in so many of the fighting appliances of a modern man-of-war, must render the supposed superiority in seamanship of British sailors, at least a doubtful factor in the present day. And before quitting this subject, we would beg to point out that this pre-eminence in seamanship, which was acquired by British seamen in our last naval war, was the direct result of practice, resulting from the great *numerical* superiority of the British navy over that of her enemies; so that we were enabled to keep them blockaded in their ports, and thus prevent them from acquiring that great skill in seamanship which the very act of keeping the sea for the purpose of blockading, without firing a shot at all, gave to our seamen. Therefore we say that this pre-eminence in seamanship was the direct result of practice, and not because all Englishmen are born "web-footed," as the expression goes. We say that we by no means ignore the personal element either in naval or military warfare, but we assert that it will be a most unstatesmanlike and foolish act to base our calculations as to what naval strength England requires, upon any assumption that her seamen possess a marked superiority in a particular quality which certainly won battles for her a century ago, but which does not now enter as a factor into the case. This dwelling on past glories, dulness and inability to appreciate the onward march of improvements, and pinning of faith upon obsolete weapons of warfare and modes of attack, have in all ages been the prolific causes of the defeat and downfall of nations.

One thing at any rate will have been made clear by the publication of "The Balance of Military Power in Europe"—viz., that it is incumbent upon England to make up her mind now (and to do it quickly and before it is too late) which of the proverbial "three courses" she intends to take.

First, To take her place once more amongst the nations of Europe, prepared to bear the burdens and reap the benefits of such a course, giving up the short-sighted silly cry of "We will only fight for British interests;" and by adding thirty or forty per cent to her present navy, and possibly by keeping two army-corps mobilised and ready for instant use, to make her alliance worth having to the Central Powers.

Secondly, To declare boldly that she wishes for no allies; to double the present navy; to increase greatly the army, particularly in India; and then take her chance

and fight alone, as soon as Russia (possibly assisted by France) is ready to attack her.

Thirdly, To do nothing, but just drift on as she is going now,—too weak to fight alone, untrustworthy as an ally, but wishing to obtain all the benefits of an alliance without taking any of its responsibilities or burdens; foolishly supposing that other nations will be ready to fight for her notwithstanding that she is continually shouting that she does not intend to fight for any one but herself; striving, in short, to wield the destinies of a rich and mighty empire on the penny-wise pound-foolish principle—a course which must inevitably lead to disaster.

The second course is comprehensible but expensive, and we think dangerous, as being calculated to provoke great jealousy, and turn every man's hand against us.

The first course appears to be the cheapest, the most honourable, the safest, and that most likely to preserve the peace of Europe; for if ever *Si vis pacem para bellum* was applicable to any nation, it is so to England in the present day. Of all nations she is the one to whom maritime peace is the most essential. An increase in the war navy of England would not be a menace to anybody; it could only be intended for defensive purposes, and all Europe knows this, notwithstanding that it might suit the policy of some astute diplomatist to misrepresent such an increase. England is clearly entitled, by virtue of her commerce, to a preponderating war navy such as she had in 1815. If she had such a navy now, or anything approaching to it, and was prepared to take her proper place amongst the nations of Europe as she did then, it is not too much to say that the peace of Europe would be assured.

In considering the naval aspect of the balance of power in Europe, there can be no doubt that England is the principal factor in the problem; and for that reason we have so far confined ourselves almost entirely to England's navy. We say that she is the principal factor, not only by reason of the slight superiority to France with which we credit her, but still more so by reason of her possession of what are called the coaling-stations, viz., most of the great maritime strategic points on the earth's surface—points which will be of more value to the nation possessing them, in the steam era, than ever they were in the old sailing days, though even then they were not to be despised. When we say possessing them, we mean possessing them in such a condition that they would be able to defend themselves against attack; for it is scarcely necessary to say that if they are undefended, or inadequately defended, they would be a supreme source of weakness to whoever was responsible for them, as they would require ships to defend them, and would also be likely to afford coal-supplies to an enemy. Thus the defence of the coaling-stations has become to England a question of even greater moment than the necessary increase of her navy—that is to say, if she intends to try and hold her own in the world. But if, on the other hand, she is content to be guided by the blustering party politician or the well-meant hallucinations of the Peace Society, and to slide supinely down the inclined plane of indifference and neglect, throwing away the golden hours of grace, and making no rational preparations for the

inevitable struggle, she ought in common consistency to leave off singing "Rule Britannia," and to cease bragging about her empire upon which the sun never sets, and be content to give up quietly (if possible) all her vast possessions, and take a back seat in the world, such as Portugal, Spain, and Holland have been obliged to take. But in the meantime we have to consider England as the leading maritime nation of the world—unquestionably so as regards her mercantile navy, doubtfully or barely so as regards her war navy. This in itself is ominously significant; but if we are never again going to fight without allies, as we hear stated in some quarters, the questions arise—Who are the allies to be? and what steps are we taking to secure them?

It would be superfluous to consider the question of England and France allied in a naval war, for in that improbable contingency the combination of the two navies would be so immensely superior to anything that could be brought against them, that there would in all probability be no such thing as a naval battle. It is with England and France opposed to each other that we have to consider the effect of different combinations and alliances; or without starting with the assumption that England and France are to declare war against each other as the initial step in the matter, to consider what assistance England would be able to offer to the Central Powers—Germany, Austria, and Italy, as against France and Russia.

We have already stated that we do not believe that, in the present condition of the English navy, it would be possible for any Government to detach a sufficient force to the Mediterranean and Baltic for the purpose of protecting the coasts of Italy and Germany, and of thus setting free for other efforts large numbers of Italian and German soldiers, if France and Russia were combined against the Central Powers.

Supposing (to take another case) that France did not join Russia, but remained neutral, and just hung back watching events. Should we be much better off? The tide and fortune of war setting against the Central Powers, and the English navy dispersed in the Mediterranean and Baltic, might give France the opportunity of regaining by one bold stroke her lost provinces, and of settling at the same time many an ancient score and grudge against her old enemy England. And who could blame France, if she really wished for war with England (which we neither assert nor deny), if she took the most opportune and promising moment for declaring it?

We by no means despise the Italian navy; but although we gave it the comparative number of fifty, we cannot hide from ourselves that it is a very doubtful quantity. The ships have very little defensive power, though great offensive power and great speed. Their value as fighting machines is most problematical—more so perhaps than those of any other nation. Of their *personnel* we know very little: we do not for one moment doubt their bravery or their patriotism; but we know nothing of their skill and ability to fight a modern man-of-war. The same may be said to a certain extent of all nations; but if we had to bet about it, we should back the French for long odds against the Italians, ship for ship—and we should also be rather inclined to back French strategy.

Again we repeat that we have a high opinion of the Italians, and reciprocate the warm attachment which they declare for this country, but we are constrained to speak the plain truth according to our convictions. We should hail the Italians as our allies with the greatest delight; but at the same time, we should remember that all alliances contain an element of weakness. Allied fleets and allied armies are never so strong proportionally as those composed of one nationality, and we believe it is necessary to make a large allowance for this in counting keels for a combination of English and Italian fleets in the Mediterranean, irrespective of any other allowances for the doubtful value of some of the new ships.

The fighting efficiency of the ships of the Russian navy is at least as doubtful as that of the Italian. The Russians are a blustering, at the same time that they are a wily, race; they have a very good opinion of themselves, and we should not be disposed to believe quite all they say on that head, or of the performances of their ships. They played us one or two tricks last time, with wooden guns and bogus forts, and we should be disposed to give them credit for as much brag, bluster, and sham as they think their enemies will swallow. They bragged a good deal beyond their power at the close of their last war against the Turks; though fortunately at that time we had a statesman at the helm who could see through their tricks and knew their weakness.

At the time of the last Russian war-scare, when we were expecting war to be declared at any moment, the question used to be discussed in naval circles as to whether we could maintain a fleet in the Baltic, in the same way that we did in 1854-55—that is to say (in plain language), whether the torpedo-boats would make it too hot for them or not. Our own opinion is, that *if* we did not have France against us, and *if* there was no fear of her jumping on our back as soon as she found our ships dispersed, we most certainly could maintain a fleet in the Baltic, though not quite upon the same comfortable conditions as in 1854-55; and that, so far from the torpedo-boats making it too hot for it, the fleet would be very apt to make it too hot for the torpedo-boats. Probably most British naval officers have some plans of their own for circumventing torpedo-boats; and they may well be excused if they decline to publish them, or to give any other information which might be of use to the enemy: hence our sketch must be of the vaguest and most shadowy description. For three at least of the summer months it is broad daylight all night in the Gulf of Finland, and fogs are not particularly prevalent; so that, during that period at any rate, there would be no difficulty in maintaining a superior fleet actually in sight of Cronstadt, and of thus paralysing all trade, and preventing any serious attack upon the German coast, supposing that was one of our objects. Under some circumstances and under some conditions of alliances, or want of alliances, it might be England's best policy to keep cordons of ships cruising off the Skaw, or farther down in the narrow waters; but these are questions of naval strategy which we see no advantage in discussing. We are not in the confidence of the present Board of Admiralty, and

we should certainly not disclose their plans if we were.

When England and Russia come to blows, one of Russia's principal objects will be to prey upon our commerce by means of swift armed cruisers: some might manage to escape from the Baltic; some few might smuggle themselves down the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, disguised as merchant-steamers; and in spite of the vigilance of our consuls, some would probably be fitted out in America and other neutral countries. But with England's present and prospective power of dealing with this mode of warfare, the Muscovite "Alabamas" ought to have a short and not a particularly merry life.

The question of the British fleet entering the Black Sea (always supposing that we have not France against us) must of course depend upon the Turks; for certainly no British fleet could be maintained in the Black Sea with Turkey hostile, even if it could get there at all. Turkey used to be our ally, and there can be no question as to the enormous advantage of having her as our ally whenever the time comes for us to fight Russia for our Indian possessions; but the exigencies of party warfare in England rendered it necessary a few years ago for the leader of one of the political parties to insult, revile, and abuse Turkey with every epithet which a vivid imagination and a rich vocabulary could supply, and to call upon his countrymen to desert her in her dire necessity. We must expect, then, from the Moslem Turks, such a sweet and touching forgiveness as would make all Christians blush for shame, if we really think that they will go out of their way to assist us when our day of necessity arrives—unless, indeed, it is still to their own advantage to join hands with us. But even in that case we could scarcely blame them if they looked upon our alliance with suspicion and doubt—at any rate, so long as the disturbing spirit of one restless statesman still broods over England, frustrating her combinations, thwarting her interests, and threatening her rule, wherever these clash with his personal ambition and love of power.

The present writer spent six months at Constantinople a few years ago, and he then formed a very mean opinion of the Turkish navy—of its organisation, equipment, and everything connected with it; and it is not probable that it has materially improved since then. Of the fighting-power of the Turkish troops (if properly led), all military critics speak in the highest terms; and that the "decaying empire" still contains great vitality in this respect is scarcely open to doubt. Whether this vitality is in future to be used to further our interests or to thwart them, depends upon the wisdom of our statesmen and the consistency of our policy.

The two other navies of Europe which affect our subject are the German and the Austrian. Of the German, we know that, though small, it is highly organised; the ships, of their kind, are powerful; guns unrivalled (save perhaps by our own when we get them); and general equipment complete and perfect. The *personnel* also of the German navy we believe to be most efficient; the discipline rigid and excellent; and in fact the whole machine just what we should expect from that practical and business-like nation: and it must be remembered that the military rigidity of the German system is not nearly so unsuited

to the mechanical navies of to-day as it would have been to the sailing navies of the past. We therefore look for great things from the German navy, in proportion to its size, whenever it shall be called upon to act.

The Austrian navy is also small, but, we have reason to believe, well armed, organised, and equipped. It, however, labours under the great disadvantage of being composed of mixed nationalities, as many as five or six different languages being sometimes spoken on board one ship — the executive orders, however, being always given in German. The present writer was told not long ago by an Austrian naval captain, that when one of their men-of-war got into a gale of wind, the crew forgot their German, and each nationality shouted in its own vernacular, forgetting also that the others did not understand them,—an excellent modern exemplification of the Tower of Babel, and not calculated to allay the natural excitement and confusion of battle. We must, however, remember that Austria is the birthplace of the Whitehead torpedo, and that she has the prestige of Lissa to her credit—a prestige which will certainly not detract from her chances of success in any future naval battle she may be engaged in.

We have now taken a rapid glance at the different navies of the Great Powers of Europe, with the exception of that of France; and of the French navy we have already said that we believe it to be very little, if at all, less powerful than that of England. When we have said this, we have said enough, or what ought to be enough, to make every sober Englishman reflect gravely upon what this really means in the present position of European politics —or in the present position of the balance of power in Europe, as the military writer more honestly expresses it. We would now ask the question, What are the naval requirements of England and France respectively? And if war navies should bear any proportion to the extent of coast, the commerce, the maritime riches, and the colonies which a nation will expect its navy to defend in case of war, how is it that the English navy is not double or treble that of France? It is a riddle, and we give it up; but we commend it to our readers to answer, and if they cannot answer it, we would suggest that they ask those who represent them in Parliament—for it is a question of the most vital importance, and admits of no delay: events are marching rapidly, and it is not probable that the day of grace will last much longer. Those believers in Russian integrity who swallowed with avidity her assurances, made only a few years ago, that Afghanistan was entirely outside the range of her operations in Central Asia, must see now how entirely they were befooled; and they ought to regret bitterly the effect on the practical politics of the day which their deception occasioned. We cannot go back, but we can be wiser for the future, and believe nothing in the shape of promises or assurances which come from that quarter. All disguises and subterfuges on this score are now thrown off for the present; and our readers will no doubt appreciate the significance of the clumsily gilded and insolent threat contained in the following expression of opinion of one of the leading Russian journals. We quote from the 'Times' of December 26th:—

"The 'Novoe Vremya' of December 25th, commenting upon Lord Randolph Churchill's visit to St Petersburg, states that it is by no means firmly convinced that his lordship has come on a diplomatic mission. The journal adds, however, that should there be such a mission, it can, in its (the newspaper's) opinion, only be advantageous for Russia entirely to reassure England as to the absolute safety of her Indian possessions, provided that the British Cabinet give sufficient guarantees that in future it will not oppose Russia in international questions which directly concern her."

In the face of this and many similar expressions of the Russian press, we maintain that no one but an idiot, or a traitor to his country, can profess to doubt Russia's real designs.

The writer of "The Balance of Military Power in Europe" has pointed out with great clearness the direction wherein, under the existing circumstances, the true interests of England lie, and the alliances which it would be advantageous for her to conclude—the alliances, in short, which she must conclude, if she wishes to defend India otherwise than at an utterly ruinous cost.

The whole of his argument is based on the very modest assumption that we are to provide two squadrons — one for the Mediterranean and one for the Baltic—to assist the Central Powers; and that this naval force, even without the two mobilised army-corps (also suggested), would be worth half a million of men to those Powers, and would, in short, make our alliance worth having. Following in his wake, and endeavouring to supplement his comprehensive articles with a sketch of the naval aspect of the case, we are unfortunately obliged to come to the conclusion that with France and Russia against us, no matter who else was on our side, or even with Russia against us, and France doubtful and hanging back, we should be unable to supply the two squadrons required, without a considerable increase to our present navy.

If we were asked whether we see any prospect of the country consenting to spend more money on the navy so as to bring it up to the strength which the most modest computation would show to be necessary for the defence of our possessions, we should be obliged to say "No." In the present position of British politics, and with the present balance of parties in England, we see no prospect of such a wise and rational course being taken.

There are too many quackeries in the air; and the people prefer specious quackeries to rational treatment. We have the Randolph Churchill quackeries—well meant, no doubt, but in reality hurtful to the best interests of the country, by reason of exaggerations, irrelevant comparisons, unjust denunciations of public servants, and wandering questions to the witnesses before his committee. Then we have the quackery of those who tell us that a recasting of the *form* of the navy estimates, a reshuffling of the pack at Whitehall, the pensioning of half-a-dozen clerks, and the redistribution of the work of the remainder, will bring the navy up to its required strength. Then we have that most dangerous but well-meant quackery of the Peace and Arbitration Society, with its influentially supported deputation to the President of the United States. We say most dangerous, because we know how often in

this world the wish is father to thought; and the English nation being most earnestly desirous of peace, are easily persuaded that the millennium of peace is upon them, notwithstanding the very marked signs to the contrary. But the President's practical though courteous reply ought to open these good men's eyes to the fact that the hour for disarming has not yet arrived, even in enlightened America. We do not remember his exact words, but the reply was somewhat to the effect that he would be very glad to see their principles prevail, but that he was not prepared to sign away the sovereign right of his country to defend its own vital interests in the manner it deemed best (*i.e.*, war). Or in other words, "If the matter is trivial, we don't mind arbitrating; but if it's serious, I guess we'll fight."

Then we have the quackery—and we regret to see it supported by an ex-controller[1] of the navy who ought to know better—of supposing that a large increase of parliamentary control over the distribution of the money voted for the navy would bring it up to the required strength. This is probably the hollowest quackery of all. Parliamentary control! You might as well ask a lawyer or a sailor to fit up a doctor's shop with the proper proportion of pills and plasters, as to invite the Gilhoolys and Tanners of Parliament to discuss the designs of an ironclad. These men do mischief enough already, without giving them any more control over the forces of a country of which they are the avowed enemies. But even if all members of Parliament were loyal, and all of them were men of sense and moderation, what possible advantage to the country could arise from the more elaborate discussion of the technical details of such a complicated service as the navy now is, tinged, not to say coloured, as those discussions would be by party politics?

We remarked towards the beginning of this article that the only way in which it was possible to get the money out of the country, to keep the navy anything like up to the mark in the matter of modern ships and modern ordnance, was by the fortuitous recurrence of periodical war-scares, which so frighten the people, in consequence of our unprepared condition, that they are ready to lavish money as long as the scare lasts. We say fortuitous, for although we do not look upon this as a dignified, nor even as an economical method of raising the necessary money to keep up a navy, still it is better than not raising it at all; and without these war-scares, there is no knowing to what state of decay and obsoleteness the doctrines of the so-called economists might not have brought the navy: probably to a state resembling that of Turkey.

It appears, then, as if England in the present day, with her much-boasted popular government, and with what Mr Gladstone calls the foundations of her constitution widened and deepened, was yet quite incapable of taking a wide and deep view of her own situation in the world around her, and was only capable of living from hand to mouth, in a thriftless, haphazard manner, like a journeyman tinker or itinerant pedlar, never

[1] Sir R. S. Robinson, in a letter to the 'Times,' dated 17th December 1887.

reasoning or looking ahead, or trying to use her common-sense and foresight, but just drifting along, and waiting until the actual catastrophe is upon her, and then making her preparations (?) in haste and panic.

We are not authorised to speak in the name of the navy; but we believe we shall be expressing the opinion of the vast majority of those naval officers who have ever given a thought to the subject, when we say that an increase of something like thirty or forty per cent to our present navy is the least that must be made in order to put it in such a condition that there would be any reasonable prospect of its being able to perform the duties which we know will be expected of it in case of war.

Whether this can be best accomplished by having recourse to Lord Randolph Churchill's scheme of reducing the navy estimates by three or four millions, or by increasing them by about the same amount, are questions for Chancellors of the Exchequer and financiers, and not for soldiers and sailors.

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CONTENTS.

Joyce.—Chaps. XLI.–XLIV., ... 297
Mary Stuart in Scotland.—II. Maitland and Cecil. By John Skelton, C.B., 325
Some Aspects of Australian Life. By Ernest Moon, . 351
Oyster-Culture at Arcachon, ... 366
Too Late. An Everyday Romance. By the Earl of Rosslyn, 372
A Dead Man's Vengeance, ... 374
Cyprus under British Rule, ... 394
A Neglected Paradise, ... 403
Land, Population, and Wealth in the Western Isles. By Reginald MacLeod, 413
Technical Education. By Professor G. G. Ramsay, . 425
The Opening of Parliament, ... 444

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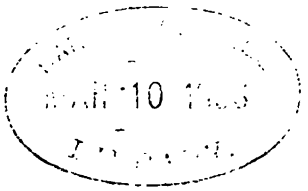

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JOYCE.

CHAPTER XLI.

Joyce had come to a resolution at which she herself wondered, in forlorn helplessness, as if some other being within her had decided upon it and not she. That she, all shy, shrinking, reticent as she was, with the limitations of her peasant pride and incapacity for self-revelation, should attach a last desperate hope to the possibility of enlightenment from some one else's judgment, was wonderful to herself. For how could she lay that tangled question before any one, or unfold her soul? how could any stranger know what her perplexity was, between the claims of the old tranquil yet enthusiastic affections of her youth, and the strange unconfessed dream of absorbing feeling which had swept her soul of late — between the pledges of her tender ignorance, and the fulfilments of a life to which fuller knowledge had come? She did not herself understand how she had come to stand at this terrible turning-point, or why she should thus be summoned to decide not only her own fate, but that of others; and how could she explain it to strangers who knew nothing, neither how she was bound, nor wherein she was free? And yet there came a longing over her which could not be silenced — to ask some one — to make a tribunal for herself, and plead her cause before it, and hear what the oracle would say. Perhaps it was because all her lights had failed her, and all her faculties contradicted each other, that this despairing thought suggested itself — to discover an oracle, and to find out what it would say.

Of whom could she ask, and who could fill this place to her? Not her father. Joyce did not say to herself that the good Colonel was not a wise man, though he was so kind. Had he been the wisest of men, she would have shrunk from placing her heart unveiled in his hand. For to the father everything must be said. He is no

oracle; he is a sovereign judge: that was not the help her case required. Her stepmother was more impossible still. If not to him, still less to her, could the girl so cruelly wounded, so torn in divers directions, lay open her misery and difficulty. Not to any one could she lay them open. It was an oracle she wanted—something to which a half-revelation, an enigmatical confession would suffice—who would understand before anything was spoken, and give a deliverance which, perhaps, would be capable of various interpretations, which should not approach too closely to the facts. This was what she wanted without knowing what she wanted, with only a strong longing to have light—light such as was not in her own troubled self-questionings and thoughts.

Joyce had not many friends among the people who surrounded Mrs Hayward with a flutter of society and social obligations. Indeed Mrs Hayward herself had not many friends, and it is doubtful whether she would have found one to whose judgment she could resort for advice, as Joyce meant to do. But the girl was perhaps more discriminating by a natural instinct as to who was to be trusted—perhaps in her far higher ideality more trustful. At all events, there were two, very different persons to whom, after much tossing about on the dark sea of her distress, her thoughts turned. A little light might come from them; she might unfold herself to them partially, fancifully, leaving them to guess the word of the enigma, finding some comfort in what they said, even if it should fall wide of the mark. When Mrs Hayward set out to pay her visits in the afternoon, Joyce stole forth almost furtively, though all the world might have seen her going upon her innocent search after wisdom; but the world, even as represented in a comparatively innocent suburban place, would have been at once startled and amused to note at what shrine it was that Joyce sought wisdom and the teaching of the oracle. She went not to any of the notable people, not to the clergy, or even to Mrs Sitwell, who was supposed to be her friend, and who was known to be so clever. Joyce did not at all know that the parson's wife had played her false, and she had seen more of that lady than of any one else in the place. But this was not because of any innate sympathy, but because of the pertinacity with which Mrs Sitwell had seized upon Joyce as a useful auxiliary in the carrying out of her own ends—and the girl's instinct rejected that artificial bond, and put no faith in the cleverness which she acknowledged, nor even in the goodness after its kind, which Joyce's mind was large enough to acknowledge too. She went not to Mrs Sitwell, nor to the parson, Mrs Sitwell's husband, but she threaded through many lanes and devious ways until she came to a door in a wall with a little bright brass knocker, and a grating, and great thorny branches of a bare rose-tree straggling over. Within was a small neat green garden, and a little house looking out upon it with shining windows. And within that, coming hastily to the door to meet her, was Miss Marsham, whom everybody knew to be as good as gold, but nobody imagined to be wise or instructive in any way. Joyce had come to find her oracle here.

The room was small and low, full of old china, old pictures, a little collection of relics, in the midst of which their gentle mistress, a mild spirit clad with only as much body as was strictly

essential, and with an old gown constructed on the same principles, with just as much old and somewhat faded silk as was strictly necessary, appeared in perfect harmony, the soul of the little dainty place. She received Joyce with the tenderest welcome, in which there was something more than her usual kindness, and an anxiety which Joyce, full of her own thoughts, never perceived. Miss Marsham was ready and prepared to be confided in. She was prepared for the story of Joyce's youth, for the revelation of her peasant parents, and how for their good she had sacrificed herself to Colonel Hayward's fancy—ready to understand at half a word, to condone and to condole, to give praise for the noble motive, the self-sacrifice, and only gently—very gently—to touch upon the deception, which the severest critic could not consider to be Joyce's fault. She kissed her and said, "My dear child, my poor Joyce," with a tender pity which forestalled every explanation. Did she then already know Joyce's trouble and sore perplexity? but how was it possible that she should know?

"You must not think I have come just to call," Joyce said.

"No, dear? but why shouldn't you come just to call? There will never, never be any circumstances in which I shall not be glad to have you come. My dear, circumstances don't matter at all to me when I know any one as I know you!"

Joyce was a little bewildered by this effusion. She said, with a faint smile, "And yet you don't know me well. I have been here just five months, and part of that away——"

"My love, when you understand a person and love a person, as I do you, the time does not count by months——"

"That is what I feel: and I have nobody—nobody to look to: —you will say my father, Miss Marsham. He is kind, kind—but oh, I have not been brought up with him nor used to open my heart,—and in some things he knows only one language and me another—and besides, if I were to tell him everything, he would say what I was to do, and I would have to obey. And Mrs Hayward with him, they would settle it all, —and I am not used to it, and I cannot——"

"No, Joyce, I understand—it is they who have led you into it,— you can't ask advice from them."

"They did not lead me into it," said Joyce. "It was just nature led me into it, and the perversity of things. Will you ever have noticed in your life how things go wrong? Nobody means any harm, and all you do is innocent; and even if you were very prudent and weighed everything beforehand, there would not be one step that you could say afterwards— This was wrong. And yet things all turn wrong, and your heart is broken, and nothing is to blame."

"Oh, Joyce, words cannot say how sorry I am! There was one thing perhaps, my dear, a little wrong—for to deceive in any way, even if it seems to do no harm and is with the best motive—the highest motive, to help those you love——"

Joyce sighed softly to herself, no longer asking how Miss Marsham could know, then shook her head. "I wish it had been for that motive; but there was no love, no love,—I," with a sudden blush, "did not know what love meant."

Miss Marsham looked up with an exclamation of astonishment

on her lips, but stopped with her mouth open, wondering. Joyce, whose eyes were cast down, did not see the impulse at all.

"He had read a great deal—a great deal," said the girl. "I have never met any one—oh, not here nor anywhere—so well instructed. I thought then that there was nothing so grand as that. He had read a great deal more than I!—he was my—superior in that. It is true, I always knew all the time that I was not—what seemed—— But that might never have come to anything, and besides, I would have thought shame. For I thought that to know the poets, and all that has been written—that was what made a gentleman. Oh, I think shame to say such a thing,—it doesn't—— how can I say it? It seems there must be something more."

Miss Marsham remained silent in simple bewilderment. Joyce was now talking her own language, which nobody understood.

"You may say it was deceiving to let him think I cared for him, but that was never what I intended. He said at first, it was enough for him to care for me. Oh, but that is nothing, nothing!" cried Joyce suddenly, "that is only the beginning. Though I cannot keep my word to him, I need not break it,—that would have been easy. It is far, far worse what is to come."

Miss Marsham took Joyce's hands into hers. She was lost in amazement, and felt herself swimming, floating wildly, at sea, among things altogether strange and incomprehensible. She could not reply, but there is always sympathy in a pressure of the hands.

"There was nothing wrong in meeting another man that was my father's friend, that was my dear lady's son," said Joyce, very low; "how was I to know that he and me would see each other different from—common folk? How was I to know that they had made it up for him to be the love of—of another girl? And now here I stand," she cried, rising up holding out her hands in piteous explanation, "pledged to one, and caring nothing for him, harming another that but for me would do what was meant for him, would do—would do well—with a lady bred like himself, born like himself, not one that had been abandoned like me. Tell me what you would do if you were me! The lady comes and asks me—she has no right. She says that I know trouble and sorrow, but Greta never a disappointment, never a thing that was not happy—and that she'll break her heart; and nobody cares for mine. And she says I should keep my word, though she was the first to say he was not the one for me. And oh, what am I to do—what am I to do?"

Joyce sank down again upon the seat, and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, my poor Joyce—my dear Joyce!" Miss Marsham cried.

Her head was not very clear at any time—it was apt to get confused with a very small matter. And Joyce's story was confusion worse confounded to the anxious hearer. Even what she thought to be her knowledge of the circumstances deepened Miss Marsham's bewilderment. She knew of the man to whom Joyce was engaged, from whom all the information came: but the after episode—half told, hurried over, which Joyce had no mind to explain fully, which she addressed to the oracle—was as a veil thrown over poor Miss Marsham's understanding. She knew none of these people; the name of

Greta brought no enlightenment to her, nor did she know who the lady was, nor who the man was who was mixed up inextricably in this strange imbroglio. She drew Joyce's hands from her face, and that hidden face to her own kind breast, kneeling down to caress and to soothe the poor girl in her trouble. But what to say or what to do Miss Marsham knew not. She did not understand the delicate case upon which her advice was required. And the oracle was mute. There was no response to give. "Oh, my poor child, my dear child, my poor dear love!" Miss Marsham cried.

After a minute Joyce raised her head and looked at her friend in whom she trusted. She was very pale, her eyes were wet with tears, and looked large and liquid in caves of trouble, — her mouth quivered a little, like the mouth of a child when its passion-fit is over, and there was a pathetic little break in her voice. "Tell me," she said, with a look that searched the very soul, "tell me what you would do—if you were me."

"Oh, my pretty Joyce—my poor dear!"

"Tell me," the girl said, "would you break *her* heart and wound *him*, all for yourself? Would you break your word and your pledge that you gave when you were poor, all for yourself? as if you had to be happy whatever happened—you! And what right had you to be happy, any more than Greta—or Greta more than you?"

The question, heaven knows, was vague enough—but the oracle was no longer mute. The pilgrim at the shrine had touched the true chord, and at last the priestess spoke. She had a moment of that ecstasy, of that semi-trance of mingled reluctance and eagerness, which makes those pause who have the response of the unseen to give forth to feeble men. Her gentle eyes lit up, then dimmed again; a brightness came over her faded face, giving it a momentary gleam of eternal youth, then disappeared. She trembled a little as she held the votary to her breast.

"Oh Joyce! my darling Joyce! I don't know that I quite understand you, dear. It is all so mixed up. Things that I have heard and that you tell me are so different. I don't know what to think—but if it's a question between you and another, which is to take the happiness and let the other suffer — oh, my child, my dear! do I need to say it to you—do I need to tell you? Joyce, your heart tells you—it's like a b c, to a woman. You know——"

"I thought," said Joyce, with that sob in her throat, following with intent eyes every little movement of her agitated instructor, —"I thought that was what you would say."

"Yes," said the vestal, the priestess of this new Dodona, "it is not in our will to choose or to change. You can't leave the heartbreak to another. You have to take it, though your spirit may cry out and refuse. I am not wise to give you advice, oh my darling! but I know this, and every woman knows it. Oh, it isn't all that do it, I know, for it's not an easy thing. But when you have strength from above, you can do it. And what is more, it is not in your nature to do anything else. So don't ask me what I would do. You could not — do — any other thing: being you and nobody else: Joyce, *that* I know."

"No," said Joyce, stumbling, rising to her feet, meeting with a solemn look the wet and weeping

eyes of her oracle, "no—not any other thing."

"Not any other thing." Miss Marsham would have kept her in her arms, would have wooed her to further speech, would have wept over her and caressed her, and expended all the treasures of her heart in soothing the martyr whom she had thus consecrated. But of this Joyce was not capable. She had got her oracle, and it was clear. It was what she had wanted, not advice, but that divine and vague enigma which corresponded with the enigma of her confession. She resisted gently the softness of her friend's clinging embrace. Her eyes were full of the awe of the victim who consents and accepts, and is restrained by every solemnity of her religion from any struggle—but who already feels herself to be outside this world of secondary consolations, face to face with the awful realities of the sacrifice. "Don't keep me," she said faintly, putting away the thin kind hands that would have held her, "I must go—I must go."

"Oh Joyce," cried Miss Marsham, stricken with a secret terror, "I hope I have said right!"

"I am sure you have said right; it is what I knew. I could not—do—any other thing. Let me go Miss Marsham, let me go, for more I cannot bear."

"Oh, my dearest, I hope I have done right! Oh, stay a little and tell me more! Oh Joyce, God bless you, God bless you, my dear, if you must go!"

She followed the girl to the little door, so flowery and embowered in summer, now overshadowed by those straggling bare branches of the rose-tree, which were good for nothing but to make, had that been wanted, a sharp garland of thorns. Joyce scarcely turned to answer her blessings and good-byes, but went on straight from the door as if hurrying to the place of sacrifice. The thought was folly, Miss Marsham said to herself, and yet it went with a chill to her heart and would not be chased away.

CHAPTER XLII.

You could not do—any other thing. If there could be a proof of the divinity of the oracle it was this. It addressed that something within which is more than any external hearing. "When thou wast under the fig-tree." Who could tell what was in the spirit in secret but the perfect Teacher, who saw all? Joyce received in something of the same way the utterance which had been given in such darkness on the part of its exponent, as is the way of oracles. She felt that it was the true and only revelation. She hurried along in the wintry twilight, her head bent down, avoiding the cold night wind; her heart beating loudly; her eyes hot and suffused with scalding tears, which did not fall; her feet cold, stumbling over every little stone. The certainty which had replaced her doubts and conflicts of mind was scarcely less confusing than they: it did not inspire her as in the procession to the place of sacrifice. Ah! had she to do that boldly in the face of man for a great cause, Joyce knew how high she could have carried her head, and marched with what steady force and triumph. But the way was dark and tortuous, and full of fears,—the wind in her face so cold, the sensation in her

heart so full of misery. The oracle had spoken right. It had been what she wanted. It had made her see clearly, driving from her eyes those films of weakness that come up upon the wind and obscure the vision, even when it is most clear. She remembered now that there never could have been any doubt, that she was even pledged to that sole course. Had she not said, "I will do as you wish?" and had not she been blessed and thanked for her resolution? and yet it had failed, and she had sought the oracle—to have it confirmed, as it was right it should be.

Ah! but the oracle is pitiless too. It has no regard for the weakness of—common folk. Joyce was one who had held her head very high, who never in her consciousness had been one of the common folk. But now, in her despair, consenting to the sacrifice demanded of her, yet with partial revulsions of her mind against it, she took refuge in that common strain of humanity. Those oracles which spoke out of the veiled heights, from which the votaries with bleeding hearts, all torn with special wounds, received such stern and abstract answers—they were right, but they were remorseless. They took nothing into consideration, not the weakness of the victim, nor that bewildering way in which, though cleared off for a moment, doubts and mists would rise again, obscuring, confusing the most certain truth. They had no pity. The devotee, indeed, went to them only for that—to have the support of a certain reply, to hear what, beyond all control of circumstances, was just and right. And for a moment there would be a great calm after the reply had come. But then there would start into the aching heart this complaint: It was remorseless that reply, there was no pity in it. You could not — do any other thing. It was true, true! and yet there were so many other things that could be done; and it was hard, hard for flesh and blood to conform to that pitiless abstract law: it had no regard for the weakness of—common folk. And what was Joyce, after all, but a girl like another?—very little different from Greta, who had to be shielded from trouble: just like the rest—young, fragile, like the girls whom everybody took care of. Oh, the oracle was hard! it had no pity. It never took into account how much or how little a girl could bear!

This murmur in the heart growing louder as she went on, with strange additions and exasperations from the cold, and the dark, and the physical discomfort around, at last roused Joyce to a kind of despairing rebellion. After you have made your *sortes* and read your fate, does it ever happen that you do not try, or wish to try, another time? Open the book again—be it Virgil, be it the Bible, be it anything, at haphazard, from which superstition or fancy can take a fancied guidance. Try the oracle again. It was the suggestion of despair. But Joyce had always thought of two from whom she might seek the direction she could no longer give herself. She reminded herself now, stopping in her hurried walk towards home, saying with natural sophistry that her consultation of fate was incomplete, that she had always meant the trial to be double. She had always intended it. She had meant to lay her case before him too. He was very unlike the other — the priestess, the vestal, whose decisions Joyce felt in her despair no one could have doubted

for a moment. He was very, very different. It was only just that he too should give his verdict. They were the two sides which ought to stand in every question, which see the matter from different points, which balance and temper each other. Joyce's heart beat very high; the blood again began to run warm in her veins, reaching her feet, her hands, which were so cold. She turned and hastened back to the rectory, which she had passed.

It was dark by this time, and the lamps were being lighted, coming into life one by one along the darkling way. And the house was half dark, the lights dazzling her in the hall, while there was nothing but soft firelight in the drawing-room, which she passed hastily, telling the servant that it was the Canon she came to see. The Canon was seated at his table writing, or pretending to himself to write, his sermon. He bounded up from his seat with a violent convulsion through all the house, making the windows ring and the boards creak, and the very walls shake, when with some difficulty he realised who his visitor was. "Joyce!" he cried, with a roll of mild thunder in his voice, and took her by the hand and placed her in a chair. He was much astonished by her visit, yet felt that he knew what had brought her here. The poor girl had heard what was being said about her, and she had come perhaps to confess, if there was anything in that story, that she was a mere foundling, and not Hayward's daughter (but the Canon knew there was nothing in that)—perhaps to ask him for his help, for his advice. And he was pleased beforehand, before she opened her mouth, that she should come to him—not to that man at S. Augustine's, though she had been so much with those Sitwells, but to himself, a much better guide, whom she had said she liked best. Jealousies do not exist between man and man, we know, as they do between woman and woman—and especially not between clergyman and clergyman—but yet the Canon was pleased that it was to him Joyce had come.

"Well," he said, "here you are, and I'm delighted to see you. It is not often you go about paying visits, Joyce."

"Oh no," she said, "never." The shock of finding herself here, opposite to him, in the place of a penitent, come to tell her tale, brought the colour to Joyce's face. She gave him one look, and then turned her eyes away. He was very, very different from Miss Marsham. To sit there and tell him everything struck Joyce as impossible. She had never intended to tell everything. She had meant that the oracle should half divine, should understand before she spoke.

"Come," he said, "don't lose courage now you are here. You've come to tell me all about it, Joyce."

Joyce only looked at him again, with eyes enlarged with alarm and terror, wondering after all, she who desired to be understood without speaking, what and how he knew. She said under her breath, her eyes being the chief speakers, the words seeming nothing, "I want you to tell me what to do."

"You want me——? What are you saying, Joyce? Come, you're not afraid of me. I'm your father's old friend, you know. I don't believe any of that nonsense, and I'm your friend against the world, my dear. Come, speak out, don't be afraid of me."

He drew his chair nearer hers,

once more making the house quiver, and laying his hand upon her shoulder, patted it encouragingly. "Come, Joyce, be a man," the Canon said, with the little tremble of a laugh in his big voice.

Joyce answered him only with her eyes. They seemed to grow bigger and bigger in her pale face, telling him a hundred things; but she could not find her voice. She had meant to tell him as much at least as she had told Miss Marsham; but when she found herself before him, a man, with that confused story of hers which was not for a man's ears, Joyce was struck dumb. She made an effort to say something, but failed again. He kept his hand on her shoulder, patting it, encouraging her as if she had been a child. "Come, Joyce, tell me all about it. You are not afraid of me."

Her voice burst forth suddenly, as if she had forced it, or rather as if it forced an outlet for itself from some place where it had been pent up. "Oh, sir!" Joyce cried, "I cannot speak; but tell me one thing,—if there are two and one must suffer, and you are one of them—must you never make a question, but consent and accept that it shall be you——"

The Canon was altogether taken by surprise. The burst of the voice, hoarse at first, afterwards clearing and quickening in its passionate strain, the question that had nothing to do with what he had expected to hear, but was an abstract question, startled him beyond expression. "Why, Joyce, Joyce—what is this?" he said.

She turned to him, growing bolder. "If you are one of them, and one of them must break her heart—and you are the one that is used to that, and the other has known no trouble. Do not ask me what I mean," said Joyce, "but oh, you that are a minister, you that have to guide those that are wandering and lost, tell me! They say that is like a b c, and every woman knows; but you are not a woman, you are a man. You will not be carried away by feeling as they are. You will be more just. You will know."

"My poor child," said the Canon. He too, like Miss Marsham, took her hand, in utter failure of any other way to help her, and held it, patting it softly between his. "Joyce," he said, "my dear, you're right. I am only a man, I can't divine what you mean unless you tell me. As far as I can make out, somebody has been talking nonsense to you. What is this a b c that every woman knows? If you'll believe me, Joyce, a woman is just like a man so far as duty goes. There's no law for one more than the other. Tell me what it is, seriously, Joyce."

She looked up at him once more and opened her lips to speak; but again the impossibility of telling that tale to him closed her lips. Joyce was nearly in despair, and she had a clinging to him as to her friend, one who would help her if he could, one who knew many things and might understand. But when she looked up at the Canon's middle-aged countenance and at his large prosperous person, and the capacious round of his black silk waistcoat, and the air about him of a man who had everything and abounded, her courage and confidence failed her. She was dumb. To tell her youthful trouble to him, all mixed up as it was with love and lovers and trifling things, though so great to her, a matter of life and death—to him, who would be moved by none of these matters—how could she do it? She drew a long breath, which ended in something like a sob—"It is—it

is a case of conscience," she said, with her wistful eyes fixed upon him, making revelations which he could not understand.

"A case of conscience!" he said; "this is one of your evasions not to speak out. You're like other women, Joyce, which is no shame to you; you would like me to be at all the expense of the talk, my dear, and give you my advice without any knowledge of the circumstances. Let us see what premisses we've got. If I were one of two and knew that one must suffer, would I take it upon me without question that the sufferer must be I—is that what you call the a b c that every woman knows? A great many women are fools, my dear, but not such fools as that. No, Joyce! I should take up no such idea. I should say, let him suffer who deserved it, who had brought it on himself."

"No," said Joyce very low. "She has not done that: we are not ill-deserving—it's no—no wrong—oh, neither her nor me!"

"It is something between two women," said the clear-sighted Canon. "It is love then, and there is a man in the question too."

She made him no reply; but she turned away her face from him, and the Canon saw the colour rise like a fire over her cheek from throat to brow.

"And somebody has put it into your head that the easy way out of it—the fairest way—is to sacrifice yourself? It was a woman that said that, and told you it was the a b c. I shouldn't wonder if it was that old fool Cissy Marsham, it would be just like her. Now, Joyce, listen to me——"

"She is not a fool," said Joyce, turning her face to him again.

"Don't tell me! She's worth a dozen of any of us, but she may be a fool for all that. Now listen to me, Joyce. I say no: do you hear? There's no a b c, but plain right and wrong. As for self-sacrifice, in the majority of cases it's a mere silly, idiotic, if not horrible mistake. Generally it does good to nobody. You fling your own happiness away, and you don't secure any one else's. My dear girl, to consider other people first is in some cases not only uncalled for but wrong."

Joyce had kept her eyes fixed upon his face. At this there came over hers a faint smile, and she softly shook her head.

"She doesn't believe me," said the Canon,—"none of them do; on this point good women are all fools, and the better they are the greater fools they are. God bless my soul!—who made you your brother's keeper? How do you know what's best for him? Who gave you the right to humiliate him by sacrificing yourself to him—or her? what does it matter? it's all the same, him or her. I tell you," cried the Canon, jumping up suddenly, walking round to the fireplace, and standing up against the glow of the fire, his large person rising like a mountain, flinging over Joyce a great shadow, "women like Cissy Marsham are a pest, they're a plague in the place, with their a b c, and their creed for a woman. Nonsense, my dear! that's all nonsense, my dear! What's law for a man is law for a woman. There's no other. Don't break anybody's heart if you can help it; but in the name of common-sense, go your own way and take what God gives you, and have the courage to be happy if He puts happiness into your hands!" The Canon puffed out a hot breath of impatience, and shook himself in his easy large garments as if to settle them all into

their places, shaking the house at the same time and making everything ring — "whatever Cissy Marsham may say, the old fool, God bless her!" he cried, with a laugh, throwing himself down again into a big easy-chair.

But Joyce made no reply. It is in the nature of an oracle to divine what is congenial to the nature of the devotee—to give a deliverance which, however confusing, will have something in it which will carry out his natural tendencies, and agree with his inner sense. But to Joyce this voice brought no such message. To be bidden to be happy was no part of her requirements. She did not understand what happiness in the abstract was. According to her austere peasant training, it was so far from being the object of life, that to seek it was an unworthy and undignified, even wrong thing. She had been happy all her life without knowing; but to look for happiness, to seek it, to make it the object of every exertion, was incompatible with all the rules of life which she knew. "Happy! you will just do your work and your duty, and be thankful for what the Lord sends ye," Janet Matheson would have said. What the Canon said was not very different: "Go your own way and take what God gives." But the meaning was different; oh, the meaning was different! Don't break anybody's heart if you can help it; but if you do, never mind—have the courage to be happy all the same. This oracle spoke too loudly, too plainly, with too distinct a note. It found no echo in her heart. It was not the guidance for which she craved.

The Canon saw perhaps that he had not been successful. He tried to draw her into conversation of a less momentous kind. "I hear you've had some visitors from your old home, Joyce. I fear they've been injudicious visitors, talking a great deal of nonsense; but I hope they brought you good news at least of your people—old people, weren't they, that brought you up? I'm ready to give them a certificate of success in that line," the Canon added in his fine bass, which lent itself very tenderly to these paternal words, and with a pleasant laugh.

Joyce looked up at him with a startled glance. She had, indeed, put no question to Andrew as to the beloved old people. There had not been a word about them, or any other question of life—nothing but his claim, and her resistance yet acknowledgment, and all the confused miserable discussions. She seemed to fall into a slough of despond, the miry pit and the horrible clay of the Scriptures, when her heart went back, sick, to that visit. Ah! she thought, had that been all—had there been nothing but Andrew! But with the instinct of her natural reticence she only replied, "They are well — they always write that they are well."

"That's good." Dr Jenkinson meant to take advantage of the opportunity to ask further questions, to elicit, if he could, something of the true story upon which Mrs Sitwell had built her romance; but when he looked at Joyce's pale and musing face, and saw that the girl could scarcely withdraw herself from the consideration of her perplexity, whatever it was, to answer him, and that she had no attention to give to other matters, his heart smote him. He could not question her, force her out of herself, to satisfy

his curiosity. He said nothing more for a whole minute; but the silence did not frighten Joyce nor force her to speak. She sat lost in her own problem, to which he felt his energetic counsel had brought no light. The Canon had been impatient; he had thought it best to crush these foolish womanish thoughts on the threshold of her mind; but he had not succeeded. What he had said had been a disappointment and confusion only — no enlightenment to Joyce.

"Come," he said, "we can't sit silent like this and look at the fire. When you and me get together we want to talk, Joyce. Give me some of your opinions. You're not satisfied with mine, I can see."

She looked up at him without any smile and shook her head.

"Out with it!" cried the Canon. "We always do have a little fight. Let me hear where I am wrong. That's the worst of your Saint Cissy, and other such. They don't say a word for themselves, they're only meekly obstinate after the manner of saints. Come! out with it, Joyce!"

"Oh," said Joyce, "I cannot speak! My heart says no to you, but I cannot give a reason—it's because it's far too serious. I thought of her and of you, that are so different, that might give me a light where all is dark—but I can give no reason. I must just go on till the moment, and then do—what is put into my heart."

"My poor child!" cried the Canon, alarmed, "can't you tell me what is wrong? Do nothing rash, whatever it is—do nothing that can't be undone. Joyce, I am afraid of you. You are not like the rest of them: never mind any nonsense I have said, but tell me, tell me sincerely, what is wrong. Don't shake your head. You have come to consult me of your own free will—tell me what it is——"

"I cannot," she said, piteously; "I cannot!—oh, I would if I could: it's maybe nothing at all—I cannot speak. It's—it's love that is stronger than death," cried the girl, "and love that is nothing, that is but fancy, and a dream—— I'll think nothing more of it. I'll think nothing! The moment may never come, and if it comes, no one can help me. I must do—what is in my heart——"

The Canon drew his chair in front of her with a look that was more searching than his questions, and which she could not support save for a second. "Mind what I say, Joyce. Nobody made you your brother's keeper. If it's beautiful to make a sacrifice, as you women think, it's shameful to accept one. Remember that. You've no right to put a shame and humiliation upon another. It's a humiliation — you would yourself refuse it and scorn it. Joyce, whatever you may be tempted to do, remember what I say——"

She tried to speak, struggling with tears. "The greatest of all —was a sacrifice, a sacrifice——"

"Hush!" he said, imperatively. "When there is One to be found in His conditions there need be no discussion. And that one man should die for the people, I allow—and that you should die physically rather than let another die, if it is in your heart to do it, that I allow. But that you should make yourself the judge in other circumstances, and shame another by suffering for him when you know neither his heart, nor what is best for him, nor anything but your own wild enthusiasm—that I forbid, Joyce-I forbid it, being your priest, to whom you have come for light."

Joyce raised her wistful eyes, which were wet with tears hanging on the lashes. But she shook her head. She was a little Presbyterian, as he had said. Perhaps the name of the priest lessened instead of strengthening his power.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Captain Bellendean followed Mrs Hayward into the house. It was unusually silent, no one stirring, not even a dog. The air was very warm and soft inside, the fire having the room to itself, and burning in a quiet genial way to keep itself company, with a clear red glow that lighted up everything. The tea-table stood untouched — the curtains drawn a little more than usual over the sides of the windows to keep out the cold, and making a still earlier twilight than that outside. The emptiness and silence and vacancy of that warm and luxurious room, so softly carpeted, curtained, cushioned, so evidently expectant of inhabitation, with all its certain signs and marks of habitual tenancy, yet all empty and silent, were more impressive almost than the emptiness of real abandonment. Mrs Hayward opened the door of the room for her visitor, and bade him go in while she herself looked for the others. "I'll see if they are in," she said; and her heart gave a little jump of expectation as she said it. If she had found Joyce, she would have sent the girl into the drawing-room, while she herself took off her "things" in the most leisurely way up-stairs; and she would not have pursued her researches with any idea of finding the Colonel. It annoyed her very much to find Joyce's room empty, and no trace of her visible. She went over every room where her stepdaughter could be before she gave up the search, asking the maids, and finally Baker, though she had no desire to take that personage into her confidence. Colonel Hayward's lamp was already burning in the library. It was his hour for reading the rest of the paper left unfinished in the morning, and sometimes for a doze; but Joyce was not there.

"Miss Hayward have gone out, ma'am," Baker said.

"Oh, has she? I had something to say to her. (She would not have Baker think that it was because of Captain Bellendean's visit that she wanted Joyce.) Ask her to come to me in the drawing-room the moment she comes in."

"I will, ma'am," said Baker, with stolid gravity; but he chuckled when his mistress, much put out, turned towards the drawing-room door. *He* knew very well why Joyce was so urgently wanted. "He 'ave come up to the scratch at last," Baker said to himself.

Captain Bellendean stood by himself upon the Persian rug before the fire. He was in a very restless mood. There was something in this warm, soft afternoon atmosphere, the sense of domestic calm, the composure of settled life, which was like an insufficient opiate, exciting instead of calming. He was not in a comfortable or happy state of mind. The last time he had been here he was at the height of warm and spontaneous love, bewitched by the presence of the girl who had transported him out of all his bachelor reluctances and defences. This is perhaps a strange way in which to speak of the lover. It is the woman who

is supposed to defend herself, to hold back with reluctance, either real or assumed. However, it is one of the enlightenments of our age to recognise that there are two sides to that question. Norman Bellendean had not made up his mind to marry when he took possession of his estate. He did not want even to take possession of his estate; he would have preferred that his father should have held it in his place a few years longer, until he felt more disposed to settle down. But that had not suited Mr Bellendean's ideas or plans: and Norman, fresh from India, and with a natural desire after the pleasant experiences of a rich young man's untrammelled career at home, found himself at once introduced into the responsibilities of an estate and the bondage of a conspicuous position much against his will. But he had set his face against the natural results. He knew that it was expected of him that he should marry and "settle down." He had an idea even that his neighbours had kindly selected for him a certain number of eligible young ladies among whom he would be expected to make his choice. To be sure, nobody could force him to make any such choice. He was free as the air to choose elsewhere, or not to choose at all. But the consciousness that this was what was expected of him chafed the young man. He was coy at first like a girl, on his defence, yet sometimes, with laughter and shame, became conscious of his own little coquetries, and felt how ludicrous was the situation altogether. And then he fled to town, to the excitements of the season, to take his share, for the first time, in that whirl and hurry of entertainment and assembling together which we call society. And then—but this was the thing unaccountable in the midst of so many things which he saw through and understood—he fell in love; and before he knew, was on the eve of asking to share his fortunes, and to "settle down" with him at Bellendean, the girl who had been, a few months before, the village schoolmistress there.

Norman had fallen in love honestly, spontaneously, without any preparation or *arrière-pensée*. He had neither said to himself that this was the one woman for him, or that she was altogether out of the question for him being what she was. Before he had begun to suspect it, the thing was done. He had thought it was the river, the rowing, the greater simplicity and freedom of the merry party, something in the summer air that was itself delicious as an escape out of London, before he found out that it was Joyce. He had indeed just found out that it was Joyce on the last occasion, when he walked with her home from the garden-party at Sir Sam's. He had found it out, and in the rush and flood of feeling had told her—he scarcely knew what. He tried to recollect after what he had said, and he could not. He knew that she had not responded; that she had kept him at arm's-length; and that when he had rushed away, unable to bear the constraint of other people's society while it was she—she only—whom he wanted, he had said he would come back. The recollection was all confused, disturbed, made uncertain even by excessive thinking over and attempts to remember every detail. And then he had been called away, and it was not possible for him to go back; and then cold afterthought had seized upon him in his heat of love. She had made no reply—what she had said

had been "No," though he did not believe that she had meant the final "No" which would annihilate all his pretensions. He had known that she did not mean that: he had seen in her something of the flood of feeling which had overwhelmed himself. He had gone up to town with his heart throbbing and his head swimming, in anticipation of what would happen when he went back. That was not how a man felt when he expected the "No" which would make an end of all.

But he did not come back—for the moment could not, being called back to Bellendean; and then—did not. Why? Because of the chill of the afterthought which took possession of him; because he remembered, not immediately but after a time, who Joyce was. She was his old Colonel's daughter, it was true, who was a match for any gentleman. Yes, a match for any gentleman. Colonel Hayward's daughter, a distinguished soldier, a man who was as good as the best. Under royalty, Colonel Hayward's daughter might have married any one—no man daring to have said that it was a *mésalliance*. But then at Bellendean she was the village schoolmistress. Nobody knew much about Colonel Hayward, though they had all heard the story; but everybody knew Joyce. He was aware, for he had heard it talked of, that for Joyce herself it was hard to throw off the habits of her previous existence; and that she was wounded even when told that she must no longer say Miss Greta, and must submit to be treated on a footing of equality by the lady to whom she had looked up. He remembered all this with an acute sense of pain, when he had time to think. That his wife should still have these instincts of inferiority; that she should wish to say Miss Greta; that she should look up to his stepmother as to a being of a superior kind—he grew hot and red at the thought. His wife! It was impossible—it could not be.

These thoughts chilled him to his very heart, and stopped the flood of love which was carrying him away. And many other thoughts came in to add to them. Norman himself was not well known in his county. There was a slight feeling against him as a man who had (though quite innocently on his part) supplanted his own father. He wanted a wife who should be unquestionable, who should be popular—able to help him to the full acquisition of his proper standing in the place. And if he were to bring home to be the mistress of Bellendean a girl whom everybody knew indeed, but knew as Joyce the schoolmistress! —his heart sank within him at that thought, which was suggested by several concurring things; by his stepmother, who, without mentioning Joyce, had laid the state of affairs very clearly before him, and by other incidental remarks and occurrences which supported her view. All these things disturbed his mind greatly. And he had occupations, perhaps arranged for the purpose, to keep him at home. And Greta's home was at hand, where there was always a sympathetic listener for everything he wanted to say. He did not speak to Greta of Joyce, but Greta spoke of her freely, always with love and admiration, which soothed him, yet at the same time diverted his thoughts a little in affectionate gratitude and approval of this generous little creature, who combined everything that was most desirable in a wife, just as Joyce combined everything that was least desirable. And then there were

the poor couple in the village, whom Norman went religiously to see at first, to tell them about their lost child; then with a hunger of the heart that could not be satisfied, to talk about her. He never asked himself how he would like to have this old couple, so excellent, so blameless—worthy of all respect, and more than respect—at Bellendean, calling its mistress J'yce, and weeping over her; but the thought, of which he was ashamed, shot across his mind like lightning every time he heard their name. These things worked in his mind and made him miserable. His stepmother talked to him of marrying, and of the necessity of making a wise choice to establish his position; and Greta met him at every corner—either he was invited to her father's house, or she came to see her dear aunt Margaret. The girl was entirely innocent of any conspiracy in the matter; but Norman was her hero, and it was scarcely possible for her to conceal her interest in him—her joy when he came, her regret when he went away. It was not difficult for him to discover that in everybody's opinion Greta was the fittest of wives for him. He could not shut his eyes to the fact that it was so. If he had never seen Joyce, if he had never entered that enchanted country in which she dwelt, never floated on that magic river, never strayed in that garden of dreams—never met and parted—then Greta would have been his bride. She would have come to Bellendean so naturally and simply, with such a carrying out of all good wishes for its new lord, that the marriage would have been pronounced by all to be one of those made in heaven. But the other image had come in. And sometimes he would wish in his distress that it had never done so—that he had never seen her. The conflict had grown harder every day. Then he had gone to the Highlands, to the moors, and there the conflict took another form. His demon, his other self, who maintained the controversy with him, began to put it before Norman that he had "behaved badly" to Joyce. Perhaps—we know so little about these demons or dæmons, who are continually interfering in our affairs, making and meddling, and have so little light as to their motives—perhaps that most secret of companions meant to deter him by the shame of that bad behaviour from going near Joyce again. But if so, he calculated without his host. For Norman, in a blaze of shame and self-indignation which drove him like a fiery wind, hurried straight off to London, on the spot, to see Joyce instantly and put himself right.

It was in this mood that he arrived, and found himself in the familiar scene of his summer romance, under grey twilight skies, and in the cosy empty room, lighted with the red firelight, silent, comfortable, full of the poetry of domestic life, which is different from the poetry of the river and the garden. He knew that Mrs Hayward had gone to look for Joyce, and that she would not come back to disturb the *tête-à-tête*, but would leave them together, as mothers seemed to do, with an instinct of what was coming. He would rather have met Joyce unawares without any warning, without any possibility of a concerted meeting of which the parents should be in the secret. It annoyed him to think that she would be warned, that along with the sudden intimation that he was there, there would be a word of advice or at least a look, to show

her what was expected of her. This added to his restlessness as he stood before the red glow of the fire changing from one foot to the other, anxious, impatient, yet feeling that the chill-fit, the mental ague which alternated with the fever, might be on its way. He heard little movements in the house—some one walking overhead—some one running up-stairs—a voice sounding faintly calling some one. Was Joyce reluctant then to come? Was she angry with him for not returning sooner? Was she displeased with the warning given her, and unwilling to come down to him in the empty drawing-room while everybody knew what must take place there. It would be like her to refuse. It would be what he should expect of her; but in what a position would it place *him!*—a lover understood yet undeclared, whose object was unmistakable, yet who was not to be allowed to carry it out. His heart began to beat, partly with anger, partly with suspense, partly with love. Would not she come? He was so impatient that he could have seized her and shaken her in exasperation and excitement, and yet he could not but grumble in his moustache, that by Jove she was right, and that it was just what he would have expected of Joyce.

Presently, however, the sounds outside became more audible, and he made out that it was the Colonel's step which was coming towards the drawing-room. "Captain Bellendean!" Colonel Hayward was saying; "why didn't you bring him to the library? Why, Norman, my fine fellow! how do you do?—I'm delighted to see you; but why that ass should have sent you in here in the dark—I can't see you a bit—is more than any mortal could divine—when he knew the ladies were out, and I was sitting by myself."

"I came in with Mrs Hayward. I assure you it wasn't the man's fault."

"Oh, well, if Elizabeth knows. She'll be down immediately, no doubt. Bring us some light, Baker. Yes, yes, the firelight is very pretty, but I always like to see to talk. Come up about business, Bellendean?"

"Yes," said Norman, with a little hesitation. "I may say it is business, though not quite what is usually called by that name."

"I thought so. Nothing else would bring one of you young fellows to town at this time of the year. Tell your mistress, Baker, we are waiting for her to give us tea. Mrs Bellendean was here yesterday to bid us good-bye: or perhaps I should say to bid good-bye to Joyce: for I think we come a long way after Joyce in her estimation, my wife and I."

"I hope," said Bellendean, with a catch in his breath, "that Miss Hayward—is quite well."

"Oh yes, she is very well. I have thought sometimes that this air didn't suit her—it's a great change from the North. It gave me great pleasure, however, to find, when we were talking the other day, that she likes it on the whole. She has a wonderfully pretty way of expressing herself. I should like to tell you a thing she said to me. I was questioning her on this subject, anxious to get her true sentiments. And she said, 'You are my home, father.'—Eh, don't you think it was pretty? Well, I'm an old fool—it brought the water to my eyes. Hush, here's Elizabeth; she says I am like a child with a new toy. I bore everybody with my stories of Joyce."

"It would not be easy to bore me—on that subject."

These last words were drowned by the entrance of Mrs Hayward. She had taken off her things, leaving it to her husband to entertain the visitor. Joyce's absence annoyed her exceedingly. It was quite unusual, and seemed a sort of climax of misfortune—or perversity—perversity was the view to which Mrs Hayward inclined.

"I don't know what can have become of Joyce," she said, after she had poured out tea for the gentlemen. "She is never out at this hour. It is getting dark, too late for her to be out."

"Are you anxious, my dear?" cried the Colonel, rising. "Bless me! it is always you who think of everything. I'll go at once and bring her home."

"Nonsense, Henry!—there is nothing to be anxious about. She has stayed somewhere for tea. Last time we saw you, Captain Bellendean, you expected to return to town—earlier than this. I suppose you had still a good deal to arrange before your father and Mrs Bellendean left you to your own devices?"

"I have been very busy," said Bellendean in a subdued tone, which the Colonel did not understand.

"He has come up about business now," said Colonel Hayward; "and very dull you will find it, Bellendean, I don't doubt, though I am told that more people come to London at this time of the year than used to do so. You must run down as often as you can and look us up—as you used to do in summer, you know——"

"Summer and winter are two very different things," said Mrs Hayward; "and Captain Bellendean feels that, Henry. In summer there's the river, you know, and—other things."

"The other things," said Norman with an effort, "last all the year through; and they are more important even than the river."

Captain Bellendean was very ill at ease. He had not thought of these surroundings at all, nor of any questions that might be put to him on the subject of his long delay, nor of anything indeed but Joyce. It had been comparatively easy in the outdoor summer life to secure an interview with her. Now as he looked round him, and saw Mrs Hayward seat herself in her habitual chair by her habitual table, with that air of settled and permanent possession which the mistress of a house has in her own corner, and the Colonel thrown back in a larger chair on the other side, a sense of being surrounded and shut in came upon him. Joyce was not here, which took all the meaning out of his coming; but if she had been here between this pair to whom she belonged, what could he have said to her? Colonel Hayward's daughter surrounded by all the fortifications of life, was a different thing from Joyce the girl whom to love and seek was a sort of social crime. There was no question here of a tremendous social downfall, of the *mésalliance* and mistake against which he had been warned. He had fully understood that side of the question, and it had chilled him even in his heat of love. Now the tables were turned; it was he who was suspected and disapproved of, and from whom the parents were defending their daughter. This unexpected drawback chilled him still more.

Norman sat for a long time in that exceedingly comfortable, warm, beautifully furnished room, with his old Colonel, for whom he

had the greatest respect, and the Colonel's commander, the much-famed Elizabeth, over whose name he had jested, but of whose personality he had always been a little afraid. He sat and made conversation, or rather listened to that which went on across him, growing more and more embarrassed and uncomfortable. He seemed to hear doors opening and closing all over the house, but Joyce never appeared; and footsteps in the hall and on the stairs, but no sign of her coming. His head began to get confused with the contrariety and annoyance. Fate and Mrs Hayward seemed to have joined the conspiracy against him, in which everybody was at Bellendean—and, as he now blushed to think, he had not expected any contrariety here. He had thought —coxcomb that he was!— that here he would be master of the situation. He had thought he knew that Joyce would not say him nay. The shy glance, the rising colour, even the startled opposition to his half-spoken love-making on their last interview, had given him an assurance that Joyce was not indifferent. But even this assurance came back upon him with a keen sense of shame and wounded vanity. He had been a fool. How could he tell what she would say to him, while here were the father and mother talking, perhaps keeping her out of sight, at least securing that even if she came nothing could be said? And she did not come—though it seemed to Captain Bellendean that hours had elapsed since he entered the drawing-room in the firelight, and imagined to himself the little comedy, the mother seeking the daughter, hurrying her down-stairs and into the arms of the waiting lover. He realised with the most stinging shame that he had imagined that —though the reality was so different, so ludicrously different, he tried to say with a laugh at himself—so painfully different, as he felt in his heart.

After a long time he rose. "I am afraid it is getting late. I must not lose — the next train. I have—something to do in town," he said.

"Go! without your dinner!" said the Colonel in his cheerfu ignorance. "No, no, you must not think of that. And Joyce would be disappointed not to see you. Tell him, my dear, he must stay to dinner at least. We don't let old friends go like this."

"I am afraid I must go," said Norman, with the stony air of a departing Englishman, always uneasy lest he should be made to change his resolution. He was offended, wounded, shamed by the difference between the reality and his imagination. "I—have a great deal to do in town—and little time——"

"Then you are leaving again soon?" Mrs Hayward said. She had risen from her chair at once as if to give him no excuse for changing his mind; though that was not what she meant.

"But we must see him again, Elizabeth. No, no, I'll take no denial. Why, Joyce will be distressed not to see you. You must come another day and stay to dinner. It is a long time since we have had a good talk," cried the Colonel. "I want to hear all your plans. Come, come, Bellendean, there's no getting off it. You must come another day."

He was turned all the wrong way. He had come with great strain of purpose, feeling all the magnitude of the step before him, knowing the sacrifice that was involved as well as the gain. And

nothing at all had come of it, not even a recognition on the part of the spectators of the immense importance of what he had been about to do. "I am afraid it's impossible," he said with stony looks; and then there came over him a sudden vision of Joyce in all her sweetness. Joyce, the only poetry he had ever felt, the only romance that had ever revealed itself to him. Was he to give her up for this? "Perhaps," he added, "if you are disengaged on Thursday." His tone was ungracious, but his heart gave a leap, belying the outward stolidity of disappointment and half offence.

"Thursday, or any day," cried the Colonel in his hospitality. "You don't think we should count any trumpery little engagement against a visit from you! Well, that's better—that's better, Bellendean; and good-bye, my dear fellow; you'll have a run for the train, if you must go."

The Colonel came out bareheaded to the door to hasten the departure of the guest to whom it was so indispensable not to lose the train. He stood there for a moment looking at his watch in the light of the lamp in the hall. "It is all he will do to catch it," he said; "but he has good long legs of his own, which is better than a cab when you're in a hurry. Shut the door, Baker, there's a dreadful draught. Why, Jenkinson, is that you? You've brought my girl home, like a good fellow. And, Joyce, my dear, you've come five minutes too late. Norman Bellendean has just darted off to catch his train."

CHAPTER XLIV.

The Canon had brought Joyce home. He had tucked her hand under his arm, and led her through the dark as carefully as her father would have done, talking much, but getting very little response. He looked like a mountain moving along in the gloom, or like a big ship with a slim little yacht in tow; and other wayfarers could hear his voice coming out in the mist, with sometimes a faint note of reply. The Canon was not talking to her of moral difficulties or cases of conscience, but of a party which was to take place at the rectory, and at which he wished her to look her best. "If you will do me a favour," he said, "you will put these questions all away, and put on the pretty looks with which you captivated me, Joyce. Eh? don't you remember? it's not so long ago; how you went and put yourself on the other side, and waved your flag in my face, you little—— But it was all in vain, my dear, for we fell in love with each other just the same."

A smile came upon her face as she looked up at him through the fog and the faint lamplight that streamed in distinct rays across that solid atmosphere. "Yes," she said.

"You can't deny it," said the Canon; "for my part, it was at first sight. Well, Joyce, to please me, and your father—though I don't know that he has the same right—you will go back to that moment, and look your best. I want you to look very nice indeed—so does my wife. We mustn't give the adversary occasion to blaspheme."

"But I have no adversary," said Joyce, "unless it were——"

"Eh? I don't doubt you have somewhere, as all of us have,

somebody you've been too good to. And keep away from that little parson woman, Joyce. I'm a parson myself, you will say; but there are parsons and parsons. Is that some one leaving your house? and there is your father standing out in the night air without a hat; the most foolish thing he could do. You catch cold without any warning, and then there's no getting rid of it. Hey, Hayward! don't shut the door upon us, please; I've brought you home your little girl."

The Colonel shouted, "Why, Jenkinson, is it you?"—as we have seen—and stood in the doorway to greet his visitor. "Come in," he said, "come in out of the fog. If you had been coming in the opposite direction you'd have run into Bellendean. He has not been five minutes gone."

"I only wish we had run into him," said the Canon in his rolling bass; "it might have cleared up some things."

"What do you mean, Canon? He's a nice fellow, but not particularly clever. Come in, and don't stand out in the fog."

"Go in yourself, and don't catch cold. I've done my duty now; I've brought you home Joyce. Take care of her, Hayward," said the Canon, as he strode away, marching like a regiment, with his long coat swinging, and the black silk waistcoat charging the heavy air. Colonel Hayward withdrew within the shelter of the door, putting up his hand to his head, which was his vulnerable point.

"Take care of her!" he said; "my own girl! I should think I would take care of her. These parsons take a great deal upon them. They think they always know better than other people, though they have neither chick nor child." The Colonel repeated these words to himself with a little chuckle, as he went back to his library to finish something he had been reading in the paper before dinner. The Canon looked very big and imposing, and took a great deal of authority upon himself, but he was wholly without experience in the point upon which he presumed to lecture his old friend. Take care of her—his own little girl! a pretty thing for a man to say who had never succeeded in securing anything of the kind for himself.

Joyce went into the drawing-room with her heart beating, sick and faint. She seemed to feel in the air that he had been there. There was something of him still about the room—the mark of his elbow on a cushion, the sensation of his breath. He had come after all. She wanted to stand where he had stood, to breathe the same air, and then—and then—to fly where she could never see him—where it should be impossible to be tempted to his destruction. No, no; and to break Greta's heart. Her own throbbed quick but low. There had been a momentary spring, but only for a moment. No, no, not for his harm, and the breaking of Greta's heart. His coming seemed to have precipitated and brought near what was so far off a little while ago. She was on the edge of the precipice now—and there was something in the sense of the giddy vacancy before her that seemed to sweep and suck her towards the edge. She went in—and found Mrs Hayward standing waiting for her in the middle of the room.

"Where have you been, Joyce? where have you been?—to-day of all days! Captain Bellendean has been here——"

She said, "Yes, I heard," almost under her breath.

"And why were you not here to meet him? I don't suppose it was your fault. It could not be your fault. But why, why were you not here? It is like a bad fate."

"It would be rather a providence," said Joyce, in her subdued voice—"for it's better; oh, it's better not. I am—glad—I wasn't here."

Mrs Hayward grasped her hand with an impatient exasperation. "Glad—you weren't here—glad to have driven him almost frantic—and me too!"

Joyce looked at her stepmother, wondering. She was so forlorn that any sympathetic tone, even though it was angry, caught her ear. And she felt the circumstances to be so desperate that she was no longer afraid. "You? —are you caring—any way?"

"Am I caring! You mean, do I care? Yes, I care. Joyce!" cried Mrs Hayward, gripping her hands tightly, then loosing them with a little impatient gesture, as if she had flung them away, "you are a strange girl—you have never tried to make me love you. And I don't know that I do. It was a great change to me, that had been everything to my husband, to have you a stranger brought in: and you never tried to make me care——"

"I was bewildered," the girl said. "I was—like a creature astray——"

"Very likely. I am not asking the cause; I am only telling you. But now there's something got up that we must stand against. They've got to know about that man—and that you were—only a poor girl before. They are making a stand against you."

Joyce stood up against the glow of the fire listening, yet only half roused. She was taller than Mrs Hayward, and the energetic, almost impassioned little woman looked up at her pale face, and thought it like a face in a dream. It was abstracted, the eyes veiled, as if they were looking inward. And neither to have thus lost her lover's visit, nor to be threatened with a conspiracy against her, awakened her out of the mist of her own thoughts. Mrs Hayward put her hand on Joyce's arm with the quick impatience of her nature —"Wake up," she said. "I don't know what you have in your mind: but give your attention to what I am saying. Wake up! it is of the greatest importance, if not to yourself, to your father and to me——"

"Yes," said Joyce, with a little start; "I am hearing every word you say, and minding. Oh, don't think I've a cold heart. I am only just all astray—since ever I came. I was a stranger, as you say. And I might learn better—if there was time."

"There is plenty of time," said Mrs Hayward, with a little moisture in her eyes. "Men never see it—but it was a great trial for you and me. Yes, yes, for both of us. I always saw that. But we must make a stand now, and do it together. They say you're not your father's daughter but a foundling—and they say you've got a man coming after you that made a disturbance—a low man. Don't contradict me or put my temper up! He was not a low man, but quite respectable, I know that—but all the same a man to be put a stop to. Joyce! don't you understand what a vexation it is that you were not here? He came with his heart in his mouth to lay everything at your feet. And the triumph it would have been for us all to have faced them, with you engaged to Norman Bellendean!"

A colour like the flash of a light passed over Joyce's face. Her eyes

filled suddenly with large hot tears. She shook her head, with a trembling going over her like the sudden shiver of ague. "No," she said, "no—never that; oh, never that!"

"Why never that? Don't be a fool, Joyce, don't be a fool. Though he's an excellent match, there's nobody near, nobody anywhere that would suit you so well. You understand each other. For goodness' sake," cried Mrs Hayward, exasperated and anxious, "don't spoil your life with any romantic nonsense! Why, even his people like you and seek you. Mrs Bellendean——"

"I must tell you the truth," said Joyce, "for oh, I am in a great strait, and I know not what to do. Mrs Bellendean would rather I were dead than that. There is one he should marry that would break her heart—and there is one I should marry: *that* I will not do; but I will marry nobody nor think of anything that could hurt her—or him. No, not for all the world."

Mrs Hayward clapped her hands together in the wild impatience and rage which could not find utterance in mere words. "Oh, that was it!" she cried. "I thought there was something treacherous in it. I thought she did not come for nothing, that woman! I never liked her, for all her show of kindness. I never put any faith in her. And she came to take advantage of your simplicity, you poor thing—you poor innocent thing!" Elizabeth's temper was warm, but her heart no less. She caught Joyce suddenly in her arms, and gave her a quick kiss, which was like a soft little blow—and the girl felt that the cheek which touched hers was wet. But it was only a momentary touch, and Mrs Hayward was half ashamed of her emotion. She gave an imperative grasp to Joyce's arms as she let her go, and added with a little laugh, "But let us stand together, Joyce—you and me! and we'll be too many for them. I don't mind how strong they are—we'll be too many for them yet—you and me!"

Colonel Hayward coming in at this moment, with his newspaper in his hand to read something aloud to his wife (who had seen it before breakfast), found them standing very close together, and heard the sound of his wife's laugh, which sounded to him more like crying than laughing. And he knew that the sound meant a good deal of commotion in Elizabeth's mind. He did not know what might have been going on; and while he was eager to interfere, his better angel kept him back by means of that prejudice against prying, which is a happy part of English training. Accordingly he did not come near, but pretended it was necessary to hold up his paper to the lamp. "My dear, I just wished to read you this little bit," he said, turning his shoulder to the pair. Mrs Hayward could scarcely restrain the exclamation of impatience on her lips; but perhaps it was well that so exciting an interview should thus be brought to a simple and unconcerted end.

After this there followed two uneventful days — uneventful to the rest of the world; not quite so to Mrs Hayward, who was employed in searching out all the ramifications of the social conspiracy against her husband and Joyce, with a warmth of defensive feeling and determination to support and vindicate what was her own side and her own belongings, which roused every amiable sentiment—and there were many—in her heart. She was kept in a subdued fever of expectation at the same time, looking almost every hour for the arrival of

Norman Bellendean, who would not, she believed, keep to the invitation given him for Thursday, but might at any moment burst in upon them and set everything right. She did not believe that he would have the coolness to wait till that appointed time, and her devices for retaining Joyce within reach were manifold and sometimes very amusing, had there been any one with a mind free to observe the situation. Colonel Hayward, without having any reason given, was charged to be punctual in bringing her back from the morning walk at a certain hour—and Elizabeth herself took the direction of affairs in the afternoon, taking Joyce with her when she herself went out, and regulating a succession of returns which made it impossible that any visitor could have very long to wait. It must be allowed that this extreme care was harassing to Joyce, unaccustomed to so numerous a round of little engagements, and who hitherto had been free to follow her own devices and think her own thoughts. These thoughts, it was true, could be carried on anywhere, and were as possible in the drawing-room under her stepmother's eyes as when alone; but they were confused and weakened by the sense of some one near—by the interruption of questions which she had to answer, and remarks to which she was supposed to pay attention. The gathering web of purpose and meaning was thus confused into a sort of cobweb maze, like the threads of a spider twisted with everything they encountered; and Joyce felt herself thus held in suspense, still with that sweep and suction in the air which betrayed the precipice close by — but rather with the sensation of one who lay upon the edge bound and helpless, perhaps to be swept over by the first gale, but in herself quiescent, capable of no movement—than of the despairing agent of her own fate, by whose action alone the end could be accomplished. She lay there still, listening for the hurricane that must sweep her away—not taking, as she must do, that tremendous step for herself. But the closeness of it half stupefied, half paralysed her. The moment would come when she must wake, when the step would have to be taken; but what if in the meantime some celestial storm, some great heavenly chance impulse might burst in and carry her away? This happens sometimes—so that a man who intended to kill himself dies innocently in the meantime, and is saved all that trouble and pain. No one can tell what a day or an hour may bring forth. "Perhaps the world may end to-night," as the poet has said. But Joyce was not in hourly expectation like Mrs Hayward. She accepted Thursday as the limit of her suspense. Before Thursday it must be done: but in the meantime, and for these two days, quiescence—something that, in the pause of despair, looked almost like peace.

This was not, however, undisturbed. There came a little note from Mrs Bellendean with a final good-bye:—

"Just my love to my dear Joyce before I go away. Wishing her every good, and very confident that she will never forget me, nor all that has passed between us for long years: and that I am always her affectionate friend M. B."

All that had passed between them—for long years! No, Joyce would not forget.

There was also a letter from Andrew announcing, as if nothing particular had happened, his return home.

"And though my visit was not all that could be desired, yet I am glad that I made it, for it lets us both see, my dear Joyce, what is before us, and forewarned is forearmed. Also, I am anxious to let you know that I made acquaintance with a very respectable lady, the wife of a minister, who was most kind, so kind, indeed, that it was a difficulty to accept her attentions without the power of making any return. But I thought it my duty, as she seemed to be a friend of yours, to speak freely to her, so that you might find a support in her, as one lady can with another, and a person to whom, being unfortunately not at ease at home, in that respect you could talk freely of me."

It was a pity that nobody save Joyce saw this effusion of the schoolmaster's genius. She was not capable of seeing the humour in it. It was so wonderful that her dreamy eyes opened wide with mingled consternation and astonishment. That he should speak so calmly of the tragic episode which had first opened to her the mystery of dreadful life which lay before her! That he should be so little capable of understanding what were the contradictions and the miserable limits of humanity! But she was too deep in that mystery to think of it. The two letters were found folded together afterwards.

And the evening and the morning made another day. It was Wednesday, the day of the party at the rectory, which had been turned into an opportunity for magnifying and exhibiting Joyce. The Jenkinsons and Mrs Hayward had put their heads together for this object. That they thus acted together was due to Mrs Hayward, who in the heat of her indignation and agitation had hurried to the rectory, on the morning after her enlightenment, to demand, not apologetically but passionately—"Have you heard what they are saying about *our* Joyce? Do you believe it?" Do you dare to believe it? was what Elizabeth's tone said. "She is a little hoity-toity," said Mrs Jenkinson afterwards; "but you know, Canon, I have always said she was a good woman." The Canon, who did nothing but walk about the house overseeing (as he pretended) the preparations and making all the glass and the silver ring again, agreed in the judgment. "But I think it was I that always upheld Elizabeth," he said. Anyhow, whoever was in the right or wrong, these three people were agreed. If the rectory was of any weight in society, and Mrs Jenkinson's accent in pronouncing that *If* was a model of polished sarcasm, then there could be no further doubt as to the opinion of the place. Everybody was coming — indeed one person was coming of whom no one knew, no, not even the Canon, excepting Mrs Jenkinson and Mrs Hayward alone. "You could not ask him, I allow—but there can be no possible reason why I should not ask him. I will say I heard he was in town. I might have heard that from any one, from the St Clairs themselves. No doubt they must know." The knowledge of this secret invitation made Mrs Hayward feel guilty when she confronted her husband and Joyce, of whom she now spoke as "my daughter" to all her friends. But neither of these innocent persons observed her look of guilt: the Colonel, because he knew nothing at all about it, neither the conspiracy to shame Joyce, nor that

which had been formed for her vindication; and Joyce, partly for this same reason, partly because she was paralysed, lying on the edge of that precipice waiting for the cyclone, and that everything outside passed over her like a dream.

Mrs Hayward herself superintended Joyce's dressing for this night. She came into the girl's room carrying a small miniature in an old-fashioned gold mount, to which was attached a knot of ribbon. "I wish you to wear this," she said—"your father sends it to you, Joyce. Look at the name upon the back, and you will see why I am going to pin it where it may be well seen. And if any one asks you who it is, say it is your mother."

"Is it my mother—was she like that?" said Joyce, taking the miniature in her hand with a great tremor. It seemed to send some strange magnetism into her, tingling from the finger-points over her whole frame.

"She must have been like that, for it is the image of you," said Mrs Hayward; "people will think it is your own picture you are wearing—but if you like, Joyce, you can let them see the inscription on the back. It is exactly you—but I think there is something more deep and steadfast in your eyes," she said, looking at her earnestly. Mrs Hayward was greatly stirred and excited. Perhaps it was this more than any warm impulse of feeling which made her give Joyce a sudden kiss after she had inspected her. She was pleased with her "daughter's" appearance. Joyce wore a dress of soft white Indian silk, made very simply, with little ornament. It suited her slim youthful figure, which wanted no elaborate drapings or loopings. The miniature with its bow of dark-blue ribbon was pinned on her breast. It was a curious ornament. The Joyce in the picture had her hair arranged in curls which fell upon her shoulders, and her dress was of the fashion of twenty-five years before—otherwise it was precisely like the Joyce who wore it now, only—and this thought pleased Mrs Hayward, and gave a little outlet to feelings less admirable—there was something "more deep and steadfast" in the eyes. Mrs Hayward herself pinned the ribbon upon the girl's breast. "I was always very sorry for her," she said in a low tone; "but she made great misery by disappearing like that. I hope, I believe, you have more stuff in you. Now, are you ready?" The Colonel was standing in the hall waiting for his ladies, pleased and proud, and somehow more happy than usual in the conviction that at last Elizabeth had thoroughly "taken to" Joyce. The thorn among his roses had been the absence of sympathy between those two. He said to himself, twinkling his eyes to get rid of a little moisture, that no mother could be more anxious about a girl's appearance than was his wife about Joyce. She gave those little pats and pinches to her dress as they came down-stairs which happy girls sometimes resent, but which come only from the mother's hand. Now the crown of his happiness had come, for Elizabeth certainly at last had taken to Joyce. How could she have stood out against her, the Colonel thought, looking with pride at his child; and yet even as this proud thought passed through his mind, a little accompanying chill came with it. For she was pale, she was very quiet. There was little expectation of pleasure, of conquest, of admiration in her. Perhaps she had always been too grave

and a little frightened in society, but always with gleams of brightness. She was very quiet to-night.

Mrs Hayward did not remark this. She was herself much excited, tremulous with feeling both belligerent and tender. Joyce had become the heroine of the most agitating romance—a romance in which she herself was too much involved to be calm. That guilty secret made her heart flutter. What if it might be thought to be her fault? What if Joyce should think her dignity compromised? She was so strange a girl, so little moved by ordinary motives. Mrs Hayward took a little comfort from the fact that Joyce was not at all suspicious, and would never think of the possibility of a plot to bring her lover to her side—which partially reassured her; but still there was a flutter at her heart.

They were late of entering the rectory, and the rooms were full. Everybody was there. Mrs Jenkinson received her friends rarely, and, when she did so, invited all "the best people." It was a little difficult to make the entrance which Mrs Hayward had intended, so as to strike all objectors dumb. Mrs Jenkinson, however, at the door of the room took Joyce in her arms in the sight of everybody with an unusual demonstration of delight. She held her at arm's-length for a moment and looked at her with admiring criticism. "You are looking very nice —very nice indeed, my dear!" she said very audibly, as if she had been a niece at least. There is nothing like being a partisan. She had never perceived Joyce's beauty before, and that curious dignity—which came of the girl's shyness, and ignorance of social rules, and anxiety not to put her father to shame. "I don't think there is any one here to compare with her," she said to the Colonel, with a conviction which was dogmatic, and at once made a different opinion heresy.

Mrs Sitwell, very ill at ease, had been hanging about the door until the Haywards appeared. She made an instant effort to secure Joyce's attention. "Oh, Joyce, let me speak to you—I have a great deal to say to you!" she cried, in a shrill whisper through the curious crowd. Mrs Hayward confronted the parson's wife with an impulse of war which tingled through and through her, and raised her stature and brightened into fierce splendour her always bright eyes. "Perhaps I will do as well as Joyce," she said grimly, facing the traitor. What happened in that corner afterwards, we dare not pause to tell.

In the meantime the Canon appeared, with his big round black silk waistcoat, like a battering-ram cleaving the press before him, and held out his arm, bent to receive hers, almost over the heads of the wondering ladies. "Come and take a turn with me, Joyce," he cried, his large mellow voice rolling like the pervasive and melodious bass it was, making a sort of background to all the soprano chatter. He too paused to look at her when he had led her through the line of the new arrivals. "Yes," he said, approvingly, "you are looking very well and handsome; but not as you used to do —I miss my little enemy. There's neither war in your eye nor fun to-night. Come, Joyce, not so serious! We've met to enjoy ourselves. What's that you are wearing on your breast? Bless my soul!" The Canon paused, drawing a quick breath. "Who put this upon you? It's your mother's picture!" He had turned

so quickly to look at it, that her hand was disengaged from his arm. He took it in his own and held it while he gazed, and it became very evident to the circle about that the Canon was winking his eyes suspiciously as if to get rid of a little moisture there. "Poor little Joyce!" he said. "Where did you find it? I remember her exactly like that; and you are exactly like it. You can never deny your parentage, my dear, as long as you wear that."

It was not intended, nor in the programme; but the little surprise was very effectual. It collected a little crowd round the pair. The people who had been so deeply impressed by the imposture practised upon them in respect to Joyce, and even Lady St Clair herself, were drawn into that circle by the strong inducement of something to see which is so potent in an evening party. It had not been in the programme, it had all the force of an accident. It brought spectators from all the corners of the room to see what it was. "The most extraordinary resemblance," people said. "A very pretty portrait; no one could have thought it was meant for anybody but Joyce Hayward; but it appears it is her mother." "With curls and an old-fashioned dress." "The dress we all wore in those days." "Then that story about her that she was a foundling, &c., &c." "It was a cruel bad story," cried Lady Thompson, crying with pleasure and kindness, and the heat of the room which upset her nerves. "I always knew it wasn't true." Lady St Clair and her little coterie retired into a corner, and there seemed to laugh and nod their heads among themselves, commenting on the scene; but their discomfiture was clear.

All this that was passing round her was uncomprehended by Joyce. She was aware neither of the gossip nor of her own triumph. She stood by the Canon's side, confused with the flutter about her, the exclamations, the many looks that passed from her to the portrait, from the portrait to herself back again. The Canon had again drawn her hand within his arm, and she stood silent, patient, with a faint smile, pleased enough to find nothing more was required of her, leaning a little weight upon his fatherly arm, a slim white figure against his substantial bulk of black. Her other hand hung by her side amid the white folds of her dress. As she stood thus quietly, subdued, her attention not lively for anything, Joyce felt her hand suddenly taken and warmly passionately pressed, with a touch which was most unlike the usual shaking of hands. There must have been something magnetic in it, for she started, and a sudden flood of hot colour poured over her from head to foot. She turned her head almost reluctantly yet quickly, and met, burning upon her in the heat of feeling long restrained, the eyes of Norman Bellendean.

MARY STUART IN SCOTLAND.

NO. II.

MAITLAND AND CECIL.

We have seen that there was an active and unscrupulous faction in Scotland who were always bitterly hostile to Mary Stuart. They suspected her as a "Frenchwoman"; they detested her as a "Papist." Randolph, whose relations with Knox were close, if not cordial, has described the situation with his usual lucidity: "And to make it more plain unto your Majesty, so long as this Queen is in heart divided from her subjects through the diversity of religion, they neither have that quietness of mind nor peace in conscience that is most to be desired in true worship of their sovereign, nor yet see how her state can long continue, seeing the self-same seeds remain that was the occasion of a former mischief." With the help of Maitland, the Scottish irreconcilables were meanwhile kept in check. But Mary had other than domestic enemies, and among these the most powerful was the famous Minister of Queen Elizabeth. Cecil's conviction that Mary Stuart, as Queen of Scotland, was a constant menace to England and to Elizabeth never wavered. But for Cecil, Maitland's policy of conciliation might have succeeded. The disaffected faction were in a minority. The "Professors" were not popular with the great nobles or with the mass of the common people. The high-spirited girl, with the blood of Bruce in her veins, could count with confidence on every Scotchman whose patriotism was more deeply rooted than his Calvinism. But Cecil, like Knox, had resolved from the outset that Mary should fail; and Cecil's patient animosity was even more deadly than Knox's truculent violence. They were in many respects uncongenial allies; but they had correctly apprehended the conditions of the problem which they had set themselves to solve, and each knew that the one was indispensable to the other.

Much, I admit, may be urged for Cecil. He was fighting the battle of reasonable Protestantism against heavy odds. England was, as it seemed, the last citadel of freedom; England alone stood between Charles V. and universal empire. "The Emperor is aiming at the sovereignty of Europe, which he cannot obtain without the suppression of the reformed religion; and unless he crushes the English nation, he cannot crush the Reformation." These were the words of the foremost man in England at the moment; and it was owing to him, more than to any other English statesman, that England was not crushed in the contest. But the risks as well as the responsibilities were enormous; and we need not blame him over-much if the weapons which he selected were not invariably those which a more fastidious taste or a more sensitive conscience would have approved. Norfolk had told Cecil in 1560 that he was glad to learn that Elizabeth had determined to "go through" with the Scottish business, "*either by fair means or foul.*" The phrase was as apt and expressive as it was frank. Mary

was, from first to last, a danger to Elizabeth, and it was necessary that the danger, "by fair means or foul," should be removed. Elizabeth's advisers, it may be admitted, did not exaggerate the possible peril. A stormy channel divided England from the mainland of Europe, and a race of hardy mariners were being bred who could be trusted to hold their own upon the narrow seas. But the Border was the weak point in the national defence. It was the chink in Cecil's armour. While resolutely facing the great Catholic powers of the Continent, the English statesman was always haunted by an uneasy suspicion that there was danger in the rear. The "auld enemy" hung like a thundercloud above the northern passes. The Scottish Border was "a dry march," and the road by Carlisle or Newcastle to the south a beaten thoroughfare. If a French or Spanish force were once landed at Leith or Dumbarton, it might be at Durham within the week. Mary was a covert or open enemy: a vital position could not be left in an enemy's hand; at all hazards, it must be carried. Cecil's friendly overtures were only diplomatic feints; the negotiations in which he engaged between 1561 and 1566 were not seriously intended; and while waiting patiently for the inevitable outbreak (which in the meantime he was doing his best to provoke), he adroitly contrived to amuse Mary and occupy her Ministers with illusory prospects of friendship and alliance.

Maitland's position as Mary's Minister was not less clear. Scottish patriots and Scottish prophets had dreamt from of old of a Scottish prince upon the English throne; and Maitland, if not a prophet, was a patriot to the core. If Elizabeth died childless, Mary was the next heir; and the vision of the long line of kings of Banquo's issue, "that twofold balls and treble sceptres carry," which haunted the owner of a fruitless crown and a barren sceptre like a nightmare, was beheld by Maitland with growing distinctness. Thus and thus only could any solution of the old puzzle be brought about. There would be a union of the crowns, and a union, so far as Scotland, so far as the weaker and more jealous people was concerned, neither humiliating nor inglorious. The clause in the Treaty of Edinburgh, which provided that Mary "in all times coming" should renounce the right to the English succession, was one therefore which he could not advise her to ratify; but if this clause were withdrawn and the Scottish right of succession were recognised, then Mary might bind herself to become the close ally of England; might enter into a marriage agreeable to Elizabeth; might even acquiesce in the doctrine and conform to the ritual of the Anglican branch of the Catholic and Apostolic Church. This was, it seems to me, a policy of patriotism and common-sense; and to this policy Maitland steadily adhered. It did not succeed; but *that*, as we shall see, was not his fault.

The historians of the period, indeed, have maintained with suspicious unanimity that Maitland's policy was altogether impracticable. No peace was possible, they hold, until Mary, by signing the Treaty of Edinburgh, had explicitly renounced her claim to Elizabeth's crown. "The Scottish Queen," Mr Burton asserts, "by declining to accept of the Treaty of Edinburgh, adhered to her claim on the English throne;" but the provision in the Treaty to which Mary prudently and reason-

ably demurred (as it seems to me) was, that she and her husband should "in all times coming" abstain from bearing the English title. Could these words be construed into an absolute renunciation of her right, or could they not? If they could not, then Maitland was over scrupulous; but if (by any licence of diplomacy or verbal ingenuity) they were capable of being so construed, he was bound to protect the Scottish interest in the succession "by declining to accept of the Treaty."

It does not appear to me that the opposite view can be seriously argued; even Cecil himself ultimately allowed that it could not. We shall see indeed that, as time wore on, the ground of debate was gradually shifted, — the reasonableness of Mary's contention being in the end expressly recognised by Elizabeth's Ministers.

No one can doubt that Maitland ardently desired the union of the nations. He was indeed all his life a passionate Unionist, and for union he was ready to sacrifice much that to a Scotsman was dear. He adhered steadily to Mary Stuart; she had interested him, and perhaps fascinated him, as we have seen; but his loyalty to her cause is mainly to be ascribed, I believe, to the clear conviction that under no other ruler could the nations be brought together. To every Scotsman who might otherwise have aspired to the Scottish crown—to Arran, to Darnley, to the Lord James—there was one insuperable objection,—his accession would make union impossible. Failing Elizabeth and the issue of Elizabeth, Mary was the undoubted heir of Henry VII.; and the English people would have Mary, and Mary only.

It was during the years of which I am now writing — that is to say, between 1561 and 1566 —that Maitland was most powerful; his authority with Mary, if not with Elizabeth, was unbounded; and our estimate of the policy which he pursued at this time must largely determine our judgment of his capacity and sagacity as a statesman of the first rank. I do not wish my conclusions to be taken on trust; his own letters are in evidence; and from these a fairly intelligible view of his attitude to the great public affairs in which he was engaged may be obtained. They are sometimes enigmatical, often elliptical; but, as a rule, "the mark at which he constantly shot" (to use his favourite expression), is defined with entire lucidity and eminent frankness.

Maitland's commanding position at this time is attested by all his contemporaries. He was the real ruler of Scotland during the comparatively peaceful and prosperous years that succeeded Mary's return. Moray might be in greater place, and the Calvinistic historians were naturally desirous to associate the name of their most eminent leader with the firm yet judicious conduct of public affairs which characterised the administration; yet even Moray's eulogists are constrained to admit that he was skilfully seconded by Maitland. "Moray employed as his chief counsellor," —this is Buchanan's testimony— "William Maitland, a young man of prodigious ability, whose brilliant talents had already lent lustre to his career, and excited the liveliest expectations of future excellence. By their firmness and wisdom entire tranquillity was preserved, both at home and abroad,—a state of affairs agreeable to all good men, and disagreeable to the factious only." If the records of the secret diplo-

macy of the time are to be trusted, it was Maitland, however, rather than Moray, who was the master-spirit at Mary's Court. Moray's grave and decorous walk in life is mildly approved; but Lethington is the dominating personality, and his political influence is unbounded. He was the principal Secretary (the Secretary of State, as we would say); a member of the Privy Council; the envoy to Elizabeth and Catherine of Medicis; Mary's closest and most trusted adviser. *The union of the kingdoms; the ratification of the Treaty of Edinburgh; the succession to the English crown; the Queen's marriage;* were among the most urgent of the controversies that engaged the attention of diplomatists during the comparatively peaceful years that preceded the Darnley misadventure; and on all these questions Lethington was the spokesman of the Scottish Government. But he was more. Randolph's letters indicate unmistakably that the Secretary's judgment was the determining factor in any resolution taken at Holyrood. On all questions of foreign or domestic policy his opinion was decisive. In the lively letters of Elizabeth's envoy, from which some extracts may here be given—letters which throw a vivid light upon the scenes in which, and the men among whom, he moved—the Lord of Lethington is unquestionably the most interesting and imposing figure.

I had brought the narrative of events in an earlier paper to the period of Mary's return to Scotland. Soon after her return Lethington was despatched with a conciliatory message to Elizabeth; and it was during his absence that Randolph was for the first time presented to Mary. "She spake nothing to me at the time of my tarrying here," he reported to Elizabeth; "but after my departure, told my Lord James she perceived that your mind was that I should remain here. And after some words, both in earnest and mirth, had between them of my doings here in times past,—'Well,' saith she, 'I am content that he tarry, but I'll have another there as crafty as he.' I threatened upon the Lord James that these words were rather his than her Majesty's; but, however it be, there is one presently of hers with your Majesty that can play his part with craft enough." Mary was absent from Edinburgh when Maitland returned; but Randolph saw him as he passed to the Court. "He was as greedy to hear news of this country as I was desirous to hear of mine. I find that his absence hath nothing hindered his credit. It is suspected that the Lord James seeketh too much his own advancement, which hitherto little appeareth for anything he ever received worth a groat. It is thought that Lethington is too politic; and take me these two out of Scotland, and those that love their country shall soon find the want of them. The Papists bruit them to favour England too well; others that they are too well affectioned to their own; so that these two alone bear the bruit and brunt of whatsoever is either done, thought, or spoken." "I receive of her Grace at all time," he adds in a later letter, "very good words. I am borne in hand by such as are nearest about her, as the Lord James and the Lord of Lethington, that they are meant as they are spoken; I see them above all others in credit, and find in them no alteration, though there be those that complain that they yield too much unto her appetite, which yet I see not. The Lord James dealeth according to his

nature, rudely, homely, and bluntly; the Lord of Lethington more delicately and finely, yet nothing swerveth from the other in mind and effect. She is patient to hear, and beareth much." Writing a day or two afterwards, he alludes to some of the things which Mary had to hear and bear. "It is now called in question whether that the Princess being an Idolater may be obeyed in all civil and political actions. I think marvellously of the wisdom of God that gave this unruly, inconstant, and cumbersome people no more power than they have, for then would they run wild. Now they imagine that the Lord James groweth cold, that he aspireth to great matters; Lidington ambitious and too full of policy. So there is no remedy, they say; it must yet come to a new day. To the contrary of this I persuade by all means that I can; and in my conscience they are in the wrong to the Lord James. And whensoever Lidington is taken out of his place, they shall not find among themselves so fit a man to serve in this realm. As I thought thus to have ended, there were sent unto me your letters, brought by Le Croc, who, as the Lord of Lidington giveth me to understand, hath made very honerable report of the Queen's Majesty, my sovereign. The Lord James also confirmeth the same with many merry words, that this Queen wished that one of the two were a man, to make an end of all debates. This, I trow, was spoken in her merry mood." In the letter of the 17th December, Mary's "merry words" are again repeated. "When any purpose falleth in of marriage, she saith that she will have none other husband than the Queen of England. He is right near about her who hath often times heard her speak it." Randolph obviously alludes to Lethington, of whom, in the same letter, he says, that "the more privy he is unto all her doings than it is possible for me to be, the better is he able to inform your Honour of her thoughts in that matter; and I assure myself that there lacketh no good will in him thereunto; for so much as I am able myself to conjecture, she meaneth no less than to do what she can to unite the two Realms in so perfect an amity, as the like hath not been. I never have access unto her Grace on any occasion but our purpose endeth in that matter. The Bishops know not yet what they may well think of her. The Lord James, say they, beareth too much rule; Lidington hath a crafty head and fell tongue;" and between the two they were sadly perplexed.

These sketches belong to the year 1561; from that time onwards Maitland's influence was constantly on the increase. "The Lord James" had a good deal of what the most whimsical of English humourists has called "worldliness and other worldliness" in his nature; and while by no means so rapacious as Morton, the fair lands of Mar or Moray were prizes which he eagerly coveted, and which he pursued with characteristic patience and tenacity. His position, moreover, was somewhat difficult, —the leader of the "precise Protestants" was also the brother of the Queen. We need not wonder, therefore, that he should have maintained a certain reserve, and that while he was engaged in consolidating a great territorial position, the conduct of public affairs should have been more and more intrusted to Maitland. The friendly relations between the two statesmen were not interrupted; yet there are indications

that Moray had begun to realise that he was being thrust into the background by his more adroit and brilliant colleague.

To return to Randolph. The English envoy was a hearty advocate of Maitland's proposal that the Queens should meet. "Touching this Queen's going into England, how, when, with many other things that are to be weighed therein, I trust your honour is satisfied, or at the least knoweth the Lord of Lethington's judgment, who both doth all, and ruleth those matters as may best fall out to the Queen his mistress' honour, and weal of both realms." But even in a matter of his own devising Maitland showed his constitutional wariness. "I find in him great good will to further all Godly purposes that may draw on amity or kindness, but he allegeth the danger to be so great, and the event so uncertain, that it behoveth him warily to proceed. As the felicity shall be great if there come good success of any meeting that may be between the two Princesses, so the least thing that seemeth amiss is his utter ruining. He findeth not such maturity of judgment and ripeness in experience in his Mistress as he doth in the Queen's Majesty my Sovereign, in whom both nature and time hath wrought much more than is common to many of greater years, wherefore he judgeth it the harder dealing with her in those cases, and the more peril to be the only Author, Counsellor, and persuader in so weighty a matter. We have disagreed. He looked for assurance in all things. *Audaces*, I say, *Fortuna adjuvat, et non fit sine periculo facinus magnum et memorabile.*" Lethington was not deficient in audacity; and possibly the show of reluctance had been exaggerated; for within a few days all difficulties at Holyrood appear to have been removed. "If it were not committed to me for a great secret, I could assure your Honour that it is so far resolved and concluded between this Queen, the Lord James, and the Lord Ledington, that if it be not utterly refused by you it shall pass any man's power in Scotland to stay it. All danger or suspicion is quite set apart. It hath been said unto myself not long since that the dishonour of the father breaking his promise"—to meet Henry VIII. at York — "should be repaired with the affiance and trust the daughter hath in our Queen's virtue and honour. This Queen is so far resolved, that she hath already pressed twice or thrice the Lord of Ledington to pass in post with full commission from her to demand an interview, and to accord in what manner and how it may be ordered." Maitland, indeed, was still desirous to have some more definite promise from Cecil,—"to know from your Honour what appearance there may be of good to either realm —unto which he seemeth to bear so equal and indifferent favour, as if the misfortune of either were utter destruction to himself," — while there were others, like Knox, who did not regard any approach to friendliness between the Queens with favour. "Some allege the hazard of herself and nobles; many are loth for the charges; others say that amity being once made, that her power will be the greater. Though in verity the charges will be great, and a hard matter to find so much gold that is current in England in men's hands in Scotland as will furnish this voyage, yet I know that this last point is more feared of many in Scotland than either of the other two. The difficulty is

for the exchange, seeing there are many here that have great sums of silver that have little gold. Of this matter the Lord of Ledington shall have commission to confer, as also of divers other points." It was not, however, until the 23d of May that he was able to announce that the Lord of Lethington "departeth hence without fail on Tuesday next"; and Mary's letter to Elizabeth recommending "our trusty and well belovit, the Lord of Lethington, our Principal Secretar," as "being a man of a lang time well known unto you," and inviting her to give credence to him "as to ourself," is dated two days later.

Maitland's mission was speedily accomplished; but the meeting, as we shall see, never took place, —an excuse for delay having been discovered at the last moment by the English Council. He was again in England on Mary's service in 1563. "It is now resolved that the Lord of Ledington shall visit the Queen's Majesty from hence. How shortly he departeth I know not. One thing your Honour may know assuredly, that for the advancement of his mistress's service he will do and say whatsoever lieth in his power. He is charged here to have been over good servant unto her. His advice is followed more than any other's. A man in such place ought to have many wits and well tempered." On the occasion of this visit he went as far as Paris, and proposals for Mary's marriage with a prince of the blood were made to him when there, both by Spain and Austria. He had been instructed on this occasion to correspond directly with Mary, and his growing authority with the Queen appears to have been resented by Moray. He had not returned when Randolph on 3d June wrote to Cecil:—"I know not upon what deserts, but many men have conceived strangely of the Lord of Ledington. I would to God that he had been plainer with my Lord of Moray than he hath been. I know the wisdom of the Lord of Ledington to be such that he will use those matters well at his return. His desire is to do good to all men; and *that* never framed well to any man that hath the place that he occupieth. I write not these things unto your Honour with other mind than that I do lament that such a friend unto our country, such a servant as this Princess hath not his like, one that is able and willing to do good for the continuance of amity and peace betwixt the two realms, should in anything overshoot himself." The differences with Moray, however, appear to have been quickly composed on Maitland's return. "Upon Thursday last the Lord of Ledington arrived here. These three days past have been too little to satisfy the Queen's demands. I can yet perceive no misliking of his doings, nor worse opinion of himself than was at his departure. This Saturday at night the Earl of Moray arrived from St Johnston, and found the Lord of Ledington and me communing, being even then in purpose of those points that the unkindness rose between them. I doubt not the Lord of Ledington will well satisfy him, wherein though I never desired to meddle, yet will the Lord of Ledington that I shall speak somewhat before his departure. The natures of them both is so good, that I neither mislike nor mistrust but all matters shall grow to a good end."

Diplomacy had failed to bring about a meeting between the Queens; and the marriage negotia-

tions which followed were still less successful. The vague promises of Elizabeth, that in the event of Mary making a marriage agreeable to England her title to the English Crown would be recognised, were distrusted by Maitland from the first. "The Lord of Ledington wishes that the Queen had descended into more particulars, for he sayeth that those general dealings breed ever suspicion of good meaning. I charged him with no less on his Sovereign's behalf, or rather his own, who was the whole guider of her affairs." Maitland had become by this time "the whole guider of her affairs"; and a year later Randolph, on his way to the Berwick Conference, uses even stronger language. "To meet with such a match your Majesty knoweth what wit had been fit; how far he exceedeth the compass of one or two heads that can guide a queen, and govern a whole realm alone!"

So much for Randolph. I have brought together a few scraps from a voluminous correspondence, which, if carefully sifted and intelligently annotated, might be made public with immense advantage to the serious student of Scottish history.

I now turn to the Cecil correspondence, which, in so far as it is devoted to the discussion of the larger political questions of the day—the Union with England, the succession to the Crown, the marriage of the Queen—is hardly less interesting than Randolph's.

It need not be repeated that Maitland and Cecil were close allies. For several years, indeed, their relations were exceptionally intimate. The English minister (no less than his mistress) appears to have had the most implicit confidence in Maitland's discretion and judgment. "Oh, for one hour of Lethington!" is the burden of more than one letter. "I have upon this news wished to have had but one hour's conference with the Lord of Lethington;" and long after Maitland was gone he looked back regretfully to "the old familiar friendship and strict amity" which they had steadily maintained, and which had been brought to such a disastrous close. Yet it is impossible to read their correspondence without coming to the conclusion that (whatever success it might have had with Elizabeth herself) Maitland's policy of concord, of a friendly understanding between the Queens, was persistently thwarted by Cecil. Lethington is one of the last men to whom unreasoning obstinacy can be justly imputed. He detested dogmatism. He was seldom, if ever, over-confident. "Your Honour knoweth," he told Cecil on one occasion, "that I love not to promise things uncertain, and *that* maketh me to write less in this behalf than I see likelihood shall follow." But Maitland, as we shall find by-and-by, was firmly convinced that if the English Government had left the Scots to settle their own affairs, the conspiracies against Mary would have failed. The Scottish anarchy, in which she went down, was Cecil's work. His incurable animosity was fatal.

I have said that the Union of the kingdoms was the key-note of Maitland's policy;—Peace as the means, Union as the end. For ten years at least—say from 1559 to 1569—there is hardly a letter in which the arguments for a close friendship between the nations and their rulers are not pressed home, —with this condition always that the terms of the accord shall not be dishonourable to Scotland. "Your Honour doth know that

the mark I always do shoot at is the union of these kingdoms in a perpetual friendship. There is no good in my opinion to be wrought that doth not tend to that end. Now I begin to learn what misery it is for a man to bear a great burden of the common affairs; but I am so far proceeded that forwards I must go." The siege of Leith was in progress at the time this letter was written; and the stout resistance of the handful of French soldiers had begun to dishearten the allies. But Maitland would not listen to any craven counsel; for he was satisfied that unless the French were removed, and the realm governed by born Scotsmen, Union was impossible. "I am not ignorant how great a burden your Honour doth sustain in these our matters, but since they be so far proceeded, there is no back-going, and therefore I pray your Honour faint not, but go through. I doubt not we shall be shortly at an end. In matters of such consequence, I would not wish we were too scrupulous." He is careful to assure Cecil that the English are very popular with their allies:—"I am assured the people never bare so good affection to any nation as they presently bear to the English." It was only because it would lead to Union that he favoured the Arran marriage. He would rather, he confessed, that the negotiations had been opened more secretly. "Yet did I rejoice to see the whole Estates, although in other points of divers opinions, yet with one uniform consent so earnestly wish the consummation of that matter that I well perceive it is the only mean to join us in an indissoluble union." But Cecil received the proposal with marked disfavour, and Maitland's rather frigid logic (he knew that the match was impossible) failed to convince either Elizabeth or her Minister. "You know the purpose for which our Ambassadors come to England, wherein though I have ever found you cold, and that you shifted the matter as one unwilling to talk much in it; yet can I not persuade myself that (being so wise and so well affected towards your country as I know you to be) you do altogether mislike it. It may be that you be entered in a worse opinion of this country upon the late sight you have had of a part of it, seeing the wealth of the same nothing like to your realm; yet am I sure you have sufficiently considered that the lack of wealth doth not proceed from the ground itself, or sterility of the soil, but of other occasions, which be accidents. A realm being years together destitute of constant government, the Princess a minor and furth of her realm, so long in a continual war, and for the most part of the time oppressed with strangers, besides many other incommodities, you may imagine if it have good cause to be very wealthy." Other nations indeed might be richer, yet was their friendship less precious to England "in that God by creation of the world hath granted to us a prerogative above all nations that they with all their riches are not able to purchase."

When early in 1561 the Ambassadors who had been sent to treat for the marriage returned from England, they found the whole situation changed. Francis was dead, and Arran had been refused by Elizabeth. "I see men here will begin to make court to the Queen our Sovereign more than they were wont to do, and press to put themselves in her good grace; yet I fear not but the most part will keep touch with you,

whereof I offer myself not only as a mean to do what I can, but also in recognaissance of the great friendship I have found at your hands." In his next letter, Maitland excuses himself for his long silence,—things were so perplexed that he had abstained from writing until he could give Cecil some more resolute advertisement. "Things now grow towards a conclusion. First, in matters of religion many things are determined for the policy of the Church, and order taken for establishing of religion universally, something more vehement than I, for my opinion, at another time would have allowed." But the "vehemence" might be useful if it brought the two nations more closely together, and prevented the Congregation from being over-confident. "The king's death is commonly taken for a great benefit of God's providence, yet durst I never greatly rejoice at it. The security thereof hath lulled us asleep. The fear of strangers is for the present taken away." The nation, he added, was turning to Mary, and the Lord James was to be sent to "grope her mind." Though "zealous in religion, and one of the precise Protestants," the Queen's brother was the most likely ambassador to gain her confidence. The object of the legation was to ascertain "whether she can be content to repose her whole confidence upon her subjects or not." "Though I fear many simple men shall be carried away with vain hope, and brought a bed with fair words, yet if my Lord James can fully persuade her to trust her own subjects, I will enter in some courage." In a later letter he describes the views of the various factions,—he himself obviously inclining to the moderate party, which held that Mary should be invited to return, "provided that she neither bring with her force, neither yet counsel of strangers." Many were anxious, now that the Arran marriage had fallen through, that the old league with France should be renewed,—the amity of England, to which they were joined by "a dry marshe," not being assured. For his own part, he was confident that, unless Mary could be reconciled to Elizabeth, the intelligence between the two nations could not long continue. "All is as yet calm," he adds, "and shall be, I doubt not, so long as men can be content to be bridled with reason."

I have discussed elsewhere the import of the letters written by Maitland during the anxious weeks that preceded Mary's return. In them, it will be remembered, the necessity for a good understanding between the Queens was urgently enforced. The letters that follow are in the same strain. Maitland, as we have seen, was sent to London directly on Mary's arrival to plead for friendly dealing from Elizabeth, but Elizabeth was too angry to listen to argument. There was only one road to amity, she said,—the ratification of the Treaty of Edinburgh. "Ratify the treaty; why do you delay to ratify the treaty?" Maitland adroitly avoided a categorical reply: he had no instructions; there had been no time to summon the Estates; the Queen was busy. But there can be little doubt that he was even then convinced that, until the clause relating to the succession was modified, Mary's consent ought not to be given. Elizabeth required an absolute renunciation of the Scottish right of succession; the treaty imported as much,—"in all times coming," even in the event of Elizabeth dying without issue, Mary was to refrain from pressing her claim;

and to such renunciation neither Maitland nor Moray was prepared to agree. Maitland, however, was still urgent for a friendly understanding,—how urgent may be gathered from the letters that he wrote on his return to the northern capital. The "tender amity" of the cousins would lead to "a godly accord" between the realms. "If by the means of us two," he told Cecil, "such a communication may be procured, we shall be esteemed happy instruments for our countries. I know how unwilling you be to enter in matters of so great consequence, yet when you shall consider what surety, quietness, and commodity this motion importeth to the Queen our Sovereign and your native country, I suppose you will be bold to utter frankly your opinion in it. God hath by times offered many means of a godly conjunction. By what providence it hath chanced that none hath taken effect as yet I cannot tell. *This* hath most likelihood to come to pass, is grounded upon equity, and is such as neither party can thereby think himself aggrieved. Surely if this shall be overthrown, as others have been heretofore, it may be judged that God is not pleased with us, and wills that one of us shall ever be a plague to the other. Let us do our duty," he concludes, "and commit the success to God."

The urgency of Maitland contrasts strikingly with Cecil's coldness. The one is eagerly pressing forward; the other is warily holding back. Maitland never wearies in his determination to bring the Queens together; he records every flattering speech that Mary makes; he beseeches Elizabeth to write often and with her own hand. "I see her Majesty in nothing doth like more than often to visit and be visited by letters of such as she does love." If Cecil will not be frank, if he will continue to speak in "parables," Maitland will address himself directly to his mistress. But he cannot believe that the English Secretary is hostile. "Weary not by your credit to continue the amity begun. You never did anything more worthy of yourself, nor more worthy of praise in the sight of God and men." For his own part, he admits that there is nothing on earth that he desires more than their friendship. "I trust your Lordship believeth that with all my heart I do wish those two Princesses to be joined in tender friendship, and indeed it is the earthly thing I most earnestly call to God for." On the same day he wrote to Cecil again urging him to use his friendly offices with Elizabeth. "Persuade her Majesty to take occasion sometimes to write with her own hand. Be the letters never so short, or of small moment, yet will her Highness much esteem them coming from that place. We be here in a corner of the world, separated as it were from the society of men, and so do not every day hear what others are doing abroad in the world."

The correspondence during the next year—1562—is continued in the same strain,—though a distinctly sharper tone is at times perceptible. Much of it relates to the proposed interview. While anxious that it should take place without delay, the danger of an unfriendly or ineffectual meeting is strongly insisted on by Maitland. His own responsibility was great. "The matter between the Queens be such as may not be communicated to many, so as I am enforced to take upon myself only the whole advising of my Mistress in those causes, without the assistance of others, having none in a

manner with whom I dare freely confer, but only my Lord James." "As to me, ever since I entered in any trade of public actions, I have ever been a minister of peace, and always bent myself that way as a thing in my judgment pleasing God and most profitable to both realms." He implores Cecil to be frank. "Write to me your mind as I do. We shoot both at one scope, which is the union of the isle, and therefore it is not convenient that we should deal together as strangers. I pray you," he repeats, "write plainly and directly unto me." A fortnight later he is still more emphatic. The interview would be good and comfortable to all were it brought to a good end, "but (which God forbid) if it should fall out amiss, as it is likely to dissolve the mutual good intelligence, and endanger the peace, so shall it not fail greatly to discredit those who have been its chief promoters." Was it likely to be brought to a good end or would it fall out amiss? That was a question which Cecil only could answer, and Cecil spoke in parables. "Now I will merely complain of you to yourself. You write always to me parables, at least brief and dark sentences, and you have experience of my simplicity. Janus sum non Ædipus. I would be glad that you should utter yourself unto me more plainly."

A letter, written on the last day of February, is, as a vindication of his own consistency, as a statement of the principles on which he was acting, more than usually interesting. He is about to come to London. "I see the Queen my mistress will employ none there but me, although I would be glad, and have earnestly pressed the contrary; but I come no speed." He had many enemies who would at once take advantage of any misadventure. "All these dangers shall not stay me, if I may have any assurance from you that good is like to come of my labour. If you will go no further with me, if you will but write this—'*Come: you shall be welcome*'—I will boldly proceed, always trusting that you will be loth to see me employed in a negotiation of which no good is like to follow. You have always been a father unto me, and whatsoever good luck shall fall unto me is due unto you. Achieve that you have begun, and maintain that you have already made. I am thought here to be one of your creatures. I will never disavow it. Rather than that the amity betwixt these realms I have so long and so many ways travelled in, be not brought to pass, I shall give a shrewd venture. I trust God will prosper all works that be laid on so just a foundation, and I have in a manner consecrat myself to the Commonwealth. The uniting of this isle in friendship hath in my conceit been a scope whereat I have long shot, and whereunto all my actions have been directed these five or six years. I pressed it in Queen Mary's days, although frustrate in the Queen your mistress' time many and divers ways, *and ever as one occasion doth fail me I begin to shuffle the cards of new, always keeping the same rounds.* I shall not weary so long as any hope remaineth."

After the interview had been definitively abandoned, the correspondence between the Ministers slackened. In the beginning of 1563 we find Maitland attributing the cessation of their intercourse to some "hidden mystery," and intimating that he would trouble Cecil no longer with letters, but content himself with the Italian

proverb, *Quello che è da esser non puo mancar.* He proceeds to point out that while the Scottish Borderers were in such order "as the like was not seen in any age heretofore," there were continual broils upon the English side. "For other news," he concludes, "all things (praised be God) be in good quietness, and no alteration at all, neither in the outward appearance, nor yet the inward affections." There can be no doubt indeed (it may be said in passing) that during the early years of Mary's reign the hitherto distracted country enjoyed a singular measure of prosperity and peace, and that the moderation of the Queen, the wisdom of her Minister, had won in a quite unusual measure the confidence of the people.

The tranquillity was short-lived; it was destined to be rudely and wantonly interrupted.

I have now completed what I have to say upon the Cecil-Maitland correspondence in so far as it throws light upon Maitland's policy of conciliation; but there are two letters which, in connection with the Succession controversy and Mary's renunciation of her title under the Treaty of Edinburgh, are extremely instructive, and which no student of the political situation can afford to disregard. One of them is signed by Mary; but it may be safely assumed that both were written by Maitland.

The first is dated 7th October 1561. It is from Maitland to Cecil.

Although he had received three letters from Cecil, he had forborne to write—Maitland explained—until Mary had answered the message from Elizabeth sent by Sir Peter Mewtas. That answer having been despatched, and being of such a sort as to satisfy Elizabeth, he was now able to give his own opinion boldly. "I find in the Queen my mistress a good disposition to quietness, but I see therewithall joined a careful regard to her own estate, and such a courage as will be loth to forego her right. If the Queen's highness your Sovereign will be conformable, she may assure her own estate, have the Queen my mistress to be a trusty and dear friend to her, and put the whole subjects of the isle in a happy estate. God forbid that anything should impede so good a work! It will be easily espied who shall have the better of the bargain. Your gain shall be assured and in your hand; ours only in possibility. You have a great present advantage, and we only a future contingent. If either by Act of Parliament or later will of Henry VIII. anything hath been done derogatory to the Queen my mistress's interest, I pray you consider what injury has been done to us, and how just cause we have to ask redress of it. It doth appear by the contract of marriage, and is true, that Queen Margaret was married to King James IV., my Sovereign's grandfather, as eldest lawful daughter of King Henry VII.; and by your own histories it doth appear that he meant not by the same marriage to debar her, or the issue of her body, from the succession of his crown perpetually, but rather the flat contrary. I remember the Queen's majesty said to me that the like was never demanded of any prince,—his heir-apparent to be declared in his own time. That would have appeared somewhat reasonable if the succession had remained untouched according to the law; but whereas by a limitation men have gone about to prevent the providence of God, and shift one in the place due to an-

other, then can the party offended do no less than seek the reformation thereof. And for my opinion it is honourable for the Queen's highness your Sovereign to determine certainly the succession of the Crown in her own time rather than to suffer it thus to hang in suspense. For princes be as fathers to their country; and what father, seeing clearly that his sons will contend for his inheritance, will not rather himself appoint the differens? The Queen my mistress is descended of the blood of England, and so of the race of the Lion on both sides. I fear she would rather be content to hazard all than forego her right. I pray you, if it be possible, let no little difficulty frustrate both realms of so great a benefit as is to be looked for by conjunction of these two Princesses. The danger of recourse which the discontented subjects of your realm might have to the heir-apparent, if any were determined, is no sufficient reason in my judgment to defeat so good a purpose. No matter excellent, or of great moment, can be clear of all difficulties; yet might such security be devised as might clear that danger."

Maitland was mistaken in assuming that Mary's answer would satisfy Elizabeth. Elizabeth wrote to Mary in November, in a somewhat peremptory strain, desiring to know the reasons why she still delayed to ratify the Treaty. Maitland thereupon advised Mary to defer her answer until he had had an opportunity of consulting Cecil, with whom he had often and amply discussed the question. "What be the impediment why her Majesty ratifieth not the Treaty you can well enough judge. You know how prejudicial it is to her highness, and what interest she may pretend. I will, after my accustomed manner, deal frankly with you. Who can advise her Majesty, being so nigh of the blood of England, to do that which shall make her, as it were, a stranger to it?" If, however, Mary were recognised as the successor, on the failure of Elizabeth's issue, she would consent to anything that might tend to the honour and security of Elizabeth. Such was his confidence in Cecil that, subject to this condition, he would follow whatever course he advised; and Mary would not reply until his advice had been received.

No answer being returned by Cecil, on the 5th of January 1562, Mary addressed herself to Elizabeth. She was surprised to learn, she said, that the English Queen had not been satisfied with her assurances. Her meaning was sincere, just, and upright, and the words were temperate. She had wished the Treaty of Edinburgh to be revised by English and Scottish Commissioners. Elizabeth had asked her to communicate either through Randolph or directly by letter. She preferred the latter course, and "the memory of all former strange accidents" being on her part clean extinguished, will deal with her with perfect frankness, as becomes two sisters whose firm amity has not been shaken. She will not touch upon the circumstances under which the Treaty was passed, or the sufficiency of the commissions of those who negotiated it; but she will go at once to the main question. "How prejudicial that Treaty is to such title and interest as by birth and natural descent of your own lineage may fall to us, by inspection of the Treaty itself you may easily perceive; and how slenderly a matter of such great consequence is wrapt up in ob-

scure terms. We know how near we are descended of the blood of England, and what devices have been attempted to make us as it were a stranger to it. We trust, being so near your cousin, that you would be loth we should receive so manifest an injury. In so far as the Treaty concerns us, we are content to do all that of reason may be required of us, or rather to enter into a new of such substance as may stand without our own prejudice, in favour of you and the lawful issue of your body; provided always that our interest to that crown, failing of yourself and the lawful issue of your body, may therewithal be put in good surety; which matter being in this sort knit up betwixt us, and the whole seeds of dissention taken up by the root," a great and firm amity might be established.

It does not appear that the letter had the desired effect. Elizabeth did not reply, and Cecil protested that Maitland was "partial" to Mary, and was dealing only for "profit." "There is good reason," Maitland answered with spirit, "why, of all her subjects, I should love and honour her Majesty; yet can I not perceive in this case any point wherein I have uttered my affection or inclined the balance more on the one side than the other: unless, if the matter be narrowly looked to, some might think I am too negligent on her part, whose honour I am bound in duty most to respect. *You* are witness of all my actions in it, and can best judge if I have not ever had the common quietness of the whole isle chiefly before my eyes." What had been proposed, indeed, was more advantageous to Elizabeth than to Mary. "Your game is assured and present; ours but in possibility and altogether uncertain, *et quodammodo spes inanis, pendens a futuro eventu*, wherein there is in a manner no likelihood, your sovereign being young, and apt to bear children, if her mind were disposed to marry." And, except in the sense that "the common quietness" would be profitable to both realms, it could not be said with any justice that he sought amity for "profit" only.

I should have fancied that the import of these and similar letters could not have been misunderstood. But Maitland's apologist has mountains of prejudice to remove; and the part he took, as representing Mary, in the prolonged controversy regarding the ratification of the Treaty of Edinburgh and the Succession, has been persistently misrepresented. It may be prudent, therefore, to state with the utmost precision the pleas which his advocate is entitled to prefer. They are these:—

1. *That if the Treaty of Edinburgh contained an absolute renunciation of the Scottish right of succession, Maitland, on behalf of Mary, was justified in refusing to ratify it.*

[About this proposition there can hardly be any difference of opinion. Those who insist that Mary was bound to ratify must hold that the words of the Treaty did not infer an absolute renunciation.]

2. *That, in the opinion of the English and Scottish Ministers, the words of the Treaty amounted to an absolute renunciation.*

[It is enough to refer to Cecil's letter of 14th July 1561 (in which he informs Throckmorton that the possibility of an accord on the footing of admitting Mary's interest "in default of heirs of Elizabeth's body," had been moot-

ed as "a matter secretly thought of"), and to Moray's of 6th August 1561, addressed to Elizabeth, —both written before Mary's return. Moray, after pointing out that Mary will "think it hard, being so nigh of the blood of England, so to be made a stranger from it," suggests, as an admissible solution, the compromise to which Cecil had alluded. "What inconvenience were it (if your Majesty's title did remain untouched, as well for yourself as the issue of your body) to provide that to the Queen my sovereign her own place were reserved to the crown of England, which your Majesty will pardon me if I take to be, by the law of all nations, as she that is next in lawful descent of the right line of King Henry the Seventh, your grandfather; and in the meantime this isle to be united in a perpetual friendship?"[1]]

3. *That Maitland's proposal that the Treaty should be revised with the view of saving the Scottish right of succession, in the event of Elizabeth dying without issue, was entirely reasonable; and that its reasonableness was ultimately admitted by the English Ministers.*

[Elizabeth's instructions to the Earl of Bedford, when sent to Scotland to be present at the baptism of Mary's son, the future James VI., dated 7th November 1566, contains these words: "And as yourself knows how we sent you to France to that Queen, to require the confirmation of the Treaty of Edinburgh, and the same being since deferred, upon account of some words therein prejudicial to the Queen's right and title, our meaning is to require nothing to be confirmed in that Treaty but that which directly appertains to us and our children, omitting anything in that Treaty that may be prejudicial to her title, as next heir after us and our children; all which may be secured by a new treaty between us." And she proceeds to declare "that she will neither do nor attempt, nor suffer to be attempted, anything derogatory to Mary's title to be next heir after us and our children." In the articles delivered to Mary by Cecil and Mildmay four years later, it was stipulated that Mary should confirm the clause in the Treaty of Edinburgh, or the true meaning thereof, for her forbearing from all manner of titles, challenges, or pretences to the Crown of England (not, be it observed, "in all times coming," as the clause ran, but) "whilst the Queen's majesty or any issue to come of her body shall live and have continuance; with provision for the Queen of Scots that thereby she shall not be secluded from any right or title that she or her children may hereafter have, if God shall not give to the Queen's majesty any issue of her body to have continuance." The article, as amended by Mary, was agreed to. Other references might be given; but these are sufficient to show that Elizabeth and Cecil

[1] Moray to Elizabeth, 6th August 1561. This is one of the rare cases in which Mr Froude's abstract of a letter is imperfect and misleading. Moray asks, What inconvenience were it? (obviously suggesting that there would be none), whereas Mr Froude makes him write, "Inconvenient were it,"—adding, "The inconvenience of which Lord James spoke would in all likelihood have been her immediate assassination."—vi. 353. This reading is obviously erroneous; could the Lord James have suggested "a midway" to Elizabeth ("if any midway could be picked out to remove this difference to both your *contentments*") which would inevitably have led to her "immediate assassination"?

were latterly ready to admit that Maitland's contention was well founded.]

4. *That the failure to arrive at an accord was due to the double-dealing of Elizabeth, and not to Mary's bad faith.*

But the arguments on which this proposition proceeds cannot be properly appreciated until the circumstances attending Mary's marriage have been described.

We have arrived at the beginning of the year 1564. By that time, through Maitland's urgency, the marriage negotiations had made considerable progress. Mary Stuart was the greatest match of the day,—Queen of Scotland, Dowager of France, there was no alliance to which she might not aspire. Her hand, indeed, was being eagerly competed for by half the princes in Europe,—France, Spain, Austria, Sweden, being each in the field. But as a foreign marriage would have been regarded with displeasure by the English Government, Mary, on Maitland's advice, *conditionally* undertook, for the satisfaction of Elizabeth, to accept an English or Scottish noble. The condition was to the effect that in the event of Elizabeth dying without issue, Mary should be declared her heir.

Cecil, as we have seen, had all along been passively obstructive; he had declared against the interview; he had delayed the settlement of the succession; he had spoken in parables. Although the form of the controversy had by this time changed, the same dilatory pleas continued to be put forward. Elizabeth trifled about Mary's marriage as she trifled about her own. She lured Mary on with promises which she did not mean to keep. She led Mary to understand that if her advice about the marriage was followed, Mary's desire for recognition would, in one form or other, be gratified.

I am by no means sure that, even with the ample materials now available, we know the whole truth. It is difficult to unravel these tortuous intrigues. There is a sudden and mysterious change in the attitude of several of the leading actors which I do not think has been entirely explained. But sometime before the close of 1564, there are indications that Cecil was becoming actively aggressive. He appears to have felt that the opportunity for which he had waited had at length arrived. The diplomatic farce had been played out, and he could, with such decent reservations as might be prudent, show his hand to his Scottish confederates. Of Knox and the Knoxians he was sure; there had already been misunderstandings between Moray and Maitland and Moray and Mary which might be used to detach James Stuart from his sister's side.

The apple of discord was found in Darnley. Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, was the great-grandson of Henry VII. Margaret Tudor, a year after Flodden was fought, had married the Earl of Angus, by whom she had one daughter, and this daughter was Darnley's mother. There were doubts about Margaret Douglas's legitimacy; it was said that Angus had been contracted to Lady Traquair, and that the subsequent marriage with Margaret Tudor was irregular, if not invalid. Cecil was nothing loath to utilise any plea of the kind when it would serve his turn; but the objection was never seriously pressed, and Darnley was everywhere recognised—with special cordiality by the great Catholic houses—as the lawful

cousin of Mary and Elizabeth. The Lennox Stuarts were themselves closely related to the reigning family; so that on either side the descent was illustrious: than the young Lord Darnley—for he was only a lad of eighteen—no noble with more of the royal blood of Scotland and England in his veins was to be found in either realm. The Hamiltons, if Mary left no child, would inherit the crown; but the legitimacy of the Hamiltons was as open a question with the curious in genealogies as the legitimacy of the Stuarts; and in spite of a great political and territorial position, they were nowhere popular. From every point of view—save one—Henry Stuart was a desirable *parti*. The exception indeed was serious. Though tall and handsome in person, his mind was feeble, his moral nature undisciplined, his temper intractable and uncertain. Lennox, who had fled to England when Arran went over to France, had been in exile now for more than twenty years. The Scottish earl, in fact, had become an English subject; he had married in England, his children had been born in England, his estates were in England. Although his relations with the English Court, which during Mary Tudor's time had been exceptionally cordial, had become strained, if not unfriendly, on Elizabeth's accession, his eldest son, as the nearest prince of the blood, was already a familiar figure at Greenwich and Westminster. "Yet you like better of yonder long lad," Elizabeth said to Melville when Robert Dudley was made an earl. The "long lad" was the young Henry Stuart.

To unravel the tangled skein of Elizabeth's intrigues is, as I have said, no easy matter. It is possible that her tortuous policy was not consistently pursued; she lived, so to speak, from hand to mouth; and she was not restrained by any fastidious scruples, by any weak regard for appearances, from turning her back on herself. In these circumstances, any show of dogmatism, any over-confidence, ill becomes the historian; and I cannot venture to affirm that the explanation which I suggest is more than reasonably probable. The view I take is this;—the policy of procrastination being in the meantime no longer admissible (for neither Mary nor Maitland would consent to further delay), it became Elizabeth's cue to fan the smouldering embers of Scottish disaffection into a flame; and she may have shrewdly calculated that between Robert Dudley and Henry Stuart some cause of quarrel, some ground of offence, was sure to be found. This much at least may be asserted with tolerable confidence; if Mary during these negotiations was not forced into an utterly false position, it was not the fault of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth's conduct (except perhaps on the plea that the law of self-preservation overrides every other), admits of no excuse. She allowed Lennox to return to Scotland, and warmly recommended him to the good offices of Mary; a little later Darnley received permission to follow his father to the Scottish Court; he had barely crossed the Border when the Scottish Queen was informed with almost insulting directness that even if she condescended to marry Leicester (the English noble selected by Elizabeth), her claim to the English succession would not be admitted. We need not wonder that in these circumstances it should have been the general im-

pression that the marriage with Dudley had never been seriously contemplated by Elizabeth, and that Darnley was sent north to woo, if not to win, his cousin.

The conviction that Elizabeth was acting in bad faith appears to have been universal at the time. Her own Ministers did not believe that she would resign the one man by whom her heart had been touched. All the contemporary writers were of opinion that her indignation at Mary's choice of Darnley was simulated. Melville, who was much employed in England at the time, expressly says, —"The Queen of England began to suspect that the marriage with Leicester might take effect. Her apprehension of this occasioned the Lord Darnley his getting more readily license to come to Scotland in hope that he, being a handsome lusty youth, should rather prevail being present, than Leicester who was absent. Which license was procured by means of Secretary Cecil, not that he was minded that any of the marriages should take effect, but with such shifts to hold the Queen unmarried as long as he could." Knox writes to the same effect. "In her heart Queen Elizabeth was not angry at this marriage; for she thought that the Scots Queen being married to one of inferior rank, would be less proud." Buchanan, Castelnau, Randolph, Sir James Balfour, Lady Lennox, were all confident that the marriage was secretly favoured by Elizabeth; and the testimony of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who had been sent to Scotland to declare her displeasure, is still more conclusive. He warned Cecil that it was of the utmost importance for the success of his negotiation that the real opinion of the English Council should not be known in Scotland. "I should be sorry if any one coming out of England should be able to give this Queen intelligence that her proceedings with Lord Darnley are not so ill taken there by her Majesty and her Council as in all my negotiations I *pretended;* for that would much hinder the purpose the Queen would be at." "The purpose Elizabeth would be at"—whatever that purpose might be—would be hindered, Throckmorton believed, by her duplicity being exposed.

It may be argued, indeed, that Elizabeth, in covertly promoting the Darnley marriage, was acting unwisely, and against her own interest. It rather appears to me, however, that a policy which Cecil approved must have had something to recommend it. Mary, if she married Darnley, could not marry Leicester. Though it is true that Elizabeth (so far as we can see) had no sincere intention of parting with her lover, yet, if Mary was driven into rejecting him, his dismissal might be construed into an affront. On the pretext, moreover, that Mary had failed to implement her promise to marry the English nobleman selected by Elizabeth, the negotiations regarding the Succession (which had been growing inconveniently pressing) might be definitively closed. Then it was by no means improbable that a Lennox marriage might set Scotland in a blaze. The two great feudal houses of Hamilton and Douglas would regard such an alliance with not unnatural jealousy. There was an old blood-feud between the Hamiltons and the Stuarts. Chatelherault was meantime the heir-apparent to the throne, but his title would no doubt be set aside if Darnley were made king. Morton was the guardian of his nephew the youthful Earl of Angus—an influential

and lucrative office; but if the Lennox proscription were annulled, the claims of the Lady Margaret Douglas would become formidable. She was the rightful heir, and it could at least be plausibly maintained that the honours and estates of Archibald Douglas had lawfully vested in his daughter. Knox and the "precise Protestants" were ready to rise at any moment, and the Queen's marriage with a nobleman who was said to be a Papist, and who was certainly not a "precise Protestant," would furnish a colourable apology for rebellion.

Through this difficult country—where pitfalls abounded—Lethington had to travel as best he might. It was becoming more obvious to him every day that, in the present temper of the English Government, the close alliance between the Queens on which he had counted could not be secured. The offer of Dudley had been received by him with incredulity,—the worthless minion of Elizabeth could be no fit match for his mistress. It was little better than an insult indeed to limit Mary's choice to the "scoundrel" of whom Cecil, remembering the suspicions attaching to Amy Robsart's marriage and death, had written: "Nuptiæ carnales a lætitiâ incipiunt et in luctu terminantur." Maitland would probably have preferred a royal alliance for his mistress; he saw the Spanish Ambassador when in London, during the summer of 1564, and there was some talk of Don Carlos. But the risks were too great, and Lethington, from this time forward, if I am not mistaken, favoured Darnley's suit. A far-seeing statesman like Maitland must have instinctively recognised that in many ways a marriage, which would conciliate the rivalries and consolidate the claims of those who were descended from Margaret Tudor, would be highly politic. He was probably led to believe, like the rest of the world, that such a union would not be disagreeable to Elizabeth. He had no reason to suppose that it would be displeasing to Moray. Knox, he knew, would be hostile; but Knox's hostility was to be counted on in any case. The weakness and violence of Darnley's character had not yet been offensively manifested, and altogether there was much to recommend the match.

Moray was still the close ally of Maitland. Up to the close of 1564 they continued, as we know, to work cordially together. There had been temporary misunderstandings, it is true; but these had been cleared up; and there was nothing to show that any radical divergence of opinion had been established. Moray had been as confident as Maitland that the return of Lennox would be attended with no danger to the English alliance or to religion. How then are we to explain his precipitate desertion to the enemy? his sudden animosity to Darnley? his frantic alarm for religion? Moray, as I have said before, had little original or independent force; at one time he was led by Maitland, at another by Knox, at another by Morton; it would rather appear that now—the gift of the earldom having been duly ratified by the Estates—Knox was regaining the ascendancy which he had lost. Cecil, moreover, had become of late more distinctly averse to the policy of conciliation. Yet these circumstances are insufficient to explain altogether the sudden change of front; there must have been besides some obscure Elizabethan intrigue, of which no trace has been recovered. Moray's apologists have admitted that he was

not unaffected by the last infirmity of noble minds; and his enemies did not hesitate to affirm that he was as inordinately greedy of money as of power. To either of these frailties the appeal may have been directed; but that he sincerely held, when he took up arms against his sister, that liberty and religion were in imminent peril, I do not, for my part, believe.

Maitland was very active during the anxious months that preceded the marriage. He must have appreciated, as we have seen, the political advantages of the Lennox alliance; and the bent of his inclination may be gathered from occasional allusions in Randolph's letters. "The Queen undertakes to end the quarrel between the Duke and the Earl of Lennox, whose name Lethington is now supposed to favour from the love he beareth to Mary Fleming." "Some there are that would I should believe that he liketh better of Lord Darnley than any other." "The Queen maketh no word of Darnley; yet many suppose it concluded in her heart, and Maitland is wholly bent that way." "Lord Ruthven is wholly theirs. Maitland is suspected to favour the Queen and Darnley more than he would seem; and yet he is not trusted by them," he adds, although the fact to which he proceeds to refer—"Lennox being in great want of money borrowed five hundred crowns from Maitland"—would seem, on the contrary, to imply very confidential relations. The Lennox faction, it need not be doubted, had done their utmost to secure Maitland's adhesion. The Cumbernauld Flemings were the natural allies of the Lennox Stuarts; after the marriage, Lord Fleming, "now in principal credit with our young king," was made Chamberlain; and Mary Fleming, to whom Maitland was already devoted, was possibly induced to use her influence with her lover. It was rumoured, indeed, that as early as 1562 Maitland had been in communication with the Lady Margaret Douglas; she had sent him by Melville a watch set with rubies and diamonds; and we know that Lennox himself on his arrival in Scotland gave the Secretary "a very fair diamond in a ring." These judicious courtesies were gracefully acknowledged when Maitland delivered the "oration" to the Estates on the occasion of Lennox's restoration. He had been commanded by Mary, he said, to take the Chancellor's place, and to state somewhat more at large the reasons which induced her to comply with the Queen of England's desire that the Earl should be restored to his honours and estates. Many respects would have inclined her to accede to the request, as the antiquity of his house, the surname he bears, his close affinity to herself, the affectionate urgency of Elizabeth, whose earnest commendation had not been of least moment; but besides that, he continued, the Queen was naturally inclined to pity the decline of noble houses, and had far more pleasure in advancing the ancient blood than in witnessing the decay and overthrow of any good race. Then with a compliment to the gentle nature and prudent government which had brought about their present felicity — "*peace with all foreign nations, and quietness among ourselves in such sort that it might be truly affirmed that in living memory Scotland had never been in greater tranquillity*" — he concluded by exhorting them to give no heed to false bruits and rumours, which were the most

pestilent evils that could afflict a Commonwealth.

Yet Maitland, though he favoured Darnley, was prepared to take Leicester on one condition,—the recognition of Mary's title. Both Mary and Maitland, from the first, had been sufficiently plain-spoken. "Now think you, Master Randolph," the Queen had said, addressing the English envoy, "that it will be honourable in me to debase my state and marry one of her subjects? Is this conformable to her promise to use me as a daughter or a sister?" Maitland had expressed himself in similar terms; and their repugnance to an unworthy alliance had never been disguised. But if by means of Leicester the Scottish succession could be assured, both Mary and Maitland, it is probable, would have accepted Elizabeth's terms. Maitland, however, was not to be satisfied with "parables"; he must know where he stood; and Cecil's assurances were studiously ambiguous. He implored him to be frank. "If a conjunction be really meant, I doubt not but you will find conformity enough on our part; but if time be always driven without further effect than hath yet followed, I am of opinion he shall in the end think himself most happy who hath least meddled in the matter. Gentle letters, good words, and pleasant messages, be good means to begin friendship among princes; but I take them to be too slender bands to hold it fast. In these great causes between our sovereigns I have ever found that fault with you, that as in your letters you always wrote obscurely, so in private communications you seldom uttered your own judgment: you might well *academico more* dispute *in utramque partem*, leaving me in suspense to collect what I could. Marry," he concludes somewhat bitterly, after hinting that he will be driven to adopt a like reserve, "I fear the common affairs do not fare a whit the better for our too great wariness."

Cecil, however, could not afford to be frank, for Elizabeth was still trifling with Mary;—of that there can be now no doubt. But her own position was sufficiently embarrassing,—each step only leading her further into the mire. Out of the "labyrinth" into which she had wandered, there was at last indeed no "outgait" that she could see. Cecil had been ailing, and she wrote to him in dire perplexity. "In ejusmodi laberintho posita sum de responso meo reddendo Reginæ Scotiæ, ut nescio quomodo illi satisfaciam, quum neque toto isto tempore illi ullum responsum dederim, nec quid mihi dicendum nunc sciam. Invenias igitur aliquid boni quod in mandatis scriptis Randoll dare possem, et in hac causa tuam opinionem mihi indica." What was she to say? Could Cecil invent some excuse? She was at her wits' end. The secret conference at Berwick—where Maitland and Moray were pitted against Bedford and Randolph—only increased the irritation. Cecil had anticipated that it "would not succeed," and on receiving Randolph's report, he wrote the violent letter of the advocate who, feeling that he has no case, prudently takes the initiative, and abuses his adversary. "What is to be thought of their conduct in the late Conference at Berwick? Surely my Lord of Lethington knows how to make a bargain. As they mean now to fall roundly to work, so will we also. The Queen was loth to meddle in their sovereign's marriage; but being required, she gave her advice, and named a noble gentleman, noble in all qualities

requisite, and comparable to any prince born; and now they must have the establishment of their Queen's title as second to her Majesty." Randolph informed Cecil that "the two Lords had been worked up into great agonies and passions" by his insulting message; but there is no trace of bitterness in Maitland's dignified reply. Cecil might in fewer lines, he observed, have comprehended matter more to their contentation. They were unwilling to give their sovereign advice to do that which might be dishonourable and unsafe. Cecil had said that he would write plainly; but there were in his letter as many ambiguities as words; and until these were cleared up, no progress could be made. The official letter was temperate; the confidential letter which accompanied it was still more conciliatory. "The matter itself hath not so many difficulties, but you may soon remove them all if you list." How honourable were it, he writes a month later, how honourable were it for them both, if thus the Union of the kingdoms could be compassed. Their fame would outshine that which attached to the men who had most valiantly served Edward in the conquest, and Robert the Bruce in the recovery of the country. But Maitland was eloquent and urgent in vain; the news from Scotland had apparently reassured Elizabeth; Moray was wavering, Chatelherault was in a panic, Knox and his friends were ready to rise. The time had come, she thought, when —Leicester or no Leicester—she could dictate her own terms; and at last there was abundance of plain-speaking. She had not yet made up her mind, she said, whether she would marry or not. She must decline to recognise the Queen of Scots as second person, or to take any measures to settle the succession; meantime she could only say that if Mary would marry Leicester and listen to Knox, something might be done for her by-and-by. Cecil must have been blind indeed if he did not know that a message couched in these terms would of a certainty drive Mary into Darnley's arms. By a curious, if not suspicious, coincidence, Henry Stuart had by this time "received license from the Secretary to come to Scotland," and was now in attendance at Holyrood.

Mary did not disappoint the expectations of Elizabeth. She was bitterly mortified by the message; there were rumours in the palace of vehement "commotion"; for a day and night her passion was extreme. Maitland, who felt that the friendship of the Queens was wrecked, could not counsel any further delay. The Queen must marry; and by accident or of design, Elizabeth and Cecil had directed all eyes to Darnley. As Darnley's first night in Scotland had been spent at Lethington, Maitland, we may presume, was still anxious to be friendly. It was otherwise with Moray. His feud with Knox had been healed. He was again "suspected to be led by England." The rumours, so persistent at every crisis, that he aimed at the Crown, were again in the air. He had given Cecil to understand during the previous summer that Lennox might be permitted to return to Scotland without any danger to the Reformation; now he told his sister that he durst not consent to her marriage with one "who he could not assure himself would set forth Christ's true religion." Although the Proclamation of 1561 had been quite recently renewed, and the severe penalties against the celebration of

their rights had been so rigidly enforced that the Ayrshire Catholics had been driven (like the Ayrshire Covenanters a century later by Claverhouse's dragoons) to meet their priests in "secret houses, in barns, in woods, and on hills," Moray professed to be confident that if the Queen married Darnley the Protestants "were undone."

Those who believe that Moray was sincerely alarmed for Protestantism should turn to the correspondence of the previous year to which I have just referred. Knox had written a wild letter to Elizabeth protesting against the return of Lennox. Elizabeth appears to have been impressed by the appeal, and Cecil was directed to suggest to Maitland that Mary's consent to his return might be withdrawn. It was then that Moray as well as Maitland remonstrated with the English ministers. The sudden change in Elizabeth's mind, Maitland wrote, was not a little marvellous to him, "seeing how earnestly her Majesty did recommend unto me my Lord of Lennox's cause and my lady's at my last being in Court; nay, suddenly after I had taken my leave you yourself, at her Majesty's commandment, did send after me by post her letters to the Queen's Majesty, my mistress, very affectionate in their favour, willing me to present the same with recommendation from the Queen. And now, having once, under her great seal, permitted him liberally to come, it will be a hard matter to persuade my mistress to revoke it; and I dare little presume to enter into any such communication with her Majesty, knowing how much she doth respect her honour where promise is once passed, and how unwilling she is to change her deliberations being once resolved; which as she will not do herself, so doth she altogether mislike in others. The religion here doth not depend upon my Lord of Lennox's coming, neither do those of the religion hang upon the sleeves of any one or two that may mislike his coming. For us, whether he come or do not come, I take to be no great matter, up or down." Moray was quite as decided. "As to the faction that his coming might make for the matters of religion, thanks to God our foundation is not so weak that we have cause to fear if he had the greatest subject of this realm joined to him, *seeing we have the favour of our prince, and liberty of conscience in such abundance as our hearts can wish.* It will neither be he nor I, praised be God, can hinder or alter religion here-away; and his coming or remaining in that cause will be to small purpose."

It is hard to believe, with these letters before us, that Moray was in earnest when he opposed the Lennox marriage on the plea that religion was in peril. I am, for my part, constrained to believe thatt he pretence of religion was a mask.

Maitland, however, did not even yet despair of a pacific settlement of the difficulty. He could not bring himself to suspect that Cecil had all along been working for Mary's ruin; and it appeared to him that if Darnley was obnoxious to Elizabeth, and Leicester obnoxious to Mary, some other suitor could be found who might be agreeable to both. He went to England in May,—the object of his mission being, as has generally been supposed, to win Elizabeth's consent at the eleventh hour to the Lennox marriage. But there is an entry in Cecil's diary which gives a different complexion to the negotiations, and which has not

hitherto, so far as I know, been noticed by the historians of the period. "May 6. Lethington in England. Treated of Leicester marriage; but he liked it not, but treated for the Duke of Norfolk, which was then refused." *He liked it not; but treated for the Duke of Norfolk.* I conclude from this that Mary up to the beginning of May was not bent upon Darnley, —that, on the contrary, if one of the great English nobles had been acceptable to Elizabeth, she was ready to take him. The secret overture did not succeed; and during Maitland's absence Mary's indignation got the better of her judgment. Her passion boiled over; and on his way home he was met by a messenger from the Scottish Court, who brought with him an angry letter from the Queen. She would marry where she liked, and would be fed by Yea and Nay no longer. Lethington was to return to Elizabeth and tell her so to her face. There was to be no more trifling. The letter had obviously been dashed off in a moment of excessive irritation,—"it wanted neither eloquence, despite, anger, love, nor passion." It was accompanied by another more purely personal (such as Mary delighted to address to her favourites);—written with her own hand, it was, said Throckmorton, "the most favourable and gentle letter that ever Queen did address to her servant." But Maitland, now seriously alarmed for his mistress's safety, instead of returning to London, hurried on to Alnwick, where he overtook the English envoy. They arrived at Edinburgh together, and Lethington, finding that the Court was at Stirling, left Throckmorton in the capital, and went on alone. He was unusually moved. Elizabeth had told him in effect that the Lennox marriage would be taken as a declaration of war. Then there was treason at home, —Knox had been consistently hostile, and even Moray could no longer be trusted. Was it possible that Mary could weather the storm that was brewing? His remonstrances were not wholly without effect; both Throckmorton and Randolph told Cecil that if Elizabeth were liberal a reasonable "composition" could be effected. But at the English Court there was no sincere desire for a composition, — the information from Scotland leading Cecil to believe that Mary was certain to be worsted. The opportunity for which he had waited so long was not to be missed. So, on the 8th of June, Elizabeth, "understanding that by the marriage with Lord Darnley the cause of religion shall be desturbed," instructed Randolph "to encourage all those who were well-minded to preserve the same, *and to assure them of her support*,"—assurances which, during the next four or five months, were constantly repeated. It is said that she gave them good words and good wishes only; but this is a mistake; with unwonted liberality she supplied the funds that they needed. The dogs of war were let loose—not for the first, nor for the last, time—by Elizabeth. During the next eight years, with hardly an interval of quiet, the wretched country, which, as we have seen, had never been more peaceful or prosperous than under Maitland's vigorous, and Mary's "gentle," government, was delivered over to Anarchy.

Though Maitland's anxiety for cautious dealing may be approved by the historian, it does not appear to have been well taken by the Queen. Randolph asserts that the conduct of public affairs was

now committed to Rizzio, and that Lethington had leisure to make love. Whatever the cause, it is tolerably certain that for some months Mary withdrew, or appeared to withdraw, her confidence from Maitland. She may have resented his abrupt return from his English mission. She may have felt that one who had been so closely associated with Moray was not a counsellor who could be intrusted with State secrets when Moray was in the field. The crafty Italian, for his part, may have thought to secure his own place, and enhance his own consequence, by inciting her against her Minister. And there could be little in common between the wilful and petulant lad who had been raised by Mary's favour to the giddy eminence which turned his foolish head and the acutest statesman of the age. Lethington continued to act as principal Secretary of State; the public duties of the office were duly discharged by him; but there is certainly reason to believe that the close intimacy which had hitherto been encouraged by the Queen was temporarily interrupted. He had felt that the risks she was running were too great; and he had not hesitated to speak his mind.

The risk was great; but intimate as he had been with the Queen, he hardly knew as yet the stuff of which she was made. The insurrection was nipped in the bud. The disaffected Lords were driven across the Border. Before the end of the autumn Elizabeth was suing for Mary's friendship, and Moray had abjectly besought Rizzio to intercede for him with his sister. It is true that the nation as a whole went with Mary; the country was more prosperous and peaceful than it had been in the memory of living men; and the pretences which had been put forward by "the Professors" were too crude and frivolous to mislead. But it was the high spirit of the Queen herself,—her daring courage, her readiness, her resource,—that crushed the rebels. Others might doubt and delay; but Mary, with Darnley at her side, was ready for any adventure. "And albeit the most part waxed weary, yet the Queen's courage increased manlike, so much that she was ever with the foremost."

SOME ASPECTS OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

It would be difficult to suggest a motto of wider scope or of nobler aim than that which has become adopted by our fellow-subjects in Australia. Whether "Advance Australia" is to be continued as a traditional injunction received by each generation from its predecessor, to be again handed down to sons and sons' sons, or whether it is to be regarded as the pious ejaculation of a hope of the "Floreat Etona" type, which assists its own fulfilment by the impulse which it gives, it is equally stirring and equally far-reaching. There is not the selfish ring about it of the "Floreat." There is no boastful reference to the advance accomplished. That is only a stage—a fresh starting-point in the direction of the future greatness which is aimed at. It is a watchword of which Australia may be proud, and perhaps the possession of it in common may some day be found to have had an important effect in promoting the federal unity of the colonies. As it expresses a common feeling and a common purpose in their aims and aspirations, it helps to promote their political unity.

That a great advance has been made by Australia is common knowledge. By attempting to describe the stage which has now been reached, I hope to assist those who have already taken an interest in her progress, to forecast the future by taking stock of the present, and to induce others to begin to take an interest in that part of our great colonial empire.

I am not going to write a story of adventures, or a traveller's diary with the usual pages of statistics. Nor am I going to concern myself with the physical aspects of the country, except to caution people against believing that "when you have seen Sydney Harbour, you have seen about all there is worth seeing in New South Wales." When you read or hear that, you may conclude that your informant has not been about much. What is a diary-keeping, flying visitor to do? He cannot well describe places he has not seen without the aid of a tourist's guide-book, so he describes what he has seen, and says there is nothing else worth seeing. It is such a simple way out of the difficulty. In reality, Sydney Harbour is remarkable for its extent, for the beauty of its contour-line, and for the effect which the villas, scattered along its shores, and mirrored in its waters, produce. But it has no monopoly of beauty. There is plenty of scenery all over the colonies which is both interesting and beautiful. Many people, if they even went as far as Lake Macquarie, or the coast-line of Illawarra district, might say that there was scenery in New South Wales even more beautiful than the harbour. However, these will always be there to speak for themselves, and they may be seen beautifully illustrated in the 'Picturesque Atlas of Australia,' a work which is due to American enterprise. It is my object, rather, to attempt to describe some of the social conditions of life in the colonies.

Among the many manifestations of "advance" which strike a visitor to any part of Australia, all admit that what strikes them first, and makes the greatest impression, is the well-to-do condition of the people there. This will offend the

anti-emigration delegates, but it is none the less true. There is no doubt about it, that the scale of living is, on the average, much higher than we are accustomed to here. Though luxury is not to be found in so thoroughly refined and established a form as it is in the mother country, neither does there exist the absolute discomfort which is so frequently met with in our towns and villages. You do not expect, and you rarely find, old masters and family butlers; but, on the other hand, you do not see children running about the streets with bare feet and pinched faces. Match-girls there are none; paper-boys there are, but their trousers are not too short, and their shoes and stockings are well mended. It makes no difference to the shrillness of their voices or the eagerness of their importunities, but at first sight it does seem an anomaly in nature. Indeed, go where you will, there is a remarkable absence of wretchedness or squalor.

Nobody, I suppose, doubts that all degrees of the wage-paying classes are well off in the colonies. It is with regard to the condition of the wage-earning classes that doubts are expressed. But they, too, are very well off. The wages which they earn leaves them a large margin after the expenses necessary for a comfortable life have been paid. Plenty of them save and become independent. Others are independent while they work, and only work as much as they please. They all live comfortably who work at all. It is quite true that house-rent is high, —12s. a-week—perhaps more. But then, what does 12s. a-week get for them? Not one room in which a whole family live together, but a cottage, a half or double cottage, usually with a patch of garden back and front, where anything grows that is thrown there, and which is almost always bright and gay with flowers. That is the sort of home which the miner, the mason, or the labourer has. But then it will be said, "What about the unemployed?" I shall discuss presently whether an able-bodied man ought to be, or must be unemployed; but taking them as I saw them, thronging in Sydney about the pedestal, where the Queen's statue has just been erected, to hear their teachers tell them that the Government was there for no other purpose than to give them 8s. a-day, and as little work as possible; or assembled *en masse* to see the ladies and gentlemen going to the Governor's reception, and make suitable remarks upon their appearance—even they had no visible misery about them. And, indeed, whether they were unemployed from no fault of their own or not, how much better their lot was than that of the London dock labourer when work is scarce! much better in so far as it is better to be in a warm dry climate than in a cold wet one, when there is no money forthcoming to buy fire or bed or food. The most wretched in Australia know nothing of the depths of wretchedness which our unfortunate countrymen at home, whom they don't want out there to compete with them, have to suffer.

As might naturally be expected of a well-to-do people, they are also a pleasure-loving people, a characteristic which displays itself in various ways, but is universally and conspicuously present. One rather curious illustration of it is that anybody who builds a large house and is rich enough to entertain (everybody is fond of entertaining), builds a ball-room. It is regarded as almost as indispensable a part of the house as the pantry. There are quite a number of houses

with their special ball-rooms in Sydney. Naturally dancing is very much in vogue, and they are properly proud of the way in which their young people dance.

But the most conspicuous illustration of their pleasure-loving tendencies is to be found in the number of public holidays which they have, and the way they spend them when they get them. There are in New South Wales no less than nine annual public holidays; but, in addition to these, in almost every Gazette you see that the Governor has granted a holiday, on the petition of the inhabitants of the district, to this or that fortunate locality. In the event of a race-meeting, a public holiday in the district seems to be the regular rule. He would be a despotic Governor who would deny to free-born Australians the opportunity of seeing horse beat horse, when the occurrence is to take place within a reasonable distance. But it does not require a horse-race to get a district holiday. A cricket-match of importance will do it. When Beach, the great sculler, returned triumphant, a holiday was asked for; but the Governor was advised to refuse it, because the Government were obliged to be economical in the face of the deficit then published and impending. Even an election might produce a holiday, though there is not usually much enthusiasm about elections. But when people are always ready for a holiday, and one can be obtained on any decent excuse, it is not wonderful that decent excuses seem to be pretty easily forthcoming.

It may, however, be thought that life in the colonies must be a dreadfully arduous affair, and that frequent holidays are a necessity, in order to relieve a people oppressed with toil, who, after all, are to be pitied. Such pity is wasted. Life in Australia is not arduous for any class. On the contrary, work is comparatively light, and life is cheerfully spent on other days than holidays. The artisan class have obtained Acts of Parliament which limit the hours of work to eight. They have an annual public holiday in Sydney, of course, to commemorate the passing of the Act, and, as it occurred when I was there, I had an opportunity of seeing a magnificent demonstration of all the trades. In Melbourne it is illegal for a man to keep his shop open himself after closing hours. Then the merchants, lawyers, and bankers. They do not swallow a hasty mid-day meal in a limited number of minutes. It would probably be taken notice of at once in our Society papers if the Attorney-General turned up pretty regularly at his club for an hour or so in the middle of the day. At Melbourne or Sydney there is nothing unusual in it. The busiest men, whether they are bankers, lawyers, or merchants, all go to the club for an hour or so at mid-day, as a regular thing. If you speak to them about it, they tell you they are very hard worked indeed; and no doubt they work hard enough while they are at it; but there is not the same strain upon them that there is on the busy men here, who are in a perpetual state of having an unlimited amount of work to do in a limited time. Nevertheless, business and professions flourish, and if the same end is attained without so much wear and tear of the machine, all the better for them. That is probably why they are, as everybody finds them, the cheeriest of people. You rarely meet anybody who even looks gloomy.

The real reason for the holidays is

not far to seek. People generally have lots of money to spend—or, at any rate, spend lots of money—and the climate is favourable for holiday-making purposes. Under such circumstances, holidays can be enjoyed, and they are. If there were more than four Bank holidays at home, I doubt whether people would take advantage of them. It takes at least three months for the holiday-makers to forget the discomforts of the last one, that persistent drizzle which saturated "him" and spoilt her temper (not his, of course) and her new gown, and gave all the children colds; or the Nor'-easter, in which he shivered all day on the Downs, at an Easter Monday review, till his teeth chattered so much that he thought he heard skirmishers advancing. But how different in Sydney, for instance! There no gowns need be spoiled nor tempers lost; certainly nobody shivers. On one of these holidays Sydney Harbour is indeed a sight. Every available craft that will float in water, with or without baling, is chartered for the occasion. Steamers crowded with passengers ply to and fro to the many piers on the harbour, and up the Parramatta and Lane Cove rivers. Others take huge picnic parties, consisting often of all the hands employed in a large industrial or commercial concern with their families, to some landing-place convenient for an organised festivity of that kind. There are races for rowing-boats, and races for sailing-boats, without end. Indeed, the boats, with and without sails, are like the sand on the sea-shore for numbers. If there is a breeze, the water on the rivers and less exposed bays is clouded with canvas. Almost every boat is navigated under sail by its more or less skilful and experienced, or even inexperienced and unskilful, occupants. Every form of sail is to be seen; often the small boats have so many sails ingeniously arranged in all sorts of unexpected places, that there is little else but sail to be seen, and they look like so many white feathers skimming over the surface of the water. When a good breeze blows, as one of them expressed it, "We do go scoot'n' along, I can assure you." "Scoot'n'" certainly expresses the way they do go. One thinks of the sharks, of which there are plenty, and shudders. Such a day is a busy one for the men-of-war in harbour. They say the boats come and upset by them just to keep them going; anyhow, they are continually having to send out their boats for a rescue. But besides boating—which, however, in some form or other, seems the most popular amusement—there are sure to be some races and cricket-matches in their season. It is a fallacy to suppose they play cricket all the year round. And then there is the Australian's great stand-by, the horse. Horses saddled and horses harnessed, horses single and horses double; buggies to the right of you, buggies to the left of you,—everywhere the Australian with a horse. So that a holiday in Australia is really a day out: it is spent somehow or other as a day out of doors, and not a day to be spent in a public-house for want of a more cheerful place to go.

Life out of doors is indeed a ruling principle in Australia among all classes and both sexes of people. The climate produces a natural tendency to it, and neither the stress of life nor the artificiality of it is powerful enough to stifle natural tendencies. The effect is already noticeable in the general

life of the colonies in two directions. On the one hand, the people are remarkably active. They are, of course, active physically; we know that pretty well, because we have seen how they can row and play cricket, and though we have not had a ladies' team over yet, there are such things. But they are quite as active in thinking as they are between the wickets, and they are still more nimble with their tongues. For discursive rhetoric in the Legislative Assemblies, the House of Commons on an Irish night is hardly in it. They do not choose their words carefully perhaps, nor are they as classical as they are graphic. When a young lady is described as a "terror" at tennis, it strikes one as unusual, but distinctly expressive. But their very expressions arise from the electrical kind of activity which they feel. To say she is an excellent player, or even a great swell, would not uncork half enough activity. It requires "She is a terror," to let it off properly. There is a reckless energy about their diction as there is about their riding.

So also the climate and the outdoor life which results from it give a colour, I am sure, to the way in which they look at things. *Everybody is so sanguine;* and particularly so in business matters. It is not so much that everything is a good thing, but it is always *going to be* such a good thing. Perhaps this sanguine feeling is mysteriously connected with mining operations. Gold-mining optimism is not unknown in this country. Its attractions are probably greater on the spot. If I was to state my belief as to the number of people in all the colonies who had not had a flutter in a gold-mine at some time or other, probably somebody would whistle, and therefore I won't commit myself. I will only say they are uncommonly few. If you go on, and eliminate from that number those who have had shares in silver, tin, copper, lead, iron, coal, shale, and all other kinds of mines, you would probably find that the only people left were those who never had had any money to buy shares with.

Exception proves the rule. There is one subject upon which Australians always take a persistently gloomy view. It is unfortunately an important one, because it affects, far more than we are aware of, the relations between our part of the empire and theirs. Do what you will, it is almost impossible to persuade an Australian that we in England know, or care, a bit about the Australian colonies. On this subject they are keenly sensitive. Many of them think that to be an Australian is to be neglected, or even looked down upon, socially and politically. This is the general feeling, and seems to be founded upon the opinions which those who have visited England have expressed. It is not difficult to see how such opinions originated, and they have now become largely traditional. But whether they were well founded in their origin or not, nobody here will admit that they correctly express the views of the present time. For instance, it is, I am afraid, true that, even until lately perhaps, the political importance of the Australian colonies was overlooked. But there are evidences in every direction that that epoch in the history of our colonial policy has passed away, with peace-at-any-price and other fit-for-another-world fallacies. The avidity with which Professor Seeley's book was read is an illustration of this. We were all surprised and delighted to

be told that we had been "speaking prose all our lives"; that we had been fighting for centuries for our colonial empire without knowing it.

Again, that most of us are ignorant of the geography of Australia is, undoubtedly, true; but perhaps our Australian friends would not take it so much to heart, if they knew that we are also, most of us, wofully ignorant of the geography of Canada, though the map of Canada has been "going" much longer. Indeed a good many people say that we are, nearly all of us, ignorant of geography a good deal nearer home; and until *modern* geography is taught regularly at schools (as it certainly was not at one of the first public schools not so long ago), and taught as if countries and places had an actual existence, and were not collections of proper names which had nothing more to do with everyday life than the Kings of Israel, how are we to be expected to pick it up unless we travel, and that few have the opportunity of doing? I have known people who have had considerable knowledge of Australia, puzzled when they had to remember whether Victoria lay north or south of New South Wales. Ignorance of geography seems to be one of the most permanent characteristics of the race. Indeed it might be consoling to an Australian to consider how much he knew of the geography of Canada. It might lead him to the belief that our ignorance of the geography of Australia was, after all, only an accident of our birth and education, not assumed and persisted in of malice aforethought.

It is also in some measure true that we are ignorant about Australians as a people, about the circumstances and conditions which are included in life there. But this is our misfortune and not our fault. We do not remain wilfully or carelessly ignorant of Australians and their interests, as we are unfortunately suspected of doing: on the contrary, you have only to say, So-and-so has just come over from Australia, and everybody becomes interested at once and eager to obtain information. But then the majority of people don't have these opportunities; and for those who do, nothing is more difficult than to obtain satisfactory information by asking questions upon a subject you are ignorant about. Where are you to begin? And it must be remembered that Australians in England don't volunteer information about their lives, any more than an Englishman will volunteer information to an Australian of the social aspects of life in England. An Australian visits England to see English life, and not to talk about his own, unless he is asked about it. So that, between ignorance on one side, and the absence of occasion for enlightening that ignorance on the other, the stream of knowledge diffuses itself with difficulty, and slowly. It was all very well for Sir Henry Parkes to write to the 'Nineteenth Century,' and tell us we were all very ignorant, because a gentleman asked him whether the natives were black! How could anybody know who had not been in Australia that the expression "natives" means white people who were born there, and included Sir H. Parkes's own family, and that the blacks were not called "natives" but "aborigines"? Did Sir H. Parkes really think this gentleman meant to ask whether colonists were born black?

And so it may be hoped that soon our friends over there will

be persuaded that they are oversensitive on this subject. They may feel assured, that if they will come over and talk about Australia to those whom they meet, they will find it a very attractive subject in the street, or the drawing-room, or the platform. Mr Gladstone's or Lord Salisbury's name is sure to fetch a cheer at a party meeting. But "our great Australian colonies" stirs all throats, and will do so at *both* meetings.

As for being socially neglected, that must be a pure misapprehension, but it is easy to see how it arises. Australians, in their hospitable way (by the way, everybody knows about that), house and entertain, perhaps for weeks, English visitors who bring an introduction from a slight acquaintance. When they visit England, it would be wrong to say they expect to be treated in the same way; but they do not quite understand why they are not, and they imagine it is because they are not thought good enough. It is of course really due to the different circumstances under which the English and the Australian host live. They both keep open house; but the friends of the former, who claim his hospitality, are so numerous in a thickly peopled country like this, that visits must necessarily be short, or he would be entertaining a favoured few at the expense of the greater number. It is quite understood among us why visits are short—you make room for others. But in Australia the visits interchanged are not short. There is not the same necessity for shortening them. In fact it is a delightful country for the guest, and it may be easily understood that they think our hospitality here a change for the worse. It would, I am sure, prevent a good deal of disappointment if it could be realised in Australia that different circumstances produce different forms, in hospitality as they do in sheep; that it is impossible to realise Australian hospitality here; but that Australian friends are in this respect treated in no different way from other friends; and, finally, that it is not because they are not good enough that they are not treated in England as they treat English friends in Australia. If they could be induced to believe that we really esteem them, and value our connection with Australia, it would help the cause of Imperial federation far more than discussing paper constitutions. If Imperial federation is to be a reality, it will be brought about by sympathy, and not by the discovery of the most workable paper constitution. One of the great forces at work at present in the direction of federation is the constant intermarriage which is going on between Australia and England.

Another result of this habit of outdoor life is that there is little time or inclination left for reading. In very few houses indeed are there any indications of literary tastes. Books or periodicals are conspicuous by their absence from most drawing-room tables. The periodicals at the club may remain for days uncut. Nor are the books in the club libraries numerous, or much in request. It was said that among the 250,000 people in and around Sydney there was only one circulating library. There are scientific institutions, and musical and art societies, but I have been assured on very good authority that there is no literary club or society of any kind. There are, of course, other reasons for this absence of literary life besides the allurements of the harbour,

the garden, or the verandah. One of them is that there is not a class of leisured people,—what they call in Trafalgar Square "the drones of society." A colonist rich enough to retire from business, seems to prefer retirement in England. From the colonist's point of view this is a pity. The number of absentee owners of property in Australia is very great, and a large amount of money made in the colonies is spent here.

The least men can do who have retired from Australia to live here on the money their properties bring in is to endeavour to represent Australian feeling in the home Parliament. There are plenty of them at home able enough to do so, if they had the inclination. Indeed there are already several Australian colonists in Parliament. But the thoughts and activities of Australians in Australia are for the most part devoted to business. "Money-grubbing," people sneeringly call it—usually people who have not the capacity to make anything for themselves. "Money-grubbing!" What does anybody and everybody do, whether he has lots of money already or not, but take every opportunity he can get of making more? Besides, money-making in the colonies has another side to it, which we are apt to overlook. To make money in the colony, in the way in which it is made (no Wall Street financial coups), is to develop the colony. If a man spends years in improving the production of wine, or in laying out orchards with the intention of introducing a colonial fruit-tinning industry to supplant the American importations, he makes money we hope. But look at what a future he is opening for the trade of the colony if he succeeds! It is for the good of his colony, and the Australian is as patriotic as he is loyal. So that in money-making, which most people find a sufficiently agreeable process, there is an additional sentimental attraction in the colonies, which makes it a much less selfish pursuit, and a much more absorbing one. And what would you have, or expect, in a country where there are no people (practically speaking) who have "made their pile," and "cleared out" for fear of losing it,—where there are no people with whom it is quite optional whether they amuse themselves with Horace or hunting,—an undeveloped country with huge opportunities and aptitudes for development?—is not it to have thought and money devoted to develop it, and is not that its chief requirement at present? Why should people devote themselves to poetry and metaphysics, when they can be lending a hand in working out the great future, assisting it to become the great present? From this point of view it even seems to be fortunate that outdoor life in Australia is so alluring, and that it has a tendency to discourage serious abstract study. Of course, some people do study there, just as there are some people—not many perhaps—who, like Mr Froude, would prefer Horace to Mark Twain on board ship. But it is surely in accordance with natural principles that in an undeveloped country the study of what is practically useful should precede that devotion to culture which belongs to a maturer age. That will come all in good time. At present, indeed, the scale on which intellect is endowed is not high. It may be fairly estimated by comparing the wages of the judge and the artisan. Whereas the man who labours with his hands gets twice as much in Australia as he does here, the

judge does not get quite half as much.

I began this article by pointing at the well-to-do condition of the people, as a realisation, so far, of the principle of "Advance." That has led me to refer to several of their characteristics, which may be taken to have played an important part in producing that happy condition of things. Something remains to be said about the immediate wants of the colonies to help their progress on.

It is nothing very new to say that they want more people and more money. The ratio in which the population has increased is satisfactory enough. The increase from 0 to 3,000,000 in a hundred years is not bad work, especially when you remember that comparatively few people of foreign extraction are included in that number. The emigrants to Australia are not composed of Germans, Huns, Finlanders, and people from the ends of the earth, like those on the American steamers. They almost all hail from the three kingdoms. But 3,000,000 is a mere handful of people for such an area of country. They might be easily distributed so that they would all wander for days without one meeting another. Nevertheless the leading colonies have stopped their emigration grants. That was one of the results of demonstrations of the unemployed. Most people who are not members of the Assembly, and are not afraid of boldly facing their troubles, think it was a step in the wrong direction. Those who have seats in the Assembly are unable to think so. The great majority of their electors are artisans, and they are, to a man, dead against having any more labour brought in to compete with them; just as the bulk of them are red-hot in favour of protection against manufactured goods. Everybody knows Victoria is protectionist. Protection was recently introduced into New South Wales under the guise of *ad valorem* duties imposed for revenue purposes. A rather curious episode took place in connection with these revenue duties when they were first introduced. A deputation of coach-builders had to go to the Minister and point out that the duty on American-made buggies was less than the duty which the colonial makers had to pay for the materials which they required for painting their own buggies! It is true that these duties have since been modified. The party of Sir H. Parkes was returned last year to replace a Ministry discredited by financial failure, and a great fuss was made because it was said that a free-trade victory had been gained. But the battle was really won entirely upon other grounds, of which the best proof is the practical one, that the Ministry took care, in fulfilling their free-trade professions, not to take the specific duties off those kinds of articles which are produced in the colony. If Sir H. Parkes has the desire, but wants the leisure, to revisit us, let him take off these duties, and leisure will soon be found for him. Perhaps from their point of view the democracy are right in supporting protection and opposing the introduction of more labour. They are not anxious to "hurry up" the great future, if they can continue to get wages at 8s. a-day. But it certainly surprises one to find the position of the free-trade question exactly reversed — the democracy protectionist, and the doctrine of free trade supported by those classes whose principles of political economy are regarded here as not above suspicion.

But although the emigration grants in the leading colonies have been stopped, the returns still show an increase in the number of emigrants to Australia; and the question relating to Australia which is most frequently discussed, and in which we are perhaps most directly interested, is this emigration question. Is Australia a favourable field for emigration purposes? Of course it depends who the intending emigrants are. If they are people with capital, certainly. If they are domestic servants, most certainly, particularly if they are females. But to young men who would go out hoping to get employment as engineers or surveyors, for instance, the answer must be as certainly, "Don't go." It must be remembered that much more is done in the colonies by the Government than by private enterprise. The railways, the tramways, the harbours, and water-works are Government or municipal undertakings, and Government employment is practically reserved for the nominees of the Government's supporters. Besides, the service is already overcrowded, and it is not well paid, according to the standard ideas there of what good payment is. Well, then, what about the labouring and artisan class? They must answer the question for themselves; but perhaps the following observations may assist them to do so. If I were going to answer these questions myself, I should ask who the men are who are most sure to go ahead. They are agricultural labourers, and men who can, and will, turn their hands to any job —what they call jackaroos when they first arrive—men who can harness a horse or help to put up a house, make a road or cut up a bullock, with equal facility. But then they must work. As an old fellow of the right sort said, whom I met at the bank one day, "They must be men who will work whether their employer is looking on or not, and they must take good wages when they can get them, instead of holding out for better. If they do not, they will probably find some difficulty in starting."

That is one of the reasons why agricultural labourers have been selected as the most likely men to go ahead. The trades-union business does not interfere with them, and if they will accept less than the regular rate of wages to begin with, there is nothing to prevent them doing so, and getting their start. I will engage to say, that if a man accustomed to farm-work went up on his arrival in Sydney to the first half-dozen men he saw about the business part of the town, and said, "I'm willing to go up country and work for you, and I'll leave the wages to you," he would get employed, within twenty-four hours, at a wage which would be more than equivalent to the best farm-labourers' wages here, and it would be his own fault if he did not go ahead. It is because men go out with exaggerated notions of their own value, and of the money they are going to earn, that so many disappointments are caused. "No bread is better than half a loaf" is the reading of the proverb which is generally accepted among the working classes in the colonies, and is too often adopted by the newly arrived emigrant. He cannot get the whole loaf all in a moment, and he becomes gradually absorbed among the army of loafers. It is ridiculous to suppose that the work to be done in the colonies is insufficient to employ the number of people there are there. It is all a question of price. At a

rate of wages which would enable a man and his family to live comfortably, and save money as well, the amount of work which would be forthcoming at once would be prodigious.

The current rate of wages is out of all proportion to the cost of living. I was assured by the late Colonial Minister that when he was negotiating with the unemployed, and offered to lodge (in tents) and cater for them for 1s. 9d. a-day of the sum which he offered them on Government works, they informed him they could do it themselves for 1s. But the current rate of wages is 8s. a-day; and though house-rent is high, and 1s. a-day was a wholesale price, there is a large margin between comfortable living for a man and his family and 48s. a-week. At present labour has it all its own way in fixing wages. The trades-union system is thoroughly established. It is also a sort of federal trades-unionism. If there is a strike of the miners in the Illawarra coal district, because they disapprove of new regulations made for the working of the mines, and other men are got in and coal is got, the seamen's union backs them up by forbidding the men employed on the Illawarra steamers to work the steamers away.

On the other hand, there is no combination of capital worthy of the name. It will have to come; and when it does come, it will be all the better for the unemployed. If wages were to come down from the high figure at which they stand (relatively to the cost of living), it would be possible to conduct many industrial operations in the colonies which cannot now be carried on profitably. Many such enterprises have been started and have been throttled by the high wages. It is useless to tell the men that they would do better to work at less wages than not to work at all. Many of them would be willing to do so, but are afraid of the unions. Others cannot get rid of their rendering of the half-loaf proverb. They have also the Government to fall back upon; and a Government which depends on a manhood-suffrage vote must be weak-kneed in dealing with a demand from such a source. The Government of New South Wales accordingly, after some show of determination, did give way recently, and gave employment to all comers at 5s. a-day, involving the respectable expenditure of £90,000 last year. It was generally stated that the 5s. was arranged so that the bad worker could get it, and that the average worker would earn his 8s. And it must be remembered that the 8s. are the wages of unskilled labour. The wages which skilled labour can and does make are very high. As much as 15s. a-day can be made by a shale-miner, for instance; and the work is not disagreeable, like that in our coal-mines. Giving him thirteen holidays, and allowing for Sundays, he would make £225 a-year if he worked every day. In fact, he probably only works three days a-week, and spends the money as fast as he gets it; but if he liked to work and save, he would soon be independent. It is perhaps a fortunate thing that such men as these do not all save, or the supply of good workmen in the colony would soon run short.

But, besides more people, Australia wants more money. I do not mean money raised by adding to the debts of the colonies, but sent over for investment by private capitalists. Not that these debts are at present burdensome. To

judge of the indebtedness of one of the colonies, as most people do, by dividing the debt among the population, is like estimating a man's wealth by the number of his sons. The indebtedness of Russia, or of Austro-Hungary, measured in this way, is much less than that of the United Kingdom, but it would scarcely be true to say that therefore the United Kingdom was, financially speaking, in the worst position of the three. The security for the debts of the colonies consists, of course, of their possessions, which have a money value as well as their population, who, again, are only a security if they have possessions upon which taxes can be levied. They are not valuable per head as sheep are. Take, for instance, New South Wales. Their debt is 41 millions, which, after all, is only about half the debenture and guaranteed stock of the London and North-Western Railway Company. Of that some 25 millions have been expended on railways and tramways; and though they do not at present pay the whole of the interest upon that amount, one of the late Ministry informed me that a syndicate had offered not so long ago to take them all over and pay more than the whole debt of the colony. Then there is the land which is still unsold, and the amounts which come in from that sold on conditional purchase and rented, and all the other assets of the Government. It would probably be very difficult to estimate the value of these assets; but it surely is not right, though it may be easier, to neglect these, and simply use the population to debt equation. People do not estimate the value of a railway company's debentures by seeing how much per head they come to, when divided among the ordinary shareholders.

So that it is not because of the greatness of their present indebtedness that I am not anxious to see more loans raised. It is because the money is wastefully spent, at least for present purposes. There is no use disguising it. Nobody in Australia does. Everybody knows and says that public money is, to a large extent, spent to satisfy the demands of the constituents of members who belong to the Government party. "You must get us a grant for a bridge across this river or a jetty on that, for a railway here or a station there, or your chance at the next election won't be worth a locust." That is what the local wire-pullers say, and forthwith a grant is obtained. Look, if you have a chance, at the scratchy kind of thing which the railway map of New South Wales is. Observe how it bristles with short branches, sticking out in all directions like the roots of the kutch grass. The map itself is enough to condemn the railway policy of the Government, if it had ever had what could be called a policy. Everybody knows how expensive spur-branches are to work. The Commissioner of Railways must have a hard struggle to keep up the profits. He has no voice in determining whether a railway is wanted or not—the Government decides that. He has got to make it pay, if he can, when it is made. Even then he has to face a resolution of the Legislative Assembly that no wages on the railway shall be less than 8s. a-day. The fault is, of course, in the parliamentary system. There are no great party questions; there are not even any permanently distinct parties. There is, therefore, no political enthusiasm. Members are often elected, not to represent the political feeling of their constituents, but as instruments for obtaining

local advantages out of the public money. There is a scramble of local interests for the money in the exchequer. It is to be hoped this will not continue.

There are signs that Ministers are finding that the scramble for grants is becoming difficult to manage with safety, and the truth of the saying, that to confer an advantage leaves one man ungrateful and makes a hundred enemies, is being felt politically. A bill is now under the consideration of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, which provides that, when any proposed public work involves an expenditure exceeding £20,000, a joint committee of both Houses shall decide whether it should be carried out.

But for other purposes than public works capital is much needed. The rate of interest rules high. Only under exceptional circumstances can money be obtained at less than 6 per cent, upon the security of real property in town or country, no matter what margin may be offered. Not much can be done in the way of introducing new industries, or developing established ones, when money has to be borrowed from banks who give 6 per cent for it, or when a similar rate of interest has to be allowed on the capital employed. With money at that price, and labour at eight shillings a-day, there is not much chance of competing with beet-sugar, and American tinned fruits, or machinery from all parts of the world—though the fruit and the sugar-cane are there, growing in the profusion of the land of promise, and the iron-ore is to be had for the digging.

Why, under the circumstances, English capital does not stream out there is a mystery. Instead of that, the money lies on deposit with the home banks, which is not much more profitable than tying it up in a stocking. Of course I am aware that a good round number of millions have gone already, in loan and mortgage companies, and in one way or another. That only makes it more surprising that more does not follow, because the results of what has been done in that way are distinctly encouraging. But the fact is, people here do not half believe in Australia. The Australians are too modest—they do not blow enough about their country; at any rate, they have not learned to blow the breath of persuasion, as the Americans have. If we judge by results, it seems to have been quite easy to get any amount of bogus American railway stock bought with English money, and probably it would be again. But to attract capital to Australia, where a satisfactory rate of interest and ample security could be found combined, is almost like whistling for the wind, unless the attraction is put forward in the shape of a sufficiently speculative gold-mine. People do not seek Australia for investment; they will hardly invest if Australia seeks them. The consequence is, that what money does go out gets absorbed in the increasing value of land as quickly as it comes. It is locked up in mortgages. Almost every property is worked with a large mortgage upon it. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that they are, most of them, mortgaged up to the hilt. The system of registration makes it impossible to conceal encumbrances, and mortgages are to that extent safer, and therefore more tempting, investments than they are here. Properties also

sell infinitely better with a mortgage upon them than if they are unencumbered, there are so many more people who can afford to buy.

Several of our large insurance offices lend, and have lent, large sums on mortgage security in the colonies; and what is wanted is the money of private capitalists as well, to whom even 5 per cent on really good security is inaccessible here. Why do not some of the many millions lying on deposit at the banks go out there? I have not the least hesitation in saying that, if the investors would be content with 5 per cent, it would be easily possible to place twenty millions in New South Wales alone in a few months on first-rate security. The best insurance companies are not speculative investors; they are apparently satisfied with the security they get, for they go on lending. Of course some private capital goes out. A rich Englishman goes over every now and then, and leaves a big sum behind him. But the total is small in comparison with the needs of the colonies. So long as it is easy to obtain 6 per cent on first-rate mortgage security, there will not be much capital forthcoming for the development of general industries.

After all, however, it is only a question of the rapidity of the advance. Though emigrants do not increase, and though capitalists do not realise the opportunities they are missing, Australia is going, and will go, ahead. The rate of progress will be slower—that is all. The impulse has been given, and the progress is sure. The pastoral industry, which is at present the main support of the colonies, has passed through a crisis which is not likely to recur just at present, or if it does, it will find the people better able to cope with it. The necessity for water-storage and fodder-storage has been forcibly impressed on the mind of the squatters, and means are being adopted to meet that necessity by those who can raise the money to carry out the necessary works. There are numerous mines of all descriptions. A vast coal export is the certainty of the immediate future. A sugar industry has already attained large dimensions; so has the wine industry. Many other important trades are being developed. There are signs everywhere of progress and prosperity — in the commercial buildings, in the private mansions, in the workmen's cottages, in the shipping in the harbours and the lorries in the streets. It is all around you, and wherever you look you cannot escape the manifestations of it. Those people who say "they do not believe in the Australian colonies" ought to be made to walk over the storage area of one of the large wool warehouses: their incredulity would hardly survive it.

For our own sakes, it is high time that we did believe in "Advance Australia." If seeing is believing, let the unbelievers go and see it. It is easy and pleasant, and can be done between session and session But do not let them put it off. On the way home, we were wondering why the thing they put on the table at meal-times, when the ship rolled, was called a fiddle. Somebody said (it seemed so smart that we wondered where he had heard it) that it was because it came into play when the dish was about to run away with the spoon. Now, if we do not get a fiddle into play soon, we shall find that the dish has run away with the spoon. Within the last year or two, the trade from Germany to the colonies has increased in far greater pro-

portion than ours. They apparently believe in the future of the colonies, and are careful to get a good footing there, with subsidised steamers if necessary. The Americans also do a great trade there. If we do not take care, we shall be squeezed out of the best trade with our own colonies. The advertising done from America and the Continent astonishes you. In clubs, hotels, or wherever else you go, you find advertising papers of foreign trades in profusion, but of advertisements of British manufactures you see remarkably little. Why, even on the P. & O. boat coming home, after leaving Colombo, a magnificent album appeared on the saloon-table, which looked as if it ought to have contained views of Kandy or the Pyramids. But no! It was a most elaborately got up series of Belgian and German trade advertisements, suitable for Australia, with views of the manufactories highly idealised. Our advertising "enginery" in the colonies is decidedly defective, in comparison with that of our competitors. Yet surely nobody doubts nowadays that it is more true to say that trade follows the advertisement, than that it follows the flag. Let our manufacturers look to this. With that exhortation, let this record of my impressions cease. If, by what I have written, I induce a few people to take a first or a fresh interest in the Australian colonies, I shall be satisfied. If I induce some to believe that "Advance Australia" is a principle which has been and still is at work, it will please me. But my greatest reward would be if some would say, "Are these things really so? LET US GO AND SEE."

ERNEST MOON.

OYSTER-CULTURE AT ARCACHON.

SOME twenty-five years ago 'Punch' represented the then imaginary horror of a disciple of the luscious bivalve, when it should have advanced to the price of eighteenpence the dozen. That figure, however, has long ago been reached and exceeded, nor is there any indication of declining prices in the best varieties. In spite of the advanced scale of charges, the demand for oysters is continually increasing. And in view of these two facts, it is perhaps too much to expect that they will cease to be what, to a large extent they now are, simply an article of luxury to the few. To these few, however, the oyster is an object of deep interest, and a year of famine as to these sea delicacies would be regarded by them as a great calamity, even as a year of plenty is a cause for abundant rejoicing. Now and again rumours are heard of a growing scarcity of oysters, and the time may possibly come when they will be ranked amongst the rare dainties that grace the feast of the millionaire. Happily there is no present prospect of such a disaster. The large and growing imports of American oysters is a decided factor in the oyster trade, materially influencing the prices. They do not, however, compete with the best "natives," though what may be done in this way when "our American cousins" gauge the English taste cannot be foretold. Past exploits in this direction with other articles of food, would promise that they will make an attempt to share in the trade.

Oysters are subject to conditions that appear arbitrary. They "favour" certain places. But this "favour" is a matter of life and death. Unless the water contains three per cent of saline matter they cannot live; or if it be turbid—*i.e.*, charged with coarse sediment—the fish die. For these reasons there are a few places only where oyster-culture can be carried on. These favoured spots combine the various elements necessary to produce the oyster, and without these special elements it cannot be produced. The great and increasing demand of recent years has not multiplied these places of culture. In fact, until the Sea Fisheries Act of 1868 was strictly enforced, there was a danger that this species of shell-fish would become extinct on the British coasts.

The condition of things was very similar at Arcachon, on the Bay of Biscay, where are situate the greatest extent of oyster-beds on the continent of Europe, and whence are exported vast quantities every year. This charming basin, all but land-locked, and connected with the Atlantic by a very narrow opening, is sixty-eight miles in circumference, and surrounded on all sides by pine-clad heights, which provide shelter for the waters of the basin equally from the strong westerly Atlantic winds, and the cold blasts coming from the east and north. The waters are salt enough, and yet not too strong, the bottom is of that peculiar gravelly sand which is so favourable to oyster-breeding, and the rise and fall of the tide gives the culminating advantages, in that the basin is completely covered at high and the beds largely un-

covered at low water. The oyster has ever been a habitant of this spot. Forty years ago, however, the beds were being exhausted by reckless fishing. The fish were taken up to Bordeaux, thirty-five miles away, in carts, and often sold in the market there at five sous the basket. To prevent such stupid waste, the French Government offered rewards to all who would plant fresh stocks. In this way, and by the imposition of restrictions upon the gathering of the oysters, they were again rapidly developed. More than twenty years ago an English merchant in Bordeaux, Mr H. S. Johnston, began to study the question of oyster-culture, and finally he entered into it as a business. Up to that time the fish had wandered anywhere, but he obtained a lease from the Government of large sections of the basin, upon which were established oyster-beds, and now there are 12,500 acres of these beds in the basin of Arcachon. The result of this enterprise has been to enormously develop the fishery. Several thousand men and women are employed in the work, and the average annual sale of oysters by Mr Johnston's firm is 200,000,000. As the majority are not sold under two years old, and those only for relaying, it may be computed that there are usually 500,000,000 oysters of various ages upon these beds. Of the number sold, 30,000,000 are sent annually to England, to be relaid at Whitstable and other places, where they are fattened, and then sent out as natives—natives, that is, by adoption, if not by birth; 50,000,000 are sent to other countries than Britain, and large quanties are sold to the Marennes and Brittany, there also to be relaid and fattened. The Arcachon bred oysters find their way to every place. It can scarcely be said that this relaying implies any attempt to foist inferior fish upon ignorant consumers. The condition of things at Arcachon eminently favours the breeding of oysters, both as to abundance and quality, but is not so suitable for fattening. The converse state of things is seen at Whitstable, where breeding cannot be so extensively followed, but it is eminently qualified to fatten well the imported bivalves.

The question of these relaid oysters has recently been considered in the English law courts. At Whitstable is an old-established company, called the "Free Fishers and Dredgers of Whitstable," owning a large portion of the beds. It would appear that largely owing to the exertions of this company in taking advantage of the favourable conditions at the Kentish fishing village named, the Whitstable natives have taken so high a position in the market. They command the best price, and are considered as the finest in flavour. For so long has this company been established that the term "Whitstable natives" has come to be regarded as a trade mark or brand. Such, at least, would seem to be the result of the recent action, though we question whether this decision would stand on appeal so far as the real natives—that is, those bred and matured at Whitstable—are concerned. The case referred to was, however, complicated by the fact that the refreshment contractor at the London Royal Courts of Justice had sold these relaid bivalves as "Whitstable natives." Rightly, an injunction was granted against an evident misuse of the term, the judge deciding that, though they

were a good species of oyster, they were not properly designated, and the adoption of this name was a wrong done to the original company, whose oysters were actually bred at Whitstable, and to the public. This being so, we may anticipate that the natives will exceed their already high price, for their production is necessarily very limited, and that the "second natives," by which name the relaid oysters are usually known, will more and more come into favour. Thus the original source whence the latter class of oysters emanate deserves description.

Few prettier sights can be witnessed than is seen at Arcachon when the tide is high. The great expanse of limpid water is blue and clear, reflecting every cloud in the sky, and every shadow of the pine-forests, whilst a thousand white-sailed boats dot the expanse. The use of these boats will presently be seen. But it is not at the time of high-tide when it is possible to realise the extent of the oyster industry. It is only when the waters have ebbed that the great mass of hidden treasure comes into view. A visit to these beds is quite worth undertaking. You go forth accompanied by many boats, upon which are be-trousered men and women, the latter looking very picturesque in their red breeches, huge Wellington boots, and flat wooden footboards affixed to the feet. The latter are clumsy and ugly, but are worn by both men and women to prevent damage to the oysters when walking over the beds. The costume of these Arcachon oyster-women reminds us of the dress worn by the pit-brow colliery lasses of Lancashire and Cumberland, about whom we have been hearing much of late, only they are not begrimed with coal-dust, and within the sun-bonnets glimpses may be caught of handsome ruddy faces. When the tide is down, these women, armed with wooden rakes, are to be seen hard at work upon the beds, laying, transferring, or selecting the oysters for sale. It is cold work, and involves much exposure—employment not altogether suited, one may think, to women, still not so laborious as that of the Newhaven or Cullercoats fisherwomen, who both carry and vend heavy creels full of fish. In both cases, however, if appearances give a true indication of the effect of employment, these women are sturdy, healthy, and amongst the best physical specimens of the race. The oyster fishermen's lives at Arcachon are hard and toilsome, though devoid of many of the perils and dangers which confront the British fishermen, especially those of the east coast, and which, alas! almost every winter bring the bitter sorrow of death into their humble homes. How few cottages in the fishing villages from Peterhead to Lowestoft where there is not more than one "vacant chair," where has not entered

> "The other shape,
> If shape it might be called that shape had none"!

To the east of the basin at Arcachon, in the direction of La Teste, are the huts of the fisher-folk — for they are nothing more than huts — clustered closely together amidst all the accumulated unpleasantnesses of a fishing village.

That marvellous provision of nature, so well described by the late Charles Darwin, by which those plants or creatures whose seed or young are subject to great antagonistic influences, produce a

vast mass of pollen or eggs, is exemplified in the case of the oyster. Professor Huxley has estimated that a single full-grown oyster produces, on the average, about a million of free-swimming young, or *larvæ*. The period of the year at which the "spat," as it is called, is thrown, is during the summer, and from May to September the productive fish are termed "sick" by the fishermen. Within the shell is a white slimy substance, granular like the seed or eggs of fish generally. At first only is this white in colour, for after a time it becomes brown, this change in colour being due to the development of the embryo. Then hatching takes place, after which the young bivalves leave the parent shell to seek for some place whereon they can find protection, and secure the elements necessary for their growth. Each "spat" is about the 150th part of an inch in length, and can just be seen by the naked eye. Under ordinary conditions the young oysters would settle down into some bed of sand or gravel, and there gradually develop, if permitted to do so by their enemies, perhaps changing the place of abode from time to time. But where the oyster is cultivated, all this is beneficently provided for.

The beds at Arcachon, having been artificially made, the whole process of oyster-breeding can be witnessed. These beds are laid out in parks, each park embracing a score or more of beds, and between the parks, as between sections of the beds, are water-ways for the passage of boats. Wooden piles are driven to form the beds, which are made up of sand and gravel, and raised above the level of the basin bottom, but not to such an extent as to expose them at other than low tides. Outside the piles long sticks or "switches," and in some cases nets, are affixed, to keep out fish when the tide is up. The tops of these sticks can be seen above the surface of the basin at high water, and present a very peculiar appearance. The first cost of laying out these parks must have been very great, and the expense of maintenance must also be a very large item. But when we bear in mind that a few marauding fish can, in a single tide, cause two thousand pounds' worth of damage, this heavy cost is not a matter of surprise.

When the "spat" is hatched, and the young oysters are swimming about seeking a resting-place, ample provision is made for their accommodation. Earthenware tiles of the common quarter circular form are placed in nests at the edge of the beds. These tiles are held in wooden frames, each of which will hold about thirty, the tiles being placed transversely, in order to catch the tide whichever way it flows. The tiles are first coated with a thin layer of mortar, so that anything affixing itself can easily be scraped off whenever necessary. The young oysters, flowing about seeking for a suitable home, find this home on the tiles, and hug together so closely that each tile, not quite two feet in length, will be covered by some 500 or 600 of them. Here they rapidly develop, and in about a month have taken the form which they will afterwards bear, being miniature oysters in reality and appearance. Their growth necessitates more room, and so they are scraped off the tiles, either to be replaced wider apart on other tiles, or to be at once transferred to the beds, where they will remain for

the next year or two of their existence.

The wealthier oyster-breeders in the basin of Arcachon very largely use trays upon their oyster-beds. Into these trays, which are simply wooden frames with wired bottoms, the oysters are placed when beyond the infantile stage, and here they remain until they are large enough to sell. Of course this system involves more expense than does the regular method of beds, seeing that a greater amount of space is necessary, and the work of inspection must be even more regular than in the other system. Still it is thought that the extra expense is fully compensated by the increased protection against enemies, and the facility with which the fish can be handled. Whether in frames or beds, the life of the oyster is very prosaic; all that is expected from it is to develop, to feed on the food held suspended in the water or found in the beds, and to secure enough carbonate of lime for shell-formation. Then when the time comes, it is exported to find a fresh resting-place, and there to put on that special fulness of body which is so much enjoyed by oyster-consumers. Or, as is the case with a smaller number, they are kept in their native beds until quite fit to be consumed nearer their birthplace. Certainly those we tasted on the beds out in the basin of Arcachon were, both for fatness and flavour, of the finest quality. But perhaps air and hunger were appetising sauces, and added to the keenness of our relish. The opportunity of thus obtaining oysters must be a great source of attraction for visitors to this exquisite French watering-place. In the season it is usual to row out in the morning to the small island on the basin, there to partake of freshly gathered oysters. The smell of the pine-woods, the balmy exhilarating breezes, and the oysters, draw many to Arcachon, especially those who suffer from chest diseases.

It has already been stated that each adult female oyster will produce a million of the "spat" or young. From this it would seem that the numbers produced must be enormous, and that a small breeding-bed would be sufficient to supply the needs of a continent. But from the earliest period until they have reached maturity enemies are at work to destroy the oyster. Of the "spat" but a very minute proportion finds a place whereon to rest, the remainder is either washed away by the tides, killed by fish, or dies from inanition. It has been said that probably, unless the conditions are specially favourable,[1] not more than two or three out of every million of the fry of the oyster ever reach maturity. This is an extreme case, so far as Arcachon is concerned; but it is a fact that not more than a thousand out of every million of the "spat" can be reared to a saleable age. Apart from predatory members of the human family, whose evil intentions necessitate a whole regiment of night-watchers, who occupy the white-topped house-boats which stud the basin, large fish resort thither to feast off the oysters, and, as we have said, a few of these pirates may do £2000 damage during a single tide. Specially are members of the cod tribe given to this murderous work; but they are not alone, for all the fish which

[1] Professor Huxley, lecture at Royal Institution, 1883.

frequent the Bay of Biscay are more or less guilty in this respect. Then there are the burrowing fish which, when the oyster grows beyond the strength of some of its enemies, pierce through the shell and destroy the inmate. The patience exercised in this work by the burrowing fish is remarkable, and one form of the whelk which is found at Arcachon is a most destructive foe. The fisher-folk ruthlessly destroy these whelks, and in one month as many as fourteen thousand have been gathered from a hundred acres of the oyster-beds.

The natural conditions, also, often fight against successful oyster-cultivation. If the weather is too hot, the "spat" and young oysters die; if it is wet, the water, through the streams flowing into the basin, becomes too sweet, and that is equally fatal; in the winter season sudden and severe frosts are most destructive to the fish; and thus, as in 1870, when the summer heat was abnormally great, there may come disaster, which cannot be guarded against or prevented. Of late years there has been no such mishap, and the enormous growth of the industry would indicate that it has been found successful and profitable. The greater protection which can be afforded in such places as the basin of Arcachon, and the way in which breeding can be regulated, gives a certainty to production which can never be hoped for in connection with deep-sea oyster-cultivation.

TOO LATE.

AN EVERYDAY ROMANCE.

WHICH shall it be, Love, which shall it be,
Strife with him, or peace with me?
Which is the brightest, which is the best,
A hateful struggle, or loving rest?

What can the world and its minions say
Worse than the words you have heard to-day?
False they may be, and black of hue,
But you know in your heart you wish them true.

Which shall it be, Love, which shall it be,
Tears with him, or smiles with me?
November frost or an April sky,
When Summer's light wing is hovering nigh?

Be brave, and choose—nor think of the world
With its careless comments at random hurled—
But please yourself—and I know *my* fate,
And *yours*, poor Child, if you hesitate.

Which shall it be, Love, which shall it be,
Despair with him, or hope with me?
Hope, in some fairer clime, to find
A joyous home and a kindred mind.

Hope, to forget on some southern shore,
The doubts that shall never trouble you more.
Which shall it be, Love, which shall it be,
Death with him, or life with me?

. . . . . .

He paused—and she slowly rose—but turned
One pleading glance—one look that burned
Like a fiery flash—on the suppliant face,
Whose longing eyes were a mute embrace.

Then, in a tender voice, she cried—
"Would I had died, Love, would I had died
Ere from thy lips I had heard my fate,
Only to answer—Too Late, Too Late!"

Tears, great tears from her sorrowful eyes,
Tears, like the rain from summer skies,
Dropped through the fingers that hid her face,
And fell on the folds of her bridal lace.

Yet once again she looked up, and spake—
"It may be, belovèd, some dire mistake,
Some cruel error has rent my heart,
But the hour has passed for regrets—we part—

I to a hated but promised life,—
A broken-hearted and loveless wife—
And you, perchance, to a truer troth,
May God in His mercy sustain us both!"

. . . . . .

Never, I swear, till my days be past;
Never, Love, never, while life doth last
Shall my lips by another's lips be stained,
Or my love by another be profaned:

If thou wilt leave me, O heart of stone,
Thou leavest me now, and for ever, alone,
Alone—as a bird in captivity—
Alone to live—and alone to die!

Farewell, I bless thee: I cannot curse,
For thy bitterest foe could not wish thee worse,
Joyless and childless with him to dwell,
Pitiful, pitiless, oh, farewell!

. . . . . .

The Rowan is red in the old churchyard,
The leaves by the breath of Winter are scarred,
And a plain headstone with a name and a date
Has for Epitaph only—"Too Late, Too Late."

ROSSLYN.

January 10, 1888.

A DEAD MAN'S VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER I.

I WRITE this confession in the hope that my sad example may prevent any over-confident and headstrong persons who may chance to read it from following the disastrous path of self-will and self-flattery which has led me into the misery which I now endure, and which will plunge me hereafter into punishments which I dare not think of. I know that I have no one to blame but myself. The power—the coveted possession of which has brought me down to destruction of both body and soul—is by no means inherited, but is the result of years of careful cultivation on my part. No hereditary second-sight, no mysterious biological power, no magic susceptibility has been left me as a legacy by my forefathers. On the contrary, the members of my family for generations past have been easy-going respectable yeomen, contented with their placid country lives, and absolutely ignorant and careless of the ever-widening doctrines of modern schools of thought.

My father is a well-to-do and respected farmer in the west country, my mother a hard-headed thrifty Yorkshire woman. Both are narrow-minded, intensely conservative, and absolutely devoid of all spirituality and romance. I am the youngest of five, sturdy uninteresting boys and girls—now men and women—of the heavy Anglo-Saxon type. In my boyhood I exhibited no distinguishing characteristics beyond a stubborn will, which brought me continually into trouble, and an unusually strong faculty of sympathy with other beings—both human and brute beasts. By sheer force of will and work I raised myself at a comparatively early age to the top of the grammar-school in the neighbouring town. My progress was considered to be so good that when I was of fitting age my father was persuaded to allow me to compete for an unimportant scholarship at one of the universities, and this I was fortunate enough to secure.

A few months after this success a circumstance occurred, trivial in itself, which created a considerable impression upon me, and had no small influence in shaping my destiny. One lovely summer morning—a Monday I remember—in my first long vacation, having risen early I went out to enjoy the cool breeze on the dewless tor behind our old home. I fell to thinking on the text of the young curate's Sunday evening sermon, which had haunted me through the night. It was "Know ye not that we shall judge angels?" Whether I had been inattentive, or whether the curate had failed to handle his theme skilfully or wisely, I do not know. But the effect of the sermon was to raise ambitions within me little short of blasphemous. With no very definite conception of the meaning of the text, and less of the conclusion to which my thoughts were leading me, the idea of our implied superiority to, and future power over the beings of another and a higher world fascinated me, and what was at first a whimsical fancy rapidly developed itself into desire, and soon I found myself—

not without some sense of half-amused shame—almost mechanically willing that a heavenly being should acknowledge me now, while I was still in this life, as its judge and master.

I feel explanation is due here. When I was quite a young lad at the grammar-school, our little town was visited by a professed mesmerist, who claimed to exercise command over the minds and bodies of men and women by directing upon them the concentrated power of his will, which overpowering and beating down the volition of the persons on whom he operated, rendered them subservient to him in a greater or less degree, according to the extent of ascendancy which his will, naturally strong, and carefully trained to concentration, was able to obtain over the wills of those on whom he practised. His demonstrations were fairly successful, but the performance was not popular with the rustics, who were suspicious of witchcraft, and the professor left the town after giving only one exhibition of his powers.

I treasured up in my mind what he had said, and from that day began to practise pitting my will privately against the wills of all with whom I came in contact. When wanting anything done by human being or animal, I was not content to ask or to order, or where neither was possible to wish, but I formed the habit of willing with all my strength that the thing should be done. As time went on, I discovered that I had undoubtedly acquired a certain power over others, and the habit strengthened itself until I was unable to resist endeavouring to bend even events to my will.

And thus it was that I detected myself willing that some heavenly being should be my servant. I lingered for a short time on the hill-top, and then dismissing the absurd subject from my mind, began to descend towards home for breakfast. And now occurred the incident which has been the source of so much of my present wretchedness.

A long narrow lane with high banks and double hedges leads from the main road which winds round the foot of the tor to the outlying parts of my father's farm. Half-way the lane suddenly widens, and a grassy patch, shaded by three huge beeches, affords a favourite camping-ground to gipsies, who were common enough in those days in our part of the country. As I passed this place I noticed that a few gipsies had arrived since I started in the morning. A hundred yards or so farther on I was suddenly confronted by a young gipsy girl about eighteen years old, tall, dark, handsome, and straight, with a singularly powerful face, and dark imperious eyes. She offered to tell my fortune if I would cross her hand with silver; and struck by her beauty and sweet voice, I laughingly assented, laid a shilling in her hand, and showed her my palm. She took my hand in hers, and had only glanced at it when I noticed her manner change from liveliness to considerable gravity, and even alarm. Gradually, as her scrutiny continued, she became more and more agitated, and at last, pale as death, she fell on her knees before me, placed my hand reverently on her head, and then rising again, moved silently away. I stopped her and asked what was the cause of her emotion. She turned round and faced me, raised her hands in a supplicating attitude, and whispered rather than spoke, "Lord of the Spirits, be merciful to me and to my

father's house, for we are all your slaves to do with as you will." With that she bowed gracefully and deeply in semi-oriental fashion; and though I called to her more than once to come back to me, she disappeared into the double hedge of the lane, and I saw her no more.

This incident made a considerable impression on me at the time, and flattered my boyish vanity more than I cared to confess to myself. Later in the day I took an opportunity of passing by where the camp had been, but the gipsies had flown, and no trace of them was left.

The weeks passed by, and when it was time for me to return to college, the occurrence had nearly passed out of my mind. A few days after the commencement of term I happened to meet in a friend's rooms a man who had just come up. He was rather older than most of us undergraduates, and was in some ways a remarkable figure. Tall, dark, with a square-cut resolute face and flashing dark eyes, he impressed me at once as one who was my equal, if not my master, in strength of will; while there was something about him which showed he was a man of some knowledge of the world, which I was not. He seemed to recognise something sympathetic in my character, for before we had been many minutes in the same room we found ourselves talking to each other quite intimately. When I first saw him I felt there was something familiar in him, whether it was his face, voice, or manner, I could not tell. I knew I had never seen him before, yet he was not altogether a stranger to me. We thus became intimate rather rapidly, and in a short time it was agreed that, if possible, he should occupy the rooms next to mine, which by chance were vacant. To our mutual satisfaction this was shortly arranged, and he soon became my constant companion.

One night we had been reading together, and were enjoying a quiet pipe after our labours, when our conversation turned upon the doings of the "thought-readers," whose performances were creating some stir at the time. My friend, whose name was Inglott, said that he did not believe it possible for any man to tell what was passing in the brain of another. I maintained that while "pin and pain finding" was, in my opinion, rather "spot-hunting" than "thought-reading," the perception of the unspoken thoughts of another man was by no means a thing to be considered outside the range of possibility. My discipline and practice of the past few years had indeed given me some facility in forcing those over whom I had gained ascendancy to adopt in conversation an unspoken word of my choosing. To my shame be it said, I had on more than one occasion, when a boy, made even the old rector (dead years ago) use perfectly irrelevant language in the middle of his sermon, to his own consternation and the boundless surprise of the congregation. It did not then seem to me impossible that a man should so train himself as to practise to a successful result the converse of the process with which I was so familiar. Indeed I flattered myself that I had already acquired the gift to a small extent.

I did not say all this at first to Inglott, but on his pressing me for some time to give reasons for what he clearly considered to be an absurd belief, I made a clean breast of it, and told him of the mesmerist of my boyhood, and of my

steady practice of the art of mesmerism. He appeared to be much interested, and we talked on the subject long into the night.

When he left my rooms, I went to bed but not to sleep. The curate's text and the words of the gipsy girl kept recurring to me, and they made me restless and wakeful. Towards morning I began to drowse, but was wakened very early by Inglott bursting into my room in a state of considerable excitement. It appeared that he, too, could not sleep, and he had now come to ask my assistance in a matter which concerned him very deeply. He told me something of his history, how he had been brought up in Syria, where his father had for years held a consular appointment, and where he himself had imbibed a strong belief in the powers of necromancy and magic, and had, further, had some practical training in these arts. He hinted at a sorrow which had overshadowed his life, and then, begging me to excuse him making any further revelation at the present moment, told me that he needed the help of a man with a strong and disciplined will to help him in a plan which he had roughly sketched out for lessening, and perhaps removing, the sad load of sorrow with which he was burdened.

I willingly promised him every assistance that I could give, and it suddenly flashed across my mind that by the aid of Inglott's magical power, in addition to my own peculiar faculties, I might attain an influence over the beings of this world and the other, which might almost entitle me to the name the gipsy girl gave me. It was my turn now to tell a part of my story to Inglott, and in the end we agreed to aid each other, and to instruct each other in the peculiar arts of which we respectively had knowledge.

CHAPTER II.

Having made this compact, we lost no time in acting upon it. We began that same evening to practise the concentration of our wills upon some definite object, more especially with a view to the establishment of a close relation between each other's intelligences. For instance, I would silently desire him to do some trifling act, blowing out a candle, bringing me a book, or suchlike, and very shortly I found that I could not only make him comprehend what I wished him to do, but could compel him to do it. On his part, I found him to be an apt pupil, so that on the second or third evening of practice I perceived some slight stirring of recognition in my own mind of what he was silently desiring me to do. Inglott found these efforts of concentration very tiring, as he was quite unaccustomed to such mental exertion, and when he began to feel fatigue, we turned to his branch of mystical science, and here I found I had everything to learn. I had had absolutely no experience in what is called "spiritualism," and the most trivial manifestations of the presence and material power of the inhabitants of the invisible world were amazing, and even alarming to me. The, to me, extraordinary mediumistic power shown by my friend in our earlier experiments very strongly moved my curiosity, and I determined to study necromancy and its allied arts deeply. For a long time I

gave up nearly the whole of my days to reading such books on the subject of Black Art as I could obtain, and many weeks had not elapsed before I had a deeper theoretical knowledge of the subject than Inglott. In practice, however, he throughout had the advantage of me in his imperturbable calmness and readiness of resource. It was long before I could meet the spirits face to face without some degree of agitation, but I gradually overcame my weakness, and before the end of the term could face ordinary manifestations without betraying undue nervousness. While carrying on this branch of our studies, we had by no means neglected the other, and by degrees we had brought our minds into such close relation, that through mere sympathy each was not only able to perceive to a greater or less extent what was passing in the other's mind, but each was able at will to reflect upon the mind of the other what was passing in his own. In fact, we had established a system of silent mental communication, which, however, was far from being perfect.

One night, when we had continued our studies several months, as we were holding our usual *séance*, we became aware that we were about to be favoured with a manifestation of greater importance than those to which we had been accustomed. There was a bright fire burning in the grate, although the weather was warm; but we had always found a fire an agreeable companion, inspiring confidence and lessening nervousness in our *séances*, and we were in the habit of lighting one whenever the heat was not actually oppressive. A sanctuary lamp, fed with a sweet-smelling oriental oil, was burning faintly in a recess in the wall; and a small brasier of lighted charcoal was smouldering on the round table before which we sat. During the day we had been studying together a strange little volume on necromancy, which Inglott had translated for me from the Syriac; and we had just performed, to the best of our ability, a curious incantation, said to be of Chaldean origin, which we had found in the book. We were awaiting the result in silence, when suddenly we heard a sound as of very distant thunder, and then a slight tremor seized the room. In less than a minute this ceased, and a deadly silence ensued. As the silence continued, an awful feeling of oppression settled down slowly upon my spirit, and this increased until the sense of being overwhelmed was almost greater than I could bear. I looked across at Inglott, and I could see and feel that he was suffering very much in the same way that I was. It was only by exercising the greatest self-restraint that I could prevent myself from crying out, when, after a few minutes of this silence, I became conscious that the dim light in which we were sitting was being withdrawn. Slowly the light faded out of the fire and the lamp, and even the dull glow of the dying embers in the brasier ceased to be visible, while, to the terrors of our position, was added "the horror of great darkness." Just when the tension threatened to become quite unbearable, the strain on my nerves was suddenly eased, and from all parts of the room brilliant sparks of light, apparently chasing each other towards a point just above the cold brasier, became visible. These scintillations gradually concentrated themselves into a luminous floating globe, which hovered above us in a curiously persistent manner. Although the ex-

treme tension on our minds was reduced, a very painful feeling of awe remained present with us, more especially as we found that we could influence this strange manifestation in no way.

I should here explain that we had long since discovered that, by concentrating our wills together in any prearranged direction, we were able to influence very materially the form and intensity of the manifestation at the moment presented to us. We rarely found much difficulty in, as it were, reducing the forces producing the results before us to their elements—in resolving them and analysing them, so to speak. But in the present instance we found that our wills were opposed by some strong power which evidently was resisting us: in short that, instead of finding ourselves face to face with effects as hitherto, we were now in the presence of an active cause,—that, instead of dealing with mere phenomenal consequences, we now had to do with some mysterious originating power.

I was able to convey mentally to my companion a certain amount of what was passing through my mind, and I could feel that he had arrived at a similar conclusion regarding the unusual importance of this manifestation. We silently resolved to beat down the resistance of this phenomenon by the combined strength of our wills, and to force the originating cause to develop itself to us in some tangible shape. All our efforts were, however, unavailing. We attained no success that night, beyond compelling the luminous object to expand and contract, to remain quiet or to move at our will; and we retired to bed, quite worn out, as the early light stealing through the closed shutters warned us that the day had broken, and the time for practical experiment had passed. I should mention that as the daylight appeared the luminous object disappeared in a shower of brilliant sparks, and the light and heat gradually returned into the fire, the lamp, and the brasier. We both awoke late in the morning, and spent the day in searching all our mystic authorities for directions as to the manner of treating such manifestations as the one presented to us the preceding night.

In the evening we repeated the same forms and incantation as on the previous night, and we were favoured with the reappearance of the same phenomenon. Perhaps it was because we were prepared for its mode of approach that we were not so painfully overcome as we were on the first appearance: our thoughts were more collected and our wills more powerful. By dint of exhausting efforts we succeeded before midnight in forcing the luminous object to resolve itself into the semblance of a vigorous old man, white-bearded, and patriarchal in all but his savage scowl and malevolent eyes. With evident reluctance, and plainly repressing a violent emotion of hatred, the old man, wrapped in a long oriental cloak or burnous, stood with his arms folded, and then, obedient to our silent desire, approached us, and saluting us with a surly obeisance, asked us what we wished of him. Not without some trepidation, which I concealed to the best of my ability, I bade him tell us who he was. He replied, with a strange foreign accent, that he was present to do our bidding to the best of his ability, but that it was no concern of ours who he was and whence he had come. He again asked us what we desired of him. We had at that time hardly contemplated such a result of our nightly ex-

ercises and studies, and had decided upon no definitive plan of action. Seeing our hesitation, he asked permission to withdraw, promising to return the following night to receive our commands. We let him go, and spent the rest of our night in discussing how best to utilise our new servant in attaining the objects we had set before us.

Inglott now told me more of his story, which enabled me to understand what he desired and why he desired it. His father, it appeared, had been a well-known traveller, and in the course of his wanderings in the East, some little time before receiving his consular appointment, had met with and married under very romantic circumstances a Syrian lady, of high birth, great beauty, and rare culture, who had sacrificed her religion, position, and all that Orientals hold most dear, to marry him. My friend Inglott and a sister considerably younger than himself were the only children of this marriage. These two had been brought up together in Damascus chiefly by the mother, owing to the long and frequent absences of the father, and had there learned much of the mystic or black art, which is so largely practised in that city. A very warm and close attachment had existed between my friend and his sister, which had been recently broken by the disappearance of the girl during a raid made by professional robbers on them when residing in the hills near the town, where they possessed a very beautiful and secluded summer retreat. My friend's father had been killed in the attack, and not long afterwards his mother had died broken-hearted, leaving to Inglott the sacred duty of recovering his sister and rescuing her from a bondage possibly worse than death, and of avenging the murder of his father. Inglott had spent a great portion of his patrimony in bribing the corrupt Turkish officials to aid him, but had hitherto failed to find any trace of his sister, or of his father's murderers. He had long suspected one of the chief local officials of complicity in, or at least of knowledge of, the crime, but he had not succeeded in bringing home any sort of proof against him. What my friend desired was help in redeeming his promise to his dying mother, and he now proposed to demand this aid from our new supernatural servant.

My own desires tended rather in the direction of attaining personal influence over others, and power over the inhabitants of the other world. But now that I seemed within measurable distance of at any rate a part of my desire, I felt no particular longing for its consummation. My good wishes were strongly enlisted in my friend's favour, and I was willing to waive my own claims to consideration, and was prepared to accede to any proposal he might make for utilising the unknown powers of our shadowy coadjutor. Consequently we determined to invoke his assistance only in our search for the missing girl, and agreed that we should combine our will-power to force him to carry out our wishes, should he prove a reluctant servant. We had no prearranged plan of action, but relied on our individual tact and readiness, and on our acquired powers of mental intercommunication to shape in concert our action to our need when the time came and our strange servant was before us.

The next night saw us as usual in our dim studio, anxiously await-

ing the arrival of our visitant. Within half an hour of our preparation being completed, our mysterious servant appeared, without the awe-inspiring manifestations which characterised his first appearances. Inglott at once spoke, and explained in a few words all that we desired. We demanded information regarding his sister, whether she were alive or dead—if the former, that she should be restored to Inglott; if the latter, that undoubted proof should be given of her death. In either case we insisted on an opportunity of revenge on the murderers of my friend's father and the abductors of his sister.

The old man, if I may so call one who had no connection with the world of men, smiled on receiving Inglott's curt instructions, and in a half-mocking voice replied, "You ask a hard thing, my masters; hard not only for me, but more hard than you imagine for yourselves. But I read in your hearts that you are bent upon having your will, and you shall have it. I engage that the missing girl shall be in this room in your presence three months from this day; and that you, sir," turning to Inglott, "shall at the same moment and in the same place have before you the man who has done you the most deadly injury of all. But to do this I must have the help of one of you, who must change places with me for the time being, and become my servant, following implicitly and unquestioningly all my instructions, while the other must pledge himself to have no dealings with the spirit-world in the meantime."

Inglott promptly replied, "We agree, and I place myself unreservedly at your disposal."

But the Being said, "Not so fast, sir! It is for me to choose my assistant, and I select your friend. He will help me best; he has the stronger will, and, in this matter at any rate, the cooler head. Your duty will be to wait patiently, and to avoid all communication with the spirits, as you call them, as well as with your friend. If you attempt to deceive me, the penalty will be utter failure in your desires."

Inglott in vain tried to shake this resolution, and in the end we were forced to agree. The next day he went to America for a three months' visit, so as to be out of temptation's way, while I remained where I was to receive the instructions of our spirit-servant, who was for the time being to be my master.

I cannot conceal the fact that I awaited the coming of the Being with the most intense nervousness. I should be alone, and this would be the first solitary *séance* which I should experience. However, as is often the case, the reality was by no means so awful as the anticipation. The night after Inglott's departure, he came quite quietly; and had he been an ordinary mortal, he could not have put me more quickly at my ease by the kind and courteous manner he assumed.

"My friend," he said, after a few minutes' desultory conversation, "you are young and full of youthful enthusiasm. Your attachment to your friend has enabled you most unselfishly to conquer your own inclinations, and to stifle your curiosity. But you shall not be unrewarded. I will give you your desire. You shall have a being from another world—an angel, if you prefer the term—to do your bidding, and shall earn the name, 'Lord of the

Spirits.' Ah! you wonder at my knowing your boyish aspiration. I know more of you, you see, than you thought! You may trust me, and if you will only submit your powerful will entirely to mine, you shall see my promise to you as faithfully fulfilled as my promise to your friend Inglott."

I felt pleased and flattered; and though I failed to see how, in aiding me, my master, as I must now call him, was furthering Inglott's desires (and therefore, I hope, my own), I was unwilling to risk any unpleasantness by trying to suggest any course of action apparently better calculated to bring about the desired results. Besides this, I felt really too much in the dark in regard to the situation to form any definite plans of my own; and beyond all, I began to be very distinctly conscious that now our positions were reversed, and that whatever supremacy my will may have had over the Being at the time when Inglott and I had apparently mastered him, I was at the present moment as a child in his power.

That night we talked long, and on many subjects, but not on the one in which Inglott was most interested. I felt that his object in this was to accustom me to his presence, and to strengthen his ascendancy over me, in order to prepare me for the work that was to be done within the next three months.

Just before daybreak he said, "Now, my young friend, I must go. You mortals often summon us poor spirits from our rest to you. Now it is my turn; to-morrow night I mean to call you to the spirit-world. Do not hesitate or fear; you must come. You have pledged yourself to do my bidding, and you must not forget your promise to Inglott. Believe me, I am your friend so long as you do all I wish."

And with these words he left me suddenly.

CHAPTER III.

How I came there I know not. I was first oppressed with a vague consciousness of some resistless power which drew me with gentle yet overpowering force out of myself. Then I felt myself gradually losing cognisance of the room in which I was sitting. At the same time I was overwhelmed with an impression of the shadowy presence of the Being, which gradually defined itself until I became unmistakably aware that it was his power silently summoning me from this world. After a momentary interval of complete unconsciousness, I slowly awoke to a pleasing perception of warmth and languid restfulness. A faint sweet odour, which I presently recognised to be that of roses, clung to the heavy evening air. I lazily opened my eyes, and before me in the strong light of the full moon lay unfolded a fair oasis in a vast desert, a tinkling stream rippling through an Eastern village nestling in rose-gardens backed by low hills, above which in the far distance rose a higher range, from which stood out one high snow-clad peak. I was alone in a wilderness of roses, a blaze of pink blossom spreading all around me.

All at once I heard a low, sweet, half-familiar voice singing near me a quaint rhythmic song in an unknown tongue. Presently a shadowy though well-defined form advanced into the bright moon-

light, and I saw the *eidolon* of the gipsy girl who had met me in the narrow lane near my father's house the year before. In the spirit state, her form and features were purified and etherealised almost beyond belief, and she seemed to me like some angel from Paradise. Spellbound I gazed at her for some moments while she crossed a bright patch of moonlight into the deep shadow beyond. Then, with a desperate effort, I roused myself, and, collecting my scattered faculties, willed with all my strength that she should come to me. Suddenly she stopped, and turning round like some startled antelope, faced towards me with a look of wonder in her great dark eyes. Slowly she moved out from the shadow of an old grey olive-tree, wreathed with a glory of pink climbing roses, and took one step towards me and then stood hesitating. I strove with all my force against the unseen power that kept me rooted to the spot, and after a fierce struggle so far freed myself as to advance a few paces. And now for the first time I realised that my master had kept his word, and that I too was but a spirit, shadowy and unsubstantial as the sweet form before me — for though a small mass of rock, breast-high, stood between the girl and me, in advancing I passed through it without pain or difficulty. The shock this discovery gave me must have affected the concentration of my will, for I began to feel once more overpowered by the strength of the Being, and was conscious that I was disappearing. Not, however, before the gipsy girl saw me, for I perceived an expression of recognition steal gradually into her eyes, and she smiled and advanced as if about to speak to me, when the whole scene vanished from before my eyes, and I became unconscious.

I knew no more until I found myself in my own room, with the broad daylight staring in at the window. I felt weak and upset by the strangeness of my night's adventure. As the morning wore on, however, I felt stronger, and before long almost persuaded myself that my strange experience was nothing but a dream, and that memory and imagination had conspired to play me a trick.

About noon was handed to me a note, written in a cramped foreign hand, containing only the words, "Go immediately to Damascus and await me there." The message was not signed, but I knew at once that the letter came from the Being; and leaving explanations which I trusted would make my peace with the college authorities and my parents, I started the next morning for the East.

In due course I reached Damascus, and took up my quarters in the only fairly comfortable *serai* in the place, and for a few days wandered about the bazaars of "Es-Sham," as I soon learned to call the city, paid my respects to the consuls and other diplomatic officials in the place, saw the few sights of the city, and revelled in the orientalism of my strange surroundings. I found the heat considerable, although the cold weather was supposed to be upon us; and after I had been at Damascus for ten days or so, I was glad to accept our vice-consul's invitation to visit him at Salahiyyeh, a lovely cool spot some miles away among the nearer hills. Finding the place much to my liking, I established myself, when my visit was over, in a little house near my friend's place, judging that for my master's purposes Salahiyyeh

was sufficiently close to Damascus, and that there could be no objection to my change of residence.

Until this time the strangeness of everything about me had entirely engrossed me, and it was not until I had fairly settled down at Salahiyyeh that I had leisure or inclination to consider the reason of my sudden visit to the East. But now one evening, as I was "enjoying my *kayf*"—taking my ease—in the cool air in the vine-covered bower at the end of my landlord's garden, and lazily thinking of Inglott and all that I was to do for him, I became suddenly conscious that I was not alone, and the well-remembered figure of my master was once more before me. I started to my feet, and he, greeting me with the dignified salutation with which my short sojourn in the East had made me familiar, beckoned me to accompany him. I followed him for a considerable distance along a narrow path which traversed a valley which I had not yet explored, and just as the new moon was sinking below the horizon we reached the opposite slopes of the hills on which my little house was built. The path descended rapidly through a thick growth of trees, and we shortly found ourselves in a deserted rose-garden, covered with a blaze of pink blossoms, which scented the air, and in the distance rose, cold and grand in the dim twilight, a snowy peak which I recognised as the highest of the Lebanon range, visible from Damascus on clear days.

Advancing a short distance, we came to a small clearing in the middle of the jungly growth around, and suddenly I remembered the place as the spot in which I had found myself when called out of myself by my master. There was the old gnarled olive-tree under which I had first seen the spirit of the gipsy girl, and there the mass of rock through which I had passed. A fierce longing to see the girl again seized me, and with all my strength and mind I willed she should return. It was not long before I heard her singing the same sad-cadenced song she sang before, and then she stepped slowly out from the black shadow of the tree into the twilight. The master smiled encouragingly; but when I tried to go to her he warned me silently to pause. Profiting by the lesson of obedience I had learned on my last visit to the garden, I crept back and hid myself in the friendly shadow of the sheltering trees. But I could see her plainly. I was very young, and love comes suddenly to the young. My whole heart went out to her, and I turned to my master and prayed him to help me to win her. He laughed, and whispered, "Poor fool! she is a spirit, and you are a man. What has she to do with mere mortals, and what will it profit you to win a shadow?"

But his half-laughing refusal to help me made me only the more importunate. I implored him with all the eloquence of which I was capable to aid me at least in communicating with her.

At last he yielded. "Very well," said he; "as you will. Do not attempt to speak to her to-night, and do not let her see you now. Come here alone to-morrow night. I must not be with you; but I shall not be far off, and shall be ready to help you if necessary."

I was sadly impatient, but felt it was no use to oppose him, and with the best grace I could muster went home again through the dark valley to dream of the lovely spirit form which I longed to meet again. How the long remaining hours of the night dragged! Never

had I known so tedious a day as the next one. I could think of nothing but the gipsy girl and of her sweetness and beauty. At last the slow shadows lengthened out across the yellow plain below the hills, and I knew the time for seeing her again was near. The long twilight closed darkly in, and as the crescent moon neared the low sandhills lying north of the noble slopes of Hermon, I stole away with beating heart to meet the spirit of the gipsy girl.

I had no difficulty in finding the path through the wooded valley. But just before I reached the edge of the thicket which enclosed the old rose-garden, I met the master. He stopped me for a moment with a word of warning to be discreet.

"Beware," he said, "how you let your hot youthful fancies run away with you. Remember your new love is a spirit, and you are but a man, with all the grossness of mortality within you. I have toiled hard for you since we parted, and she will think you a spirit like herself. Take care you do not undeceive her. Remember, I am your friend, and will help you to the best of my ability,—but you must be cautious."

With that he disappeared, and I moved eagerly on until I reached the little clearing in the wood. The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and as I paused, a faint warm zephyr gently stirred the whispering trees, when suddenly the bulbul ceased to sing, for with a weird rustle, the half-transparent form of the girl glided out from the shade of the old rose-crowned olive-tree, and moved slowly into the open space beyond.

There she stood in the soft half light of the evening, so near me that I could see the little happy smile that parted her sweet pale lips. I was very nervous, but summoning all my fortitude I advanced, and at the sound of my approach she turned round, and, with a bright smile of remembrance, looked at me and said, "I am so glad you have come among us! I was thinking of you just before you came, for I thought I saw you here some time ago, and wondered if I was right. How did you find me? And are you not happy to leave the weary world?"

I was by no means sure how to answer her, for the Being had evidently told me the truth, and she thought she saw my spirit, as she had done on the first night she had seen me here. But at last I replied, "Indeed I am glad to have found you again. How could I fail to seek you?"

"I don't know why you should look for me," she said, "when you must have so many friends here."

"Shall I always find you here?" I interrupted.

"Oh yes," she answered, with a look of surprise at my eagerness "I have been allowed to come back to the home which I loved so dearly, and I always spend the night in this old rose-garden."

"When did you leave the world?" I asked. "It is so bright and beautiful; did you not dread death?"

"Oh no," she replied. "I used to love life at first when I was at home; but I was so very glad to leave the cruel gipsies, and now I am so happy. I did not stay long after that morning we met under the tor. But you have not told me how you came here."

"I came here to seek you," I answered, not without truth, though I am ashamed to confess I had quite forgotten the real reason of my coming to Es-Sham. "Did you think I could forget you or our first meeting? Do you

remember what you said to me then?"

She smiled as she answered, "Your hand did not tell the truth, or my skill was at fault—for the first time in my life, I think. I am afraid you can never be a 'Lord of the Spirits' now, since you are one yourself!" and she laughed lightly.

I remained silent for some time. How had she deceived herself, and should I undeceive her? But I made some answer, and then we spoke on various subjects for a short time, as it seemed to me; but it must have been for hours, for at last she said hurriedly, "But we must both be going! See, the east is paling, for the dawn is near. Good-bye, good-bye, my friend!"

"Promise me, before you go, that you will meet me here again to-morrow," I cried passionately.

"Yes; I will come, of course," she said gravely, looking at me curiously, as if wondering at my warmth.

"Good-bye; do not fail," I said, as she turned away; and I watched her as she slowly disappeared through the olives, humming her favourite song.

No sooner was she gone than I became conscious that the master was with me. "Have I not kept my promise to help you?" he said. "She thinks you are a spirit like herself; take care how you undeceive her. You will meet her again to-morrow night, and I will help you further. Be a man, for you will need all your strength of will." Just as the grey dawn broke he too disappeared, and I was left alone to find my way home, which I reached just as the sun showed himself above the horizon. I was very weary and excited by all I had gone through, but I slept as soon as my head touched the pillow.

My first thoughts on waking were of the spirit of the girl. How sweet and pure she looked in the ghostly starlight among the grey olive-trees! She had told me that her name was Safura, and I thought the name, spoken in her gentle voice, with her half-Arab lisp, the sweetest I had ever heard, and it thrilled in my ears even now. Her weird beauty, and the strange intangibility of her form, fascinated me, and filled me with a hopeless longing to possess and hold her as my own. All day my thoughts were of her, but the enigma—how to win her—was no nearer solution at the end of it than at the beginning, and when I went to meet her that night, my mind was sorely perplexed. My difficulties doubtless helped to fan the smouldering fire of admiration thus quickly into the fiercer flame of love.

How sweet she was that night, and yet how cold! She was very glad to see me, but it was with the gladness of a child pleased to see her friend. Freed from the trammels of the body, her spirit seemed to have lost all earthly taint. My love was not one to be satisfied with mere liking in return — it was, perhaps, more gross and earthly by reason of its rapid growth. But she had no suspicion. She thought me to be a spirit like herself, and little dreamed how much a part of me my worldly longings were. What we spoke of that night, or the many succeeding nights, I cannot remember. I only know that my passion grew stronger, as my hope of arousing a similar feeling within her grew fainter. With all the strength of my will I resolved to win her heart, and make her love me as one mortal loves another. But as time wore on, I felt I was making no real progress. That I had obtained some influence over

her I clearly perceived, but it was not the influence I desired. She yielded to my wishes, and accommodated her will to mine, more easily than she had done at first; but still I felt baffled, and conscious that the greater part of my efforts was being wasted on space, or at any rate in the wrong direction.

At last, in despair I summoned the Being, and invoked his aid once more. I showed him how difficult my task was—how impossible it was to infuse any spark of mortal love in a heart which, by reason of its freedom from all mortal contamination, had now no sympathy with, or power of feeling, human passion. He was not very sympathetic, and asked me what I could expect if I fixed my love on a being of another world. But his want of interest only increased my earnestness, and I begged him to exert himself to help me; and at last reminded him of what he had said to me when we made our compact, and insisted that he should help me to win the gipsy girl for my own.

The master smiled grimly, and said, "Have your own way, then. But after all, it is little I can do for you. Has love weakened your will, that you cannot force her to feel some sort of affection for you? Win ever so little of her heart (and she is not yet so pure a spirit that this thing is impossible), and then it will be within your power to materialise her, and clothe her temporarily in human form; and woman as she was, and will be once more, you will be able to bend her easily to your will. I can only join my power of will to yours; and I will help you to the best of my ability, as I am bound to do. If you repent hereafter, don't blame me."

This was a new revelation to me, for I had never before seriously considered the possibility of reinvesting a departed spirit with flesh. Inglott and I, in the course of our studies, had seen such a thing hinted at; and we had once discussed the question, but sceptically—thinking the idea one of the many absurd and impossible suggestions which, unfortunately, abound in all books on occult science.

However, this gave me hope, and hope is everything in love, and is very strong in the breast of a young man. So I determined to try my best, and endeavoured to persuade myself that with the aid of the master I had a fair chance of success. At any rate, I felt I could have no rival, and this was a comforting reflection.

For many nights I put forth my utmost powers to win Safura's heart; and though I was not very confident of progress, I felt conscious that she was changing towards me, and this gave me strength to redouble my exertions. I was now sure that I was using my powers in the right direction, and that time might give me an opportunity of winning the spirit-girl's heart in the way I longed to win it.

And so the weeks wore on. One night, when the moon was for the third time growing full and round, we had met as usual. The air was now much cooler than it had been when I came; and the roses, rejoicing in the less fierce sun, grew deeper in tint and richer in perfume than before, and ran riot over the old trees. We were wandering in the garden which we loved so much, and were talking of the life to which she thought we had both said farewell. Safura had previously told me something of her life, but very

little. She had been, it appeared, but a short time with the gipsies, and had been unhappy with them; why, she would never tell me. Nor would she tell me anything of her earlier history—only that she had passed her childhood in this very garden, where the ruins of her old home were visible, charred and burnt; and that she had lost her father and mother in a very sad way, two or three years before she died. The whole subject seemed too painful for her.

That night I said to her, "Safura, did you never learn what love means, or have you only forgotten?"

She seemed startled, and hesitated for a moment, and then replied with a smile, "Love? of course I knew what that was; who that has had father and mother and friends could fail to know it?"

"But did you know no other love than that?" I said. "That love you can feel now, can you not? Had you no feeling of love in life which you cannot feel here?"

She looked confused again, and for a moment paused. Then her lips parted in a slow smile, and she seemed about to speak again when she paused once more. Then in answer to my questioning eyes, and perhaps obedient to my will, said suddenly, "Yes, I did love once! . . . Well, it can do no harm now if I do tell you. Love like that can never trouble us here. Yes; I have loved. After I met you in the lane I could think of no one but you, and when I was dying I seemed to hear your voice calling me back to you as you did that day when I left you, and I felt once more all through me a thrill such as I felt when your hand touched mine. I think your voice and touch would have called me back from death itself. But it is too late now; all that is past for us both," she added sadly.

"Why is it too late?" I burst out, unable to restrain myself longer. "Safura, my darling! I have never ceased to love you, cannot you love me still? Because you have left the world must all that is of the world die out of you, and must you be cold and cruel to all left in the world? Come back to me once more. I am no spirit, and warm living love like mine is strong enough to bring you back to earth and make you live once more. Come, and I will teach you how happy life can be! come!" And as I spoke I felt my whole being rush into one channel and all my energy of will sweep irresistibly down it towards one great and steadfast purpose. I felt the boundless strength of my mighty master urge me on, supporting me and adding a thousandfold to the almost superhuman force I put forth at this the supreme moment of my life.

Gradually a strange change came over her. Her shadowy form grew slowly denser, colour faintly tinged her lips, her eyes, her hair. By degrees the semblance of life came to her; in her dark eyes a look of tenderness appeared, which deepened and deepened until at last her whole face and figure were lighted up by the divine fires of life and love. My patience was rewarded, my agonising efforts were successful; her materialisation was complete; and with a trembling sigh she nestled in my arms, all warm and living, a true woman, whose soft lips shrunk coyly from mine as I pressed on them the first long ardent kiss of love, while she whispered, "You have brought me back to life, and I am ever all your own!"

CHAPTER IV.

One short rapturous week of bliss passed all too quickly by, and I had quite forgotten Inglott, the duty I had undertaken, and all but myself and my love for Safura. At the end of this time, as I was walking slowly to my house in the grey dawn after bidding Safura farewell before she faded with the moonlight into her shadowy spirit-self and disappeared, I felt the unaccustomed presence of my strange master, and started suddenly from a deep reverie as he addressed me. My only thought at the time he spoke was of the next night's meeting; and my darling's farewell, as she had faded slowly from my close embrace, still thrilled in my ears.

"Well, friend," he said, "have I not been better than my word? Now it is your turn to keep your promise to Inglott and to me. Do you know that you have been amusing yourself here a good deal more than two months, and that you have only just time left to reach England to keep your appointment?"

"But I am not going," I cried. "I know nothing about Inglott's sister nor her abductors. You must manage to fulfil your promise to him without me. Leave me here in peace."

"This will not do," the Being said, sternly, "I have your promise and you shall keep it. I have helped you, and you must help me. Your presence when I meet Inglott is absolutely necessary."

I argued and protested, but to no purpose. His will was stronger than mine. I begged for one more meeting with Safura in the old garden, but he was immovable and would not allow it. Being untrammelled by the bonds of the flesh, except when I willed her to be otherwise, she could come to me as well in England as in Syria. I must return to England and take up my residence in my old rooms without delay, otherwise I should be too late to help him in giving Inglott his revenge. All this the Being urged, and I had no power to resist. Further, he extracted an unwilling promise from me that I would not summon Safura without receiving his permission to do so; and enjoined on me not to see or speak to Inglott before the appointed night, on penalty of ruining all his hopes.

And so I started for England haunted by visions of the sad face which I knew would look so wistfully for me that night in the dear old garden, where she would miss me for the first time for weeks past. The thought of the sorrowing spirit of the girl wandering through the trees searching for me in all our favourite nooks, and longing in vain for the power which alone could give back to her the enjoyment of warm human love, almost forced me to play traitor to Inglott and to stay in Damascus with my shadowy mistress. But calling to my aid the whole strength of my will, and fortifying myself with the thought that I could summon her to my side in England as easily as I could in Syria, I compelled myself to start for home and by degrees to think of other things. I dared not think too much of Safura for fear of summoning her, and of thus destroying Inglott's happiness.

And now for some days I had ample time to think of Inglott,

and I promised myself a very pleasant meeting with him, for I held him in sincere regard and esteem, and was truly rejoiced to think that he would so soon have his sister restored to him and be given an opportunity of avenging himself on those who had injured him so cruelly. My conscience reproached me a good deal for having thought so little about him during the past few weeks, and for having done, so far as I could see, absolutely nothing for him. But I consoled myself by remembering that, after all, I had done everything the master had asked me to do; and that, judging from the complete manner in which he had fulfilled all that he had promised me, he was not likely to fail Inglott.

On the whole, my return journey to England was pleasanter and less disturbed by vain longings after Safura than I had anticipated; and when I entered my rooms on arrival, I remembered with much pleasure that it was the day fixed by the master for our meeting with Inglott. I promised myself with confidence the enjoyment of seeing his happiness, and I determined to obtain my master's permission to see Safura at once, and, if he would not give it, I decided I would summon her in defiance of him, as, having fulfilled his covenant with Inglott, my rebellion could do no one any harm.

At last the time arrived for me to go to Inglott's room, as I had been accustomed to do before we separated. There I found him looking anxious and excited, walking restlessly up and down the room. He greeted me cordially, but with a preoccupied manner. We had time only to exchange greetings, when, without warning, the Being appeared before us. A look of triumphant hatred gleamed in his stern eyes, and a terrible smile of satisfied revenge lighted up his face. There was such a devilish joy expressed in his whole appearance that my heart sank within me, and my gladness changed to fear and dismay.

He turned to Inglott with a sneer which appalled me, and said, "Now, my master, be pleased to lay your commands upon your obedient slave!"

Inglott briefly replied, "Remember your promise. Where is my sister, and where are my enemies?"

"Look at me!" said the Being, with a laugh as baleful as Mephistopheles's; "do you not recognise me now? I was known throughout Syria as El Akrab" (the scorpion), "in compliment to my amiable qualities," he said, with a vicious grin, "though I am not so bad as I was painted, as your friend here will testify. Stay where you are!" he cried, as Inglott started up from the chair in which he was seated, his face purple with fury; "do not think that the privilege of inflicting the supreme injury on you has fallen to me. Be silent, and do not dare to interrupt me again, or you shall never see your sister. Now, listen! When I was little more than a boy I loved your mother. She was betrothed to me, and would have been my wife but for that dog, your father, who lured away her heart and stole her from me. When I discovered this I swore upon my father's grave that I would be revenged. I have been revenged already in part, but to-night my vengeance will be complete."

His manner as he said these words was so cruel and diabolical, and his face wore an expression of such satanic hatred, that my blood curdled with horror. Inglott sat

motionless, but the great veins in his forehead seemed near bursting, and his eyes glared with a fury rivalling that of the awful Being.

He continued: "I planned and led the attack on your father's house. I killed him with my own hand as I would a dog; and I carried off your sister, sparing her for her mother's sake, because I had loved her once; but my hatred of your race was too strong to suffer me to spare her long. I could not bring myself to slay or torture her; so I sold her to the gipsies, trusting they would drag her down to a fate worse than death. You escaped me, and your mother's person was sacred to me for the sake of the love I bore her years before."

My heart stood still for a moment when he mentioned the gipsies, and then beat furiously. Could I then, after all, have been doing Inglott service when I was at Damascus? Was it for me to bring back his sister to him, even for a short time, from the grave? But I dismissed the idea in a moment, thinking how improbable it was that my master would have aided me to happiness in order to give happiness to one he hated so much.

He resumed: "And then your mother died, and when she died all my old love for her returned, and my hatred of you and yours redoubled itself. I sought out her grave, and on it swore an oath that, alive or dead, in the living world or in the next, I would revenge myself to the utmost on all belonging to your father. I tried to trace you, but you had left Syria, so had your sister, and I could obtain no clue to either of you. I was making the necessary preparations for going to Europe to seek you, when I myself was assassinated in my sleep. Nay, you have no cause to congratulate yourself," he said, as Inglott made some movement expressive of pleasure. "Had I not died then I should have lost the revenge I have had, and shall shortly have. Not long after my death I saw from afar the spirit of your sister among the pure and the happy; so I knew that she was dead, and had escaped unharmed from the life of misery I had destined for her. A sad and bitter blow for me, you may be sure! And I know not how I should have accomplished my vengeance on both her and you had not your own presumptuous actions put you in my power. Yes; writhe in anguish and fury as you will, but it will not alter the truth, nor diminish the sting that lies in it. Remember, too, that you are powerless against me, for I am far beyond your reach. I shall wreak my vengeance on you to the full, while you cannot touch me!"

Anything so pitiable as poor Inglott's condition during this part of the Being's narrative I have never seen. He looked as if he were about to have a fit, his features and limbs working convulsively, all the wild passion of his semi-oriental nature striving to find vent in action, while he was powerless to move, spellbound by the Being's malignant power.

"Ah!" sneered the spirit, "I touch you nearly now! My revenge is close at hand! You sought the spirits, and would not let the departed rest in peace. One night I was sent to obey your call, and unwillingly enough I went. But when I saw you I recognised you, and reading both you and your friend like an open book, I quickly decided upon my plan of action. I promised to produce your sister and the man who has done you

the deadliest wrong of all. Is not this so?"

Inglott was past speech, so I nodded assent. The spirit smiled and said, "Then before proceeding further I redeem my promise!" First muttering a few words which I did not understand, he said, in a low, distinct, commanding voice—

"Safura!"

Immediately a faint luminous appearance became visible. This grew more and more distinct, until in a few moments the spirit form of her whom I loved so well became clearly defined in the darkened room. But oh, how sadly changed she was! The sweet, happy expression was gone, and in its place was a sad, hopeless, suffering look, as of one who has undergone torture, and who knows it must be repeated again and again.

As soon as she appeared both Inglott and I leaped to our feet, and were advancing towards her with words of love on our lips, when the Being checked us by a gesture.

"Hold!" he said. "You have no part in her now. She is a fallen spirit, and is now mine to punish for the sin she has committed in our spirit-world. Pure and innocent on earth, she was removed far beyond my influence when she died, and would have remained so for ever but for your false friend here, who by the power of his wicked selfish will and uncontrolled passions forced her back to this gross material world once more, and filled her heart with love so earthly that she is now unfit for happiness beyond the grave, and must be cleansed and purged of her worldly taint through æons of misery before she can return to her former state of happiness and purity. And this task of purification by fire, Inglott, has been allotted to me, your arch-enemy, to carry out! Thoroughly shall I perform my task, although the thought that Safura is to be fitted again for happiness through my instrumentality is gall and wormwood to me. But what is my punishment compared to the joy of complete revenge on you and yours? I have slain your father with my own hands, broken your mother's heart, brought your only and dearly loved sister to almost everlasting misery by means of your bosom friend, and now there is nothing left to you but agony of mind on earth and torture beyond the grave, because your own presumptuous sin alone has given me power to injure you and to glut myself with revenge on you and yours!"

As he ceased, Inglott rose slowly from the chair into which he had fallen, cowering and covering his livid face with his trembling hands during the last part of the Being's speech. For one moment he looked at me with bloodshot eyes, filled with reproach and contempt, and then he began to move unsteadily towards Safura, who crouched in one corner of the room in an agony of shame and remorse. But the Being held up his hand to forbid his further advance. Inglott turned swiftly upon him with a furious gesture of wild rage and despair; but before he could reach him, he fell to the ground at his feet, the blood streaming from his mouth, and a bitter curse upon his lips.

He never spoke again. As he fell, the malignant Being and poor Safura disappeared, this time for ever.

I gave the alarm, and tried to raise my friend, but he shrank from me with a look of horror in his glazing eyes, and I had no heart to force my unwelcome help upon him. Before medical aid

could arrive he was dead, and the hands of a stranger and of his faithless friend laid his lifeless body on a couch.

An inquest was held, and, on the medical evidence, a verdict of death by the visitation of God was returned. I was, of course, examined as the only witness of his seizure, but I had time to prepare some story—I forget what—and no mention was made of the Being and Safura. I knew that such a tale would not be believed. After the funeral, I went down into the country, but not to my home, for I cannot meet my family.

And here I remain, a broken man; broken in nerve, in spirit, and in health,—waiting for death, which I long for and yet dread, for I know that for me death is but the commencement of punishment even more severe and more awful than I now suffer. Yet, while I linger on earth, I am so haunted by the reproach and contempt conveyed in Inglott's last look; so weighed down by sorrow that my selfish conceit and overbearing passion should have been the instruments by which the accursed Being was enabled to strike the deadly blow; so stung by remorse that my sin should have dragged down Safura—whom I loved, and shall ever love, with all the undisciplined strength of a wilful man's heart—from purity and happiness to lasting woe and degradation; and so maddened by the knowledge that my own presumption has placed her for ever beyond my reach,—that a hundred times a-day I make up my mind to risk the unknown horrors of future punishment, to escape the maddening tortures of my present existence.

And yet, I dare not—I dare not.

CYPRUS UNDER BRITISH RULE.

On the 4th June 1878, Cyprus was handed over to England "to be occupied and administered," under the provisions of a very remarkable Convention, the text of which is so brief, and the document itself so interesting, that it may be given in its entirety:—

"If Batoum, Ardrahan, Kars, or any of them shall be retained by Russia, and if any attempt shall be made at any future time by Russia to take possession of any further territories of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, in Asia, as fixed by the definitive treaty of peace, England engages to join his Imperial Majesty the Sultan in defending them by force of arms.

"In return, his Imperial Majesty the Sultan promises to England to introduce necessary reforms, to be agreed upon later between the two Powers, into the government, and for the protection of the Christian and other subjects of the Porte in these territories; and in order to enable England to make necessary provision for extending her engagement, his Imperial Majesty the Sultan further consents to assign the island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by England."

Such is the text of the celebrated Convention under which Cyprus came under British rule. But, like a lady's letter, the most important matter does not appear in the document itself, but is embodied in a postscript or "annexe," the terms of which were agreed upon some weeks after the Convention itself had been signed. And it was not till July 11th that Mr Baring, one of her Majesty's secretaries of Embassy at Constantinople, took possession of the island on behalf of the Queen of England. The annexe was drafted as follows:—

"It is understood between the two high contracting parties that England agrees to the following conditions relating to her occupation and administration of the island of Cyprus:—

"I. That a Mussulman religious tribunal (Méhkémé Sheri) shall continue to exist in the island, which will take exclusive cognisance of the religious matters and of no others concerning the Mussulman population of the island.

"II. That a Mussulman resident in the island shall be named by the board of Pious Foundations in Turkey (Evkaf) to superintend, in conjunction with a delegate to be appointed by British authorities, the administration of the property, funds, and lands belonging to mosques, cemeteries, Mussulman schools, and other religious establishments existing in Cyprus.

"III. That England will pay to the Porte whatever is the present excess of revenue over expenditure in the island: this excess to be calculated upon and determined by the average of the last five years, stated to be 22,936 purses, to be duly verified hereafter, and to the exclusion of the produce of State and Crown lands let or sold during that period.

"IV. That the Sublime Porte may freely sell and lease lands and other properties in Cyprus belonging to the Ottoman Crown and State (Arazii Miriyé vé Emlaki Houmayoun), the produce of which does not form part of the revenue of the island referred to in Article III.

"V. That the English Government through their competent authorities may purchase compulsorily at a fair price land required for public improvements or for other public purposes, and land which is not cultivated.

"VI. That if Russia restores to Turkey Kars and the other conquests made by her in Armenia during the last war, the island of Cyprus will be evacuated by England, and the Convention of the 4th of June 1878 will be at an end."

The sixth article would seem to be rather satirical than practical;

for the idea of Russia restoring territory to any one, especially to Turkey, reads like a diplomatic joke rather than part of a grave State paper. But the insertion of the proviso that in even so remote a contingency Cyprus would be evacuated by England, tended, for some time after the occupation, to create an impression that the island had not been finally and definitively occupied by us—not incorporated into the British Empire—and thus tended, to a certain extent, to check that influx of English capital and English capitalists, of foreign enterprise and of enterprising foreigners of any nationality, that might have been reckoned upon with certainty had the occupation been avowedly final. That we shall ever leave Cyprus now that we have taken possession of it, is in the highest degree unlikely; and quite apart from the question as to whether it was a wise thing to go there at all, our duty as well as our interests compel us to do the best we can for the island now that we are there.

But the third article of this annexe is the stumbling-block to progress. For the Turks took away every farthing—in Levantine language, every *pará*—that they could raise or squeeze out of the island, and spent wellnigh nothing on its administration, absolutely nothing on its development. The surplus of this income over this expenditure *à la Turque* might well have been considered by English statesmen to be a sum entirely beyond the means of the island to provide, after paying for her proper administration and reasonable development, according to English ideas. But this was apparently not taken into consideration by our negotiators. The Turkish proposals were accepted, the Turkish figures were "verified"; and after a considerable amount of discussion and controversy as to *how* this newly created tribute was to be paid to Turkey, an annual amount of £95,000 on all accounts was agreed to by England; and this sum has been regularly paid, not by England but by Cyprus, ever since. By Cyprus (as Turkish tribute), yet not to Turkey; but by a most unworthy shuffle of obligations, to England and to France.

As long ago as the year 1855, in view of the exigencies of the Crimean war, Turkey negotiated a loan of some £5,000,000 sterling, of which the interest and ultimate repayment of the principal by means of a sinking fund was guaranteed by England and France jointly. The amount still outstanding is about £3¼ millions; and Turkey has, since her financial crisis, failed to make good the interest paid by the guaranteeing Powers to the bondholders. These things being so, soon after the amount and mode of payment of the consideration money for the occupation of Ottoman Cyprus by England to the Sublime Porte had been ascertained and settled, the English Government — Mr Gladstone—thought fit to seize this Turkish £95,000 a-year as collected by the Government of Cyprus, and to appropriate it for the benefit of the Governments of England and of France on account of the guaranteed interest due to those nations by Turkey on the loan of 1855! "Diplomatic sharp practice" is gentle language in which to characterise this wretched shift.

But apart from, and, as far as Cyprus is concerned, infinitely more important than the destination of this annual tribute, its incidence is crushing. It is drawing the very life-blood from an already exhausted patient.

Taking the gross revenue or in-

come of Cyprus on all accounts to be about £180,000 a-year, the tribute to be paid amounts to considerably more than one-half of the entire revenue of the island, equivalent to a payment of about £50,000,000 per annum, by England to some foreign Power out of our national revenues of, say, £90,000,000 a-year.

An English Chancellor of the Exchequer compelled to pay a tribute of £50,000,000, let us say to Greenland, would find himself hard put to it to carry on the efficient administration of Great Britain and Ireland with what was left.

And yet England, with her enormous accumulated capital, her skilled labour, her vast mineral wealth, her unrivalled industries and manufactures, would be far better able to resist so terrible a strain upon her finances than a poor little country like Cyprus, entirely without capital, manufactures, or skilled labour of any kind, with such material resources as she may possess entirely undeveloped, and with a population already impoverished by some four centuries of extortion, to the point of having little more than the barest necessaries of existence. Nine-tenths of the people live on brown bread and black olives; they do little work, for bread and olives are easily procured, and such a diet does not stir men to ambition. Cypriotes were contented under the Turks; they can be no more than contented under the British. The bread of 1888 is not more nourishing nor the olives more succulent than those of 1878. The British tax-gatherer does not probably take much less than the Turkish tithe-farmer; but he is certainly more formal and probably more regular in his demands. And poor Hajji Yorghi, who hates regularity and does not understand printed forms, finds himself on the whole not much better off than of old.

Nor does it seem possible, as long as one-half the entire revenue of the island is taken out of the country as *tribute*, that his condition can be materially improved. On the contrary. Taking £95,000 from £180,000, we should have only £85,000 a-year left to provide, not only for the entire administration, government, and maintenance of the island, road-making, public buildings, but for the thousand and one things that would not be wanted in an old country, but which are absolute necessities to enable Cyprus even to start in the race in which the rest of the civilised world have been allowed to steal a march upon her of some four hundred years.

Yet the Treasury is by no means disposed to lighten the burden that has been laid upon the island, or even to allow the island to take any steps towards doing so for itself. Quite the contrary. The whole administration of Cyprus is systematically starved in order that the largest possible number of pounds sterling may be taken out of the island, and the smallest possible number of piastres spent on its development or maintenance. The island has been endowed, most unfortunately, as we think, by a restless and *doctrinaire* Government with a Representative Assembly; and the one point upon which the elected members are unanimous is, that some means should be taken to lighten the incidence of the "tribute." But its oft-repeated votes are disregarded, its suggestions are ridiculed, its resolutions are cast into the official waste-paper basket.

The tribute might be capitalised on terms most acceptable to Turkey, by which the island would gain

or save £30,000 a-year. Or a loan might be raised on favourable terms. Nor need England lose a penny. Half-a-dozen ways might be found, over half-a-dozen have been suggested, for alleviation by some readjustment of the burden. But Downing Street is as inexorable as in the case of Lord Charles Beresford's Intelligence Department. And as we honestly believe that their action or inaction is blind, wicked, selfish, and immoral, we share Charles Kingsley's views on such matters sufficiently to believe that the results can be beneficial neither to Cyprus nor to England. And knowing what we do of the subject, we think it right to speak plainly.

Cyprus under British administration is governed by a High Commissioner, representing her Majesty the Queen; and a small Executive Council consisting of three or four of the highest officials in the island.

The first High Commissioner was Sir Garnet Wolseley, who commanded a small army of some ten thousand men in the island, and was surrounded as usual by a large and brilliant staff.

When our "only General" was suddenly called away to South Africa, he was succeeded by Colonel, afterwards General Sir Robert Biddulph, under whose government the administration of the island, having passed from the Foreign Office to the Colonial Office, lost a good deal of its original military and somewhat magnificent character.

The troops were withdrawn within a year after the occupation, leaving nothing but half a battalion of infantry at Polymedia camp near Limassol; and the civil establishments were gradually cut down.

In 1882, under Mr Gladstone's Ministry, the character of the government was still further changed, and a *Constitution* was granted to Cyprus by Lord Kimberley. A Legislative Council was instituted, consisting of six officials, and twelve elected members, nine Christians, and three Moslems. It holds its session during a few weeks every spring for the making of laws and a discussion of the estimates. The people, however, neither understand nor appreciate representative institutions. The assembly is practically powerless to do any good; and considering the nature of the Constitution, and the inexperience, to say the least, of the members, it is a matter of satisfaction that it is not able to do any very positive harm.

Politics can hardly be absent in a country with Hellenic aspirations; and a chamber consisting of voting members suggests, if it does not necessitate, Parties. And indeed, in Cyprus there may be said to be an Opposition, consisting of the twelve elected members, and a Government consisting of the six officials. That "the Queen's government should be carried on" under such disadvantages is sufficiently noteworthy. There is a small, a very small, minority of talkers outside the House, who, with the example of the Ionian Islands before them, and without the smallest encouragement from the Greek Government or people, demand that England should bestow the island, which belongs not to the British, but to the Turkish Empire, upon Greece. But this demand is of what may be called an academic character, and serves the speakers, who would otherwise have very little to speak about, with a fine theme for declamation, and for the utterance of very noble sentiments in the most classical language at their command. And nobody is really any the worse for it. But after all, it is a little hard

upon the Cypriote Christians, and they certainly feel it to be so, that although enjoying English government and English institutions, they should be legally and constitutionally "Turks," amenable even now to Ottoman law, and liable at any moment to be restored to the direct rule of their lawful sovereign, the Sultan. That they would rejoice to become British subjects, and would prove as devoted and loyal servants of her Majesty Queen Victoria as are to be found in the world, and that such a status could not fail to be of enormous advantage to Cyprus as well as to the Christian Cypriotes, and would, moreover, be cheerfully accepted by the island Moslems, does not admit of a doubt.

To say that anything should be done, or to suggest any particular policy, would be foreign to the scope of the present article; but that Cypriotes who are not allowed to be Englishmen should sigh to be Greeks, is, all things considered, by no means extravagant, though it is obviously visionary. After all, there is some reason in most things, even in Cyprus.

The present High Commissioner, Sir Henry Bulwer, G.C.M.G., is the first civilian governor of the island. He is a nephew of the distinguished brothers Lord Lytton and Lord Dalling and Bulwer, and is himself distinguished in his official career by long and valuable service in South Africa.

A colonel on the staff—Colonel Hackett—with his headquarters at Limassol, commands the troops; and "administers" the government in the temporary absence of the High Commissioner.

The island is divided for administrative purposes into six districts—Nicosia, Famagusta, Kyrenia, Larnaca, Limassol, and Papho.

The affairs of each district are looked after and the revenue collected by a commissioner, with a local commandant of police and various subordinate officials.

Justice is administered in each district town by district courts, composed of an English judge or president, and two subordinate native magistrates, one Turk and one Greek. The decisions of these courts are subject to an appeal to the Supreme Court of Cyprus, consisting of the Chief Justice and one puisne judge, which sits at Nicosia during the greater part of the year, and whose judges go on circuit at intervals of three or four months to every district in the island, and in conjunction with the district judges on the spot, dispose of all criminal cases of sufficient gravity and importance.

Each district also possesses a local administrative body called the *Mejlis Idáré*, composed of an equal number of Christians and Moslems, elected every two years. This body assists the Commissioners of the district in many local matters, and principally in fixing the rate at which the titheable produce is to be valued in cash for purposes of collection. An appeal from the decisions of the local Mejlis Idáré lies to the central Idáré at Nicosia, which is presided over by the High Commissioner, and is composed of six English officials nominated *ad hoc* by the Government, and four elected native members, two Christian and two Moslems.

Each district is divided into *nahiehs*, the head man of which is the *mudir*. He is under the orders of the Commissioner, and sees that the instructions of his chief are carried out. He is responsible for the regular collection of the tithes and taxes, and the police in his *nahieh*, if there happen to be any one under his immediate superintendence. This *mu-*

dir is indeed to the *nahieh* what the Commissioner is to the district.

Each *nahieh* is composed of a certain number of villages, whose head-man, the *muktar*, is elected annually by all villagers of eighteen years and upwards who pay fifty piastres direct taxes. In villages containing a mixed population of Christians and Moslems, when the number of houses exceeds twenty, a *muktar* is elected for each community. He is responsible, to a certain extent, for the condition and general direction of his village or his community, and is bound to assist in the collection of the taxes.

The independence and self-government of the villages are further encouraged by the institution of village courts of justice; for, in addition to the district courts previously described, there is, at some ten of the most important villages of the island, a "village judge," having jurisdiction in civil cases of which the value of the subject-matter in dispute is under five pounds, with certain restrictions and exceptions.

An appeal from the decision of the village judge lies to the district court of the district.

The chief collector of customs and the island postmaster are stationed at Larnaca, the most important seaport, though unfortunately without a harbour; while the heads of all the other departments live at Nicosia. The inspector of schools, the Rev. Josiah Spencer, who is also the chaplain to the new English church at the capital, has under his superintendence no less than a hundred and fifty Greek and Turkish schools, though so far, unhappily, no English school of any kind has been established in the island. An English school was kept by Mr Spencer for a short time with some success, but it had to be abandoned by him on account of his other duties. It is possible that something of the sort may again be established at Nicosia. The police consists of some 200 horse and 400 foot, with a chief commandant and six subordinate English officers as local commandants, and is the only military force in the island. The men are equipped as soldiers, wearing a short blue jacket and white turban, and carry the Martini-Henry rifle. But although ready to act as soldiers on an emergency, they are actually charged with the ordinary duties of police as regards the mainten ance of order and the detection of crime, as well as with a number of duties which in other countries are usually performed by subordinate officers of the courts, civil as well as criminal. The Cypriote policemen, who are almost entirely Mohammedans, under their English officers perform their manifold duties with punctuality and efficiency, and are a smart and good-looking, as well as a highly trustworthy body of men. There is a prison in each district town, under the management of the police. The jails are in general old Turkish buildings, and quite unsuitable for the custody of prisoners. They are without exception clean and well managed. The prisoners, who are dressed in a stout dark-blue uniform, are well treated and enjoy excellent health. Within three miles of each district jail they are allowed to work on the roads, under a guard of *zaptiehs*, except in the case of men sentenced to very long terms, who are not allowed to go outside the prison walls.

The postal arrangements, although a wonderful advance upon the days of Turkish administration when letters were scrambled for at the Austrian Consulate at Larnaca—or even upon Constantinople itself

in this very year, where there is no Turkish post whatever—leave a good deal to be desired. Letters are only carried to and from the principal towns, and are not delivered at all. If a man expects a letter, he sends to the post-office to meet it; if he does not, it lies there until he happens to call for it, and this even at Nicosia, the capital. I remember soon after my arrival receiving a telegram from a perfect stranger: "Send to post-office for letter despatched to-day." I thought the sender must have taken leave of his senses, but found that he was only better acquainted than I was with the peculiarities of the Cyprus post-office. The telegraphs are not under Government management, but are worked by the Eastern Telegraph Company, and are in every way excellent and admirable.

As regards communication with the outside world, postal or otherwise, there is little to be said, but that it is rare, slow, and eminently unsatisfactory. For five years after the occupation, a subsidised service to Alexandria conveyed letters and passengers once a-week, in about seven days, to and from London. But as soon as the contract came to an end, the Treasury, looking to the tribute, forbade any new subsidy being granted, and letters came and went *à la grâce de Dieu*, and the "return of post" from London to Nicosia and back occupied six weeks at least. Within the last few months only, some order has taken the place of this chaos, and a slow and roundabout but regular service is provided by the French Messageries Maritimes once a-week, with an Austrian Lloyd steamer once a-fortnight "in case of need." And the result of this is not only that Cyprus trade has been injured and Cyprus industry checked, but that business to the extent of £50,000 or £60,000 a-year has been diverted from England to Marseilles and Trieste.

Trade is said to follow the flag, and we have driven the British flag away from Cyprus, and left the communications as they were under the Turks!

At the time of the Occupation, the coinage of Cyprus, being of course that of the Ottoman Empire, was in the greatest confusion. The Turkish monetary system is indeed admirable in theory, consisting of the pound or *lira*, a handsome gold coin of the value of 18s. sterling, divided into 100 piastres. But in spite of the theoretical perfection of this decimal system, nothing could be less perfect than the actual condition of things in 1878. Not only gold, but specie of every description, was at a considerable premium, varying from day to day, and according to the particular coin; while Government notes, called *caïmé* or irredeemable paper money, was current at rates which bore but a very small proportion to their "face value." The English, of course, at once reformed this. After a short time *caïmé* existed no longer. English pounds and English shillings were introduced in abundance for the wants of the island. The reform was excellent. But unfortunately, as in so many other cases, we stopped half-way. Indeed, in this matter of the coinage we lost a great opportunity.

The English system of pounds, shillings, and pence might have been adopted with the applause of every one in Cyprus. The Turkish system of *liras* and piastres would have been perhaps equally good, on the abolition of *caïmé*. Being a decimal system, it would have been more convenient than the English for keeping accounts and making calculations; and as the *lira* is worth—practically, if not exactly—eighteen English shillings, our

English silver coins might have been made current, as they are now. But, unfortunately, a system neither entirely English nor entirely Turkish, including some of the disadvantages of both, was adopted as a compromise—a compromise which no one wanted, and which pleased and pleases no one. The Cyprus accounts were to be kept in *pounds*, *shillings*, and a new species of *piastres*. But even in carrying out this hybrid system a golden opportunity was lost of introducing, or rather renewing, a decimal coinage. If the new piastre had been taken as the hundredth part of the English pound, instead of, like the old piastre, the hundredth part of the Turkish *lira*, ten piastres would have gone to the florin, ten florins to the pound; and we should at once have had an *English* decimal coinage, simple, convenient, easily understood by both English and Cypriotes. But instead of this, a piastre was invented for the occasion, for it represented nothing in the Ottoman monetary system, of the value of *one-ninth* of an English shilling, $\frac{1}{180}$th of an English pound! Had the piastre even been made of the value of one-tenth of a shilling, $\frac{1}{200}$th of a pound, the gain in simplicity and convenience of calculation would have been immense; but it is difficult to conceive a more complicated system of counting than that by which we have replaced the simple Turkish decimal coinage in Cyprus. "Nine times" is certainly the most unmanageable of the multiplication-table; and the smallest money transaction or account in British Cyprus necessitates a long calculation—pencil and paper being usually called into play before both parties are satisfied.

In practice, moreover, this complexity is further complicated by the fact that the Cypriote shopkeepers, for some reason, choose to treat the English golden sovereign as worth 182 piastres instead of 180, the value adopted by the Government and the banks; that the bankers keep their customers' accounts in pounds, shillings, and *pence*, whereas pence are not current in the island; and that the following coins are to be met with in ordinary everyday circulation, though only those current in England—and not all of them—are accepted at the post-offices or Government treasuries. Neither English half-crowns nor pence are current in Cyprus; nor, strange to say, are francs, nor Greek money of any kind, commonly met with.

1. Pound sterling,	worth 180 or 182	piastres.
2. Half-sovereign,	„ 90 or 91	„
3. Lira,	„ 165	„
4. Gold napoleon,	„ 144	„
5. Ten-franc piece,	„ 72	„
6. Spanish dollar,	„ 34	„
7. Austrian dollar,	„ 32 or 34	„
8. Medjidieh,	„ 30½	„
9. Half-medjidieh,	„ 15¼	„
10. Quarter-medjidieh,	„ 7½	„
11. Two-shilling piece (florin),	„ 18	„
12. Rupee,	„ 13½	„
13. Shilling,	„ 9	„
14. Eight annas (half-rupee),	„ 6¾	„
15. Sixpence,	„ 4½	„
16. Threepenny-bit,	„ 2¼	„

It needed, as the saying is, "but a stroke of the pen" to make the Cyprus monetary system simple and convenient, indeed a model

for East and West. The pen was actually put to paper, but the writer withdrew his hand before he had finished his stroke ——— and all is chaos.

To add to the confusion the Limassol shopkeepers, dissatisfied with the Government system, have adopted an ideal piastre of their own—a piastre not represented by any coin either of Cyprus or any other country, but taken as $\frac{1}{182}$ of the pound sterling.

And the Papho people, not wishing to be outdone by Limassol, have adopted a similarly fantastic unit, somewhat higher than their Limassol brethren, which they value at $\frac{1}{192}$ of the pound sterling. And all these piastres are divided into forty *parás*, of consequently varying values.

Compound multiplication is far from simple under such circumstances; and senior wranglers of perfect temper alone would be fit to cope with the daily calculations.

The weights and measures are fortunately left alone, and though they are difficult to apply to our familiar English standards, they are simple enough in themselves.

The *oke* represents about $2\frac{3}{4}$ lb. avoirdupois weight, and is used both for solids and liquids. An oke of wine, for instance, is supposed to be the same weight as an oke of barley, and actually measures a trifle over an imperial quart.

The oke is divided into 400 drams.

Distance is roughly measured by the *scala* of 60 paces; superficial area by the square *scala* or *donum*, 60 paces square.

Longer distances are estimated still more roughly by the hour or "Cypriote mile," something over three English miles.

Cloth and silk are measured by the *pic arshin* of 28 English inches. Carpets and coarse stuffs by the *pic endaze* of 26 English inches.

Wheat and barley are sold by measure as in England; the standard being the *kilé*, representing about 20 okes of wheat and 18 okes of barley—according to the quality of the grain. Caroubs are sold by the *cantar* of 44 okes.

One of the few bits of "ready reckoning" that is possible in this most complicated state of affairs is that one piastre per oke equals about ½d. per lb. Thus sugar at six piastres per oke may be reckoned by the English housewife as costing her six halfpence or 3d. per English pound avoirdupois.

Cyprus has had the advantage of being administered for now nearly ten years by English officials of singular ability, power, and devotion. They have worked hard and worked well; and they, if not their system, are at least highly appreciated in the island.

But the country has been crippled not only by the exaction of the tribute, but by the want of encouragement to capitalists from without to settle or undertake operations of importance in the country.

Want of facilities of communication has rendered enterprise of all kinds most difficult, and in good sooth very little has been done. *Laissez allez, laissez faire.* Pay your taxes and hold your tongue, has not proved a successful policy in this romantic island.

Cyprus can boast of a fertile soil, an excellent climate, a thrifty and patient and most orderly population, an unrivalled geographical position, and the protection of the richest and most civilised country in the world; and yet she is not richer, or happier, or more contented, or very much better than she was ten years ago under the unspeakable Turk.

But then she has got a Constitution!

A NEGLECTED PARADISE.

INVALIDS are much to be pitied. They suffer from disease and from doctors. I am not about to attack doctors. They are many of them wise and skilful; nearly all of them kindly, patient, generous to the poor, and to those who have fewer friends, the genteel poor, if I may use that odious but indispensable word. It must be remembered, too, that if the sick suffer many things of the physicians, the physicians suffer many things of the sick, for there is a rough justice in the world.

But there are spots in the sun, and one of the largest and blackest spots in Æsculapius (I make the star-gazers a present of a name with a fine astronomical sound) is the recklessness of answer often given to the invalid's question, "Where am I to winter?" To many an untravelled doctor Pau, Cannes, Nice, Mentone, mean, all and equally, sunny skies, balmy breezes of the south, life in the open air all day long, healing for many, comfort for all. Alas! a consumptive patient as he turns the corner of a street in Nice and catches the *mistral* full on his poor chest, or shivers at Pau under scanty French blankets through the never-ending "three weeks" of cold which the inhabitants when pressed confess to, is tempted to use language not inexcusable about the doctor who with a *cœur léger* sent him toward the south. Perhaps the patient has consulted friends who "have been there." Dr Johnson said wisely, "It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world." Three weeks' experience to the average visitor, "careless about truth," and innocent of the rudiments of logic, is enough for the widest generalisation about the climate of any place. The remembrance of a few bright or rainy days provides sufficient instances for a confident induction which long and careful observation only could establish—friends, like the natives of New Guinea, are apt to answer as they think you wish.

Still one must go somewhere for warmth and sunshine, and these are to be found in Madeira: no climate is perfect; no climate suits everybody. There are, I know, cloudy and rainy days sometimes, not often, in Madeira: I am told that rheumatic patients had better go elsewhere,—that may be so—till I have suffered rheumatism in Madeira I suspend belief. No one ought to go anywhere for health without consulting a physician who has studied climatology and verified his conclusions by personal experience. Indeed, a genuinely scientific man, who has had that "trial of disease in his own body" which Plato recommends; who has been afflicted with all the maladies which drive Britons from their homes, and has survived his sufferings and ten or twenty winters in health-resorts, is a desideratum among doctors. I possess none of these qualifications. I make no pretension to medical knowledge; my experience of health-resorts is comparatively small; I am not even an invalid, though I have seen something of sickness; but I cannot refrain from saying—what is so obvious, perhaps, that nobody says it—that

my countrymen and countrywomen go to places where they get no good, because the Riviera is now the medical and social fashion, and pay a heavy penalty for the worship of that idol. I am not a doctor wishing to write any place up or down. I have no investments, no land, no stake in Madeira. My motive in writing is merely to make known to others that there is within four days' sail from Plymouth or Dartmouth an island where the sun shines,—a veritable land of lotus-eaters,

> "In which it seemeth always afternoon."

I wish, moreover, to make some return, however inadequate, to this "Fortunate island" (why should the Canaries appropriate the name?), for the kindly welcome from genial skies and genial people which I, like many others, have found there, —hoping to turn the scale in favour of Madeira, for here and there an invalid grown sceptical as to the existence of the sun in any permanent and effective actuality out of Central Africa. Lastly, I wish to disarm criticism by confessing that I have known Madeira for no more than sixteen months, and that therefore some probably of my statements are inaccurate or untrue; but I believe that they are true in idea if not in fact, to avail myself of that ingenious and convenient distinction of theological acrobats.

But to leave myself and come to Madeira. Where is Madeira? That is not a question to be answered by a young gentleman who has received a classical education; but his sister, who knows the "use of the globes," or a smart boy from a board school, could tell us that it is an island off the coast of North Africa, and might even darken knowledge by adding that it lies in 32° 37′ north latitude, 17° 5′ longitude west of Greenwich. Many educated Englishmen, to whom Madeira means a wine rather than any geographical fact, will be surprised to hear that the island is about 1200 miles, or four days' sail, from Plymouth, six days or a week's sail from Liverpool. The best route for that limited class of persons, rapidly disappearing, to whom "money is no object," is by the steamers of Donald Currie & Co., or of the Union Steamship Company. The voyage by this route is short, the vessels large, the accommodation excellent, and the cost in proportion rather to the size of the vessels and the excellence of accommodation than to the shortness of the voyage. To a delicate invalid the cost, fifteen guineas, is worth incurring. The more robust will find the route by Liverpool a miracle of cheapness: for £15 they can buy a return ticket from Liverpool to the Canaries, available for a year from the date of issue, and giving liberty to stop at Madeira. The steamers, though not as large as those on the other lines, are perfectly seaworthy and well equipped, and the accommodation is fairly good. Indeed, if a person is to be ill, it does not much matter where he suffers; and if he is to be well, which on the whole is less probable, he will find the Liverpool steamers reasonably comfortable, supposing him to be a reasonable person. The sons and daughters of Albion, "whose home" is said to be "on the waves," ought not to fear a few days at sea. To a nervous and feeble invalid four or five days' tossing on the water is at least no worse than two or three days of broken travel, of being rattled in a railway carriage from London to Mentone,

with the silver streak to cross besides; of feverish rest, perhaps more wearisome than travel, at Paris or Marseilles; no worse than the alternative, a continuous agony of thirty-six or forty hours, if the journey be made without a break. On the roughest voyage he or she can suffer and be still. Nor is the voyage all suffering. After perhaps some bad weather in the Channel or in the Bay of Biscay, the traveller emerges on summer seas, and the surliest or most miserable expands into an effusive geniality, and becomes fatuously nautical, for he

> "Doth suffer a sea change
> Into something rich and strange."

A word may be said in passing for the "Bay," of which, from perhaps an exceptionally fortunate experience, I think kindly, though I decline to guarantee its good behaviour. The first view of Funchal, generally seen on the fourth morning of the voyage, will be best appreciated by those who leave England in mid-winter, and four days afterwards find themselves in mid-summer, gazing on a town of houses, white, red, or yellow, scattered over a long brown-green slope, above which rises a cluster of rugged peaks, clothed with umbrella-pines and firs up to near their summits—these often hid in clouds, while all below is bathed in sunshine, of the brightness and warmth of June sunshine at home.

The visitor will feel himself in the south as he sees the dark eyes and swarthy skins of the boys who beset the steamer, ready to dive into unknown depths for a sixpence; as he listens to the strange *patois* of the boatmen ready for a considerably larger sum to row him to the shore, and run him up the shingle, or shoot him out on to the Pontinha on the top of a wave which will make him hold his breath if the Atlantic be in an angry mood. He cannot do better than intrust himself and his luggage to one of the hotel-keepers, and thereby save himself a *mauvais quart d'heure*, or more, in the custom-house. And here let me appeal to the consciences of my countrymen, even of my countrywomen, by warning them that smuggling is difficult, and, if detected, involves penalties heavy, swift, inevitable; let them rather declare their tea or tobacco, than fall into the hands of the custom-house officials, who are ruthless and tenacious. All around the new-comer will be strange and southern—the people, the houses, the narrow streets, the hammocks, and the bullock-cars—but strangest of all, the flowers. Bignonias and plumbago hanging in masses over the grey walls; in the gardens the scarlet of poinsettias and hibiscus showing bright against the green of guavas and bananas; camellia-trees covered with "button-holes" which would satisfy the most fastidious of Park dandies; roses which are welcome among these strange beauties, for they are strange to those who have seen them only in hothouses or in Covent Garden; orange and mango trees, with here and there a date-palm of tropical suggestions. Madeira is the true "flowery land": a land of bright and varied colours, brighter and more varied than those of the tropics, where the effects are for the most part of a sombre and massive uniformity—brighter, at least, than the browns and greys of England in December.

For a full account of the geology, the fauna and flora of Madeira, the reader may go to the

guide-books, where he will find that information which the writer, whose natural science has been neglected, cannot give him.

The general appearance of the island, which is thirty-three miles long by twelve or fourteen miles wide, not much larger than the Isle of Wight, might be imagined if any one took a newspaper, crumpled it up tightly, and laid it half unfolded on a table: the jagged peaks and deep gorges of Madeira might be represented by the points and folds of the paper; let him magnify these and clothe them in his imagination with pines and chestnut-trees, and if he can see with the mind's eye he will see Madeira. Or better, let him take down his "Lady of the Lake" and read Sir Walter's description of the Trossachs (Canto I., stanzas 11 and 12). Madeira is the Trossachs on a larger scale, and wilder, for Pico Ruivo is higher by near 4000 feet than Ben An or Ben Venue.

Madeira is said to be the top of a volcano. I am sorry to have mentioned volcanoes. As a volcano, however, the island is completely extinct. There are earthquakes, but so faint as hardly to shake the jingling windows of a *quinta*. For a real earthquake one must go to the Riviera. There are no snakes, no disagreeable insects, save cockroaches and mosquitoes, these last in reasonable numbers and of a reasonable venom. There is little to disturb the repose of the lotus-eater; little perhaps to do, but that is what a wise man in search of health or rest desires. The air and the surroundings are inexpressibly soothing; "sore labour's bath" to the jaded, nervous, irritable sons of literary or business toil, who find themselves in

> "A land where all things always seem the same."

Let no one seek Madeira for a holiday which is to be but a change of work. He can, of course, climb mountains and live laborious days among the gorges if he will; but I believe the President of the Alpine Club would prefer to contemplate the summits from below, or scale them half-way in a hammock.

But where are you to live? The visitor without encumbrances, or with the encumbrance only of a husband or a wife, will find in the hotels, among which I draw no invidious distinctions, comfortable and reasonable accommodation. For a larger party, proposing to stay a month or two, the alternative of a *quinta* should be seriously considered. A *quinta* was originally a country-house with ground or farm, for which the tenant paid to his landlord a fifth part of the produce, an arrangement which seems a feeble anticipation of the Plan of Campaign. The word now means, at least in and near Funchal, a house, generally, not always, furnished, with a garden or grounds of varying extent, of a rental for the season from October to April or May ranging from £50 to £200. These figures are only approximately correct, for much depends on the demand and other circumstances.

The *quintas* are scattered up and down the slope on the lower part of which Funchal is built. They form a fringe round and above the town, overlooking Funchal Bay, some 200 feet, some 1000 feet above the sea. They are as well built as houses need be in a land where draughts do not matter much—as well built as many houses in England, where draughts matter a good deal. In his choice of a *quinta* the visitor must consider—he will hardly need the admonition—that the higher he goes the longer

will be his daily climb and descent up and down the picturesque but slippery streets and roads of Funchal. In the few days which he had better spend in a hotel before deciding, he will easily obtain information as to the respective merits of the *quintas* vacant, and the necessary legal formalities.

Miss Taylor's book gives much useful information as to the cost of living in Madeira, the wages of servants, and other details of importance in these bad times. Native products are for the most part very cheap. Meat, poultry, eggs, &c., cost half of what they cost in England. Almost everything imported is very dear, owing to the heavy import duties, which are the curse of Madeira. Wages are not high if one be content to do without hammock-men; but to engage a pair of hammock-men, who fetch the water and do work in the house and garden, is a more convenient arrangement than to hire them on occasion, certainly more economical, if you are lazy, as you probably are or will be. On the whole, the cost of living is less than in England; certainly much less to those who, to their own great benefit, avoid tea, tinned meats, the wines they are accustomed to drink at home, and other things not good for them, and live instead on air and sunshine, with vegetables, and turkeys fed on grasshoppers, as the country turkeys are.

The climate of Madeira is, in point of certainty, midway between the chaotic weather which we call the climate of England and the regularity of the tropics. I am indebted to Dr Grahham's book on 'The Climate and Resources of Madeira' for the following facts and figures; the figures are presented with a change of form. In an average year rain falls on eighty days—the natives say seventy-three, but there is a suspicious symmetry about a number which goes five times into 365. These eighty days occur mainly between October and June. Allowing twelve days of rain for the three months of almost unbroken sunshine from July to September, we find that in the other nine months one day in four is rainy—seldom a day of incessant rain, for the afternoon generally atones for the morning. There is considerable variation in the distribution of the rain in the several months. In November and December, perhaps, most rain falls, and fills the mountain springs which nourish the *levadas* or artificial watercourses, the just pride and triumph of Madeira engineering.

The mean temperature from November to March is (omitting small fractions) 63°; from April to June, 68°; from July to September, between 70° and 71°; in October, which is the most variable month as regards both rain and temperature, between 68° and 69°. The coldest month is January, with a temperature of 61.89°; the hottest is August, with a temperature of 70.93°. The greatest change from month to month is that of 4°, from October to November. These figures give the temperature at Funchal; in the hills, of course, the air is cooler. It will be seen that the difference between the hottest and the coldest month of the year is only 9°; equally small in proportion is the difference in temperature between the warmest part of the day and the coldest of the night, being in winter 11°, in summer between 7° and 8°. Those for whom, unhappily, weather has other than a scientific interest, may note

that at Mentone the mean temperature is in winter, 49°; in spring, 60°; in summer, 73°; in autumn, 55°; while the variations from day to day and day to night are often great and sudden. Figures, however, give only averages, and averages are easily misinterpreted. The net results of my own experience and my study of the statistics are mainly three propositions, firmly established in my own mind: first, that Madeira is warm and sunny; second, that in Madeira rain comes seldom, and when it comes is warm, and does not make you turn blue; third, that the temperature is equable.

As I have said, I know nothing of medicine, and I therefore refrain from dogmatising about the effects of the Madeira climate on consumption and other maladies. I believe that these effects are highly beneficial; but here every man must judge for himself, assisted by the advice of a physician who understands the three conditions of the problem — his patient's state, the climate to which he is being sent, and the relation between the two.

It is always hazardous to make any general propositions about the character of a people. Even long experience is apt only to confirm the hasty prejudices formed during the first week or month of residence in a strange country. Madeira is the strangest of countries. It has been asleep for two or three centuries — a sleeping beauty waiting for the prince's kiss to waken her. I confess to a wish that the prince may take the form of a British admiral. Not being "a responsible statesman," I may, without guilt or harm, suggest that it is desirable to annex Madeira. We want a coaling-station in time of war; the people of Madeira want good government. That sum which has in fancy been appropriated to many purposes, "the money spent in a little war," would buy the island, whether with or against the will of its inhabitants may not be clear; but that is a consideration which need not, and does not, stand in the way of the British and their rulers when conscious of the best intentions towards a people who would be all the better for annexation, and who would give little trouble.

But this is a tempting theme, which might carry one away into that dim region the ethics of annexation. Of the Funchalese I know little, and it is not in towns that the characteristics of a people are preserved. I can speak only, and that with imperfect knowledge, of the country people, and domestic servants who are drawn mainly from the country: they have the "faults of their qualities." Their "qualities" are those of a good child — kindliness, courtesy, cheerfulness, simplicity; their faults are the "inseparable accidents" of these merits, when they are not the outcome of more solid virtues. Antonio and Francesca are thoughtless and unpunctual; they are hasty, ignorant, conceited; dishonest in small things: they deceive you with a genial mendacity which amuses as much as irritates, because it is often wholly gratuitous. But are these faults unknown elsewhere, and are they always balanced by politeness and good-nature? Antonio and Francesca are eminently likeable; yet perhaps I would rather be served by Thomas and Mary Ann. One virtue the Madeirense certainly possess—patient, incessant industry, at least when they are working for themselves. They are not, perhaps, "virtuous because

they are poor," but they live on little, and work hard for it. The struggle for existence in an over-populated island is significantly shown in the *labor improbus* of the peasants on the little patches of land, the produce of which is their main sustenance, and in the brisk competition among the cargo-women of the villages for the "bit" and a half (8d.), which is the pay for carrying on their heads a weight of 50 lb. to or from Funchal, some seven or eight miles, on a steep mountain-road. In women who can perform this feat twice a-day, as many of the cargo-women do, and in men who can work in harvest-time as long as sun or moon gives them light to see by, there must be a vigour and resolution capable, if directed and instructed, of achieving great results. There is a rich field for capital and enterprise in a fertile soil and industrious people; were they supplied with other than the most primitive of agricultural instruments, and taught something of the rotation of crops and the dressing of trees, they might make Madeira a fruit-garden for Europe, though perhaps they would destroy the market for strawberry-jam, that last hope of the British farmer.

The strong desire to extend to others the blessings of his government and civilisation, which is felt by every English patriot, becomes excusable in a country of which so little is, and so much might be made. The government of Madeira is not a good one. I do not possess any full or accurate knowledge of the details of the administration; that could be gained only by long residence, industry, and importunate audacity; but the signs of misgovernment are not hard to read, and, all allowance being made for our insular tendency to criticise and condemn the polity and laws of a foreign country as freely as if it were our own, the unanimous and consistent testimony of those who have made Madeira their home has weight. Taxation is the only function of government effectively performed. A tax lately imposed on the *milho* or Indian corn, the food on which the people mainly live, has lately produced its natural results in the shape of resistance in some of the villages. There was "shooting" the other day at Caniço, and the air is full of rumours, whether well founded or not I do not know, of soldiers coming from Lisbon. Foreigners do not escape: they pay their share in the exorbitant duties levied on goods, which they must import if they do not choose to give extravagant prices for inferior articles in the shops of Funchal. They would pay more cheerfully if they could see evidence that any appreciable part of the large revenue raised was spent for the benefit of Madeira, and not in and for Portugal; that something more was being done for education, sanitation, road-making, which are left to the individual to an extent which would go far to satisfy Mr Herbert Spencer.

The authorities are blind and deaf — they do not comprehend that Madeira, since the failure of the vine, the sugar-cane, and the coffee-plant, is unable to support officials in Lisbon, or to face the growing and dangerous rivalry of the Canaries, truly the Fortunate Isles, whither free ports and fair play are beginning to divert the money and energy of the foreigner: trade, we are told, does not come back. But the air of Madeira is not favourable to political economy. A weak-kneed free-trader,

who refuses to believe that free trade is at all times and in all places the "unconditioned right," feels himself, after a short stay in Madeira, at times braced up to the serene orthodoxy of Mr Bright, at times reduced to a chaotic perplexity about the wickedness of bounties on native products. Being out of the reach of any professor of political economy, for there are no university professors in Madeira, he allows his mind to play freely round heretical doubts, which at home he would stifle or conceal.

I refrain from saying more of the religious condition of Madeira than that Roman Catholicism, of a non-ultramontane type, is living and supreme. It would be easy for a Protestant to explain by that supremacy certain characteristics of the people; but there are causes sufficient to account for the facts without resorting to the favourite Protestant hypothesis. In this age of revolt there is something quaint and pleasing in a people which, on the whole, I am told, believes in its clergy. There is so little to ennoble and console in the life of a Madeira peasant, that the fiercest Protestant or agnostic need not grudge him his *gratissimus error*.

I would only venture to suggest that the priests might well use their influence to restrain the pyrotechnic excesses of their parishioners, whose chief amusement is to let off fireworks on great Church-festivals. This is one of the most curious of Madeira ways—the "religious emotion" is expressed by means of rockets and bombs. On a high *festa* the savings of weeks of labour vanish in smoke. *De gustibus non disputandum est*, and all amusements ought to have in them much of the irrational; but one cannot help thinking that more might be spent on the primary needs of food, shelter, and clothing, and less on gunpowder. In Funchal, on the last night of the year, an ex-proctor might easily think himself to be in his own university on the 5th of November; a college dean, as he listens in the small hours to the sputtering of crackers and the boom of maroons, is in fancy transported to his college rooms, and seems to be sharing the amusements of the young barbarians of some neighbouring college.

There are many things in Madeira strange and interesting for those who have eyes to see them, but a mere enumeration of them would exceed the limits an editor imposes. They are not all of them to be seen in Funchal, in a few strolls from a *quinta* to the English Club. A few days' hammocking among the hills will, to the weakest, give pleasures compensating for cost and fatigue—if fatigue it be, to be carried in a well-swung hammock through exquisite scenery. The more robust may ride, or, if in good condition, walk, for the gorges are deep, and separated by ridges steep and high, over which wind paved and slippery roads at a gradient sometimes of 30°.

A holiday-maker who will be content with a smaller Tyrol, may spend some pleasant weeks, even in August and September, among the Currals of Madeira, for the summer heat 2000 or 3000 feet above the sea is not greater than the heat in a Swiss pass or in Glencoe.

Nor need the invalid return to England in spring; he can summer happily enough at Camacha, or some other of the little Simlas in the island. It is melancholy to see on

board a steamboat bound for home in April, many whom one fancies shivering in the rigours of an English spring or early summer, losing all the strength and health they have gained from their winter in Madeira. A few more months of happy exile might have confirmed their cure, and given to those who intended to return to Madeira in the following autumn eighteen continuous months of warmth and sunshine, saving them also the fatigue and cost of the double journey. It is probable that to many the change to England, if made after spring has passed, is beneficial if not necessary; it is equally probable that to many it is at least hazardous.

In Funchal after the end of June, which is a cloudy month, the heat becomes to most visitors enervating and oppressive, but a climb of 2000 feet will carry them into a cool and bracing air. At Camacha, which I mention because I spent a summer there, the temperature from July to September is 8° or 9° lower than in Funchal. At mid-day it is often hot; but at mid-day only "a fool or an Englishman" takes his active exercise.

The word Camacha brings back to me many pleasant memories—memories of constant kindness received from those English residents —"their names it is not lawful to mention"—who helped us in sickness, and made rough places smooth in smaller ways, even to playing "rounders" with us on the Achada —the village common of Camacha —to our great happiness, to the delight of the Camacha boys, and the wonder and contempt of the Camacha elders,—memories of the peasants on the Sundays — *endimanchés;*—the women and children in picturesque bright-coloured garments; the men not always sober, alas! they have few pleasures, and the country wine is of the kind on which a man "gets forr'arder"; nor is *aguardiente* wanting, to make them happier than Sir Wilfrid Lawson would like to see them, — memories of Biblical or Homeric agriculture, the threshing-floor, and the flail wielded from morning till far into the bright night, with an energy which explained, if it did not excuse, the relaxations of the Sunday,—sights of things innumerable, which illustrate the Georgics more vividly than do the steam-ploughs and American reapers of Mid-Lothian. I recall the Sundays well spent by a kindly Englishman and friend of the poor, assisted by an English doctor to whom it was a holiday, and by English ladies, in vaccinating the villagers by scores, when small-pox was in Funchal. It was a strange scene—a crowd of dark-eyed, sunburnt children, with their more sunburnt mothers, gathered under the chestnut-trees—the children *multum reluctantes* dragged or carried to the place of execution, and happy to return from it with their limbs complete; the men, with all the masculine adult's base fear of pain, hardly disguising their terrors; one old woman only, for whom vaccination seemed a superfluity, courageous, self-respecting, and serene, amid gibes and protests against her troubling the Senhor: the only thing lacking was the presence of the secretary of the Anti-vaccination League.

I am conscious how inadequately I have rendered even my own impressions of Madeira. To do that would need the gift of word-painting, that easiest and most difficult of arts. I have said nothing of the history and antiquities of the island, of its fauna and flora, its geology and its wine—a matter perhaps of greater interest to the

carnal-minded; nothing of its language, a *patois* of Portuguese; its music, simple and not unpleasing to one who is content with liveliness and rhythm; nothing of many topics, great and small, the omission of which leaves even a sketch of Madeira incomplete. I have omitted, perhaps, some things which might be said against this Garden of Eden. A grumbler might find here (where will he not?) something at which to grumble. He might—he certainly would, if troubled with corns—complain of the steep streets of Funchal, paved with egg-shaped stones, which make walking a discipline of courage, caution, judgment, and other of the highest faculties. He might complain of the lack of amusements, for he must live here without hunting, fishing, shooting, skating, and, hardest of privations, golf: he might moan at having to read his 'Times' in bundles of six, for the mail comes only once a-week, and he must forego that doubtful blessing, the daily post. He might fancy himself "relaxed," as he would deserve to be. If a man cannot be happy watching lizards in the sun, he ought not to be happy, and we need not pity a Sybarite lying uneasily on crumpled rose-leaves.

But I aim not at completeness, or that exaggerated fidelity in the statement of *pros* and *cons* which perplexes or deceives. I shall be content if I shall have persuaded a few lotus-eaters, or, better, a few invalids, to come to this neglected Paradise.

LAND, POPULATION, AND WEALTH IN THE WESTERN ISLES.

THE appearance of the Report to the Secretary for Scotland on the condition of the Lews affords official and conclusive evidence of the urgent need of prompt and decisive action to relieve the people from the terrors of approaching famine, and at the same time to remove the causes to which the misery of the present is directly owing. Mere charitable relief may indeed postpone, but will certainly aggravate in the end, the evil to be cured. The remedies to be applied must be bold and thorough, involving both on the country at large and on the people directly concerned some serious sacrifices. The vast area of the Highlands, in comparison to their wealth-producing power, their distance from markets and absence of manufactures, their wild and rainy climate, the peculiar ambition or want of ambition of their people, all combine to produce a condition of life which it is impossible for the British artisan or the agricultural labourer to comprehend. Views which are supposed to be in the interests of the crofters are abundantly put forward by Land Reform Associations, by Land Restoration Leagues, and many other bodies with equally formidable designations. I have no commission to use these columns for an *ex parte* statement on the other side. My conviction is, that the less said about landlord interests *versus* crofter interests, the quicker will the country recover from the agitation which at the present moment is paralysing industry and driving capital from its borders: the interests of the two are not antagonistic in the Highlands any more than in other quarters, and the British public will be better able to judge, and, what is more to the purpose, to help, if the broad facts as they now exist are laid before them, and if controversies—vain, except as a means of raising a vindictive spirit and bad blood—as to what befell and who were guilty fifty years ago, are dropped out of sight.

The popular theory is that the Highlands were tenanted from time immemorial by a population of small farmers who lived in comfort and plenty upon lands to which they had a real though undefined right. The true facts are, that the property of the chief was divided into "tacks," each in the occupation of gentlemen of the clan, and that the generality of the people were under the immediate control of the tacksmen on whose ground they lived. These men were not crofters at all in the ordinary sense of the word, but were employed by the tacksmen to tend their cattle, and as servants to do what was required in the working of the farm. Early in this century the gentlemen farmers or tacksmen of the *ancien régime* emigrated in large numbers, being unable or unwilling to adapt themselves to the necessities forced upon them by the keener competition for existence; the people they had employed were left without their former work, and by degrees some emigrated and some were given crofts direct from the proprietor. It is a striking fact that in the four large baronies in Skye of Duirinish, Waternish, Bracadale, and Minginish, known as MacLeod's country, in the year 1664 there were one hundred and seventy-eight tenants, the rest being cottars or servants of the tacksmen; while in 1885

the number of direct tenants had increased to no fewer than 780.[1] After the disastrous famine of 1846, 1847, 1848, a voluntary emigration took place to Glasgow and elsewhere. Proprietors and people were alike ruined, and refuge could alone be obtained in removal to centres of manufacture and employment. The poverty brought upon the country at that period has never been entirely made good. Noble help was given, but the Relief Committee, in offering to provide employment for those in distress, declined to give any one work or wages who had any property whatever, even so much as a cow. The result naturally was that cattle, the poor man's capital, were got rid of, and it has never since been possible to replace them. The ancient order of society was—at least in the country to which I have specially referred—(1) the laird; (2) the tacksman, his relatives and lieutenants; (3) the commonalty, immediately dependent on the tacksmen. This order has changed, and we now find—(1) the laird; (2) the large sheep and cattle farmer; (3) the crofter, holding direct from the laird; (4) the cottar, living as best he may on the lots of others.

There are two aspects of the question: the past—the distant past—and the present. On the former, how many evictions there have been—whether these were carried out cruelly and with selfish motives, or whether they were the sad alternative to starvation at home—volumes might be written. There is no doubt that instances of harsh eviction and removal can be found; that in other cases removal was absolutely necessary. Having, however, another and a more practical aspect of the question to examine, I prefer to leave argument and inference alone, and to rely for the facts in reference to population upon the figures in the following table, giving an abstract of the census returns from 1755 to 1881, quoted in the Crofters' Commissioners' Report, 1884. These figures at least prove on the whole, either that evictions have not been very numerous, or that removal was necessary to prevent an absolutely suicidal increase of population.

District.	Population.										
	1755.	1791.	1801.	1811.	1821.	1831.	1841.	1851.	1861.	1871.	1881.
Skye, . . .	11,252	14,470	15,788	17,029	20,827	22,796	23,082	22,532	19,748	18,151	17,797
Lewis (or the Ross-shire Division of the Long Island), . . .	6,386	8,371	9,108	10,092	12,231	14,541	17,037	19,694	21,056	23,483	25,487
Harris, Uist, &c. (the Inverness-shire part of the Long Island),	7,237	10,808	12,526	14,371	17,221	17,490	18,553	16,274	15,353	15,973	17,317
	24,875	33,649	37,482	41,492	50,279	54,827	58,672	58,500	56,157	57,607	60,601

[1] The Past and Present Position of the Skye Crofters. By L. Macdonald of Skaebost. 1886.

It is thus evident that, as compared with what are vaguely supposed to be the golden days, the population has largely increased. The Lews holds four times as many people as she could support in 1755, and more than twice as many as in 1821, while the number of people at this moment existing in the whole of the Islands is actually greater than it has ever been in previous history.

This brief reference to what is gone by—for good or ill, past recall—is sufficient to show that all persons of every class interested in the welfare of the Highlands may approach the grave difficulties of to-day without that bitter feeling of grudge and wrong which can only aggravate present trouble and make remedies more difficult of application. I now give some quotations from the most recent utterances of persons who imagine they are befriending the crofter, and I wish to bring those utterances to the simple test of facts.

"Why should the Highlanders leave their country and go into exile because a few English and American so-called sportsmen require deer-forests to amuse their idle hours? . . . In the island of Lews alone, where the destitution is heaviest, our naval reserve men number 2000; . . . and yet these men are bidden to emigrate while square miles in hundreds are reserved for the sacred rights of the sportsman or sheep-farmer."[1]

"What were once thickly peopled glens, and afterwards sheep-walks, are now deer-forests rented by Englishmen and Americans," &c.

"In that unhappy island (the Lewis) landlordism, and the sacrifice of every human interest for the sake of sport and rent, are seen at their very worst; and in the midst of a starving population of cottars and fishermen . . . there is to be found ample fertile land and rich pastures which have been turned into deer-forests within the last few years, and which would support in comparative comfort the greater part of the population of the island."

"It is time that Parliament passed some urgent measure for their relief in the only efficient way,—namely, to give them more land."

"The most pressing question in the Highlands is the cry for more land."

"There is land enough and to spare; there are tens of thousands anxious to work on it, and willing to pay for it."[2]

"That this meeting regards as iniquitous and oppressive the laws which make it possible for landlords, large sheep-farmers, and sportsmen selfishly to keep possession of lands on which the crofters and cottar population, now in a chronic state of destitution, might support themselves and their families."[3]

The whole question lies before us in the query, Is it true that there is "land enough and to spare"? Is it the fact that there are "tens of thousands willing and able to pay for it"? Can the crofters and cottars support themselves and their families on lands now in possession of others? If so, it will be excellent news for the landlords, and the crofter question may be regarded as solved. To examine these questions and bring out a satisfactory reply, it is necessary to choose a clearly defined area of country which can be treated as a whole. With this object I have selected the Hebrides of Inverness-shire and Ross-shire, because (1) they are the very heart of the crofters' country; (2) they have been the scene of the principal disturbances from the commencement of the land agitation in 1881 until to-day; (3) they afford a sufficiently

[1] Letter from Lady Florence Dixie to the papers, February 1888.
[2] Article in 'Westminster Review' for February 1888.
[3] Resolution passed at public meeting in Edinburgh, February 13, 1888.

wide area to supply facts on which to base a fair conclusion; (4) they possess no separate industry, which might mitigate the difficulties to be dealt with or introduce opposing considerations. This area consists of the following islands and estates:—

Island of Lewis—Lady Matheson.
North Harris—Lady Scott.
South Harris—Earl of Dunmore.
North Uist—Sir John C. Orde.
South Uist and Barra—Lady Gordon Cathcart.
Sleat, Strath, &c., in Skye—Lord Macdonald.
Dunvegan, &c.—MacLeod of MacLeod.
Kilmuir, &c.—Colonel Fraser.
Waternish—Captain MacDonald.
Glendale, &c.—Trustees of the late Sir John MacLeod.
Husabost—Mr Nicol Martin.
Grishornish, &c.—Mr Kenneth MacLeod.
Treaslane—Mr Alexander MacDonald.
Skaebost—Mr L. MacDonald.
Lynedale—The Commercial Bank of Scotland.
Raasay—Mrs Wood.
Island of Eigg—Mr Norman Macpherson.

The questions to be answered are: 1. What are the physical facts of this country and essential conditions of life on which any idea of improvement must be founded? 2. What remedies can be suggested and applied?

Before proceeding further, it will simplify matters to get rid once for all of the question of area, upon the misuse of which most of the misconceptions so prevalent among those who are not intimately acquainted with the Highlands are founded. The test of the capacity of land to bear people is not that of area, but that of produce. A thousand acres of rock and peat will not support as many souls as ten acres of fertile wheatland. Hence the statements that there is land in the Lews for all her population and to spare, made on the assertion—itself true, if people could live upon the land and not upon its produce—that there are sixteen acres for every person, and close on 100 acres for every family, is utterly misleading. If coupled with this sort of language, which does duty on so many platforms, it were added that the average value available for each person, if equally divided, would be but a few shillings, the folly of the argument becomes apparent.

Dropping then the question of area as conveying a most misleading suggestion, the broad figures given above must be supplemented by details of rental classified as follows. The figures are taken from the valuation rolls of the counties of Inverness and Ross for the year ending Whitsunday 1888:—

Valuation for year ending Whitsunday 1888.	Skye.		The Long Island.		The Lews.		Total.	
	No.	Value.	No.	Value.	No.	Value.	No.	Value.
		£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.
1. Farms above £30,	77	20,122 9 0	42	7,488 18 6	25	2,799 10 0	144	30,410 17 6
2. Crofts under £30,	2034	9,033 14 7	1916	8,514 7 5	2977	8,723 16 5	6927	26,271 18 5
3. Deer-Forests, . .	2	250 0 0	2	1,700 0 0	4	2,708 0 0	8	4,658 0 0
4. Shootings and Fishings, . . .	38	3,996 0 0	20	1,285 10 0	15	1,983 0 0	73	7,264 10 0
5. Non-Agricultural Holdings, including house property, manors, schools, piers, mills, &c.,	574	8,679 19 2	278	2,886 5 1	910	12,940 1 0	1762	24,506 5 3
6. Gross yearly value,	..	42,082 2 9	..	21,875 1 0	..	29,154 7 5	..	93,111 11 2

It is evident that classes 1, 2, and 3—farms, crofts, and forests—alone can by any possibility bear upon the agricultural question. The land so included and the value derived from it show the whole wealth which exists, and which the most advanced and enthusiastic of land reformers could possibly lay his hands upon for division. Pursuing the argument, we therefore find that—if all the land now occupied by the larger farms or in deer-forests were suitable for crofter occupation—an assumption in itself absurd; if a "fair rent" from the crofters' point of view would be equal to 80 per cent, or four-fifths of the rent now entered in the valuation roll, an estimate which, it is to be feared, is far beyond the mark, —we should then get the following result. It is obviously necessary, in building an argument on the capacity of the land for present and future use, to make some allowance for the many reductions of rent which have taken place both on large farms and on crofters' holdings. Since the preparation of the last valuation roll, the average reduction on the latter is 31 per cent, while in some instances reductions on farms out of lease have been from 35 to 45 per cent. Probably the object now desired may be fairly attained by assuming a reduction on agricultural values all round of 20 per cent. This will reduce the available value of all lands which it is possible to devote to agriculture and pasturage to £49,072, which gives an average per family of £4, 7s. 11d.

	Population.	No. of Families, allowing five persons to each Family.	Gross Value of Lands, less reduction of 20 per cent. Nos. 1, 2, 3 in foregoing table.	Average per Family.	Average per Head.
			£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Isle of Skye, ...	17,797	3,559	23,524 18 10	6 12 2	1 6 5
Long Island, ...	17,317	3,463	14,162 12 9	4 1 9	0 16 4
Lewis, ...	22,793[1]	4,558	11,385 1 2	2 9 11	0 9 11
Total, . . .	57,907	11,580	49,072 12 9	4 7 11	0 17 6

Now, since the most extreme application of the Land League doctrines, that the "land is made for the people," and "there is land enough and to spare," reveals the fact that if every acre in the islands were applied remorselessly, without regard to its adaptability for that purpose, or to the wishes and interests of its present owners and occupiers, to the purposes of crofter tenants, there would be an available value of £2, 9s. 11d. in the Lewis for every family, or about 9s. 11d. for every soul, up to £6, 12s. 2d. per family in Skye, the next question to inquire is —What is estimated by the witnesses competent to form an opinion as to the minimum rent settled by the Commission, or otherwise proved to be fair, to be the sum which will enable a crofter to live at home on the labour of his croft?

[1] Excluding town of Stornoway.

"The very thing we want is to live as farmers on a farm where we could make a living out of our crofts by our labour," was the evidence given before the Royal Commissioners, and precisely explains the invariable desire.

If, as I have assumed for the purpose of my argument, all large farms are to be done away with, and the land parcelled out in holdings of small extent, it is clear there will be no labour for which wages can be earned, since each man will have his own work to do and be unable to pay for that of others. Hence the average holding must be large enough to maintain a family without wages; and, under such circumstances, it would be folly to seek artificially to promote holdings of this kind at a less value than £30.

Mr Cameron of Lochiel, in his Separate Memorandum to the Commissioners' Report, prepared a careful estimate of the receipts and expenditure of a crofter who might be able to occupy a small farm at £30 rent. At the prices of the day, his outgoings were shown to be £73, 10s., and his incoming £105, 8s., "leaving the tenant £32 in money, and the produce of the arable land to maintain himself and his family, to winter his horse and cattle, to pay his share of the bull, and to purchase seeds." Since this was written, prices have fallen, at a low estimate, by one-third. In order, therefore, to produce the same revenue, the holding but not the rent must be increased. The estimated capital required to enter upon a little farm of this size is £500, a figure hopelessly beyond the powers of even the best-to-do among the western crofters. Instances can be given within my own knowledge of crofts one-third of this size, which employ the tenant's family and seem to yield a decent maintenance; but these can only succeed in moderate numbers where carting, or other work, in the vicinity can be obtained by the tenant.

We have therefore ascertained the following facts, which will do something to clear the air of prejudice, and dissipate those loose and reckless assertions which, so far as they deceive and misguide the public, constitute a real barrier to reform.

1. The deer-forest grievance is reduced to its true proportion. The actual value of the ground set apart for sporting purposes is £4658, out of a gross rental of £93,111, or 5 per cent. For sheep-farming it would probably not be worth above one-half of this figure; and for occupation by crofters, at a rent which they could fairly earn out of the ground, nothing like so much as for sheep.

2. The whole agricultural value, if divided among the inhabitants, would give 17s. 6d. per head, or, taking the approximately correct estimate of five persons to a family, of £4, 7s. 11d. for each household. At the same time, it is estimated that a £30 holding is no more than sufficient for prosperity, while one-half that amount is the lowest limit on which a large number of occupant crofters could hope to live on their own croft by their own labour. It is thus made apparent beyond all possibility of doubt that there is not "land enough and to spare"; that the land in possession of sportsmen and sheep-farmers would not "afford support for the crofter and cottar population."

Before proceeding to inquire into the possible remedies, it is necessary to state in some brief detail two other groups of facts—

1. The capacities of the Fisheries.

2. The incidence of public burdens upon the land.

The area now dealt with is included in the two fishery districts of Stornoway, and Skye and Loch Carron. The latter, however, embraces, in addition to Skye, a certain extent of the western seaboard.

Number of boats employed in the two districts:[1]—

Stornoway, 1129, of which about 200 were local, the others coming from a distance.

Skye, &c., 146, of which 20 were local.

The catch was—

	Stornoway. Quantity.	Value.	Skye. Quantity.	Value.
Herrings, . . .	91,431 barrels,	£96,007	8,734 barrels,	£9,170
Cod and Ling, . .	397,301 fish,	9,932	46,803 fish,	1,170
White fish sold fresh, ...		16,729	. . .	3,933
Shellfish „		9,266	. . .	2,521
Total, . . .		£131,934	. . .	£16,794

The yield derived from the sea amounts, therefore, to £148,728, or much more than double the gross rateable value of the land.

These, then, the agricultural and the fishing industries, form the entire wealth of the islands, and constitute the whole resources for the people. The only semblance of manufacture is to be found in the celebrated Tallisker distillery at Carbost, in the parish of Bracadale, assessed at £200, and the Portree wool-mill at £80.

The great value of the fisheries, and the comparative failure of the inhabitants of the Western Islands to take advantage of them, have induced private owners, as well as the Fishery Board for Scotland, to take steps to open up the fishing industry for the benefit of the people. A direct steamer carrying mails and fish has been run from Oban to Barra, South Uist, and North Uist. A new steamer now calls daily in Harris and Lochmaddy, conveying mails direct to Portree, and so to the railway terminus at Strome. A telegraphic cable has been laid from South Uist to Barra; a harbour has been constructed at Ness in the Lews; and finally, by a clause in the Crofters Act of 1886, loans can be obtained for the purchase of boats and gear by fishermen from the Fishery Board for Scotland. This last provision has so far been a dead letter; not one penny of the money placed at the disposal of the Board has yet been utilised. The conditions of loan are stringent. Up to now, not more than three-quarters of the money could be advanced; and whether from the difficulty in finding this remaining quarter, or from the scarcity of sufficient security, the intentions of Parliament have been frustrated. The Treasury has, however, just consented to advance up to nine-tenths of the total cost of new boats.

The pressure of poor- and education-rates is such in the western parishes of the Highlands as to be oppressive in times of prosperity, and unbearable in the days of poverty and distress. It must be remembered that these burdens are comparatively new, the poor-rate having been first imposed less than half a century ago, and the education-rate unknown until after the passing by a Liberal Govern-

[1] Report of Fishery Board for Scotland for 1886.

ment of the Education Act of 1872, which transferred the main burden of supporting schools from the proprietors to the people themselves. The list of rates in full can alone give a clear idea of the intolerable burden which has been recklessly thrown on the occupiers and owners of property in the western parishes:—

	Poor-rate.	Education-rate.	Total of all rates, including County and Road rates.
	s. *d.*	*s.* *d.*	*s.* *d.*
Barra,	3 0	3 2	8 1½
Bracadale,	2 7½	1 2	4 9½
Duirinish,	2 3	1 8	4 11½
Harris,	3 0	1 10	5 10½
North Uist,	2 10	2 0	5 11½
Portree,	2 0	1 8	4 8½
Sleat,	2 10	2 0	5 10½
Snizort,	2 0	2 0	5 0½
South Uist,	3 0	1 4	5 4½
Stenscholl,	1 11	0 8	3 7½
Strath,	3 0	2 1	6 1½
Barvas,	4 6	5 4	11 5½
Lochs,	4 8	4 8	10 7½
Stornoway,	1 10	1 10	4 9½
Uig,	2 4	2 4	6 1½

Now it must be remembered that these figures are not final but progressive. The cost of maintaining the poor must grow with decrease of value, with disturbance, and consequent flight of capital. The growing requirements of the Education Department are continually tending to a growth in educational expenditure, and in the case of the rates at large the burden grows worse and worse as the rateable value decreases. The Crofters Commission have reduced rents 31 per cent. The fall of values in the case of leases of large farms recently relet has been at a yet more alarming rate. Assume that 33 per cent, or one-third, is the approximate average reduction, a parish with rateable value of £6000 falls to £4000, and in order to raise the same amount of money the rates must go up by 50 per cent, or one-half more. Much might be written to show the unfair incidence of the poor-rate, since its excessive cost is largely owing to the habit of those who seek work in the south by constant movement failing to acquire a settlement, and returning to their native country a burden on the parish when they can work no more. It is, however, the education-rate which is felt to be the most oppressive and unfair of all the burdens that have to be endured. It is a new imposition, and it is well known that neither the framers of the Education Act nor Parliament which passed it, had any conception that the rates could reach such totals as 2s., 4s., 5s. in the pound. Now the claim for effective relief is based on various grounds. 1. Parliament, by giving, at the urgent instance of Mr Cameron of Lochiel, then member for Inverness-shire, certain concessions to Highland districts in the way of building-grants, showed their intention to shield poor parishes from excessive charge, 9d. in the pound being regarded as a rate which would rarely be required. 2. The Royal Commission were so deeply impressed with the injustice of exacting contributions so exces-

sive from the poorest communities in the country, that they recommended all the building-grants to be cancelled, that special relief should be afforded in all cases where the rate exceeded 1s., and that anything in excess of 2s. should be directly made good by the Treasury. 3. The Education Department itself admitted the necessity for relief, and issued a document known as the Highland Minute, which was designed to mitigate the burden. Under this minute, however, the entire pecuniary concession for the Highlands at large is no more than £3136, of which only a sum entirely insignificant and inappreciable has found its way to the overweighted parishes of the west. The report, published in 1887, admits the grievance, and says, "We regret the heavy burden which has most seriously affected some localities least able to bear it." The total income of school boards throughout Scotland is £1,013,387, and of this amount school rates contribute 22 per cent. In the Hebrides the total income is £16,521, and of this sum no less than 40 per cent is raised by rates. There is no question that this district is the hardest pressed in Scotland; its claim for exceptional treatment has been admitted by Parliament and by the Education Department, and has been urged by the Royal Commission. Yet the share of the cost of education, raised locally by way of rates, is almost *double* the average of Scotland. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has recently admitted in the House of Commons, that of a sum of £35,000 allotted last year to the relief of local taxation in Scotland, nothing has yet been paid over. This particular sum was voted for a different purpose, but the facts given should compel a liberal concession from public funds in relief of the excessive educational burden now thrown on Highland parishes.

Such are the most essential statistical facts which it is necessary to realise before attempting to deal with the difficulty. The Commission of Inquiry has reported that a very grave crisis is pending in the Lews, that starvation will be inevitable if relief is not afforded, that last year's crops are nearly exhausted, while the crofters' stirks are almost unsaleable, and the autumn fishing has been a failure. The state of affairs is worse in the Lews than elsewhere: but all through the islands, wherever there is not constant work there must be poverty; where there is poverty there will be discontent, agitation, and disturbance. The Crofters Commission has also reported the result of their first year's work. They have been called upon to adjudicate upon rents, after the recent occurrence of an excessive and disastrous fall in prices; and the fact that the average reduction they have made amounts to 31 per cent, so far from showing that the crofters were over-rented in the past, is an emphatic testimony that rents were fair, and on the moderate side of fair, until the decrease in prices of produce revolutionised the value of land. Parliament has attempted to set matters right by legislation. The rights of the landlord have, for the supposed good of the country, been taken away. The sacrifice has been cheerfully borne, but it has been in vain, for the state of the country is not better but worse than it was before the Crofters Act became law. For three years scarcely any rent was paid on several of the principal crofting estates. A fair rent is fixed, the arrears are to a great extent abolished, but still payment is in the

main withheld, and fresh arrears begin to accumulate, while the owner has to bear all the burdens incident to an estate with perhaps a large nominal rental. It is not by further paring upon the property of the landowner that any outlet can be found from present troubles. He, and not only he, but his family, his dependants, and his creditors, may be reduced to beggary by either passive consent or active movement on the part of the State; but the interest of the landowner may be devoured, and in five years' time the condition of the people will be yet more miserable, and the crisis yet more full of peril.

I would venture to urge, not that the interests of the landowner should stand in the way of the welfare of the people, or of what may be regarded as a means of settling a great public question, but that the difficulty should be dealt with from a public point of view in a wide spirit, and not as an attack on a single class. What is the ideal to aim at? A contented and prosperous peasantry as numerous as the conditions of life will allow. I for one would rather see people in the Highlands than sheep or deer; but I would rather see anything or nothing than a large population on the brink of perpetual misery, dependent winter after winter for bare existence on some chance success at the fishing. There is the land. How many will it support in prosperity and comfort, and how are they to get the means to cultivate it and to stock it with advantage? There is the sea. What population can expect to live regularly by the fishing, and how are they, too, to get means to prosecute the work?

There are three parties interested—vitally interested—in solving these questions—(1) The State, (2) The Landowners, (3) The People,—and they can only be solved by a loyal co-operation on the part of all three. Hitherto the whole sacrifice has been required at the hands of the landowner, and the result has been injury to him without benefit to the others.

Those in danger of starvation must be fed; but nothing can possibly exceed the danger of charitable gifts coming the recipients know neither how nor whence. This danger is great, and the evil is certain in all cases; but the dangers and evils are intensified by the conditions of the life which these poor people lead. The relief should only be given in exchange for work, and the work should be so planned and conducted as to leave the maximum amount of good behind. The Irish Public Works Commission has recommended an expenditure of £400,000 in harbours, &c., in Ireland, and a guarantee of 3 per cent for money to be expended in opening up the country by light railways. The Fishery Board for Scotland, in their last report, urgently recommend the construction of at least one harbour in the Lews, and of a pier at Broadford, in Skye.

Immense good may be done by judicious expenditure of this kind. At the same time, it ought to be judicious, and only carried out after most careful examination by experts and by others having a practical knowledge of the real needs of the fishermen. Practical prosecution of the fishing industry is not without its own peculiar difficulties and dangers on the west coast, and lessons may be learned by the partial failures and disappointments that have taken place in recent years. I would

therefore urge that, so far as accurate information does not already lie to hand, an immediate examination should be made of the capacities of all the western islands for profitable development of the fisheries, having especial regard to facility of access, and that an estimate should be formed of the number of boats which could be usefully accommodated and employed, with the number of men whom it would take to work them. The money required for the construction of the harbours would have to be advanced in varying proportions, partly as a grant, and partly as a loan from the Public Works Loan Commissioners. One difficulty yet remains, that few of the men have boats and gear, or money or credit to get them. It may be hoped that the more liberal terms of loan just sanctioned by the Treasury will suffice to remove this difficulty, and that all who are really competent to engage successfully in regular work as fishermen, may now be able to take full advantage of the liberality of Parliament. It would also be a boon of practical wealth-bringing value if the western shores of Lewis and of Skye were brought into communication with Stornoway and Portree by the construction of tramways; and a practical report on the cost of undertakings of this nature and their probable revenue might be obtained in conjunction with any inquiry having for its object the development of the fisheries. In an article published in this Magazine two years ago, I pointed out the importance of the construction of a line of railway from Fort William to Malaig, or other convenient point on the west coast, to connect with a railway which has often been projected, and which will one day be made from Glasgow to Fort William. The stimulus which the opening of a direct means of communication from the Sound of Skye to Glasgow would give to local industry, would be of the highest value.

Some such steps as these will relieve the present distress without degrading the people with doles of charity, while they will open up and develop all that there is of wealth-bearing capacity on the shores and seas of the Hebrides. There remains the land, on which it is our ideal to see established a prosperous and a reasonably numerous tenantry. How are we to set about it? Is it by dividing the farms among the existing population, and by so making one dead level of poverty—one mass of tenants—in the Lews, at £2, 10s. for every family? If so, are the taxpayers prepared, in the first place, to provide stock to put upon the land; and in the second, continually year after year to step forward and devise some means of sustaining a population which cannot, except in an occasionally fortunate season, possibly exist on its own resources? More land is the cry; but, can you stock it? No. Then who is to do so? The Government. The Government means the taxpayers. The question is made one of platform politics, and if the taxpayers —among whom are millions of working-people with wages of 20s. and rent of 3s. 6d. a-week, or say £9 a-year, to pay for a single room in the dense air of a crowded city—are willing to provide stock-in-trade for a whole population, certainly it is not for a Highlander to object. A western fisherman who devotes his labour to energetic and persistent prosecution of the fisheries, may get on with a £4 croft; a crofter who seeks to live by the land should have a

holding of £20, or, as the lowest conceivable minimum, £15 a-year. Now, I would suggest that the Crofters Commission be instructed to invite applications from all those who desire to possess holdings of this size, and who are able to stock them, and that some proof of their power to provide the stock should be required; that application be then made to the landlord of the estate on which the applicant resides, asking him to set apart a farm of the required size, at a rent to be settled in terms of the Crofters Act, and in the event of his refusal, that a list of such cases be laid before the Secretary for Scotland, with a view, if necessary, to legislation. I venture to predict that no respectable tenant offering to accept holdings of this size at a fair rent, need anticipate anything but glad and ready acceptance at the hands of the landlords of to-day. If the kindly sentiment of the British people prompts them to go further than this—if, in spite of the teachings of experience, they desire artificially to increase the quantity of land held by very small tenants—they have a right to do so, but at their own cost. Let the principle of Lord Ashbourne's Act be applied, and let special districts be purchased with money advanced by the State, and be settled with the surplus population of existing townships. Should the Government and people be unwilling to lend their money for others to farm with, or to purchase land, then the problem can only be solved (1) by developing the only local industry—the fisheries; (2) by encouraging the occupation of holdings of size sufficient to yield a decent maintenance; and (3) by giving opportunities of removal to those for whom neither the one nor the other affords a sphere of labour. Emigration I assert to be not the first nor the second, but the third method of relief; it is a course which patriotic, home-loving people only adopt after other efforts fail. We all desire to bring labour to the people before we seek to remove the people to new fields of labour; but in face of the distressing crisis of to-day, guided by the Report to which I drew attention in the first page of this article, —in view of the facts which I have reproduced from official returns, it would be both cruel and dishonest to pretend that any policy can restore hope to the people and prosperity to the country which does not aim at a return to the more reasonable population of sixty, eighty, or one hundred years ago, and which does not include large and liberal opportunities to many of transferring their energies to those fresh fields of wealth and hope of which our colonial empire affords so large a choice.

REGINALD MACLEOD.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

WHAT is technical education? Everybody knows, or at least everybody says, that technical education is the great need of the time. Everybody says that our trade is languishing, and that we are losing our hold on the markets of the world, for the want of it. Everybody [illegible] upon this doctrine they have raised the cry that the whole education of the country, higher and lower, is antiquated, and rests upon a wrong foundation. Our people are being educated by books, by languages, by history, by a knowledge of what men have done, said, and thought, instead of by a knowledge of things, of the facts and laws of nature, and especially of that part of the laws of [illegible]

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the preceding article was printed, the crofter question has been debated for many hours in the House of Commons. I desire to append three remarks in reference to this debate.

First, Dr Macdonald, member for Ross-shire, stated "that he agreed there were too many people in the Lews, but three-fourths of the land were given up to sheep-farms and deer-forests." A statement so entirely opposed to fact as shown above, discredits the influence of all who endeavour to urge the interests of the Highlanders on the Government, and I trust will be disclaimed as publicly as it has been made.

Second, Members affecting to represent crofter interests conspicuously avoided that straightforward and uncompromising condemnation of acts of illegality and violence, to which they were earnestly invited by the Lord Advocate. This omission is unfortunate, and will tend to increase the difficulties of the Executive and the sufferings of the people.

Third, It is much to be regretted Government failed to announce any definite policy having for its object development of local industries and employment for the people. Emigration is a necessity; but it ought to be of that surplus population which can find no means of livelihood after the resources of the country are opened up by wise and generous expenditure at the hands of the State. R. M.

terms the general educational aims of himself and his followers:—

"We plead for the introduction into our schools—beginning with the

[1] It will be noted that this astounding assertion has reference to *secondary* schools.

elementary, and continuing in the higher schools — of that scientific, commercial, and technical instruction which will develop the skill, taste, and efficiency of our workers, the enterprise of our distributors, and thus promote the manufacturing industry, and, at the same time, the prosperity of the country."

It is to be noted that this cry for a revolution in the subjects of our education has not come, as a rule, from pure men of science; nor has the demand for technical education to any considerable extent been made by the great employers of labour. On the contrary, in great commercial cities, nothing is more remarkable than the scepticism or indifference as to the value of technical education which is exhibited by the captains of our industry. If the opinion of any able practical man at the head of a large work be asked on the subject, the invariable reply is, "Well, I should like to know what they *mean* by technical education;" and he will probably add the opinion that the present cry for it is being much overdone, and may lead off the nation in an entirely wrong direction.

We are thus driven back to the question, What *is* technical education? A Royal Commission has sat upon the subject, and has ransacked Europe and America in its search after technical and science teaching. That Commission has gathered much evidence, it has presented an elaborate Report, and has made many recommendations; but it has given no definition of the term: it has made no attempt to mark off the limits of general education and technical education respectively: it has made no attempt to fix, in relation to each individual's future career in life—and this is *the* essential difficulty of the problem—the precise point in his educational course at which general education should end, and specialisation, whether in subjects or in methods, be introduced. To an educationist, the Report is deeply disappointing in this respect. No consideration whatever has been given to the relative educational value of different subjects, or of different methods of instruction; there is no hint that the subject or the method which is suitable for one age, or for one type of mind, or for one position in the world, may be wholly unsuited for another. The main idea of the Report is—"Man is a producing animal; and he must be taught everything, he must learn everything, from his earliest age with that view, and with that view only. Science and technical training conduce to production: everything, therefore, that calls itself by these names, good or bad, deserves recognition and encouragement; all other modes of training the human mind, all subjects not bearing on production, belong to a bygone age, and should be superseded."

Even as to the teaching of science itself the Report shows no discrimination. Every teacher knows that there is no subject in the world more easy to teach badly than science; none more difficult to teach well — that is, so as to develop the intelligence, so as to draw out the reason, and enable it not merely to repeat, but to comprehend, the processes on which scientific reasoning is founded, and by which scientific advance is made. Yet the Commissioners make no distinction between sound teaching, and mere teaching to pass examinations. Everybody knows —none more than the teachers who legitimately take advantage of a mechanical system—that there

is no kind of teaching more hollow, more utterly destitute of real educational or scientific result, than that for which grants are given under the name of specific subjects. Yet the grants given for teaching science in our elementary schools are paraded by the Commissioners as a redeeming feature in our educational system, instead of being condemned, as they have been by every competent authority who has examined into the subject, as one of its most worthless parts, which cannot too soon be abolished altogether.[1] It is much to be regretted that the one technical subject which was, of all others, most closely allied to the work of the Commission—viz., the subject of teaching—should apparently have been altogether unrepresented upon it.

The Commission, then, has given us no definition of technical education; and Professor Huxley, in the excellent address which he delivered in Manchester in November last, has expressed the opinion that it "passes the wit of man" to give an adequate definition of the term. And yet, though no one has defined the term, we have proceeded, in true British fashion, to legislate upon it. A Technical Bill for England was introduced in the last session of Parliament; a Technical Act for Scotland was passed. It was to be expected that the Act itself would have enlightened us as to the special thing which it was passed to provide. Nothing of the kind. The Act gives no indication whatever as to the nature of the subjects to be taught under its provisions. It might have been expected that the vice-president of the Council would have supplied the omission when he introduced the Bill. Nothing of the kind. No definite information on the subject is to be obtained from his speech, or from any of the somewhat desultory speeches delivered by other members on the occasion. The only real information on the subject was given by Lord Lothian in the House of Lords, who said he would have preferred to see the Bill called a Bill "for manual training."

The Act itself does indeed contain a definition; but it is one which has nothing to do with education. In clause 12 a "Technical School" is defined, with charming simplicity, as a "school or department in which technical instruction is given"; and when we proceed, panting with curiosity, to discover what definition is given to the thing itself, we are thus rewarded:—

> "The expression 'Technical Instruction' means instruction in subjects approved of by the Scotch Education Department, and in the branches of science or art with respect to which grants are for the time being made by the Department of Science and Art, *or in any other subject* which may for the time being be sanctioned by that Department."

The only difficulty which this definition presents is that of conceiving any branch of knowledge which might not be included under it. If the difficult art of putting on a white tie, or the comparatively simple one of drafting a clause in a Parliamentary Bill on a subject unknown to the drafter, were but included in the ambitious programme of South Kensington, and "approved of by

[1] See the strong remarks upon this subject in Lord Balfour of Burleigh's address at the Glasgow High School, September 1887. I may also refer to my own articles in this Magazine in June and July last.

the Scotch Education Department," they would become *ipso facto*—at least in Scotland—subjects of technical instruction. It is obvious that such a definition, as the farmer said of the claret, will take us "no foradder"; and that the only addition to our knowledge of technical education made by the Scottish Act is the important fact that there has been a squabble between two Departments of State as to which of them is to be intrusted with its superintendence.

If, then, we are to give up as hopeless all attempt to define technical education as a whole, it is at least essential that we should know exactly what is the kind of teaching which the nation wants,—what are the deficiencies in our people, or in our system of education, which we have to repair. But this is, in fact, just the most difficult part of the problem. We all know, in a loose sort of way, what technical education is. In its widest sense, it includes all education in, or through, the subjects which are to form the business of a man's life; and in this sense instruction in Latin or Greek grammar is as strictly technical instruction for one who intends to be a classical teacher, as is instruction in physics to a future engineer, or in physic to a future doctor. In a narrower sense, it comprises especially instruction in those principles of science or of art which underlie all industrial and manufacturing processes, or in those manual dexterities which are required to make good workmen.

Adopting, therefore, the term in this popular and more narrow sense, we find that three separate and totally distinct things are included under it,—(1) instruction in science; (2) instruction in art; (3) instruction in manual dexterity: it being understood in each case that the instruction is not sought for its own sake only, but with the view of enabling the possessor to employ it for his own profit, and thereby for the good of the nation, in some trade or manufacture.

But the introduction of this last proviso leaves us exactly where we were. We all know what is meant by instruction in science or art or manual work: what we do not know, what the public has as yet taken no pains to inquire, and what constitutes the essence of the whole problem to be solved, is this: Assuming that every individual should be educated from the first with a view to some particular trade or calling, at what precise point in his educational course should the general part of his education cease? At what point should the technical or specialised part begin? Should it begin at all, *can* it be profitably begun, before the individual begins actual practice in the shop or factory, and learns to do the work he has to do by doing it? Is the work which he will have to do one for which nothing but specialisation is needed? Or may it be that even for the doing of that specialised work itself, there is needed, as an indispensable condition of its being done well, a wider range of knowledge, a larger cultivation of the faculties as a whole, a keener and more systematically trained intelligence, than any system of specialisation can supply? These questions form the very heart of the problem; they would require probably a different answer for every trade, almost for every individual; but until they are answered in some way or other the problem will remain unsolved.

As thus stated, the question is

an educational one, affecting the individual only, and his chances of success in life; but it has a national side which is more important still.

What are the exact deficiencies in the education of our people disclosed by the present state of our arts and manufactures, as compared with those of foreign countries? In what branches of trade are we losing ground because of the inferior knowledge, or the inferior skill, of our workmen, of our managers, of our employers? Where exactly does the inferiority lie? and by what means can it be removed? It is useless to exaggerate the extent of the inferiority: it is worse than useless to attribute it to a wrong cause. Until we localise our weak points, and understand precisely at what point the knowledge or the intelligence of our industrial classes breaks down; unless we have, founded on this diagnosis, a clear and precise idea of the remedy we intend to apply,—no good can come of dislocating and dwarfing our system of national instruction while it is still but half-grown, in obedience to a vague and ill-defined cry for technical education.

I propose, therefore, in this article, to consider what kind of answer can be given, from materials which lie ready to hand, to the main questions propounded above. (1.) At what points in our industrial system is it most evident that our trade is suffering, or not progressing as it might, from a want of knowledge or of skill? (2.) What improvements can be introduced into our educational system with a view of meeting these deficiencies? (3.) What prospects of larger employment for our capital, of more employment for our working class, may be looked for from such improvements?

These three questions obviously run into one another. I shall endeavour to throw light upon them partly from the Report of the Commission, partly from facts and opinions communicated to me by large employers of labour in Glasgow and elsewhere, or by men actually engaged in technical and scientific teaching.

The first important fact to note —and the Commissioners seem to have been driven somewhat unwillingly to the admission — is, that the general state of our trade and manufactures, even in those departments in which knowledge and skill are especially needed, and in which our growing inferiority has been most loudly proclaimed, is not in such a very bad way after all, as compared either with foreign countries, or with our past achievements. As to calico-printing, for instance, we are told (Report, p. 506) that—

"Certain printed cottons of the highest class, produced at Mulhouse from Parisian designs, are not excelled, and rarely equalled, in this or in any other country, although the distance between our general productions in this department and those of Alsace is no longer so great as it was ten or twenty years ago."

Of woollen fabrics they say—

"The soft all-wool fabrics of Rheims and Roubaix are scarcely equalled as yet on the average by those of Bradford, especially as regards the dyeing."

It would thus appear that in this department we are gaining rather than losing. As to machinery (p. 507)—

"Machinery made in this country is more extensively exported than at any former period. The best machines constructed abroad are in the main, and with the exceptions which we have named, made with slight, if any, modifications after English models."

Of iron and steel they say—

"In the manufacture of iron and steel we stand pre-eminent; and we are practically the naval architects of the world."

Again, of textiles—

"In those textile manufactures in which other nations have hitherto excelled us, as in soft all-wool goods, we are gaining ground. We saw at Bradford merinos manufactured and finished in this country which would bear comparison in texture and in colour with the best of those of the French looms and dye-houses; and in the delicate fabrics of Nottingham and Macclesfield (thanks in great measure to their local schools of art) we no longer rely on France for designs."

In fact, the Commissioners have some difficulty in discovering the branches of trade in which our inferiority exists, or in which we have lost the lead in consequence of inferior technical education. As we shall see further on, the one department of industrial work in which we have long acknowledged, and still feel, the superiority of our foreign rivals, is that of design and artistic work generally: yet even of this they say—

"In art manufactures proper, notably in porcelain, earthenware, and glass, as also in decorative furniture, our productions are of conspicuous excellence."

Even here, it would seem, we are advancing upon our neighbours, instead of being distanced all along the line of artistic work, as we certainly were at the time of the Exhibition of 1851.

"We cannot do otherwise than acknowledge the pre-eminence, *in the main*, of our French neighbours, in design as applied to decorative work, or disregard the efforts which they are making to maintain that pre-eminence, and those made in Belgium and Italy to emulate them."

Among new and successful trades on the Continent are mentioned the ribbon-trade of Basle; that of velvets and silks at Crefeld; that of mixed fabrics at Chemnitz. Yet even of these three trades no more is said than that they

"have rarely been excelled in boldness of enterprise and in success by anything of the same kind accomplished in our own country."

And lastly, in a comprehensive survey of our industries and manufactures as a whole, they thus sum up the case:—

"But great as has been the progress of foreign countries, and keen as is their rivalry with us in many important branches, we have no hesitation in stating our conviction, which we believe to be shared by Continental manufacturers themselves, that, taking the state of the arts of construction and the stable manufactures as a whole, our people still maintain their position at the head of the industrial world. Not only has nearly every important machine and process employed in manufactures been either invented or perfected in this country in the past, but it is not too much to say that most of the prominent new industrial departures of modern times are due to the inventive power and practical skill of our countrymen. Amongst these are the great invention of Bessemer for the production of steel in enormous quantities, by which alone, or with its modification by Thomas and Gilchrist, enabling the commonest description of iron to be used for the purpose, steel is now obtained at one-tenth of the price of twenty years ago; the Weldon, Hargreaves, and Deacon processes, which have revolutionised the alkali trade; the manufacture of aniline colours by Perkin; the new processes in the production of silk fabrics by Lister; the numerous applications of water-pressure to industrial purposes by Armstrong; the Nasmyth steam-hammer; the compound steam-engine, as a source of great economy of fuel; and the practical application of electricity to land and submarine tele-

graphy by Cooke, Wheatstone, Thomson, and others."

Thus, the result of a deliberate examination into the state of industry at home and abroad has been emphatically to contradict the exaggerated alarmist views put forth so strongly by Sir Lyon Playfair in 1867, and so frequently repeated since, as to the probable decay of our industrial supremacy if we did not at once revolutionise our modes of education. We have, no doubt, much to learn from other nations; but we cannot hope to be supreme in everything. What we now do better than others, we might, doubtless, by increased care and knowledge, do better still; and there are some departments of industry which we have never attempted, and which possibly might be established amongst us with success. But there is no occasion for panic. We may take time calmly to consider the lessons to be extracted from the experience of our neighbours. Nothing can be less likely to lead to a good result than to rush blindly into rash changes, and to pass Acts for technical education without having any clear idea of what we are aiming at, or why we want it.

The first lesson, then, to be derived from the Report, is that our foreign rivals are not, as yet, gaining upon us: we are, on the whole, gaining upon them, though not as rapidly perhaps, nor in as many departments of trade, as we might do, if we were to set all our strength and all our capacity to the task.

The next point is to discover what are the departments of trade in which we are still distinctly distanced by foreign nations, and what in these cases are the causes of our inferiority. These are mainly two in number—

(1.) Those connected with processes which require a scientific knowledge of chemistry of the highest kind.

(2.) Those in which success depends essentially upon taste, and upon the faculty of design.

These two exceptions to the general rule of British superiority are not only of great importance in themselves: they also indicate, in the clearest way, the direction in which we should look for improvement. Each point requires to be illustrated at some length.

As to the first point, the Commissioners state the case thus (p. 505):—

> "In some branches of industry, more especially in those requiring an intimate acquaintance with organic chemistry — as, for instance, in the preparation of artificial colours from coal-tar — Germany has unquestionably taken the lead.
>
> "The introduction by Solvay of Brussels of the ammonia process for the manufacture of soda, and the German application of strontia in sugar-refining, constitute new departures in those arts."

The manufacture of coal-tar dyes is perhaps the most notorious instance of a trade having being carried off, from under our very noses, by the superior scientific and industrial capacity of another nation. The products of the distillation of coal-tar, the raw material from which Germany makes the beautiful dyes for which our manufacturers are the chief purchasers, are supplied mainly from this country. We have to send over our gas-tar products as refuse to Germany, to be employed by them in a highly profitable manufacture, simply because we have not the brains, or the skill, to conduct the manufacture in our own country. It appears from an interesting paper read by Mr Ivan Levinstein

to the Manchester section of the Society of Chemical Industry in June 1886, that we are unable to consume profitably at home more than one-twelfth of our total product of benzene-toluene in producing colouring matters.[1] Germany takes the half of our total production, other countries almost all the rest. No wonder that the Germans are proud of this achievement: here are the terms in which Professor Bayer described it in a "Festrede," delivered before the Munich Academy of the Sciences in 1878, and quoted in Mr Levinstein's paper:—

"Germany, which, in comparison with England and France, possesses such disadvantages with reference to natural resources (raw materials), has succeeded, by means of her intellectual activity, in wresting from both countries a source of national wealth. Germany no longer has to pay any tribute to foreign nations, but is now receiving such tribute from them, and the primary source from which this wealth originates has its home, not in Germany, but in England.

"It is one of the most singular phenomena in the domain of industrial chemistry that the chief industrial nation and the most practical people in the world has been beaten in the endeavour to turn to profitable account the coal-tar which it possesses. The numerous German colour-works purchase from England the greater portion of the products of the distillation of coal-tar, and they supply three-fourths of the world with the colours made from it."

Now, what is the reason why Germany has carried off from us the manufacture of this article, greedily demanded by our dyers, and made out of our own raw material? The raw materials required in the manufacture of coal-tar colours can be obtained in England at a considerably less cost than in Germany; the slightly higher rate of wages in this country is more than compensated by the greater cheapness of buildings, plant, and machinery. We have a superior geographical position; and the demand for the finished product comes mainly from this country. And yet the Germans, with every single economical point against them, have taken this trade entirely out of our hands. Why is this? Mr Levinstein vainly attempts to suggest various collateral causes: the one and sufficient reason is to be found in the superiority of the Germans in pure scientific chemistry. Not merely in *technical* chemistry—technical chemistry must necessarily follow if the pure science be cultivated to the highest point—but in chemistry pure and simple. The German superiority consists in this, that they put their chemical industries under the complete control of the highest scientific capacity which they can command. They do not, as we are told our own industrial chemists did twenty years ago, act upon the truly British principle, "Give me my ounce of practice, and you can keep your ton of theory." They do not, as our manufacturers do to this hour, look upon *technical chemistry* as one thing and *scientific chemistry* as another, to be distrusted and shunned as impractical, and relegated to "professors." They do not imagine that Nature

[1] The value of this trade has been much exaggerated. The total value of the products of coal, peat, or shale, including naphtha, paraffin, petroleum, pitch, or tar, exported in 1886 from this country, according to the Board of Trade returns, was £622,398. Of these Germany takes some 1,500,000 gallons of benzene-toluene. A gentleman well conversant with the trade, writes: "The Germans are driven to exercise their brains from the very poverty of their surroundings; whereas our chemists, being more lucratively employed, don't have enough time for research."

has constructed her laws in compartments, in reference to the modern subdivision of trades; as if a man could be a brewing chemist, or a dyeing chemist, or a soap-boiling chemist, without a knowledge of the principles of the science as a whole. On the contrary, they make the technical part of their work strictly subordinate to the scientific principles on which it is based, and know that success can only come by keeping abreast of the latest developments of the science, and by actually carrying out for themselves, upon a large scale, the work of original research.

Let me give examples.

One of the great colour-works of the Continent is that of Messrs Bindschedler & Busch at Basle. The whole work is under the direction of a highly educated chemist, "cognisant of, and able to make use of, the discoveries emanating from the various scientific laboratories of the world." ('Commissioners' Report,' vol. i. p. 223.) Under him are three trained chemists, each over a department; each of these has several assistant chemists under him, all trained at a university or polytechnic school. The men who work under this staff have no scientific knowledge whatever.

Fitted up inside the works are no less than ten thoroughly equipped laboratories, in which the above staff of chemists carry on new investigations. They have a complete scientific library, they take in all scientific journals, and experimentalise at once upon every new idea.

Not less elaborate are the scientific arrangements in the works of Messrs Meister, Lucius, & Co., at Höchst, near Frankfort. Here there are fifty-one scientific chemists on the staff, fifty foremen, fifteen managers and engineers—a number which, to a British manufacturer, would appear out of all proportion to the 1400 workpeople employed. New processes are thus being continually discovered, new improvements and economies continually introduced.

The Commissioners (p. 224) give an admirable example of the way in which new discoveries are worked out in these laboratories of research. An original investigation suggested the idea that a green dye might be obtained by the oxidation of certain colourless bases. To work this out practically, four different sets of investigations had to be carried out by the staff of chemists, each of the four being directed to the discovery of a new method or a new agent. The result was a fine new colouring matter called malachite green; while subsequent improvements, due to continual experiments, have reduced the cost of the crystallised oxalate employed from £2 to £1, 4s. per kilo.

Such organised scientific work as this, or even the schools of chemistry in which students may be trained for such work, do not as yet exist in this country.

I am informed that a manufacturer who needs a chemist to do something more than perform well-known processes—one who may be able, for instance, to conduct new investigations, tracking out unexpected failures to their causes, or to experimentalise with a view to discovering new processes—can seldom find the man he wants in this country. To get a chemist regularly trained, with a view to original research, he must go to Germany.

Not less remarkable is the absolutely scientific way in which the manufacture of beetroot-sugar has been developed in Germany.

No less than 400,000 tons, valued at £10,000,000, were imported into this country from Germany in 1882; and every one knows what an effect this importation has had upon our own sugar trade. In Germany, whole districts of country—especially between Hamburg and Berlin—are given up to the growth of the beet. The whole process of manufacture, from the sowing of the seed to the finished product, is conducted under the superintendence of scientific chemists. They analyse the soils: they prescribe the tillage and appropriate manures to be used: they examine the growing crops, and by continually experimenting and prescribing accordingly, have greatly improved the sugar-bearing properties of the plant: whilst the discovery and development of new methods and processes of refining —especially the strontia method —have added so largely to the yield of sugar, that in some mills, under the fostering influence of sugar bounties, dividends of no less than 100 per cent have been paid.

Here again the same lesson has to be read. This great trade was developed and succeeded simply because from first to last the growth and manufacture of the sugar was treated as a scientific business, to be carried on in strict obedience to the commands of scientific experts. In the words of the Commissioners themselves (p. 227)—

> "It is only by the highest and most elaborate achievements of pure scientific investigation that the greatest practical advantages to mankind can be secured."

And there is no lesson which needs more to be brought home to the British mind than this at the present time. There is no branch of our trade, at this moment, which lies in a more hopeless state of prostration than that of agriculture; there is none which is being carried on more entirely by the old rule of thumb, and in more absolute disregard of the principles, or of the very existence, of science. I have heard excellent practical farmers declare that the main cause of the present agricultural depression is the use of artificial manures. And no wonder: farmers cast over their fields, at great cost, the last new manure that may have been recommended to them, without knowing what it is made of, or what effect it is intended to produce, or whether it is what it professes to be—without any consideration of the details of soil, temperature, crop, and exposure, on which the whole success of the experiment depends. Nay, the very simplest and most primeval manufactures of a farm are carried on with no more science than was devoted to them in the days of Theocritus, and in absolute ignorance of the laws on which they depend.

It is a literal and shameful fact that British butter and British cheese are being driven out of the markets of Great Britain by foreign producers, for no other reason than that the British farmer does not *know* how to make either the one or the other. The subject of agricultural education is at this moment being considered by a Royal Commission: some startling evidence has been laid before it. One man of wealth, a giver of large entertainments, who must have things good, no matter at what price, informed the Commission that he would have nothing but foreign butter, because of its incontestable superiority. A large butter merchant, whose dealings

amount to fifty tons per week, gave evidence that he had a large class of such customers—men who cared little whether they paid 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. a pound for their butter, but who must have it of first-rate quality. For such butter he must go to Brittany: he was unable, he said, to supply such customers from the home market, simply because he could not depend upon the article being always up to quality.

A similar and most instructive fact has been brought out as to cheese. The south-western counties of Scotland were famous for their cheese: of late years their supremacy has departed. American and other cheese came in; the cheese which used invariably to take first prizes, now took second prizes: it was first-rate no longer, only second-rate. Now the making of cheese is a delicate operation, depending upon the qualities of milk, the most valuable but most mutable of substances. The important point in cheese-making is to know exactly when the milk sours. The warmer the temperature, the more readily this takes place. The temperature, the soil, the altitude of the grazing, are all elements to be considered; each soil produces different curd; and in some scientifically conducted farms a different system of making is adopted for almost every field. Of all this the average farmer knows nothing; he makes cheese as his grandfather did. A Dairy Association, however, has taken up the matter in the district named above, and with excellent results. A scientific cheesemaker was imported from Canada. He gave itinerant lessons, staying two or three days at each centre, and passing on to another, at a cost of some £2, 10s. to £3 a-day, with expenses. The result is that the cheese of that country has taken a fresh start, and is once more rising to a first-rate position. This example is full of instruction and encouragement to "the distressed agriculturist," who is ready to blame everything except his own besotted ignorance, and who looks in every direction, except to his own brains, for help.

Another illustration of the same kind of indifference to science may be taken from the brewing trade in this country. Most large breweries, no doubt, employ chemists to apply ordinary tests and so forth; but they make no provision for experimental research. It is well known that our breweries are at times visited by a mysterious disease, which spoils all the beer; no beer can be safely made till the disease takes its departure. Many thousands, nay hundreds of thousands, of pounds have been lost to brewers from this cause. Nothing is known about the cause or nature of the disease; when it breaks out, brewers are at their wits' end to know how to get rid of it. Yet they have never made it a subject of scientific investigation; they have set up no laboratories to experimentalise upon the cause and conditions of the distemper, as the Germans would most certainly have done had their breweries been liable to it: as a matter of fact, they are not, because German beer is manufactured at a low temperature, whereas British beer is manufactured at a high temperature. When the destructive malady next breaks out in some of our great breweries, there will be nothing but old wives' remedies —mere rule-of-thumb devices— with which to meet it.

In each of these cases we find the same state of things. The British producer fails to under-

stand the importance of pure knowledge; he despises and disbelieves in a knowledge of principles, and imagines that the only thing he need know is the application of those principles to his own particular work. In his eyes practice is everything, knowledge for its own sake, knowledge of principle, is nothing: as if there could be any value at all in practice unless it be founded on true principles; as if a man could have any intelligent knowledge or make any intelligent use of processes, unless he knows the reasons on which they rest. Our producers are like students who cram up for an examination by getting up "tips," instead of by getting up a sound knowledge of the subject. The present cry for technical education is itself, to a large extent, only a new example, in an exaggerated form, of the same vicious idea. So far as it leads people to suppose that success in production or in life is to be gained from a knowledge of *technique*—of methods, of processes, of manipulation—instead of impressing on them that all these are wholly unimportant and useless in comparison with a real education in the subject concerned, and a knowledge of the principles on which the *technique* is founded, its effect will be wholly bad. The idea that there are short practical cuts to just so much knowledge, and no more, as we need for the particular job in hand, is one which, if adopted, would demoralise our education to its root, and is in diametrical opposition to the whole tenor of the evidence which has been collected in Germany and other countries.

It is unfortunate that the Commissioners should have obscured this cardinal fact by their indiscriminate use of the words "technical" and "technical education." It is obvious that they constantly use the word as identical with "scientific"; though, in fact, as pointed out above, no two things could be more opposed. Witness the following sentence (p. 508):—

> "Your Commissioners cannot repeat too often that they have been impressed with the *general intelligence and technical knowledge* of the masters and managers of industrial establishments on the Continent. *They have found that these persons, as a rule, possess a sound knowledge of the sciences on which their industry depends.*"

Exactly: the very reason why they do their work so well is that they have got something more than technical education; it is their scientific knowledge, not their mere technical knowledge, which gives them the superiority. To describe "a sound knowledge of the sciences" under the terms "general intelligence" and "technical knowledge," is to use language in an absolutely misleading and question-begging sense.

For what is the third great lesson which the evidence of the Commission teaches? It is this: that the superiority of the foreigner, where he is superior to us, and his advance upon us in those trades in which we are still pre-eminent, is due mainly, not to technical education, not even to scientific education, but to the superiority of his education as a whole. The Commissioners are compelled by their evidence to bring out this fact, though they do so unwillingly, and without giving to it that prominence which it deserves. The foreign workman does not, except in some special trades, beat the British workman in the technical processes of trade.

The British worker is superior to the foreign worker in resource, in endurance, in most of those human qualities of character on which industrial success so largely depends. The one thing in which he is inferior to him, all round, is in the matter of general education. He knows less; he thinks less; he has, as a rule, an unskilled, untrained mind; his intelligence is in consequence less pliable; he fails to adapt himself so readily to new conditions; he believes in rule of thumb; and as a rule, as Mr Goschen has so forcibly pointed out lately, he is averse to intellectual operations, and is apt to take little or no intellectual interest in his work.

Here is what the Commissioners say (p. 506):—

"It may not be improper (*sic*) to mention here, that in whatever degree the technical instruction of our Continental rivals may have trained them for competition with ourselves in their own, in neutral, and to some extent in our home markets, much of their success is due to more painstaking, to more pliancy, and greater thrift; and also to the general cultivation, the knowledge of modern languages and of economic geography, usually possessed by Continental manufacturers."

On p. 510 they tell us that—

"For the technical education of workmen, outside of the workshop, the resources of Continental countries have hitherto been, and still are, much more limited than is supposed;" but that "in two very important respects the education of a certain proportion of persons employed abroad is superior to that of English workmen: first, as regards the systematic instruction in drawing given to adult artisans, more especially in France, Belgium, and Italy; and secondly, as to the general diffusion of elementary education in Switzerland and Germany."

Again (p. 512):—

"Mr Mather assigns greater influence on American manufactures to the general education of the American people derived from their common schools, than to their technical schools."

And (p. 516):—

"The best preparation for technical study is a good modern secondary school of the types of the Manchester Grammar School, the Bedford Grammar School, Allan Glen's School in Glasgow."

"The efficiency of the American workman is mainly attributed, by all who have inquired into the subject, to the primary education acquired by them during a prolonged attendance at school."

On this subject, the Commissioners record the opinion of the English manager of a large engineering establishment in Bavaria. His opinion is that, on the average, the German workman is distinctly inferior to the Englishman. The former is easy-going and forgetful, has neither the go nor the resource of the Englishman, does not work with the same energy or get through the same amount of work.

"But in education, the Englishman is altogether behind. . . . The one point in which Germany is overwhelmingly superior to England is in schools, and in the education of all classes of the people."

Again, Mr K——, manager of large engineering works in Ghent, is quoted. He says that Belgians and Germans are now ousting Englishmen

"from positions as managers abroad, being more highly educated. . . . Good English workmen can do 20 per cent more work than Frenchmen or Germans in the same time; they are more energetic, and keep up the pace better; they have greater strength," &c.; but "he is a great believer in education, and is of opinion

that if English workmen would train their intelligence in addition to their hands, they would surpass all others."

The Commissioners have, further, collected the opinions of a number of eminent men of science, as well as of managers of engineering and chemical works, as to the best preliminary education for men who wish to take high positions in such works. Managers of works invariably prefer those who have received a "good general education"; and the great preponderance of opinion is in favour of the Gymnasium, in which the instruction is mainly literary and classical, over the Real-Schule or Real-Gymnasium, where it is mainly modern, commercial, and scientific. Out of many examples we may quote Professor Hofmann (p. 209), who

"is in favour of the gymnasium training, preferring it to that of the first-grade Real school, notwithstanding the fact that in the latter the pupils obtain fairly good instruction in natural science, and scarcely any in the former."

I myself received exactly similar testimony from the professors of the Higher Technical School at Vienna. The scientific professors informed me that their best pupils came from the Gymnasium, and not from the Real-Schule. Dr Bauer, head of the Practical Chemistry Department, thus expressed himself:—

"The students from the Real-Schule know certainly more chemistry when they come to me; but it is mere cram-work, founded on a knowledge of text-books, not real assimilated knowledge. Their minds have not been thoroughly and systematically trained: in three months they are overtaken and passed by the students from the Gymnasium. Give me a student who knows his Latin grammar, and I will answer for his chemistry."

Precisely similar was the opinion expressed to me a few days ago by the manager of one of our largest locomotive works in Scotland. He wants no apprentices younger than fifteen:—

"Let them come then," he said, "with as sound and as general an education as possible, if they wish to get on. They should know some language well; their intelligence should have been developed; they should know well the elements of mathematics, and be able to draw. If a lad can do this, and have the stuff in him—for it is no use attempting to put into any man more education than he can hold—he can acquire all the special scientific knowledge he needs by attending classes during his apprenticeship, and will be a far more valuable man in the work than if he had attempted to prepare himself specially for it before he came."

It is useless to multiply opinions. If the basis of general education be not sound, no satisfactory structure of technical or scientific education—except in those rare exceptions for which Nature herself provides—can be built upon it. If we would have our trade and manufactures flourish, if we would have our scientific and technical education developed, it must be based upon a system of sound intelligent instruction, both primary and secondary; the rest may be left to be acquired in the workshops, for the workshops of Great Britain, as the Commissioners themselves admit, "are the finest technical schools in the world."

I say nothing here as to the subjects on which our educational system should be based; I care not whether they be ancient languages or modern languages, whether history, or literature, or science. I believe that out of science, taught as it is at Allan Glen's School in Glasgow—that is, with a view not to special cram results, but to the

general informing and cultivating of the mind through science—an admirable engine of general education can be forged. All this is detail; what is essential is that whatever is taught to our young, should be taught in a thorough, intelligent, educative way, so as to stimulate the pupil's interest, to develop his powers, to inform his mind, and to train him to bring a disciplined intelligence to bear on whatever subject he may have to work at. The distinction between primary and secondary education is artificial, and radically unsound. All education, if worthy of the name, should be directed to the same ends. The demand for technical education, as something different from any other kind of education, is misplaced: what we really require is to remodel and revivify our public education system from the very bottom. The system of the Six Standards has killed all the life out of it. It is a fact that children pass through the six standards successfully with minds unstimulated and unformed, knowing nothing well, having no intelligent interest in anything. A poor mechanical test is applied; a poor mechanical result is obtained. A fringe of higher education is indeed (it is supposed) tacked on to our schools under the name of specific subjects; but I have already demonstrated in this Magazine the utter worthlessness of that system for every object—except that of earning grants. The whole attempt at providing higher education on the principles of the Code in ordinary board schools has broken down; and the only hope for technical education, as for all other education, lies in the development of secondary schools, and in the making of our elementary schools once more what so many of them used to be in the days of the old parochial schools—places of education.

The next subject which requires notice is the inferiority of our people in those branches of trade for success in which the possession of taste and the faculty of design are essential. The Commissioners state that systematic instruction in drawing is one of the two points in which the education of the foreign artisan is superior to that of the British; and about the fact, and the consequences which flow from it, there cannot be two opinions. In whatever trades or manufactures taste or design is needed, our people are at a disadvantage. Mr Swire Smith estimates that trade worth from 40 to 50 million pounds per annum is lost to this country for want of technical education; but if his list be examined, it will be found that it consists almost entirely of articles whose value is in superior attractiveness and novelty of design, such as dyes, fancy articles from Paris, bronzes, clocks, china, glass, artificial flowers, furniture, &c.

Foreign taste in such things is undoubtedly superior at every point to British. We see it in our dress; in our shop-fronts; in the shape of the letters over shop-doors; in the very design and printing of a tram-ticket. I have before me a varied collection of match-boxes, from every country from which matches are imported: it is ludicrous to see how, through every gradation of price, the British are the ugliest. The British matches are the best and the cheapest, but in the taste and design of the boxes we cannot touch the foreigner. Even Bryant & May confess themselves beaten, by placing their own matches inside foreign boxes. What is the reason

of this want of taste? Is it merely a matter of race? or of hereditary aptitude acquired by practice and education? Is it that our dull, grey skies shut out the light and joyousness that are allied to art, and the prompters of artistic work? All these causes may be at work; but it is certain that mere ignorance has much to do with it, and that until drawing is systematically taught amongst us, it is vain to ask whether we are devoid of the artistic faculty or not. The art of drawing is to the worker with materials what the art of writing is to the worker with ideas. It is the language, and the only language, by which he can give form to his ideas, and communicate them to other minds. It has nothing necessarily to do with art; nothing at all to do with high art. To a carpenter, or an engineer, or a forger—to any man whatsoever who *makes* anything—it is an absolute necessity that he should draw correctly, if he is to make anything well, or distinguish between the correct and the incorrect, the sightly and the unsightly. Drawing should be taught in every school as universally as writing. Not only is it an essential factor in production; but it is only by learning to see things, and to draw things, as Nature made them, by learning to recognise the thousand differences in things which appear to an untrained eye to be identical, the thousand subtle gradations by which Nature produces her effects, that we shall gradually, as a nation, acquire an artistic sense, and learn how to appreciate beauty as well as to create it. As it is, immense sums of money are sent out of this country for designs: I can name a single firm which spends £10,000 in Paris on designs alone. We have already made a start in this matter. The Commissioners tell us that in Nottingham the local school of art has had a great effect on the manufacture of lace, and that without the Lambeth School of Art the productions of Messrs Doulton could scarcely have come into existence. And the Education Department have taken an admirable step in making the teaching of drawing compulsory in our elementary schools.

If the above conclusions be sound, we need spend little time in answering the last of the questions from which we started—viz., How much more employment may we expect for our capital, how much more for our labour, by the spread of technical education? Such an answer cannot be given in rough and ready fashion. It has been shown that education—general education first, special education in a subordinate degree—is one of the main factors in industrial success; but no exact measure of the connection between the two can be made. As the true spirit of education spreads throughout the whole people, the whole people will be stronger to carry out its contest with other nations; and as the basis of education broadens, its apex will be higher. But as we have seen, it is from the height of the apex—that is, from the highest development of science and knowledge that may be reached—that the nation as a whole gains most, from an industrial point of view. The broadening of the base—that is, the diffusion of education—affects mainly the interests of the individual, and his chance of bettering himself in the race.

With regard to the chances of employment for individuals, one important feature in modern in-

dustrial progress must not be overlooked. Higher science is required unceasingly for our manufactures; but less of it in quantity is needed. The present tendency is to concentrate in fewer hands the intellectual part of production, and to narrow the intellectual sphere of each man. Greater scientific skill, more perfect drawing and designing, are needed to-day in an engineering work than was the case twenty years ago; but the number of scientifically trained persons has diminished in proportion to the total numbers employed. In a great locomotive work some years ago, the plans left the head-office in a less perfect state than they do now: much discretion might be left to foremen and superintendents. Each of these, therefore, was a bit of a designer, of a creator, in his way. Not so now. The plan leaves the drawing-office perfect; all the intellectual work has been done there; the heads of departments or of squads have only to be absolutely rigid measurers, and to make sure that the work does not depart from the pattern by one hair's-breadth.

As an illustration of the proportion of intellectual work to manual work — of scientifically trained labour to ordinary skilled labour, and to labour quite unskilled — which is found to be actually needed in great works at the present time, let me give three examples taken from different works, in each of which the highest kind of scientific labour is peculiarly needed. The first is a shipbuilding yard; the second is a great locomotive factory; the third is a fine calico-printing work.

I take the shipbuilding yard first, choosing the figures from a normal time when the yard is in full work. The total number of individuals in that yard who earn salary or wages—excluding only the partners themselves, who are their own managers—is 871; the total amount of weekly pay earned is £1390. Out of every £100 thus paid away there is expended on—

1. Mere manual labour, unskilled, . . .	£9	1	3½
2. Ordinary skilled labour: tradesmen, fitters, carpenters, riveters, and the like, . . .	75	13	8
3. Foremen, who are mostly superior workmen, or men with a special capacity in the management of men, . .	6	8	8¼
4. The drawing-office, .	5	8	2¼
5. The moulding and pattern shop, . . .	0	4	10¼
6. The counting-house, .	3	3	3¾
Total, .	£100	0	0

Thus labour, whether skilled or unskilled, but yet unscientific labour, earns £91, 3s. 5¾d. out of £100; £5, 13s. 0½d. is the total earned in those departments for which knowledge of science and of drawing is essential. Of the total number employed, just 4·7 per cent need some higher knowledge of science and drawing; no less than 92·76 per cent are labourers or artisans.

Secondly, I take the locomotive work. Here 1057 are employed —the figures take no account of apprentices or boys earning less than fifteen shillings a-week.

1. Unskilled labour, .	£32	1	0
2. Ordinary skilled labour,	56	19	0
3. Under-foremen, . .	1	8	0
4. Foremen with some scientific knowledge of mechanics, . .	4	10	0
5. Draughtsmen, . .	2	18	0
6. Counting-house, . .	2	4	0
	£100	0	0

Here, again, is a table showing exactly in percentages into what

parts the total cost of a locomotive engine and tender may be divided :—

Cost of material, . . .	58.26
Superintendence, . . .	1.95
Office and shop clerks, . .	3.63
Drawing-office, . . .	0.78
Foremen, ...	4.78
Tradesmen, ...	24.68
Labourers, ...	0.85
Interest, depreciation, tools, &c., ...	5.07
	100.00

Next, let us examine the figures of the print-work. Here over 1200 hands are employed; not less than £60,000 a-year is paid in salaries and wages. Of that sum just £4, 17s. per cent is paid for work performed by men who have, and who require to have, some knowledge of chemistry, engineering, or mechanics. If we count heads, the proportion is smaller still. Only 2 per cent of the total number employed are engaged in work of this character—and this 2 per cent gets paid on the average twice as much as the remainder.

The proportion of scientific labour needed in these works seems at first sight very small; and yet in all of them the highest scientific knowledge, more especially if conjoined with the adaptive capacity, and with the faculty for original research, would be of the very highest commercial value. No price would be too high to pay for a man who could design improvements in ships or machinery; or for a man who could trace home to their unknown causes those faults and failures which occur in dye-works, or discover new or more economical processes for obtaining fine colourings. But such faculty as this is simply not to be had; and why? —partly, no doubt, because Nature works on truly aristocratic principles: she gives her choicest gifts only to the few, to the very few; partly also because we have not hitherto prepared the ground by an intelligent and comprehensive system of education — both in scientific and in non-scientific subjects—open to all those who are fit and willing to take advantage of it. That proportion of 4 or 5 per cent probably corresponds pretty closely to the proportion of really superior brain-power which God sends into this world; but the quality of that 4 or 5 per cent is capable of being indefinitely improved by superior methods of education, while the recruiting area from which it is drawn—the net, as it were, which is thrown out to catch those whom Nature has marked with the stamp divine —may be greatly enlarged by spreading throughout all classes of the community the facilities for sound training in science as well as in all other branches of knowledge.

The results, then, of our inquiry may be summed up as follows :—

1. That it is by no means so clear as was supposed that the manufacturing and industrial supremacy of Great Britain is being overthrown or seriously encroached upon.

2. That there is urgent need for the establishment amongst us of a sound system of instruction in drawing to all classes.

3. That there are certain forms of industry which have never been established amongst us, and others which are languishing, from want of pure scientific knowledge and of a sense of its importance.

4. That the only kind of technical knowledge which is valuable, from a national point of view, is that which rests upon a knowledge of the scientific principles on which all *technique* depends.

5. That, therefore, our industrial supremacy cannot be maintained unless the utmost facilities be afforded for obtaining scientific education in its highest grades, and every encouragement given to the prosecution of original research in every branch of science.

6. That no system of mere technical education will be satisfactory unless it rests upon a sound basis of general education, whether the basis of that education be literary or scientific; and,

7. That the most urgent educational need of the time is to improve our national system of education throughout; to make it, not more practical merely, but more thorough and more intelligent; more educative, and less mechanical, in its aims and methods.

These views have received lately strong confirmation from an unexpected quarter. Sir Lyon Playfair has delivered one of his admirable speeches on the subject of trade depression, pointing out that one main cause for the depression has been the displacements of labour necessitated by changes in the course of trade. To these displacements the Americans adapt themselves with singular facility, passing with a versatility truly marvellous from one occupation to another, while the British workman is entirely at sea if he is cast out of one trade and has to look about for another. Why is this? The American is versatile because he has received an intelligent, comprehensive education: the British workman cannot adapt himself to new conditions because his intelligence, as a whole, has not been trained or stimulated; because he has learnt to know one thing, and one thing only; in short, because his education has been too technical in its character.

Thus, from whatever point of view we regard the problem, the result of our whole inquiry seems to be, that in interpreting into act the phrase, *technical education*, we should lay as much stress as possible upon the substantive, *education*, and as little as possible on the qualifying adjective, *technical*. If this article shall do anything to fasten that one idea in the minds of the public, it will not have been written in vain.

G. G. Ramsay.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE recess, with its illimitable oratory and startling histrionics, has come to an end, and the great political parties into which the community are divided find themselves once more face to face on the floor of St Stephen's. As a rule, when an organised Opposition devotes all its resources to attacking the Government during a prolonged recess, it will, from the nature of the case, have some successful results to show in return for so much persistent labour; but in this case it is impossible to discover any advantage which has accrued to Mr Gladstone's motley following from the floods of impassioned eloquence which deluged the country from John-o'-Groat's House to the Land's End. In order that no effort might be spared to influence public opinion, a novelty was introduced into the speechifying machinery, and Irish orators were let loose upon English constituencies, while English delegates were welcomed on Irish platforms. The results of the Huntingdonshire, Camberwell, and Winchester elections will probably prevent a repetition of such disastrous tactics for the future; while the imprisonment of Mr Blunt and Mr Dogherty will hardly encourage their countrymen to emulate their exploits. The Government, therefore, representing the predominant Unionist feeling of the country, commences its third session entirely unshaken by the windy oratory of the recess, and strengthened rather than weakened by the attacks to which it has been exposed. On the other hand, if the forces of the Opposition have been drawn more together, that has been effected by dragging the Gladstonians down to the lowest Parnellite level—a process certain in the long-run to disgust and alienate whatever element of sobriety and decorum still lingers in the Radical ranks.

Whether inspired by a consciousness of that danger, or moved by any other motive, the line adopted by Mr Gladstone in his speech on the Address was in marked contrast with his own speeches at Nottingham and in Wales, still more so with the rowdy orations of Sir W. Harcourt and others of that stamp. Nor was the demeanour of the Parnellites less remarkable. They suffered the Irish sentences of the Queen's Speech to be read in decorous silence, nor did they interrupt the mover and seconder of the Address when they came in turn to express agreement with those paragraphs. Can it be that the admitted fact of convicted dynamiters having been introduced into the House by one of their number induced a sobering and depressing effect on the whole body, and that in the interest of the united party they were content to "lie low," and assume for the nonce the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit? Be the cause what it may, Mr Gladstone succeeded in restoring to the opening night that appearance of moderation, self-restraint, and constitutional decorum which characterised the Opposition leadership of Russell and Palmerston, of Disraeli and Northcote, and in conveying to the House his sincere wish and intention to secure a session of honest work and practical legislation. Had that wish been couched in general terms, however lofty or gushing, room for doubt might have been found; but the minute care with which he spec-

ified the various measures, and held them up to his followers as worthy of favourable consideration, compels us to believe in the sincerity of his declarations. Especially worthy of note was his treatment of the Tithe Bill. If there was one subject more than another on which it would have been easy to excite the opposition of his followers, numbering so many Dissenters and Welshmen, it would have been on this; but in two or three skilful sentences Mr Gladstone smoothed the way for a dispassionate consideration of this thorny question even by members of the Liberation Society. It is true that the general tone and contents of the Royal Speech were not calculated to evoke party passions, and were favourable to calm and practical discussion. In foreign affairs, alike in the general statement and in the detailed particulars, not a word could be detected of a controversial character; and in the enumeration, by no means scanty, of measures to which the attention of Parliament is to be called, there is not one which can fairly be designated or treated as belonging to the domain of party.

That the sentence which referred to the protracted depression of agriculture contained more than a barren expression of sympathy has received speedy confirmation in the announcement made by Lord John Manners that a Bill is to be introduced establishing an Agricultural Department. In the present unfortunate condition of the agricultural interest murmurings could hardly be obviated; and yet it can be shown that there has been no lack of sympathy with, or consideration for the farmers, on the part of the present Ministry. At the end of last summer a small practical committee, under the chairmanship of Sir R. Paget, made inquiries into the working of existing agricultural schools, and the new department will have at the outset the benefit of its conclusions. That the present Agricultural Department, serviceable as it has been to the country in many respects, is an anomaly and a misnomer is certain. Two important functions it has, however, discharged with admirable efficiency—the supervision and application of the Acts relating to the contagious diseases of animals, and the preparation and publication of agricultural statistics; but outside those functions it has had no pretence to the designation of an Agricultural Department. If anything approaching in magnitude and variety to the work performed by the Ministry of Agriculture in France or the United States is in contemplation, then the new department will have to be launched upon a scale corresponding with the great work and not less great responsibilities that will lie before it. The Government do not, of course, offer a new department as a panacea for all the evils under which British agriculture is at present groaning, but rather as a means of strengthing the hands of the farmer in his troubles, and assisting him to make the best of his altered conditions. British agriculture has its own natural lines of development, and it possesses prospects peculiar to itself. We trust, therefore, that the mistake will be avoided of framing this new branch of the administration upon a foreign model. It is the department that must be suited to British agriculture, not British agriculture to the proposed department. Meanwhile, it is sufficient to know that the Government are keenly alive to the depression of this most important branch of the national industry, and anxious to aid any well-con-

sidered proposals for raising it out of its present unsatisfactory condition.

While the domestic questions mentioned in the Queen's Speech attracted, almost exclusively, attention in the House of Commons, the treatment of foreign policy by Lord Granville and Lord Salisbury was naturally the principal feature of the debate in the House of Lords. The small and captious criticisms of the former enabled the Foreign Secretary to give one of those broad and luminous discourses on the condition of foreign affairs which are read and studied not only at home, but in all foreign capitals. We would direct especial notice to the sentences in which Lord Salisbury, without separating himself from Prince Bismarck's exposition of German policy in the East, supplemented it by a clear definition of England's traditional policy. The passage is so important, that we reproduce it :—

"We, too, have a past; we have traditions and a policy—a policy from which we have no intention of departing—a policy that we shall consistently uphold. We have interests; we have for the last three or four generations asserted interests in the south-east of Europe; and we shall not show ourselves more indifferent to those interests than those who have gone before us. But though I should be misrepresenting the policy of her Majesty's Government if I were to indicate the slightest alteration in the disposition or the purposes which, in regard to those regions, have been almost uniformly pursued, I still entirely share Prince Bismarck's belief in the maintenance of peace; and I do so on the same ground. The only danger to our interests in the south-east of Europe might arise from some adventurous or illegal action on the part of Russia. We have had the most specific and categorical assurances that Russia contemplates no such illegal action, but will carefully abstain from it. I entirely agree with Prince Bismarck that in the word of the Emperor Alexander we have a great security. Of course I speak of what I officially know. We have had one negotiation with the Emperor Alexander — the negotiation to which reference is made in the Queen's Speech—and I am bound to say that the action of his Government in that negotiation has been not only conciliatory, but eminently straightforward. I think, therefore, that I can concur with the German Chancellor in attaching great value to the assurances which have come from the Emperor Alexander, and I maintain the firm conviction that he will do his utmost to maintain the peace of Europe."

While reposing great confidence in the pacific intentions of the Emperor Alexander and Mons. de Giers, it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the aggressive tendencies of other influential Russian authorities; and nothing is more calculated to keep the latter in check, and strengthen the hands of the former, than a clear and definite declaration on the part of the Government of Great Britain that the Dardanelles are under the ægis of the Union-jack, in conjunction with our trusty allies, Austria and Italy. In point of fact, there are two leagues of peace: one military, consisting of Germany, Austria, and Italy; and one naval, consisting of Austria, Italy, and England. To both, were war to break out in consequence of Russian aggression (and there is no other possible cause of war), would have to be added, in the first case, the armies of Turkey, Roumania, and Bulgaria; in the second, the navy of Turkey, and possibly that of Spain. We repeat that the more these plain facts are made known, the better and brighter become the prospects of peace; and if it be true that Lord Randolph Churchill at St Petersburg made use of language implying that England had ceased

to care for the freedom of the Dardanelles, he aggravated the risk of war, and helped to lure the Russian Emperor on the path of danger and of ruin.

Since the Queen's Speech was delivered, accounts have been received showing that satisfactory progress has been made both with the Fisheries Convention at Washington and with the Sugar Bounties Conference. If, as there is reason to believe, these great diplomatic enterprises are successfully accomplished, and the disputes between the fishermen of the Dominion and those of the States settled with justice to both sides, the Government acquire great credit, and the successful negotiators, Mr Chamberlain and Baron de Worms, great additional reputation, by the removal of this long-standing international difficulty.

In replying the following day to Mr Gladstone's comments on the Irish part of the Speech from the Throne, Mr Balfour could not resist the temptation to contrast the meekness and courtesy of those remarks with the passion and injustice which characterised the Nottingham oration: to those caustic and damaging sentences Mr Morley felt impelled to reply in perhaps the weakest speech he ever delivered. Whether it was tactically wise in Mr Balfour to disturb the serenity of the debate may be open to doubt, but that his fierce attack remained substantially unanswered is certain.

Before dismissing the debate on the Address as a whole, we must say a word on the speech of the seconder. Colonel Duncan had long been known as a very able officer, master alike of sword and pen; but he fairly surprised the House by the oratorical skill with which he put and enforced the various points, some of them quite novel, of his speech. The newspapers, we regret to see, give but a very imperfect report of his argument in favour of this country having and maintaining a distinct foreign policy—an argument in refreshing refutation of the shallow sophistry which finds favour with Mr Labouchere, Sir W. Lawson, and politicians of that stamp, who would, if they dared, place this empire in the same defenceless position as Greece or Switzerland. With respect to our army and navy, we believe both are stronger and better organised than they have been for many years, and that if an army-corps were required to be put into the field in the course of the summer, it could be so put. The reference in the Queen's Speech to the defences of our mercantile ports and coaling-stations is a gratifying proof that this subject, of the first importance to our existence as a great and widely-scattered empire, is at last to be dealt with in the serious way which it so urgently demands.

On one subject which has for Scotland a special interest the Speech was silent—the condition of the crofter population in the Western Islands. Parliament having recently legislated on the whole subject of crofting, and sufficient time not having elapsed to enable a judgment to be formed as to the success or failure of that legislation, it would have been unusual and inconvenient to mention the subject in the Speech from the Throne; but with respect to the critical condition of affairs in the Lewis, it is an open secret that the Government, acting upon the suggestions of the Marquis of Lothian, are taking steps to meet the crisis in the only way which can be successful—namely, by offering facilities for the emigration of whole families to our North American colonies, or possibly Queensland. In Lord Lothian the crofters have

a true and judicious friend, to whose counsels they will do well in turning away from the insidious suggestions of the agitators to listen; and it will not be the fault of the Secretary for Scotland if prompt and effectual measures are not taken for dealing with the distressed condition into which the population of the Lewis and other islands—we fear too much by bad advice and their own uncalculating action—have been plunged. If any rational and practicable alternative to emigration exists, it has yet to be brought forward. Of course care, every care, will have to be taken that the emigrants, when landing on the shore of their new home, shall be escorted safely and properly looked after on their way to their ultimate destination. But for this essential service it is satisfactory to know the machinery is in existence. The same beneficent agency which a year or two ago enabled Mr Tuke to superintend the emigration of several thousand Celts from the west coast of Ireland, is still available for the performance of a similar act of mercy for the benefit of their Hebridean kinsmen; and we hope and believe that neither political economy nor Celtic sentiment will be allowed to interfere with an obvious act of merciful necessity. With the more practical aspects of the crofter question we have dealt at length in another paper in this number.

By arrangement with the leaders of the Opposition, English and Irish, the dreary and desultory debate on the Friday night was terminated by Mr Parnell's moving the adjournment in order that he might move his censuring amendment the first thing on the Monday; but the fussy vanity of Mr Picton interfered with this arrangement, and the House was condemned to listen to an aimless disquisition on privileges which were not endangered, until an hour arrived suitable to the dignity of the member for Cork. When he did speak, the House felt that he was inviting them to condemn the Act they had passed half a year before, and to censure the Government for putting it into operation in a speech the dulness and emptiness of which equalled its prolixity; and as it was commenced so was it continued. Sir G. Trevelyan, looking the picture of woe, for an hour endeavoured to praise himself and his management of the Coercion Act of 1882, ignoring the fact that he and it were assailed with precisely the same vituperation as he now thinks properly directed against Mr Balfour. Sir George, if he is wise, will in future drop the character of the Pharisee with his assumption of being holier and better than other Irish Secretaries. Having changed his opinions two or three times, it would be more dignified were he to make confession that he had done so, and then he would cease to be subject to such merciless excoriation as he received at the hands of Colonel Saunderson, to the obvious delight of the House at large. The Government might well sit silent when their defence was undertaken by such Irish members as Colonel Saunderson and Mr T. Russell. The result of the debate and the division ought to convince the allied leaders of Opposition that on Irish ground the Government are unassailable, and that the more quickly and completely Mitchelstown and Bodyke and Tullamore jail are not remembered, but forgotten, the better will it be for them.

The storm which threatened to burst over the Home Office and Scotland Yard has by the discreet management of Sir Charles Russell been deprived of all its thunder

and lightning, and the few Radical papers which had lashed themselves and their readers to fury on the subject, are loud in complaint of the treachery or feebleness of their parliamentary leaders.

The general outcome of the long and wearisome debate on Mr Parnell's amendment has been to establish the success of the Government policy and administration in Ireland, first by the official statistics, and secondly by the concurrent testimony of dwellers in all parts of the country. The figures dealing with the hateful crime of boycotting are so remarkable and conclusive that we append their summary: The total number of persons boycotted on the 31st of July 1887, before the Crimes Act came into operation, was 4835; the total number boycotted on 31st January 1888, six months after the Act came into operation, was 2075. These are figures which no ingenuity can explain away; and as boycotting is admittedly the most difficult form of agrarian crime to deal with, the general success of the new law, or rather procedure, may be safely predicated from its success in that crucial instance.

The feature of the debate, otherwise languid and perfunctory on the part of the Parnellites, was undoubtedly the speech of Mr O'Brien. Delivered in tones which now died away into the floor, and now cracked the ceiling, his highly pitched periods and furious denunciations gave his audience a pretty accurate measure of the toleration which would be accorded to the loyal minority in an Irish Parliament; while his frank admissions of illegality, and his defence of boycotting and the Plan of Campaign, proved the justice of his sentence and the necessity of his incarceration.

Mr Gladstone, indeed, saw so clearly the unfavourable impression that those unguarded sentences of the fiery orator would make, that he endeavoured to interject into Mr Finlay's reply a qualifying version of them; but Mr O'Brien rejected the friendly overture, and made the House understand that he vindicated resistance by force to any legal process of which he disapproved. That important section, therefore, of the Gladstonian Opposition which sits below the gangway is now openly committed to a policy of violent resistance to the law as well as to the cruel and cowardly system of boycotting, and we hope all Liberal voters in England and Scotland will reflect on the consequences of giving any support to men who tolerate and countenance such open and flagrant disobedience to the laws of God and man. Mr Gladstone in his long and vehement speech placed himself entirely by the side of the Land-Leaguers, and at the close of it received an ovation unprecedented in character from the Irish members: all pretence, therefore, of moderation and impartiality is now abandoned, and the ex-Prime Minister has become the first lieutenant of the Irish leader. Melancholy and degrading as is the picture of their position thus presented by the Gladstonians, it is most satisfactory to know that it has only had the effect of increasing the determination of the Liberal Unionists to maintain their constitutional attitude, and resist to the uttermost the frantic efforts of the coalition to defeat the Unionist Government.

That here and there a seat, like West Southwark, or in a constituency of such Radical proclivities as that of West Edinburgh, may be won by such tactics is possible; but we are persuaded that the electorate of Great Britain in the main de-

test that degrading alliance, and will decline to become accomplices in that shameful surrender.

The contrast of parties was never more notably brought out than during the last night of the debate on Mr Parnell's amendment, in the speeches of the Irish Secretary and of the leader of the Opposition. The assailants, who had wished a few nights before to put Mr Balfour on his defence, were gratified beyond their fondest aspirations. As a vindication of his personal conduct, of the action of the law, and of the justice with which it is administered, his remarks were crushingly incisive. His apt parallel to the foul abuse which Irish members and their organs have so unstintedly hurled against himself in the not less opprobrious epithets which were attached to Sir George Trevelyan and other of Mr Gladstone's Irish Secretaries, sent a shiver of discomfort through the Liberal benches. Mr Gladstone's efforts to square the course of Irish crime with the freedom conceded to constitutional agitation, though directed with all the ingenuity of which he is so great a master, fell far short of building up for his party a position of defence, far less of attack. He has broken no new ground, he cannot maintain his old; and his long experience should instruct him that even the patience of Parliament may be exhausted by the ceaseless repetition of arguments which it has again and again pronounced to be fallacious.

It is eminently encouraging to know that, after Mr Gladstone's and Sir W. Harcourt's impassioned harangues, a majority of 88 in a full House manifested the unchanged determination of Parliament not only to maintain the Union, but to support the Government in their arduous task of restoring law and order in Ireland. Thus disposed of, the Irish question will not, we trust, be allowed to obtrude itself again during the present session, to the unsettlement of Ireland itself and the derangement of the affairs of the empire.

The changes in the Government occasioned by Lord Stanley's succeeding Lord Lansdowne as Governor-General of Canada will undoubtedly strengthen them in the country. Everybody in and out of Parliament rejoiced to hear that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's health was sufficiently restored to enable him to take the important office of President of the Board of Trade, and his official ability and debating power will be of great assistance to his colleagues. When Baron de Worms returns from his successful diplomatic campaign he will find promotion waiting for him in the shape of the Under-Secretaryship of the Colonies, which, by the elevation of Sir Henry Holland to the Peerage, will carry with it the representation of that most important Department in the House of Commons.

It is true that the halcyon prospects opened up in Mr Gladstone's first speech on the Address are clouded over, and that much hard and rugged work lies before the Government; but in maintaining the Union they hold the key of the political citadel, and will be able to baffle and defeat all overt and covert attacks. The measures they invite Parliament to discuss are eminently practical, and we confidently expect that when the Queen addresses Parliament at the prorogation she will be able to congratulate it on the passing of many wise and beneficial measures.

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CONTENTS.

A Stiff-necked Generation. Chaps. I.–V., . . . 451
Among the Islands of the South Pacific: Fiji. By Coutts Trotter, 477
Joyce.—Conclusion, ... 502
The Eve of St John. Translated from the German of Gustav Hartwig by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., . 527
Old Scotland, ... 529
Evening: King's College Chapel, Cambridge. By Charles Sayle, 546
The Central African Question, ... 547
The Land beyond the Forest, ... 557
The Police of the North Sea. By W. Morris Colles, . 571
Our Naval Policy, ... 581

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A STIFF-NECKED GENERATION.

CHAPTER I.—ROSAMUND.

"Is there in the world so inconsistent a creature? Is she not capricious, teasing, tyrannical, obstinate, perverse, absurd? Ay, a wilderness of faults and follies; her looks are scorn, and her very smiles—ah me! I wish I hadn't mentioned her smiles."—Sheridan.

Rosamund was just eighteen, and no one could have done more justice to that charming age.

It was not only that her eye was the brightest and her step the lightest in the world; it was that the dark eye could flash, and the little foot could stamp, and that, —but the whole may be summed up in one brief word: Rosamund, while retaining many an enchanting trait that was all her own, had, somehow or other, contrived to borrow here and there an imposing quality from a terribly imposing mother.

Of this more anon: for the present, suffice it to say that my heroine was young, warm, and still sprouting upwards as fast as a springing sapling. To the end of her finger-tips she was glowing with vigorous life. Of a morning she awoke like a giant refreshed, armed at all points for whatever the day might bring forth.

If well met and kindly treated by fortune, there she was; if not —why, there also; very much, indeed, there, heedless of consequences, and defiant of the future.

Evils troubled her much, but not long. Afflictions in the shape of restraint and rule were grievous, but not despicable; and action in any form was a source of pure untempered delight.

In person Rosamund was straight, supple, and rather over the average height; her throat and shoulders were round and white, and her arms very beautiful, long, and tapering; but she swung them as she walked, causing thereby a thunderbolt to fall when, on one

occasion, the newly emancipated young lady of King's Common,—the Miss Liscard whose name was supposed to be in everybody's mouth, and whom Lady Caroline, in her sombre heart, believed to be creating quite a county sensation,—was beheld by the same astonished parent, steaming along through the home park, all unconscious of ill, at the rate of five miles an hour, the aforementioned long arms swinging like the fans of a windmill.

A year ago such a thing might have been endured,—but now!

Rosamund was, in short, "out,"—and in that little word was summed up an infinity of meaning. She was no longer the source of perpetual excitement and stimulus to what was not precisely the acquirement of knowledge in the schoolroom; she was beyond the reach of the overcharged and unsympathetic governess (for which it may be presumed that functionary daily thanked her stars); and she was promoted to having her name printed on her mother's visiting-cards. If a tuck had still to be let down in one of her frocks, the tell-tale was ironed out with infinite pains, as though almost an insult had been offered to the young mademoiselle, who was now "quite grown up," having passed beyond a mysterious Rubicon in the eyes of the household. If her hair fell loose and lay tumbling in the well-known and formerly unappreciated masses on her shoulder, she was respectfully informed of her misfortune. If her hat and gloves were found on the floor, in passage or landing, they were restored to her room, and reappeared as by magic in wardrobe and drawer. Nothing she could now do was wrong in this respect. With a single exception, no one restrained her, no one held her in check,—no one, in fact, considered her as the same Rosamund they had known hitherto.

One person only tendered no allegiance; but even Lady Caroline paused and regarded her daughter with attention.

Now Rosamund had never been handsome as a child. As a troublesome school-girl, often disordered by the agitations of her little world, careless of pleasing, and a sloven in her dress, it had been doubtful whether she ever would possess any looks at all. But on a sudden the scene had changed. Her complexion had freshened, her headaches had disappeared, and she had begun to take pride in her beautiful hair. It had dawned upon her with a sensation altogether novel that she had a nose, a mouth, a chin. She saw that her hands were pretty, but sunburned; she liked to put a ribbon round her soft throat.

Everything about the child was new and wonderful at this time. With the great event of her emancipation, the world and she had met afresh, and shaken hands upon it. True, her own joyous spirits, warmth of blood, and excellent powers of recovery after suppression, wrath, and wailing, had always borne her along on the high tide of life with a certain zest and force which had made the days fly by fast enough, even when filled with a tumultuous mingling of joy and woe,—but still the difference between past and present remained.

Rosamund had now become a personage, while before, her individuality had been merged in that of numbers; and perhaps in this lay the key to the whole.

To explain how such a thing could ever have been, in the case of one so emphatically unlike those about her, so distinctly and abso-

lutely herself and no one else, it must be explained that there was another and a yet stronger, and, by reason of place and years, a still more dominant nature in the family; and that nothing had ever been further from Lady Caroline Liscard's intentions than that any one belonging to her should be recognised as having a mind or a conscience, still less a whim or a fancy, which did not coincide with her own.

If Mr Liscard did not thus go for absolutely nothing, he was well down in the rating, and was content to be so. Of him all that need at present be said was, that he was a man whom nature had intended to lead an easy-going, peaceable life, in which case he would have been known as an amiable parent, a quiet neighbour, and a very respectable member of society; but he was plagued by dyspepsia and Lady Caroline, and had grown peevish in consequence. He loved his books, was something of a scholar, and still more of a pedant. To be in communication with literary men now and again, to buy rather so-so editions of valuable works and unpack the boxes they came in himself, to arrange and rearrange his long rows of shelves, to consult with his carpenter over little alterations and conveniences, and to have everything luxurious, calm, and reposeful in his well-warmed, commodious library, filled up the measure of his desires.

His wife had brought him a large fortune, but he had no wish to have a hand in the disposal of it. It suited her to rule, and it suited him to be—if not ruled, at least let alone, untroubled and unconsulted. Lady Caroline was the very woman for such a husband in many ways, and a shade more consideration, or even a grain more tact, might have given her the place in his heart which she held in his opinion; but, as it was, he occasionally turned upon her ladyship when she least expected it.

He had, however, no mind that any one else should do so. His languid eye would open wide though his tongue would be mute when any living being ventured to take the field with his hardy dame; and buried in his correspondence, his reputation, and his digestion, he was as far removed from the rest of the family, even from the very front ranks of his offspring, as was his imperious spouse, occupied by her determined sway over a chattering neighbourhood, a refractory parish, and two households—that of her maiden sister, Lady Julia Verelst, being quite as much under her thumb as her own.

Neither parent had ever deigned to evince the slightest perception up to the present time that any one or other of that unknown herd, yclept the children, had an individuality of any sort. They had been there, consequently they had had to be provided for—to be fed, clothed, and taught: and the girls had been placed under a governess, and the boys sent to school; and at Christmas-time had come the orthodox tree, with its accompanying dry and solemn party, and in the summer there had been the boys' cricket-matches and the harvest festival; sea-air also after whooping-cough and measles, and extended holidays when these had been recommended by the family doctor.

But it had all been done in the piece, as it were. Where one had gone, all had gone; what had been found beneficial in one case had been unhesitatingly applied to another; no exceptions had been

made; and the severance of any single unit from the entire body was the last thing to be thought of. To sum up in a word, nothing would have surprised Mr Liscard and Lady Caroline more than to have been told that no two girls and boys of the same age may be reckoned on as having precisely similar feelings and fancies, and to have been made to recognise the amazing fact that among twelve children may be found twelve different minds, consciences, tempers, tongues, and stomachs.

"My dear Rosamund, you must be talking nonsense."

"Mamma, it is quite true. The very things Dolly loves, Catharine detests; and the lessons Dolly cries her eyes out over, Catharine does not mind in the least."

"That is merely because there is two years' difference between them. When Dolly is as old as Catharine, of course she will do as Catharine does.

"But, mamma——"

"My dear child, who should know best, you or I? I have given you my opinion of the matter, because you are now old enough to understand,—but there is an end of it. It is my wish that Dolly is advanced to Catharine's standard, directly she attains Catharine's age."

In her new-born licence Rosamund had been pleading that this might not be; but she had yet to learn that, great as had been her advance even in her mother's estimation, Lady Caroline still meant to hold her own as she had ever done.

Every one else, however, as we have said, gave in upon the spot. Even Netley, the magnificent Netley, the very tartest of Tartars in the shape of a head-gardener—even he culled his choicest blossoms for the fair bosom of the *débutante;* while Ossory, known as Mrs Ossory—Mrs Ossory in black satin and spectacles, whom even Lady Caroline treated punctiliously, and whom her master had never presumed to address in his life—even she sent a message in the form of a humble request to see her young lady robed for her first ball. Request! and that from Ossory, who had so many a time and oft ejected almost by force the whole pack of ravening intruders, with Rosamund at their head, when now and again the storeroom, with its spicy shelves and odorous repositories, had been subjected to a schoolroom invasion! And blossoms from Netley, who, with scarce less ceremony, had bidden them begone from his premises, what time the peaches were ripe on the wall and the grapes thick in the houses! It was almost too much. It struck the recipient with a sense of bewilderment that was akin to awe.

It touched and subdued her, when perhaps all aglow and throbbing from joyous open-air exercise, to meet by chance her whilom despot and preceptress, and to note how cold and thin felt the poor little cross-looking woman's hand. A hitherto unknown compassion and forbearance crept into her heart. The ancient feud died out of it.

Rosamund had never had, it must be owned, affinity with learning. Hot rooms had been her bane, the eternal noise of the piano had worn and fretted her nerves, and sitting still hour after hour had been almost a living death.

Confounding these aversions with what she had naturally supposed to be their end and object, the unpromising pupil had straightway avowed an open enmity with all that her unlucky teacher had

held to be of first-rate value and importance, and there could be but one result of such a collision of ideas. Rosamund had been in endless hot water, and had, if the truth were told, scarcely cared whether she were in or out. It had at least been an outlet for her exuberant energy and ready tongue; and—must we confess it?—in finding everything to her mind, and nearly every one ready to fall down and worship her star rising upon a new world, my heroine, in the absence of every opposing force and wholesome friction, was presently in a state to look about for something against which to whet her teeth.

She was not to look long.

CHAPTER II.—A BORN DESPOT.

"The power which you have o'er us, lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes."
—WALLER.

Lady Caroline had an only sister, who, although in point of mere age ten years older than herself, was in everything else as many, or as many again, her junior.

Julia—she was as universally "Julia" as the other was "Lady" Caroline—Julia was unmarried, and still lived at the old family seat, within a few miles of the home to which the youngest daughter had betaken herself on her marriage with Mr Liscard.

The bride could not have endured, ill-natured folks alleged, to have gone farther away from the stately if somewhat faded and dim glories of Hartland Abbey; could not have borne to have felt herself a stranger where she had so long ruled, and where her sway had indeed been recognised as second only to that of the iron old peer himself.

Some sentiments of the kind, put indeed into another form, had certainly been gathered by Lady Caroline's future husband; and as he was by no means a rich man, and could not unaided have afforded to purchase the spacious adjoining domain of King's Common, then in the market, her ladyship with commendable promptitude, and an eye to the sweets of her position as lady of the manor, had volunteered to become herself the owner of the place.

The investment had been considered a good one; but whether the handsome daughter of the proud Lord Hartland would ever have been by him permitted to throw herself away on a man who could not even be his own landlord, may be a very open question, had not the young lady herself been rather too much of a good thing at the Abbey.

The old lord had had no objection, it is true, to having those about him kept in order beneath the autocratic government of a resolute and determined viceroy; but when it had appeared that he also was to go Lady Caroline's way and none other, and that her way, as often as not, proved to be exactly opposed to his own, there had ensued stormy weather.

Poor Julia, a gentle creature, as soft and harmless as a puff-ball, would often be going between one and the other half the day ere she could effect terms; and as she never of herself disobeyed Caroline's mandates, never ventured a reproof, and never was provoked into a sharp word, it was understood on all hands that the sisters

"Securus judicat orbis terrarum."

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care twopence for Julia's dignity, and they adored herself.

The girls would tell her their grievances, their escapades, and the misdemeanours of each other; the boys confide their early efforts with cigars, and the results attendant. No mortal man had ever been bold enough to ask permission to smoke even so much as a cigarette, and that in the open air, in the presence of the unapproachable Lady Caroline. No dusty and footsore pedestrian had ever been known to beg a lift in her carriage, whereas the sight of Julia's greys would be hailed as affording certain deliverance by the humblest of her acquaintance.

In a word, young and old, rich and poor alike, had goodwill toward the elder, and but a dubious respect at the outside for the younger; while by the youthful members of the family with whom this story has most to do, the aunt would be fondled, caressed, sought out and confided in, while the mother was only known to be feared and evaded. That she was a mother at all would have almost seemed to be a mistake on the part of Providence.

With children her imperious nature had nothing in common. They troubled her—if she would have let herself be troubled by them. They had to be thought about, and considered, and arranged for—and her time was already fully occupied. The hours spent at her desk had but the briefest and baldest occasional reference to them, and they were seldom made acquainted with any event in which they had to take part, until the time for action arrived.

Alone, she walked and drove. If business took her to London, as sometimes happened,—for even a masterful steward had met his match in her as a mistress, and she looked closely into her investments, and kept an eye on everything in which she held shares, besides making inquiries roundly before she ever signed a lease,—whenever these important affairs required her presence in town, she troubled no one for company.

Her maid and footman would be in attendance, and orders would have been given for the carriage to suit a specified train, and the coachman would have it in black and white what train he was to meet on the following day (for she rarely remained away beyond a night), and that would be all that the household, including husband and children, knew of the matter.

"I shall have to go to town to-morrow," Lady Caroline would remark of an evening, after the latter had gone to bed.

"Have you sent word to the stables?" would be Mr Liscard's reply. And indeed he only desired to know, because, if not, it meant his stretching out his hand to ring the bell.

As for offering his own escort, or inquiring into the cause for the journey, neither idea would occur to him. He might, and occasionally did, volunteer a trifling commission—one not attended with difficulty nor trouble; and it would be punctually attended to if all went well otherwise. If not, he knew better than to ask about it.

One specimen of the lady of the manor within her own precincts, and we have done with her; in future she shall speak and act for herself.

"All alone, Caroline?" Some one peeped in at the door, and a well-known voice made the above inquiry.

Lady Caroline turned round.

"You, Julia? Come in. Yes, we shall be alone. I always am, as you know, at this hour."

The sisters embraced.

"I thought that perhaps, now that Rosamund is grown up, she would be your companion in the mornings," began Rosamund's kind aunt, whose delight it was to have any one of the girls, but especially the above-named favourite niece, to "companion" her at the Abbey.

"I prefer being alone when I am busy," replied Lady Caroline, calmly. "There is no need for Rosamund to be here."

"Can she not help you at all, my dear? Such a pile of letters, —such dreadful-looking documents," and Julia glanced apprehensively at the laden writing-table. "I have always so longed for a nice little secretary,—but, to be sure, you are so much cleverer than I; you always could manage your own correspondence."

"Yes, my dear, always." Lady Caroline looked also at the heavy pile, but with complacent satisfaction, and no sign of distaste.

"Still it would be nice—such a dear, bright girl," hinted the aunt, who had her own little ideas too, and had been ruminating over the matter in private; "it would be nice, would it not?" she said, and paused.

"What would be nice?"

"To have some one by, my dear, to talk to, and—and consult with; and discuss what has to be done, you know; invitations, you know, and—and arrangements."

If it had been any one but Julia who spoke! As it was, Lady Caroline looked at her sister, and faintly smiled. She consult and discuss! She saw herself doing it, and wondered what would be expected of her next?

"Well, well, you understand your own affairs, of course, my dear," hastily amended the docile elder—for, to tell the truth, that smile was sufficient answer for her or for any one. "I perceive you do not mean to make a companion of Rosamund."

"My dear Julia, let us understand each other. I certainly intend to make every difference—every recognised difference—between a daughter introduced into society and those still in the school-room. Rosamund, as you know, is quite taken away from her governess; she has all her meals with us; she has had a complete wardrobe of new things to wear; and she sits up till ten o'clock in the evening. I really do not see what more could be done for her. She has only not been presented at Court, because of our recent mourning, and my severe cold in the spring,—we thought it as well to put that off to another year, as you remember; but apart from that, she has had everything that others have on such occasions. I have stretched a point to take her to every piece of gaiety that has come in our way. Besides which, she will have a season in town next year, unless—unless anything happens in the meantime."

Lady Julia nodded. She understood. Yes, to be sure; unless anything happened. Caroline and she knew to what that proviso referred.

"Rosamund really does very well," continued Lady Caroline, with what was quite a comfortable, cosy, chatty tone for her. "Come out of the sun, Julia. I am not very busy this morning. I can go on with my writing presently. What I was going to say was, I consider that Rosamund is quite up to the mark as compared with

other girls of her age. She is fond of amusement, as I suppose they all are, and she has had plenty of it, one way and another."

Julia made an involuntary movement. Had not Rosamund, the very day before, been wailing into her ear complaints of the difficulty with which Lady Caroline was induced to look favourably upon any festive note of preparation, and of the tortures of anxiety to be gone through ere her opinion of any proposed merrymaking was announced?

"We have several dinner-parties for this month," proceeded the speaker, entirely unconscious, "and to all of these Rosamund accompanies us. The houses are full of shooting-parties; and it really seems as if it rained invitations," unfolding with an easy air a note by her side.

"From Holmwood," said Lady Julia; "and are you asked to the Waterfields' also?"

"Oh yes," replied her sister; "and to the rectory to meet the Bishop, and to the Bishop's to lunch after the Church festival. Indeed there seems no end to it," proceeded the speaker, who detested society, but was still fain to have it thought that she and hers were in popular request. "There is that ball, too——"

"Oh, a ball!" Julia's eye brightened. Here was something at least for that poor child; for, good woman as she was, it must be owned that her very soul within her had revolted before the picture of Rosamund's episcopal dissipations. Bishops were nice enough —for her and Caroline; quite the right sort of playmates for *them*,— and, to own the truth, she would have liked very well to have taken her niece's place at the bachelor-Bishop's comfortable board on the proposed occasion,—but she had not been asked, and could hardly offer. Still, she did feel that a baby in long clothes would be scarcely more out of place among all the grave elders to be met at the palace, than her chatterbox of a Rosamund. But a ball—come, that was many degrees better; and she demanded, almost with Rosamund's own eagerness, "What ball is that, Caroline?"

"I hardly know whether to go or not," replied Lady Caroline; "here is the card. I have not yet said anything about it, and luckily no one was at home when it arrived. Two soldiers in full uniform brought it; you have no idea how smart they looked."

"Really!" cried Julia, entering into the spirit of the thing.

"Oh yes; I could not imagine what it was I saw moving under the trees. I could not think what two soldiers could be coming up to our front door for," continued the narrator, with the unction of one to whom the sight had been quite an event, as indeed it had—King's Common being the dullest of dull country houses, with nothing but a huge uninteresting park on the one side, and woods and dull dripping avenues on the other; and had it not been for a private reason, with which our reader has at present nothing to do, the item of news would have been brought forward sooner. As it was, after a moment's pause, Lady Caroline returned to Rosamund.

"She has style, my dear, and that is everything. She is not more than ordinarily pretty—at least, *I* do not think so. Some people do, I believe; but I own I am glad that a daughter of mine should not look commonplace. *That* Rosamund will never do. She attracts notice at once. She can talk and laugh brightly; and I am told she can be very amus-

ing," averred Lady Caroline, seeing nothing at all peculiar in so having to be "told"; "and what is also a good thing," she continued dispassionately, "Rosamund can look well in anything she chooses to wear. Not that *I* should ever permit a child of mine to be badly dressed," proceeded the speaker, who had never been known to allow that anything in any way pertaining to or emanating from herself was not faultless; "my children are all suitably clad." ("Although the colours of their poor frocks do set my teeth on edge," commented her auditor, with rueful recollection.) "But Rosamund is now her own mistress in that respect," continued Lady Caroline, "and—but I have no need to tell you the use she makes of her liberty. You know her of old. A frock ruined in a week—that was her way. Even now, nothing pleases her more than to smuggle on the worst and shabbiest of her old clothes, and make off out of sight whenever a carriage drives up; though I have told her constantly that she ought to be fit to be seen at all times. I had been quite annoyed about it, until —well, until after what Ford said. You remember what Ford said?" Now Lady Julia knew what Ford had said off by heart, but it never wearied her to hear it afresh, and she was only too glad that the compliment should be engraven on Caroline's memory, as it was on her own.

"Yes. What was it exactly?" she now murmured in an encouraging accent.

"I thought I had told you. There she was, flying in from the garden, with a frightful, frayed, worn-out shawl over her shoulders; and an old cap, or hat, I forget which it was, of some of her brothers, which she had torn off the stand, this make-shift thing battered down over her ears; and her hair all wild, curling and streaming in the wind, and such a colour,—well, she really did look wonderfully pretty," owned Lady Caroline, nature for a moment asserting itself; "and as for Ford, you should have heard him. 'Good heavens!' he exclaimed—under his breath, you know—'Good heavens! what a perfect Hebe!' and he never took his eyes off her during the whole remainder of his stay. He told me afterwards he was 'fairly dazzled'—those were his very words. An artist, you know: one must forgive the exaggeration."

"I cannot even see it," said Julia, smiling.

"Julia——?"

"Well, Caroline?"

Lady Caroline's tone had changed, and she had drawn nearer to her sister.

"Do you—have you—I hardly know how to put it, and it is so long since we have talked on the subject, but—have you any sort of idea of what—what Hartland thinks of her?"

Julia shook her head. She had none.

CHAPTER III.—LORD HARTLAND'S WILL.

"Wealth oft sours in keeping."
—QUARLES.

Who was Hartland? Hartland was *the* man of the place. There usually is in a country neighbourhood some one person or other who overshadows and exalts it, with whom its choicest associations are

connected, and whose sayings and doings are the most grateful food to its palate.

In the present instance, Lord Hartland was just such a person, —the chosen representative of the affections and interests of the parish of Inkerton-on-the-wold.

He was not, however, strictly speaking, a son of the soil. That soil, indeed, his feet had never trod, his eyes had never beheld his own grey walls, and his ears had never been assailed by what should have been his native dialect, until within two years of the time at which our story commences.

It will thus be seen that it is not of the grim old progenitor of the two ladies already introduced in these pages that we at present speak.

Two years previous to the date we have now reached, the aged peer had indeed been the Lord Hartland, and the only Lord Hartland, so far as he or any one else had been aware—while the one who subsequently became so had been a mere Dick Verelst in a marching regiment, the younger son of a younger son, who, although known to be possible heir to a title and estate for want of a better, had been getting no sort of good of the prospect.

Mr Verelst, senior, had not been a kinsman with whom the old peer had had a feeling, a taste, a virtue, or a vice in common; and the sense of personal animosity borne him, in consequence of his being next in succession, had been such that he had never chosen to set eyes upon the young man, an only son, and indeed only child. It had seemed to him inexpressibly hard that he should have to leave all or nearly all he possessed of British soil to these interlopers, these cousins who were doubtless reckoning on every acre of it, and impatiently awaiting the time when it should be theirs; and accordingly, to will away from them all the money he could, to rob their accession of its sweetness as much as was possible, and to line the baron's coronet with thorns, in the shape of future troubles and annoyances, had been the old gentleman's not very creditable aim when arranging his affairs, and confronting the fact, that help for it there was none — this twopenny-halfpenny Verelst, this banking fellow in Calcutta, with his oaf of a son coming after him, must at his own demise succeed to the honours of his ancient house.

To make these honours as empty as the law gave him power to do, had been, as we have said, his object.

Then the banking fellow had died, and there had been a pause of consideration.

Should the youngster be sent for, educated, and adopted?

"But, my dear father, he is twenty-five years old," had remonstrated Lady Julia, timidly.

"Twenty-five years old — and what, pray, is twenty-five years old?" The fierce old man had turned upon her. "You will think little enough of twenty-five when you come to be eighty-five, I can tell you. Twenty-five is a boy. I tell you the future Lord Hartland is a boy. He knows nothing; he has seen nothing; he has learnt nothing. If I am to have him here, he must be taught. The young cub must be licked into shape. I won't have a ploughboy about the place. Twenty-five? What's twenty-five? Damme, he shall go to Eton!"

Clearly the old man had been failing even as he spoke. He had harked back to the idea with many a wild and strange suggestion, and had ended by sending a peremp-

tory summons to the young Verelst to return to England forthwith. The same mail had brought the news of the writer's death.

It will thus be seen to whom it was that Lady Caroline referred at the close of the conversation narrated in the last chapter. The "Hartland" she meant was the young soldier who had met with so sudden a change in his fortunes, and who, on learning that he had come into possession of a title and barony, but without the means of maintaining either suitably, had merely designed stopping long enough in England to arrange his affairs, and then returning to India to rejoin his regiment, and pursue his profession as before.

But a counter-project had been in store for him.

"It is simply out of the question the poor dear boy's being allowed to starve." Lady Julia had trotted over to King's Common, big with a mighty purpose, as soon as the contents of their father's will had left it in no sort of doubt that he had successfully accomplished that amiable design.

"It is certainly a pity," her sister had conceded, for whose credit it would have been undoubtedly preferable that the reigning head of the house, whoever he might be, should have had a decent coat on his back. "I had no idea that my father would have done anything so foolish," she had further added, with asperity.

"Poor dear papa! I am sure that if he had only been permitted to live," the milder daughter had sighed, "he would have made another will. If he had only lived to see and welcome this nice young man."

Lady Caroline had smiled.

"Well, my dear, I am sure he is nice," the little spinster had valiantly protested. "He writes as if he were—(which he had not, for his letters were the worst part of him)—"and we have at any rate no reason for supposing he is *not*. But however, Caroline," the speaker had hastened on, "that is not what I came here about today. Hartland must be provided for."

"I think so,—yes."

"One of your dear girls," in the lowest of whispers.

"One of my girls, Julia?"

But Lady Caroline had not been startled, nor offended, nor outraged by the suggestion. The same thing had, in fact, already occurred to herself; and with Julia—Julia, before whom she kept up no state, intrenched herself within no bulwarks—she had scarcely made even any feint of miscomprehension. She had had a pretty shrewd guess of what Julia would be at, as soon as the contents of the will had been made known, and accordingly—"One of my girls, Julia?" was all she had said, interrogatively and suggestively.

Then with many a babbling digression, and many a twist and turn, but with good sound sense at the bottom of the speaker's honest simple-minded scheme, it had all come out. She could not, by law, herself provide for Hartland, either by leaving him all or part of her ample fortune. It had principally come to her, as to Caroline, through their mother, and to their mother's family it must in some form return, as both knew; but all or any of her sister's children could inherit from their aunt.

"In order to be quite certain about it, I put it twice to Mr Steward, sister, and that in the very plainest language. I inquired of him whether I was at perfect liberty to leave my fortune to any one of your dear girls, to the ex-

clusion of the others. It seemed rather cruel to exclude the others," (parenthetically), "but then I did not name any one; and so as it may be *any* one, so it may be any others who would be excluded. That being so, I think it could hardly be called unfair—could it, Caroline?"

Caroline had smiled, for it had been Julia speaking.

"Well, my dear," with revived animation, "he said there was no hindrance of any kind. I might select any member of your family, son or daughter—(but I did not want a son, as I told him—I said it was one of my dear nieces whom I wished to select). However, he said it was all one; I might make my choice, and as soon as I had chosen, he could have a will made out. But now, my dear Caroline, comes the difficulty. How can I make my choice,' when Hartland has not yet made his choice? Oh, my dear, I beg your pardon. I am too gross; but pray forgive me,—I forgot myself in my anxiety. Pray, my dear Caroline, understand that it is only your good, our good, the good of the family, I have at heart. I am carried away by it. Of course it is not for Hartland to choose——"

"And of course he may decline doing anything of the kind." Lady Caroline had not cared two straws for the outspokenness, and had only been ruminating with bent brow on the feasibility of the scheme. Her pride was not for Julia.

"We may be quite open with each other," she had declared presently. "You may say to me what you please, Julia; but you will, you must, be discreet towards him. Whatever happens, it will be absolutely necessary"—with upraised finger—"to be discreet with Hartland."

"I must say something to him, you know."

"Impossible! Not a syllable."

"But, my dear, did you not see his last letter? He only proposes stopping a few weeks, and then," tearfully, "shutting up the Abbey, sending away the servants, and going back to India."

"Turning you out of it?"

"He does not know of my existence. He would not do such a thing for the world, if he did. But I do not want to live there all alone," poor Julia had dolefully declared. "I want him to live with me. We should get on together excellently, I know; and it would make things smooth all round."

"But why need anything be said as to the future?"

"It is not likely"—Julia had been unusually sagacious—"that any young man would throw up his profession, to be dependent on an elderly relative, unless there were some sort of settlement."

"You are right," Lady Caroline had interrupted, brusquely. "Still, it is awkward."

"For you it might be, but for me it need not at all. I put it to him as purely my own idea; I tell him that I have an arrangement—a family arrangement—in my mind, which I should like him to think over, and let me presently have his opinion of. Then I talk of your—of *our* dear girls—praise them——"

"I should leave that alone."

"You would not even tell him they are nice and pretty?"

"I should let him find it out for himself. Besides, they are at present altogether too young. Rosamund is barely sixteen, and I cannot have any nonsense about her. There must be no philandering after them and their governess, mind."

"But he may just see them?"

"Oh yes, he may see them,"—even Lady Caroline had laughed. "They are not exactly enclosed in a nunnery, my dear, that you should look so despairing. He may see them, and talk to them—occasionally. He will not care for it often; they have none of them anything to say——"

"Dear! I find them so delightful."

"Ah, they are fond of you," with softened tone; "you draw out what is in them, I suppose; it is not every one who can. But to return to Hartland: you should lay the matter in a purely business-like manner before him. Tell him what you can do, and what you would be disposed to do, and let him judge for himself. It is no matter of sentiment——"

"Oh, my dear Caroline!"

"In the meantime," Lady Caroline had prosaically continued, "the new Lord Hartland will be short of money. It is really disgraceful—I am extremely annoyed about it; but I understand——"

"Oh, that will be all right," —Julia had recovered her early spirits and ardour,—"*that* I can do —I mean I can make him comfortable at once. While I live, I make Hartland a handsome allowance, and also keep up the Abbey entirely at my own expense. As long as he continues single, I preside there—as I have always done, you know—keep house for him, and receive his friends. Then when he marries Rosamund—or any one of my dear nieces—in order to enable him to do so, I step forward and settle all I have upon her, after my death. She would then simply join our party; I am easy to get on with, I really think; and I would be in no one's way. There is room for all. Oh, my dear, I do hope, I do hope it will come to pass."

"You are very good, Julia." Lady Caroline's voice had been rather low, and almost soft,—as soft as it was capable of being. "You are very good and kind," she had continued after a pause, "and the young people ought to be grateful to you. There is, of course, one person yet to be considered——"

"Your husband? Certainly."

"No; Hartland. What if his affections are already engaged?"

Then Julia's face had fallen.

"I hardly think they can be," she had murmured; "he is only twenty-five."

"Twenty-five is a most susceptible age."

"Our father talked as if he were a schoolboy."

"Talking would not make him one. His having had nothing to marry upon is the more probable hindrance."

"And in his photograph he looks not in the least like an engaged man. There is nothing at all preoccupied about the expression. He has such a nice, open face, so handsome, and—and, oh, I am sure he is not a person to conceal anything."

"There would be no concealment in the matter. No one has ever asked for his confidence."

"Very true. But still—somehow, my dear, I feel that what I say is true. He is free,—I am sure he is free,—I have a presentiment that he is free, and that he will marry my own dear little Rosamund."

There was no more to be said.

CHAPTER IV.—LADY JULIA FINDS A REMEDY.

"Despatch thy purposed good: quick, courteous deeds
Cause thanks. Slow favour men unthankful breeds."
—*Tr. from* AUSONIUS.

The acute reader will at this point instantly divine either that Hartland had *not* been free, or that he had proved to be in all respects different from what Lady Julia's fond and outrageous fancy had painted him.

Nothing of the kind.

Hartland had been destined merely to moderate, not to belie, her anticipations.

He was not a schoolboy, but he was a very young man for his age. He was not handsome, but he had a plain, dark face, by no means devoid of attraction. He had not fallen headlong into her scheme for his happiness, but neither had he flatly refused to discuss it.

He had listened, and once she had caught him smiling.

He had looked at her with a pair of curious eyes, when she had become excited and demonstrative, and the look had once made her stop short and colour up, when, in seeking to be practical, she had found herself growing rather too explicit.

But he had not made himself disagreeable, nor her uncomfortable, as he might have done; he had not thrust obstacles and contingencies forward; he had not even worn a forbidding expression; and she had had it all out, even to the rates and taxes, without his having offered any sort of hindrance.

In truth, the idea thus presented to him had not been without its own charm for the young man. He was, as we have said, in many respects young, almost boyish, for his age. His predilections — the things he cared most for, and was most interested in—were rather those of a lad of eighteen than of one who had early seen something of the world, and gained a measure of experience. Delighting and excelling in the great games of Old England, equally, or almost equally good at cricket and football, his never having been at a public school was felt by him as a thing to be regretted all his life; and had such a notion been feasible, he would cheerfully, even in his twenty-sixth year, have gone to Eton, Winchester, or Harrow, as old Lord Hartland had proposed.

His delight was in the talk of big lads fresh from these time-honoured haunts. He liked to hear of all that went on there, and was never weary of hearkening, never impatient of the importance attached to the rules, and oddities, and idiosyncrasies of each.

Of his own prowess in feats of running, jumping, and riding he was reasonably proud. Nature had bestowed on him a form so beautifully proportioned, that he could not be ungraceful, do what he would, and in every athletic exercise, with one exception, he excelled. That exception was swimming, and, oddly enough, this simple art he had never been at the pains to acquire.

But he could hunt, and Lady Julia had spoken of hunting: he could shoot, and she had evidently expected him to shoot: he loved fields and woods, grassy meadows and green hedgerows; and it was the month of June, and all Nature had laid itself out, as it were, in

seductions for him. It seemed as if, until he had actually set foot on English soil, he had never fully realised all he would have to abandon, did he return at once, as he had meant to do, to India; and yet his heart had been sore enough before.

Then, however, he had only drawn pictures from memory and hearsay—now he saw.

London had been teeming with life and revelry as he had passed through, and he had been obliged to stop a day there in order to see his lawyer, who had been out of town on his arrival. He had seen the sunlit Row at noon on a glorious morning, and had noted the brilliancy, the sparkle of the scene — the gloss on the horses' coats — the idle luxury of the loungers — the white dresses of the girls—the pretty children—and proud young fathers and mothers. He had been bewildered and confused subsequently by the uproar in the more crowded streets, and had experienced that sense of forlornness and utter loneliness common to all who have no ties nor links to hang on to in the great city; and then he had betaken himself to Lord's, and had seen such cricket as he had never seen before in his life.

That had settled the question. If he could—could by any means, any reductions or curtailments—contrive to remain in England, live at Hartland Abbey, have a team of his own, challenge other teams, go up and down the country, —he had seen the whole thing before him, as he had mused and watched in silence.

It might not have been a very exalted castle in the air; it had been at least a wholesome, pure, and innocent one. If it had not evinced much sense of the responsibilities of a landowner, nor of the cares and duties of an English country gentleman, recollect that of these Hartland had at that time known nothing, and not having intended to take up that position, had not supposed he was ever to know anything.

He had been, as we have said, a big boy at that period of his life, needing training, time, and development, to show what he would with years become. Meantime it may just be added that he had, at least, had nothing to unlearn. Vice had never had any attractions.

At Lord's, for a wonder, Lord Hartland had presently been hailed by voices he knew. Two young men with whom he had once been quartered, had seen him, and had hurried across to offer congratulations and make inquiries. It had appeared they knew the Abbey, —knew at least that its coverts were in good repute, and that there were two packs of hounds in the neighbourhood.

They had been more than friendly—we had almost said, in consequence; but that might have been doing two respectable youths injustice. They had always liked Dick Verelst, as most people did; and they had been only a little more glad to see him, and a little more anxious that he should dine with them at their club that evening, now that he was a jolly young fellow just come in for a title, than if he had been dear old Dick the cricketer, run over in order to see the Australians play their first big match. Hartland had been unable to say as much, or respond as cordially as he would otherwise have done, from the awkwardness of his position; and the frankness of former times had somehow been absent. It had been taken for granted, assumed as a matter of

course, from his rejoinders, that he was going to settle down in England, and lead a merry, hearty, homely English life. This had been as it should be. His friends were of the right sort—men who, like himself, were unsnared by the follies and vices of fashionable dissipation; and he would have liked then and there to have made them free of the Abbey, with all its congenial surroundings.

But he had been necessarily hampered by uncertainty and doubt, and had had to let the two honest fellows depart, feeling that he had been ungracious, and that they would only too probably consider that he was already putting on airs, and preparing to cold-shoulder those whom he had known and associated with in early days.

It will thus be seen that the ground had been already prepared for Lady Julia's seed.

No wonder that she had been heard with mute attention, when she had had something of such importance to communicate: no wonder he had remained silent till she had done. "So I am to marry Rosamund," at length he had said; but whether to marry Rosamund or not was his intention, no mortal could have told.

"Oh, my dear Hartland, not yet. I only thought it might be as well to mention it; but, indeed, you must do nothing rashly. The idea is quite, quite, quite my own. My dear niece is barely sixteen, and in short frocks. It will be fully two years before her mother would hear of such a thing; for my sister is very particular, and the girls are never brought forward in any way; they are kept strictly to the schoolroom at present. You will see them walking with their governess, or riding on their ponies; and you will notice what nice, bright, charming young creatures they are,—but you will not speak to them——"

"Not speak to them?"

"Not unless it is just to say 'How d'ye do?' or so. Their mother would not like it. She has the greatest objection to their being taken notice of in any way. Between you and me, I do not quite altogether see it in the same light my sister does. It does seem a little hard that one is never able to get at the dear girls without Miss Penrose—good creature as Miss Penrose is (Lady Julia detested her, but thought herself most uncharitable for doing so)—"it would be so nice *sometimes* to have them to one's self," she had owned; "but it is of no use. Their uncle, George Liscard, a nice young lieutenant in the navy, got into sad hot water the last time he was at King's Common, for romping with the girls on the sly."

"Eh?" Hartland had roused himself, and his lips had parted into an interested smile. "Did he?"

"Rosamund is perhaps a little, just a little bit of a romp," the candid Julia had proceeded. "She will grow out of it; and there is no harm in the dear child as she is—only high spirits. For my part, I love high spirits in the young; and sometimes I almost wish my dear sister could have more sympathy with them; but, however, all I mean to say is, that I must warn you not to frolic with your cousins."

"It is rather a queer way of warning me,"—and there had been still the same lurking smile,—"telling me that I am to marry one of them."

"Oh, my dear Hartland, you are so downright. I begin to fear I ought not to have mentioned such a thing; but really I was

at a loss to know what to do, and I thought it might make your mind easy about the future, if you knew the whole plan I had in my head. There need be no reserve between us as to money matters, that is one thing decided. It is a hard case that you should have come home as head of the family, with all the attendant obligations and requirements, and so much to keep up and support, and—and nothing to support it on."

Upon this Lord Hartland had bent his head. She had stated the case precisely as it stood. He had been grave enough then.

"But see, I am wealthy; I have abundance, more than abundance, for us both," Lady Julia had cried next, rising from her chair in her anxiety to be clear and emphatic. "Independently of what my dear father left me, which should have gone to *you*"—in parenthesis—"quite apart from that, Caroline and I each inherited a large fortune from our mother, who was an only child and the daughter of a very rich man. My father knew this, and, knowing it, I cannot but say that I do not feel he acted *quite* rightly, not quite as I am sure he would have done had he lived longer; but, my dear Hartland,"—for the speaker had been eager to be off such slippery, uncomfortable, and altogether dangerous ground,—"my dear Hartland, make allowances. He was, I grieve to say, blinded by prejudice. I have no doubt your father was an excellent man; but you see, mine did not know him, and no doubt did him injustice. It is difficult to be just to one's next heir, is it not? We need not talk about it. My dear nephew — let me call you my nephew, if you do not mind—it will simplify matters, and people will quite understand and accept the position,—my dear Hartland, let me make what amends lie in my power; let me continue to live in your house, preside over your establishment, entertain your friends, share my fortune with you now, and bequeath it to you hereafter. And I only ask one thing," the excellent creature had wound up in conclusion, with the tear running down her cheek; "give me a place in your heart, and let me be your 'aunt Julia.'"

If such a conclusion had been bathos, at least Hartland had not found it so. He had been greatly touched.

During all the long journey home, when returning from India to take up his new position and enter into his barren kingdom, bitter thoughts and angry resolutions had filled his heart. He had been almost immediately informed — informed ere he had started—that nothing but an income altogether insufficient went with the title, and that he would find himself short of funds at the very outset of his new career; and there had in consequence been merely a brief interval in which he had dreamed of being a Lord Hartland such as the Lord Hartlands who had gone before him had been.

The cup had barely been sipped ere it had been rudely dashed from his hand; and he had, as we have said, seen that there was but little for him in the future that the past had not possessed. In one way he would be even worse off, since more would undoubtedly be expected of Lord Hartland than had ever been exacted of Dick Verelst, and he would find himself in a false position at every turn in his new career.

No wonder his wrath had been kindled and had burned hot for a time, and that it had been freshly

lit, and had sent forth sparks and flames anew on his arrival at the Abbey. He had done his best to hold himself in check, and no outward manifestations, either of suffering or indignation, had escaped to tarnish the favourable impression one and all had received. Nothing but profound pity and universal goodwill had been felt all round; and although the keener-sighted had instinctively divined that beneath the calm exterior all was not so smooth as had appeared, they had liked Hartland not the less, but rather the more, in that he had shown he could smart but would not show his wound.

The blood had more than once flashed to his face, and his eye had striven to betray him now and again, it is true, when irresistibly impelled to it by some new and sudden circumstance or suggestion; but in the main his demeanour had been proudly impassive, and Lady Julia, in her distress and impatience, had scarcely known how to bear the delay which had had to elapse ere she had been able to get him to herself and unburden her bosom of its load.

She had done it at last, and had heard him breathe quicker and quicker, as the scheme had been unfolded. The hand by his side had opened and closed involuntarily with hasty nervous movements. He had stood the whole time, sometimes in one attitude, sometimes in another, always with the air of a man who hardly knows where he is or what he is doing. She had seen he was lost in a confusion of strange and new emotions. And such indeed had been the case.

Here had he, in his own mind, been at bitter enmity with all his newly found kindred; in especial railing secretly at those two greedy, covetous women, who were now to fatten at his expense, and who would doubtless assume towards him patronising, hypocritical airs of sympathy; while in reality it was they who were driving him forth from the home of his ancestors, and standing between him and his just inheritance.

What though he had been only a poor second cousin or so? Two generations back his branch had sprouted straight and true from this lordly stem; and those great lords and ladies, those ruffled dames and knights in armour, had belonged to him, and bequeathed to him their noble blood as truly as if he had been the late peer's first-born son, born and bred within those walls.

He had been, and he was being, most cruelly wronged; and though he had told himself that his lips should be sealed by decency and that reserve which was the only safeguard of his self-respect under an ordeal so odious, yet he had in secret wished good Julia anywhere but where she was, and almost anything but what she was.

For he had seen—as who could help seeing?—that she was artless, and it had not been easy to accuse her. Probably she was a simpleton, and did not know what she was doing. In that case he would try to be charitable; and if let alone, and not compassionated nor provoked, would put her out of his thoughts. She might live on at the Abbey if she chose. He supposed she would pay him rent, and the rent would be swallowed up in the yearly outlay. He would let her and the steward manage between them, and get to loggerheads about it if they chose. He would cut the whole concern.

One sight of Hartland Abbey, with its lodges, its avenues, its

deer-park, shrubberies, gardens, stables, out-buildings, terraces, and doorways, with its halls, staircases, galleries, and suites of rooms, had dispelled all hopes of accomplishing the design formed of living there on a modest and retrenched scale. No,—the impossibility of this had been obvious at a glance; and ere he had crossed the threshold, he had seen his future anew melt into thin air. Then had come the meeting with Lady Julia, and renewal of all hostile feelings; and then, just when these had been at their height, and some little sign had escaped, some bubble had rippled to the surface, telling for a second of the convulsion underneath, and giving the poor spinster, who had been on the tiptoe of excitement and impatience, the opening she wanted, out it had all come; and it had been shown that the two whom he had regarded as the most unjust and avaricious of their kind, had had nothing but the warmest of feelings towards him, and had been occupied by projects for his benefit, surpassing anything of which he could ever had dreamed. Shame had tied his tongue forthwith.

How he had wronged this good creature — both these good creatures—(for in every sentiment and expression, Lady Julia had naturally associated with herself her sister, and it had been "Caroline and I" throughout); how he had misjudged and misinterpreted them!

The flood of new light let in upon his thoughts had been well-nigh overpowering. Impossibility had become possible; what he had told himself could never be, had actually come to pass. Hartland Abbey was to be his own, and his own on the easiest and pleasantest terms: it had been almost incredible, almost too much. It had been a positive relief to talk about the unknown Rosamund, and by trifling a moment with her name, and that dim, far-away suggestion regarding it, gain a foothold whereupon to steady himself. He had even been the better for having interchanged smiles with his friendly monitor, and having been told he was not to romp with his cousins.

But still his head had gone whirling round; and all she, this ministering angel, had asked of him in return, had been that he should call her his "aunt Julia"!

He had taken her hand. He might have kissed it, but he had not thought of doing so. He had only taken it and held it for a moment, while his voice, in spite of every effort, had trembled a little, and all he had said was, "Thank you, aunt Julia;" but she had been certain—yes, quite certain—that he had stopped thus short because he had been unable to bring out another word.

And she had been right.

CHAPTER V.—NO ADVANCE MADE.

"For what is love? It is a doll dressed up
For idleness to cosset, nurse, and dandle;
A thing of soft misnomers."
—KEATS.

So far from being upset by this new change in his fortunes, Hartland had at first hardly known how to demean himself humbly enough in the sudden revulsion of his feelings.

He had on the spot, as was natural, surrendered every spark

of lingering animosity towards the generous woman who had stepped forward to redress all his wrongs with her own hand; but he had gone further: in his inmost soul he had cast himself at her feet and implored forgiveness.

She had bound him to her then and there in a lifelong bond of gratitude and affection, and he could not show sufficiently his readiness to do and be all she could wish thenceforth.

In response to her nobility he had longed to evince his own. He could not hope to win, but he would at least compete with her in the race who should be the most considerate and the most unselfish in the life now begun; and such desires on his part had for a considerable length of time shown themselves in his scarcely liking to give an order, change a custom, or play the master of the house in any way. Then Lady Julia had protested. "My dear boy, you are really too good, too kind; you make too much of the old aunt," she had cried. "I cannot have you putting me first in everything, and never thinking of yourself at all."

"You think you ought to have the monopoly for that, aunt Julia?"

She had not understood, and he had not explained. The idea had dropped out by accident.

"But really you are too accommodating," she had persisted. "Why, because *I* have been accustomed to old-fashioned ways, need you be condemned to them? You cannot like to dine at six o'clock; then why do it? For myself, really I should prefer—yes, indeed, quite prefer—keeping up with the fashions of the day; and I am not so very old yet, you know," smiling. "I love young folks, and suiting myself to them. My poor dear father kept to his early dinner-hour because it was the one at which he had dined in his youth, and he disliked changes of every kind. But that need not bind us. Fix your own hours, I must really beg of you, Hartland." And she had felt genuinely elated, and almost rakish, when he had owned with reluctance that the hour at which he had usually sat down to mess had been half-past seven: he had not added that by some, even that hour was growing to be considered out of date.

That decided, another point had arisen. "The stables, my dear Hartland,—I am convinced you know more about horses than I do."

"Yes, aunt Julia," gravely.

"Why do you not rearrange them, then, my dear?" (His very finger-tips had been itching to do so.)

"Do you think they want rearranging, ma'am? I thought perhaps Hubbard might not care for interference."

"Interference from you? From his master?"

"Oh, if you put it in that light, aunt Julia," joyfully; "but are you sure you mean what you say? Have I your authority for doing what I think fit, and—and——?"

"My dear nephew,"—she had been almost pettish,—"will you *never* understand? I have no authority, I will have none any longer, about such matters as ought to fall under a master's eye. You will see that I am comfortable, and that things go on properly, I know. But *you* are the head of this establishment, to *you* the servants must look for orders, on *you* their staying or going depends; and it is not *you* who must come to *me* for authority, but *I* who will go to *you*, if there is any matter of

importance or difficulty to be adjusted. Pray, pray, my dear Hartland, let us have no misunderstanding on this point, either now or in the future."

And she had again struck the right chord in his heart, and he had loved her still more than he had done before.

Of course it had been a risk, but even Lady Caroline had never for a moment cast a doubt upon the success of Julia's handiwork.

Had she been unbiassed, perhaps matters had not been so smooth; but with the knowledge of all that Julia had plotted and planned, and the understanding that it had at least not been set aside by the person most chiefly concerned, she would have been a fool indeed if she had found anything to grumble at.

To her Hartland had been only one degree less grateful than to her sister.

Lady Julia's protestations had, as we have seen, included her married sister, the only other representative of the family, at every turn; and these had seemed to show that both were of one mind in the warmth of their repudiation of the family ill-feeling towards him. He had been kindly met at King's Common,—what Lady Caroline would have called affectionately met, indeed; and although he had been somewhat startled by the difference between the sisters in aspect, manner, voice, and shake of the hand, he had still persisted in liking where he could not love, and had almost made Lady Caroline endurable by the force of his resolution to find her so.

What he had thought of his cousins, both aunts had often endeavoured to discover.

Once it would be on Julia's part. "We are never dull, are we, Hartland, with such a houseful close by? What should we do without all those King's Commoners, as I call them? We should not be half so merry." There had just been a tea-party at the Abbey, and the whole crew, and even Miss Penrose, had been in famous spirits, and had tumbled up and down, and in and out, all over the place, and had finally disappeared amidst shouting, and laughing, and waving of handkerchiefs. "I was glad you should have a chance of talking to the girls for once," the astute matchmaker had continued. "Miss Penrose has such a way of placing herself in front of them, and answering for everybody all round, that really, unless she is disposed of, one has no hope of hearing another voice."

"That was why you carried her off?"

"Certainly," said Lady Julia, laughing. "I am not so particularly partial to Miss Penrose's company that I should have run away from you all to closet myself with her otherwise, and I must own it was tantalising to hear Rosamund's merry laugh ring out just as we were leaving the room; but I knew you would all enjoy yourselves the better if there were no old fogies about. Old fogies are apt to be marplots."

"You do not call yourself an old fogy?"

"Indeed I do. What am I then?"—(for the pleasure of hearing him disclaim).

"About as much of one as you are of a marplot."

"Really such compliments!" cried the good soul, who had never been so happy in her life. "What a courtier you are, Hartland! I do not wonder at my sister Caroline. You have made a conquest even of her. As for Rosamund"—she paused, hoping he would look or say something unusual,—some-

thing to give her the ghost of a clue to his sentiments in that quarter.

But this was just what Hartland was not going to do. On every other point he could be, and had been, frankly communicative, and it came naturally to him to say the little, kind, civil things, and to give the little touches of the hand and pats on the shoulder, and the night and morning kisses which Lady Julia had instituted, and which seemed to establish the footing upon which the two were: all of these trifling pleasantries drew them closer to each other, and made the harmony between them more complete; but no advance had been made with regard to the matrimonial part of the plan, and two years had passed when our story opens, and the two elder ladies were exactly where they had been when it had first been broached, as regarded their knowledge of Lord Hartland's feelings or wishes on the subject.

Our readers, however, may be permitted a gleam of information.

Hartland, during the two past years, although he had not troubled himself very seriously with the consideration, had recollected and occasionally meditated upon the opportunity presented him for ultimately securing the fortune, of which he had now only the interest, and that during Lady Julia's lifetime. He had also kept his eyes open.

Here were seven young damsels, daughters of one house, any one of whom he was at liberty to sue, and with any one of whom would come, slap-bang, the all-important dowry. Out of a choice of seven, surely one might be found with whom he could fancy himself a little bit in love, and who would be able to get up a little bit of response.

No one of them was amiss to look at. They were all bound to be well-educated, well-mannered, and well-principled. He need not be afraid of lurking quicksands in that guarded and sheltered household. He must find out an easy-going one, who was not likely to say "No"; and when that was done, he would have broken the back of the venture, and the rest would follow of itself. As to being in love, he had had enough of that. Half-a-dozen years before, when yet in his teens, he had been violently, blindly, and, as a matter of course, effervescently infatuated with a charmer many years his senior. The colonel of his regiment had warned his father, and the affair had been stopped with a high hand; but the ungrateful subaltern had not seen it in the light he should have done.

Instead of blessing, morning, noon, and night, the two who had saved him from a lifelong regret—for the woman was worthless and heartless—he had closed his eyes and ears; and whenever he had subsequently thought about marriage in the abstract (for no successor had ever, strange to say, taken her place in his affections), it had been to consider, with a certain sentimental luxury of supposed woe, that he had once loved, and that with him there would never come a second time.

Accordingly, Lady Julia had found the ground fallow, as we have said; and the only little cloud which by-and-by arose on the horizon of her heaven of blue, was the suspicion that, although time was passing, fallow the ground still remained as regarded any attachment being formed.

It is true that of the cousins, Rosamund was, if anything, Hartland's favourite, and this in spite

of her being exactly the opposite of the one for whom, in reviewing his position at the outset, he had considered he should look out.

No one, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, could call the eldest Miss Liscard easy-going. Her likings and dislikings, her affinities and aversions, were magnified by a nature vehement and impetuous into matters of life and death, when opposed or disagreed with. She could not let a thing pass, could not refrain her tongue even when a hundred warnings betokened the wisdom of silence. She did not, it is to be feared, even esteem strict justice as much as she herself supposed, if only she could have her fling at the backbiter or the tell-tale.

All of this Hartland knew,—knew, perhaps, better than any one else; and yet he liked Rosamund better than Dolly, and better a thousand times than Catharine.

At first, indeed, he had thought the little, round-faced, chubby Dorothea, four years younger than Rosamund, and with a brother between her and Catharine, would have suited him admirably; and her youth had been all in her favour. Four years more time before he need trouble his head about the matter was by no means to be despised; and Dolly was a most engaging poppet of the aunt Julia type, which aunt she was supposed to resemble in disposition as well as in appearance. He had passed over Catharine at once: her blue eyes, and orderly, flaxen ringlets, and nice, obliging manners, had had no charm for him (perhaps owing to an occasional and enlightening look of scorn on Rosamund's face); and he had faithfully attached himself to Dolly, in a fraternal fashion, for some time.

But in spite of himself, Rosamund had interested him: she had crept into his thoughts when he was alone; he had found himself recalling a gesture or a glance after he had parted from her, and assuming a certain tone towards her when the two were alone, which had dropped off of its own accord upon the approach of others. This had just begun at the time our story opens, when, as we have said, the young lady had attained her eighteenth year; and Hartland had himself wakened up with a start to the fact that the time for action, if action were to be taken at all, had come. It had also dawned upon him to wonder whether or no Rosamund had her own suspicions. That she had been informed, or even hinted to, was not to be thought of for an instant. He knew his aunts better than to suppose them capable of indelicacy; but had she divined by instinct anything?

Of course Rosamund had.

At first the discovery had filled her with unreasoning girlish rage, and her bosom had swelled with a sense of passionate rebellion to what, with all the grandiloquism of youth, she had internally stigmatised as an act of tyranny.

But Hartland's indifference and taste for the society of her little sister had given the elder time to think; and as her vision had cleared, she had thought she saw the whole thing. He no more meant to fall in love with her than she did with him; and she might spare her gibes, and sarcasms, and contemptuous looks, for he did not know what they meant.

Thus she had dropped them, and then Hartland had begun to take notice of her.

But by this time Rosamund, disarmed, had corrected her first

impression, and had even begun to associate her cousin with herself in her sense of ill-usage. How absurd the whole idea was! Hartland must be as much provoked as she if he saw it. She hoped to goodness he did not see it; she should never be able to look him in the face if she once found that he had an inkling of what was going on.

"And Hartland is well enough if he is let alone," she owned to herself; "but what I cannot stand is the fuss made about him, and the way aunt Julia and mamma sit down and cackle over him; and when he comes into a room, the business there is to get near him; and the attention they pay to every word he speaks, and quote his opinions afterwards —it is enough to turn one against the man, and make one hate him on the spot, that's what it is, if mamma did but know it. And then it is always 'your cousin Hartland' here, and 'your cousin Hartland' there; and I must do this because my 'cousin' wishes it, or not do it if he does not wish it. My 'cousin' forsooth! My third or thirtieth cousin;—and I know, of course I know, what is the meaning of it all. As if we are going to marry each other just because mamma and aunt Julia have agreed upon it! I could laugh to see them putting their heads together, and taking it for granted that we are going to be good little children, and do as we are bid. Put handy-pandy in handy-pandy, and trot away off to the Abbey, and live happily there ever after!

"And they look so pleased and important if we do but say a few words to each other now and then; and mamma makes way for him to pass on to me, and tries to get up some flimsy excuse which would not take in a harvest-mouse; and I always find his place next mine at dinner, when he dines with us; and I may do what I like, and laugh, and talk, and run on as much as ever I choose, when he is by—every one is so benign, and in such good-humour. Oh! I know, I know. It is very good fun as long as nobody else suspects, and I mean to enjoy it all I can—up to a certain point, my lord, up to a certain point. Thus far thou shalt go, Hartland, and no further. As you are, I like you; further than that, I like you not. No advance, if you please. We shall remain excellent friends just so long as we keep our present positions, but one false step will send us as wide apart as the poles. Oh, my good mother and aunt, look out, look out!—we shall cheat you both yet."

AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC: FIJI.

It is a very trite remark that the Pacific Ocean often emphatically belies its title. I cannot altogether defend it; and, in fact, it would be unreasonable to expect consistency from so vast an expanse of the Unstable. When the grateful Magellan, escaping from the wintry horrors of the region now always associated with his name, burst into the sunshine and balmy breezes beyond, he did not, naturally, reflect very closely on the area over which the new name was to be applied. Big generalisations are dangerous; but it is not absolutely a misnomer, and those who have known this ocean for weeks together in its more gracious moods — whether on its vast solitudes or among its scattered island groups—will readily admit the justness of the title. The Pacific has, in short, a quite peculiar charm, unequalled even by the summer delights of the Atlantic on the frontiers of the trade-wind. Even the cloud-forms lend themselves to this charm and enhance it to a degree, I think, unknown elsewhere,—though perhaps my humble speculations on this head will be all upset by Mr Abercromby's forthcoming book, speaking with an authority to which I can lay no claim. Day after day, during the month of August, between New Caledonia and Fiji, the sea was all but unruffled, and the sky absolutely clear, save for a long, low, persistent line of cloud-masses which lay banked along the horizon, motionless. If I begin to talk about cumulus or cirro-stratus, their graceful forms would dissolve into impalpable vapour; they resembled—you could hardly think them anything else—a great fantastic mountain-range, transfigured with light and colour, and diversified by headlands and capes, bays and valleys, and ending naturally in a series of detached islands and rocky islets, floating in an enchanted sea. Night after night the sun went down behind a clear-cut horizon: then came a solemn pause; no change as yet of form or colour in sea or cloud, only an appearance as of smoke,—some philosopher may explain this,—coming up from the spot where the sun had disappeared. Then, after a few minutes of growing darkness, a glorious but subdued glow shone out all over the west, lighting up little fleecy cloudlets which had gathered, of exquisite form, and just the right number and size for a perfect effect, and sending a rosy flush over the now darkening mountain-range aforesaid and its isolated rocks, — a charming and perfect illusion.

The vessel was small, and she did not exert herself—it would have been out of keeping with her surroundings — but she provided all that is needful (though not all that modern luxury considers so) for comfort — viz., essential cleanliness, no crowding, and a cheery and kindly skipper.

On the morning we reached Fiji the sea was without a ripple, and as we passed the pretty island of Mbengga, we scanned its rich green slopes in vain for a sight of life. Primitive man and his works do not show out prominently against tropical nature. A slight haze veiled the great island of Viti Levu—*i.e.*, great Fiji; but as we came nearer, its

grand and varied outline stood out clearly in front of us, stretching far away to right and left. Then gradually the different mountain-ranges which compose the island, and the general character of the country, became more distinct. New Caledonia was beautiful, but nothing to this; there was not only wonderful beauty of outline but great variety of colour,—the highest mountains clothed, except for an occasional peak, to the very top with dense forest, the gentler slopes of the lower ranges showing patches of lighter shades of green, representing scrub or grass, bananas or sugar, or other cultivation, dotted, along the coast, with cocoa-palms. Suva, the seat of Government, has no striking features. The houses lie scattered for a mile or two along a neck of land on one side of a bay, at the head of which enters the Tamavua river. A reef with a navigable opening crosses this bay, and forms a fair harbour. But the marvellous fantastic outline of hills beyond the bay — King David might have described them as "hopping"— seen from the broad verandah of the Club House Hotel, was a view of which one never tired. My expectations as regarded hotel accommodation being small, I was agreeably surprised to find a well-ordered, comfortable, two-storeyed house. It is true that the chamber-maid was a little black Solomon Island "boy"; but his views on cleanliness, and on *meum* and *tuum*, were not appreciably behind those of his profession in Europe; and he was besides, when at home, a manslayer and a cannibal. The only drawback, indeed, to comfort lay in the fact that the bedrooms were all open to the roof of corrugated zinc, and the noise of the torrents of rain—I never saw rain like it—was deafening. But rainy days, at that season anyhow—well, at all events, it *is* the "dry season."

Boat-voyaging in those regions is not only an enjoyable, but in Fiji almost the only mode of locomotion, though there are horses, and the number of tracks has of late years been considerably extended. Organised facilities for travel do not exist; but the traveller's path will be smoothed if he brings introductions to some leading official, or to one of the principal traders or planters. If he, wisely, cultivates the society alike of the official and of the non-official class, he will realise more profoundly than he ever did before the great truth that there are two sides to every question. To this unfortunate antagonism I shall return later. Meanwhile I recall, with mingled sensations, a voyage of a fortnight in an open boat along the northern shores of Viti Levu, the principal island of the group, and about 80 by 55 miles in extent. My reminiscences are checkered, for against the great interest and novelty had to be reckoned unlucky accidents and illness, including the effects, sometimes serious in Fiji, of the bites of flies and mosquitoes, and last, not least, the absence of an interpreter—a want not easy to supply satisfactorily. The accommodation, too, for four passengers, with their baggage and provisions, besides a crew of five, if sufficient, —which I suppose we proved it to be *ambulando*,—could not be called abundant; and I confess that when I went down to embark, and found an unexpected extra passenger, my mind somewhat misgave me, not so much from the anticipation of discomfort as from the lowness of the boat in the water—for even inside

the reef, in this aforesaid "Pacific" Ocean, it can blow hard enough. However, I knew my host to be a first-rate boatman; so, with the blackest of feelings in my heart towards the last arrival, I wedged myself in among the *impedimenta*, and perhaps we "shook down" all the sooner that the alternatives of position were of the fewest. For the rest, the preparations for such a voyage are at all events simple. Of personal luggage the less the better—say a change of raiment and a mosquito-net, or "screen" as they call it in the colonies; for provisions, besides a tin or two of biscuits, some tea, whisky, and tobacco, you require only an assortment of the useful but most innutritious "ironclad" —*i.e.*, tinned meats, here in universal use, and curiously in great demand among the natives, probably owing to the little trouble they involve. Hardly a coral strand in Fiji so romantic or remote but it may be found strewn with the empty tins. Judging from their effect on myself, I should cite them as a most potent cause of the decline of the native population!

We started punctually, *Vaka Viti*,[1]—that is to say, having been trysted on board for Saturday at daybreak, we got under way on Monday afternoon. Indeed only a man of exceptional energy like my conductor could, I was assured, have performed such a feat; and the worthy gentleman, having been born and bred in Fiji, had only the dimmest inkling that perhaps there was something a little wrong, though hardly to be ashamed of, in the delay. The comforts and advantages of unpunctuality, and the calm philosophic temper it implies, are among the most difficult lessons a Britisher can acquire. In our northern latitudes, waiting about (as it is usually wet or cold) is unpleasant, and our irrational fussiness on the subject has long been hopelessly confirmed by Bradshaw. The children of the South are wiser in their generation; but even at home, off the beaten tracks, the better way is not unknown. A Highlander on the West Coast was asked when the steamer would be up. "Ah, well, sometimes she comes later, and sometimes earlier —and sometimes before that again!" Meanwhile the delay had nearly led to our spending a night *al fresco* on the Rewa river, whose famous mosquitoes would have left little of us to tell the tale. These Fijian rivers are of great size relatively to the extent of the land, and the delta of the Rewa forms the eastern extremity of the island. We had intended, accordingly, entering by its southern mouth, some miles distant from Suva, to ascend the stream some way, and thence down another embouchure to the northern coast. As it was, night overtook us soon after entering the river; and although we at last sighted a light which indicated a house, there was much grounding on mud banks, and retracing of our course, and weary hours of pulling, before we reached the desired point. My host being on an official tour, and thoroughly acquainted with the people and their language, there was but little difficulty about our reception anywhere,—not that any respectable traveller could have much difficulty among these amiable people. Hospitality here, after all, is a simple matter, for native food is plentiful, and there is usually room for everybody, besides that the chief of the vil-

[1] Fiji fashion, according to Fiji notions.

lage has often more houses than one.

The ordinary Fijian house looks, outside, like a great oblong haystack, standing on a mound raised some few feet above the surrounding level, with a long ridge-pole extending beyond the roof at either gable, its ends sometimes ornamented with shells. The haystack has a doorway or two, with a mat suspended in it. Houses with greater pretensions, however, have the walls prettily latticed with reeds, and distinct from the roof, which is elaborately thatched, with great projecting eaves. Inside, immense posts, usually of *vesi* wood (*Afzelia bijuga*), and a very ingenious framework, support the roof. The interior decorations of sinnet (coco-nut fibre), always in rectilinear patterns — for they do not affect curves—are sometimes pretty. The black, squared lintels of the doors are the stems of tree-ferns. On a great shelf overhead is stored the family *lau*, a convenient Fijian word equivalent to the Italian *roba*. Here it comprises their fishing-gear, huge rolls of *tappa* or native cloth, mats, immense pottery vessels, and the like. The shelves were also handy in war-time as a point of vantage whence you could conveniently spear your neighbour as he entered, and before his eyes became used to the subdued light. The floor is strewn with mats, on which you recline, and is usually raised a foot or so towards one end, which enables you to take a graceful attitude, leaning on your elbow. Cooking is done in a little hut outside, or sometimes there is a great fireplace on the floor confined by four logs, the smoke finding its way out through the lofty roof. As you enter the house, you find the mats being swept, or fresh ones unrolled and laid down. Your traps are brought up from the boat, and if this happens to have grounded half a mile from the shore, you have perhaps yourself been carried to land by these willing giants. A few words are exchanged with the village chief or your host for the time being—far too few, to my mind, even for politeness. I am told they do not expect it. If they have ceased to expect politeness from English gentlemen, *tant pis!* I am helpless from ignorance of the language, and you hardly ever meet a Fijian who knows any English,—the missionaries, in whose hands their education has been, having, wisely or otherwise, discouraged it. The silent *séance* then till supper came, and indeed after, surrounded by those pleasant and dignified faces, for whom I was necessarily dumb, was often very irksome. Supper, however, comes at last, provided from the materials before mentioned, and supplemented perhaps by an offering of fish or turtle. The latter sounds sybaritic, but it is very far from being a delicacy when badly cooked, and still less so when not quite fresh. And there is of course, as accompaniment, the ever-present and ready-cooked yam, or *kumara* (sweet-potato), or *dalo* (an arum root), or bread-fruit, or cassava (manioc). I think I have arranged them approximately according to their insipidity and unsatisfying qualities. I tried hard to appreciate these famous vegetables, whose very names recall endless picturesque and savage associations; but I never succeeded, and hardly know which I disliked the least.

Sometimes we produced a root of *kava*, or, as the Fijians call it, *yanggona*, always a welcome gift, and handed it to our native companions to prepare the national brew. I suppose most people by

this time know the orthodox mode of preparing this. It is chewed, or ought to be, as in Samoa, by young and of course pretty girls, and the masticated stuff being thrown into a bowl and mixed with water, the woody particles are fished out with a wisp of the fibre of *vau* (a malvaceous tree, *Paritium* sp.), and the liquor is then carried round to each guest in order. Of course, by the old school this mode of preparation is thought very superior to the Tongan innovation of pounding or grating the root. Certainly the ingredients differ somewhat, and the dash of human secretion in the orthodox mixture possibly promotes digestion—an effect not to be despised after a square meal of half-a-dozen pounds of yam! Even in the humblest *ménage* the national bowl is not prepared without some form and circumstance,—elaborate traditional motions of the hands in clearing the bowl and rinsing the fibre, strict attention to precedence in handing the cup to the guests (a matter in which, when Europeans were concerned, I was in other islands sometimes consulted), and to other points of etiquette, the transgression of which is viewed with some severity. Thus it is *de rigueur* to empty your coco-nut cup at a single draught. On my first occasion of drinking I had neglected this rule, for the cup was large, and the taste, as I thought, nasty. Accordingly, on returning the cup, which you do by sending it spinning along the floor to the master of the ceremonies, the usual quiet clapping of hands and murmur of applause which should follow this was withheld. On discovering the cause of the silence, I hastened to explain that I had never tasted the cup before, and thought it so good that I could not resist prolonging the pleasure, but I saw that my solecism was too great to be easily excused.

Our crew meanwhile would establish themselves on another part of the floor, quietly chatting among themselves or among the villagers, of whatever rank, who happened to drop in. There was plenty of laughter, peculiar in tone, but the voices are naturally soft and low, and either from this or from their innate good manners their presence and conversation never annoy you in the slightest degree. My perpetual regret was that I could not join in it. The contrast was great between these so-called savages and, *mutatis mutandis*, a party of wrangling Arabs or Indians. Such quiet, such decorum, such complete absence of rudeness or intrusiveness! The chief sound, in fact, that proceeded from the quiet party, was the slapping of their naked bodies when the mosquitoes were worse than usual, and which one hoped might do some execution. Occasionally, when the owner of the house and his family were present, talking and smoking would suddenly cease, and we were made aware that evening prayers were about to begin. Without any preface one of the party would give out the words of a hymn, two lines at a time, and every one sang it; then a short prayer, and it was all over. The perfect simplicity and genuineness and freedom from affectation of the whole performance was very striking, when one remembered what the performers are and have recently been.

The *kava*-bowl, tobacco, and family prayers exhaust the evening's programme; and my companions being all asleep,—why people waste so much time in sleep in this interesting world I never understand,—I look out some suitable rafter from whence

to hang my mosquito-screen, and turn in—not, for the first night at all events, to sleep, for mother earth, considered as a mattress, is hard, and deficient in spring; but there is, anyhow, no other impediment to sleep: the cleanliness inside the houses is remarkable,—no fleas or other vermin bred of dirt or carelessness. Flies and mosquitoes are supplied by Providence, and the latter have recently been discovered to be "good for us"; but as you listen to their baffled drone outside the curtain, you feel that you can waive your claim to such advantages.

Our well-mannered and well-behaved boat's crew were prisoners undergoing sentence, and no doubt therefore enjoyed their outing, the only drawback to their happiness being that the famous national mop of hair, a distinguishing feature of the race, is cropped. They feel this keenly, and it struck me as a not very wise punishment, exposing their heads to the sun. On a recent tramp through the splendid jungle on the Tamavua river, with an official who had kindly devoted himself to me for the day, our attendants were also prisoners; and the day being hot, I handed over to them my coat with watch and other valuables, without any misgiving as to their honesty or even carefulness. Their crimes are mostly either assault, or much more frequently ordinary breaches of morality, not usually elsewhere punished as a crime, and for which long sentences of imprisonment seemed to me, all the circumstances considered, undesirably severe, and likely to react badly on family life and well-being. Evidently no idea of disgrace attached to their position. They mixed freely with the people everywhere; the only difference between them and the rest of the population consisted apparently in having been found out, —*hodiè mihi, cras tibi.* I was amused to see native teachers and magistrates sitting down freely with them to eat and smoke. But however quaint this friendly hob-nobbing between judge and gaol-bird, it must be remembered that the relations between different classes here have no resemblance to those in Europe. There is great social intimacy, while yet the divinity which hedges a chief is very great; a feeling of which we availed ourselves freely when we established our system of administration through the chiefs, —a policy for which we have been much abused. Besides, however, that it is always wise to make use of materials ready to your hand, and in conformity with native ideas, it was necessary as a matter of economy. We could not possibly have afforded to place an educated English official in every village and island. But having given the chiefs the additional sanction of our countenance, there has been, naturally perhaps, a tendency to wink at cases of petty oppression on their part, which have not been infrequent. This is a pity, as it is used as an argument by disaffected whites to prejudice the natives against the Government. The question has its difficulties, for the chief had certain privileges which to us seem intolerable, and yet which we could not immediately abrogate. A chief may be *vasu*,—that is to say, sister's son, —the heir, in short, by the female side, to a town or district, and in this capacity had a right to levy contributions from it. One half-blind, decrepit old fellow whose guest I was, had on this ground walked into the neighbouring town and carried off a pretty wife.

These rights must be allowed to die out gradually; still, for actual oppression or bullying we should come down on a peccant chief as on an ordinary mortal. The upper class, however, is a real aristocracy, and a gentleman does not, in Fiji, mean a man with soft white hands. He will put his hand to anything, and only piques himself on doing it better than his neighbours; and they are often remarkably intelligent. I attended, at the Vale-ni-Bose or Council-house of the province of Ba, a half-yearly meeting of the chiefs, who assemble to discuss the affairs of their respective districts; and though my interpreter gave me only an outline of what was going on, it was impossible not to be struck by their readiness and intelligence, and not less by their gravity and gentlemanlike manners. Among other incidents, some men were brought up who had tried to leave their district without permission for another; and the utter humiliation of their look and voice, coupled with the dignity and severity in tone and bearing of the chief's reprimand, was very dramatic. To be sure, not very long ago he might have ordered them to the oven!

This same *Roko* or high chief, a shrewd-looking man with a refined and well-shaped head, related with much humour how, on a certain occasion, when a missionary was coming through, and the people were sending in offerings to him, his (the *Roko's*) contribution was a "long pig"—*i.e.*, a human body. He and the missionary, he said, have met since and discussed—I mean, talked over—this practical joke. He invited me in the evening to a *mekké*—*i.e.*, *soirée musicale*. The singing was a weird and curious performance, which has a strange fascination. There were about fifty performers, comprising, in fact, the entire party present. One man begins alone, and after he has sung a few bars, another takes it up in a sort of second to him; then a few more join, till suddenly the whole body of voices strike in, accompanying the song with strange unintelligible gesticulations, turning half round (they are all seated on the ground), and pointing at each other with intent, meaning looks, and occasionally all clapping hands, in absolute unison,—the song ending unexpectedly and quite abruptly with one clap. The time is beaten by a man with a couple of small sticks; it was very intricate, and the music evidently genuine and old, unlike anything I ever heard, and not to be rendered by our notation. *Yanggona* followed,—a serious ceremonial brew,—and I acquitted myself well, emptying the cup at a single draught, the *Roko* afterwards presenting me with his own bowl, which was considered a great compliment.

Another and a practically friendly chief whom I met was the *Buli* of Korotumbo. We were sailing in company, but his big, decked boat could make better weather of it than ours, and he had gone on ahead. The night turned out rough, and made sailing dangerous, for one could see neither the shallows and patches of reef, nor the squalls coming down on us. Accordingly we stood in, and finally stuck a long way from the shore, but fortunately opposite the village where the *Buli* had landed, and who at once sent out his dinghy, which brought us off one at a time. We made for the house of the *Turanga ni Koro* or head man, where the *Buli* was, and they not only received us hospitably, but the house being very small and crowded, we found both chiefs preparing to withdraw and

forage elsewhere. I insisted that if they did, we should go back to the boat, and we all finally shook down, and, after family prayers and a bowl of *kava*, turned in for a comfortable night. Next day it was still rough, but as I was bent on pushing on, the friendly *Buli*, who had intended remaining, decided to go also, and stand by us in case of accidents. Again we were belated, and had to make for the shore "promiscuous." Our friend being before us, and expecting we should have to do this, had lighted fires to guide us; and a picturesque sight it was, the dark figures of his men rushing down to meet us with flaming palm-branches, and welcoming us to the better of two little deserted fishermen's huts, which the chief, though travelling with his wife, had reserved for us. Finding it full of men and smoke, I had wrapped myself in my plaid and settled down outside; but the good lady, who had been working hard, roused me up and begged me to come in, and I found it swept if not garnished, and though a tight fit, for it was only a few feet long, a welcome shelter from the gathering storm; the courteous chief, though accepting a cigar and a cup of tea, and sending one to the wife, who would not join us, again desiring *levare l'incommodo*.

Nailangi, the capital of our friend the *Roko*, has a very different appearance from the ordinary Fijian town or village, where the houses are set down anyhow, with no sort of plan. The present town was built recently, the previous site having been liable to floods, and the chief is said to have conceived the design after seeing a plan of Melbourne! Comparison, besides being odious, is here impossible, for Nailangi in no particular recalls its prototype. The houses, however, are arranged in rectangular rows, but there is no appearance of stiffness or formality, for the houses stand some distance apart, and for the most part hidden from each other by the intervening trees and shrubs, or bamboo fences. The town is kept thoroughly clean—a great exception to most that I have seen: here the pigs must be shut up under penalty of a fine; usually the air is redolent of them, wandering everywhere at their own sweet will, and giving a general Irish air to the scene, though in Fiji they do not form part of the family circle, for a plank is fixed across the door to keep them out, or when the house stands on a raised foundation they cannot mount the steps that lead to the door. This pretentious city lies some way from the sea, on the banks of the Ba, another of the great Fijian rivers, which seemed to me to contain a greater volume of water even than the Rewa. A large tract of country beyond the town is covered with pandanus or screw-pine, weird-looking trees, with their aerial roots or props growing out from the trunk on all sides, and huge shock heads of sword-like leaves at the ends of the branches—a distorted, eerie-looking vision in the gloaming. But their leaves, properly macerated, give a beautiful fibre; and their great pink seeds make the favourite and showy necklace of the Samoans. These trees are commonly supposed to indicate poor land, but I have seen good gardens made where they had grown; and here, across the water, where, as it is all an alluvial plain, the soil must be the same, there are extensive plantations of sugar-cane, and one of the largest sugar-mills in the world, employing 900 hands, chiefly Indian coolies. I

pulled up the river one day to see and "do" the mill. It was the least tribute one could pay to the energy of one's countrymen in this remote corner of the earth. But one sugar-mill is very like another, unless you happen to be interested in certain mechanical details which vary in the different mills. There was, however, some interesting talk on varieties of cane, and of soil and climate, the idea here being that a dry climate, such as you have at this lee-side of the island, *plus* irrigation, is better than the wet climate to windward, and produces a denser and sweeter juice. It seems that many of those who first started this industry in Fiji planted cane indiscriminately, and that some at least of the many failures were due to the choice, at first, of quite unsuitable land.

The flies in this district are bad, and the supply, if ever likely to flag, will be kept up by the sugar-mill. I was not surprised to hear that 50 per cent of the people around were suffering from *thiko*, a dangerous eye-disease. The coolies are well looked after, not merely from self-interest, but in compliance with Government regulations; and in truth it is worth while keeping them in good humour, for with their great numbers, if they chose to combine and had any one to lead them, they might give more trouble than is pleasant to think of. They looked very doubtful customers when one was strolling home of an evening alone, and met them brandishing their huge sheathless knives used for cutting canes, and with often villanous countenances, which they are said not to belie. But I liked to hear the familiar "Salaam, Sahib," which recalled by a chain of associations the empire to which we both belonged, on which the sun never sets, and on whose soil we both stood, though each alike thousands of miles away from the part of it which each calls "home."

Having asked Sailosi, the provincial scribe, a very nice fellow, whether I could see some national dancing, I was told that it would hardly be worth my while, as there were only girls here to dance. I, of course, protested against this "only" as not merely ungallant but inapplicable, so far as my tastes were concerned; but it turned out that the scribe knew best, for the young ladies' performance was not very interesting, and it was very long. A few of the smaller girls, with a *lali* or drum, formed a group, while the rest in one or two rows kept walking slowly round them, singing in admirable time, far better than usually in church or school, but quite monotonous as to tune. Their costume was only the simple *sulu* or waist-cloth, but there were no really beautiful figures among them. Little bonfires were made to light up the performance, and the groups of small children tending these, or improvising torches, which they held with the greatest gravity and patience, was the most picturesque part of the scene. At last, when the young ladies had evidently exhausted their *répertoire*, and were beginning to repeat themselves, I slipped away, when Sailosi followed and begged me to stay, as he had arranged for a men's dance, and it was just coming on. Accordingly they arrived and took possession of the ground, and the girls, after walking and chanting round them for a minute or two, as if by way of protest, gave it up and seated themselves among the spectators. It must be admitted that the new performance was a very superior affair. The dancers, fine stalwart fellows, gave first some of those

curious combined movements, either simultaneous and in marvelous unison, or sometimes passing down a long line as if to represent the motion of a wave: then there were some capital figures, vigorously and beautifully danced, alternate rows dancing with regular steps in opposite directions, then setting to each other and wheeling round. I should not venture in "Maga," or indeed elsewhere, to hint that it was an improvement on a reel, but it recalled one in many of its features, including the occasional shout.

At Naiserelangi, another town on the north coast, where a half-yearly assemblage of chiefs was sitting, I had the good fortune to see some very picturesque and interesting ceremonies. These consisted of the customary offerings made by the people of the neighbourhood to the visitors who had come from other parts of the district. Groups of these—splendid-looking fellows many of them—sat squatting in expectation on a space near the chief's house; while down the various paths leading to the village picturesque files of men and women came streaming on, carrying, either in their hands or on poles slung over their shoulders, bunches of every size of yams, or *dalo*, or pigs, or turtles. The procession had certainly not been marshalled with a conscious eye to the picturesque, and yet no artist or stage-manager could have produced an effect more perfect as to grouping, form, and colour—the long rows of pleasant or stalwart figures ending off with little children, each gravely carrying its little offering, a single fruit, perhaps, or an egg; while for background to the picture rose a gently sloping hillside, half wild, half planted, and crowned by precipice and forest. The bearers came up and deposited their burdens before the party of visitors, some one of these laying his hand on each heap in token of acceptance; and then followed a gentle clapping of hands, or of some other naked part, either in unison or a sort of running fire, but in a quiet ceremonious manner, as indicating formal rather than enthusiastic approval. Then the immense heap was divided into portions by a *mata ni vanua*,—a hereditary official combining the duties of herald, ambassador, and master of the ceremonies,—who then proclaimed the name of the place for which each portion was destined. This is obviously a very delicate, not to say critical, operation, and to perform the division to the general satisfaction requires tact and discrimination of a high order. Finally, the parties representing each of the places named stepped forward and carried off their allotted portions. There is considerable feasting on these occasions, and sometimes, with such vast piles of food, considerable waste. They are enormous eaters, and constantly at it. One morning our share of the offering was brought in—a turtle and a mountain of *dalo*, then a little later a pig and another vast heap of *dalo* and yams; and before evening our crew of five had accounted for it all, with the very slight assistance we could give them: but the national vegetables have, of course, very little substance. Sometimes one sees fine-looking poultry and even turkeys, and one often gets very fair fish.

The sea, indeed, in some places, teems with life. You sail through masses of little white jelly-fish, or of a larger brown kind, besides a magnificent species of a rich purple colour. Then there are multitudes of a diminutive flying-fish which I have not seen else-

where. To the usual perils of the deep must here be added the shoals of gar-fish, — a creature usually some fifteen inches long, with a long, sharp, bony snout, which at times take to whizzing through the air in all directions. You cannot avoid them, for you cannot tell from what direction one may be coming, and the snout, if it hit you fair, would go through your face or give a very ugly wound. One of our crew was struck and wounded, but he only threw the fish to the bottom of the boat and said quietly, "I shall take it out of you for this to-night." A woman in the neighbourhood had recently been struck by one in the breast, and died of the wound. A curious sight I saw one day, which I could not understand. Two large fish rose together about a yard from each other, shot straight up into the air, and then, sheering off in opposite directions, fell into the water a long way from each other. I asked what this meant,—had they quarrelled? "No," said one of the sailors, "it is not that. I have seen it before. It means a fair wind to-morrow." So next day the wind being the reverse of fair, they put him into the bows to get the benefit of the water as it broke over us—hardly the way to encourage a study of natural phenomena!

It is not always pleasant sailing in these seas with an open boat, for the wind often blows too hard for safety, and you cannot always go as far out as you would wish to avail yourself of it; but with a yacht, or indeed with a decked boat of three or four tons and a dinghy, it would be ideal. We were always within the reef; but this —*i.e.*, the outer or barrier reef—is by no means a fixed quantity, and you may be some miles from land and yet not within sight of it. A short reach of reef, however, breaks the sea if it does not modify the wind, even at some distance. These lesser reefs extend in profusion in every direction, either running out from the land, or detached and lying at any and every angle to it,—absolute labyrinths through which you have to pick your way. Sometimes there are mere points or patches with deep water all round, where the coral structure, having risen perpendicularly from the bottom, now grows out horizontally from its upper surface, forming the most treacherous ledges, where you may not merely be bumped to pieces on the edge, but sucked in underneath it. Sailing, then, among these reefs, except by daylight and in very fine weather, is ticklish work. It is true you can detect their presence by the changed colour of the water, but even this will not show you an isolated point of rock. After dark there is nothing for it but to row gently, and try to detect the presence of the reef, as you can do, if it is at all exposed, by the smell. Still, with your olfactory and other senses bent on self-preservation, you cannot but notice and enjoy the limpid clearness of the night, and the sea alive with phosphorescent creatures, which cling even to your oar as it rises from the water. More than once, however, while among the islands off the north-east coast, we were caught by sudden storms. Rain, such as one hardly conceives of elsewhere, poured down steadily for hours, in such volume that two of us had to bale constantly. The rain was so dense that one could not see many yards in any direction, and was varied by squalls, which kept sweeping down from every point of the compass. We were sur-

rounded by reefs, and to detect them under the circumstances, and to escape them when seen, was equally difficult. Our crew in these emergencies were not quite up to their work, being half demoralised by the cold,—not that at any time you can depend on both their hands, for one is always occupied in readjusting their *sulus*. But they feel the cold very severely, and shiver steadily on, the whole body continuing to vibrate. Sometimes they would transfer one end of the *sulu* to their shoulders, but the wind blowing on the wet cotton only increased the cold. Their mop of hair is at such times a subject of still greater anxiety. We had been asked to take a native passenger on board, and I felt quite sorry for him, the poor wretch going half wild with fear as the squalls broke over us; but he had arranged his *sulu* carefully round his mop, as the one part most worthy of preservation.

One is much struck, passing down the north coast, with the change in its appearance owing to the decreasing rainfall westwards, for the rains which are brought up by the south-east winds are nearly all intercepted by the high lands at the east end of the island. The mountains become less densely wooded, and their outlines more striking and varied. The shallowness of the water, too, over vast areas, is very curious. For miles together, a long way from the shore, you have not more than three feet of water under you. It is not that coral has grown up, for the bottom is oftener mud or sand; possibly, however, these flats may be formed by *débris* from the land, intercepted by reefs farther out. Farther on, the lower ranges appear perfectly bare and brown, but are really covered with dry grass two or three feet high. The inner ranges are jagged and precipitous, and their sides deeply scored; and, what is curious, while the lower half of the mountain appears barren, like the ranges below, the serrated summits are clothed with timber, which tails off gradually down below. It may be that the rains strike the tops of the ranges only, and that the moisture is all absorbed by the trees there, leaving none to maintain vegetation farther down.

A school inspection is a trying ordeal for an amateur inspector; but when you are not only ignorant of the subject taught—that may happen any day—but also of the language in which it is conveyed, you are at all events unlikely to commit yourself. Calling one day on the native teacher at Nailangi, Nathaniel, *alias* Raggi Raggi—a fine, open, intelligent face—I found him teaching some grown-up youths intended for the ministry, the lesson being geography, and apparently mere strings of names; but it is not always taught more rationally at home. I had a very inefficient interpreter, but the scholars were greatly excited by hearing my accounts of the different countries named. Then they sang a hymn, not equal, as a performance, to the national *mekké;* but their acquiring our music so well as they do, shows remarkable aptitude. Then they all suddenly fell on their knees, with their faces on the ground, while the teacher uttered a short prayer. After this we adjourned to the big school, where the pupils were of all ages, from well-developed girls and youths to mere babies. The latter are delightful picturesque little imps, full of fun and mischief, but quite rational and amenable to orders—

in short, like little well-disposed monkeys. Such a strut, too, as they put on; and always much exercised with the disposition of their *sulus*, or waist-cloths, which are constantly falling off. A few sums were set them, which they did very quickly on slates, bringing me the answers. My interpreter then insisted on setting them an addition sum, which, after much labour, he could not get right himself, and, of course, insisted that they were all wrong. I was sorry for them, for they were much embarrassed; but getting behind him, I winked the facts of the case to the elder young ladies, who understood it at once and were delighted; while the teacher cleverly saved the stupid fellow's dignity by doing the sum afresh on the board. The pleasant little flock strolled out with me afterwards, suggesting subjects for a sketch and begging to be put in; but their fun and importunities, though perfectly polite, added to the flies and the blazing sun, made sketching difficult. I shall always feel respect for the artists whose works, in such regions, have really been done *in situ*—a practice which I take to be exceptional.

Some shallow pessimist has said of beauty that it is only skin deep, and you often hear the same thing said of the Fijian's religion. It does not, you are told, influence their lives. Well, I will not compare them with the people of our own highly moral little island; Christianity has certainly not made them Englishmen, and it could not possibly have done so; but I take it that the first hundred Fijians you might meet would be as good Christians as the first hundred Europeans, — and what more could be reasonably expected? Can we, indeed, reasonably expect as much, or anything like it? Their ideas have not for generations been hereditarily leavened with the spirit of Christianity; ours have, and ought therefore to shine greatly by comparison, which I am not sure that they do. I mentioned the custom of evening prayers. Every night and morning in a village you hear the *lali*, a wooden drum, calling on the people to worship, and the sounds of praying and singing come from many houses. They are much puzzled and a little shocked at seeing so little of this among their white "Christian brethren," and it is not easy to explain the discrepancy to them. A native preacher invited me one day to the service in his church, a large airy building. Chairs were set in a prominent place for myself and a couple of companions; the rest of the congregation, which was large, squatting on the floor, the men at one side, the women on the other, and a number of children in the middle. The people were certainly as attentive as a village congregation at home would have been, with three Fijian chiefs in full costume, or in none at all, sitting by the altar rails. The men, in fact, were decidedly attentive, but many of them were church officers. The women were a good deal occupied in trying to catch my eye,—so I flattered myself at least,—and the children amused themselves in their own quiet way. The singing of English hymn-tunes was fair, and answers to a sort of catechism were chanted. The minister's prayer was rather fast in delivery, but striking from its evident earnestness of tone; in fact, one felt it to be impressive without understanding a word of it, and his preaching impressed me in the same way, his style being not unlike an Italian monk's—the resemblance heightened by the likeness

in sound of the language to a harsh Tuscan, but with hardly any gesticulation. On the whole, as far as he was concerned, there seemed a great deal of reality in the performance. The "crack in the kirkyard" after service, and the picturesque groups of young and old streaming homewards, besides being a pretty sight, was strangely suggestive. The contrast of this peaceful scene with the savagery of two generations back is so extraordinary, that one might well fancy the mere revulsion would be felt by the whole race as a stunning shock. But, in truth, I fancy there is not much more of this than when a bad boy becomes a good one. And if retrospect is not very keen with them, forethought seems wanting altogether. This want, perhaps, added to their natural amiability, explains their thorough-going communism, which is carried much further than was that of the early Christians, and which even these, after the first fervour of conversion was past, were unable to maintain. Here, if a man has no food or is hungry, he asks his neighbour for it, and gets it as a matter of course—or, in fact, anything else he wants. I have seen a man come into a garden and ask leave to gather an orange or a bread-fruit, and having got leave, bring in a basket, and proceed quite openly to strip the tree!

The time-expired labourers from the Polynesian islands are paid their wages, at the end of their contract, in "trade"; and it is a curious sight, by the way, to see them at the store with the various articles —clothes, axes, utensils, and ornaments of all kinds—arranged in heaps before them, choosing the proportion they will take of each,—a long process naturally, and perplexing. When the choice is completed the articles are packed in a box and locked, and, if possible, kept locked till they sail; but in spite of all precautions the goods are often given away before they leave the place, or anyhow at the first island they reach. But the practice is not confined to individuals: there is an old custom called *solevu*, by which any district in want of some particular kind of produce obtains it as a gift from another district, which trusts to be repaid at some quite indefinite day, in kind or in labour. It cannot be denied that this very unbusinesslike and unselfish frame of mind is a bar to "progress," and you often hear it suggested as desirable that the Fijian should be taught, by stern pressure if need be, to work for himself, and keep what he gets, so that he may become ambitious and try to "rise." We must humbly admit that ambition and discontent are two most potent factors in our fair modern Progress. On the other hand, the Fijian is horrified and utterly bewildered at hearing that in England ("Christian" England) people die of starvation in great towns full of rich people: but perhaps he will some day "rise" to understand the superior merits of our system.

The conversion of Fiji to Christianity was accomplished mainly by Wesleyan missionaries. The natives had some relatively advanced religious conceptions; there was, at all events, one great deity, in addition to those of mere local acceptation and of ancestral origin; but they had no images, and the Roman Catholics, when they began to work here, had some difficulty in the introduction of theirs,—a quaint seeming inversion of the usual relation between "Christians" and "idolaters." If the conversion was not entirely due to

the direct teaching of the missionaries—and no doubt the "moral influence" of the trader, and even of the beach-comber, had also its weight—at all events their early annals are a record of gallant devotion to the cause, and of specially heroic conduct on the part of their wives. Naturally, therefore, their influence continues to be great, and its results are seen, *inter alia*, in the large and so-called voluntary contributions levied for religious purposes. If, as the missionaries usually tell you, poverty is on the increase, it seems hardly right that their contributions should be relatively as large as ever, or larger. I was sorry to see the introduction of the "blue ribbon," which is not needed as against alcoholic liquors, seeing that these are forbidden by law, and is directed against tobacco, and specially against the *yanggona* bowl. It is possible, of course, to take this, like anything else in the world, to excess, and when so taken it affects not the head but the legs, in course of time producing a scaly affection of the skin. But it is a singularly unexciting beverage, and being the one pretext they have for social gatherings, and closely connected with their national *amour propre*, it seemed to me always a desirable enlivening of an already too dull existence. For it is dull, though they cannot feel the one drawback to enjoyment for an educated man amid such exquisite natural beauty—viz., the quite irrational wish for some historic or antiquarian associations. You constantly look up at some point of vantage on the hillside, or down some park-like glade running back into the forest, and instinctively expect a ruined castle, or, at least, a "gentleman's seat"; and a cold shiver of emptiness falls for a moment over the beautiful landscape. Has all this beauty, after all, only just risen from the sea? Not so; for there are traces of very ancient occupation, and, wonderful to say, in some of the islands, though not in Fiji, remains of cyclopean architecture, implying mechanical skill far exceeding anything possessed by the present inhabitants; but, alas! records and *vates sacer*, if such ever existed, have passed away into the "long night" which they ought to have averted.

The island of Bau is one of the few spots in Fiji with any memories of even comparative interest. It is very small—you can walk across it in a few minutes; and the lands on which its people chiefly subsist, and even its water-supply, lie on the neighbouring mainland of Viti Levu. But the tribe which lived here was one of the most powerful in the whole Fijian group, and their chiefs were at the head of a great confederacy. When British traders first began to frequent the islands—their chief port of call being Levuka, on the neighbouring island of Ovalau—they desired to have some authority to deal with who would be generally recognised, and accordingly addressed themselves to the rulers of Bau, whose influence thus gradually extended until their last chief, Thakombau, was able with some plausibility to style himself King of all Fiji. He, it may be remembered, it was who, beset by the difficulties arising from the influx of white men, and harried by the invasions of the Tongans, who, but for our interference, would no doubt have eventually conquered the whole of Fiji, voluntarily handed over his dominions to us. The little town of Bau had then quite a metropolitan character. Thither, until a few years ago, came great fleets of its own or of tributary

chiefs, bringing cargoes of offerings, or of prisoners, all for home consumption, for they were tremendous cannibals, including the great Thakombau himself, — a devout Christian in his latter days.

Approaching Bau by the northern branch of the Rewa delta, it is curious to see how the river-mouths multiply, and the sea begins to assert itself over the gradually disappearing land. We passed through an artificial channel, a short cut across the delta,—a considerable work for savages, yet so tortuous that one could hardly believe it to be the work of man. The chief of the district, however, told us it was cut by his father; but his explanation of its crookedness—viz., that they began to cut and the river did the rest—was hardly satisfactory.

Knowing its history, I felt much interested in visiting Bau, and was a good deal disappointed, though, after all, unreasonably. Without definitely admitting so much to myself, I had somehow expected to find some tangible, permanent memorial of the past—not exactly like those of Greece or Egypt, or even Mexico, still, *something*. But the houses, though exceptionally fine specimens of native work, and as such interesting, were still only the ordinary ephemeral Fijian structure. Of the famous *Buré*, half temple, half council-house, only the site remained. The most venerable objects were two very ancient *mbaka* trees (a species of *Ficus*), which must have witnessed many horrible orgies in their time; and in the church reposes the one characteristic relic of the place, an old stone, — not a coronation-stone, nothing monumental about it, but that on which the victims of the cannibal feasts had their brains knocked out. The ruling chief, a son of King Thakombau, did not much like its being placed in the church, and was gratified to know that the missionary had broken his best tools in trying vainly to carve it into a font! The whole place has a thoroughly dilapidated look —fallen greatness, I suppose, must have that—and it is, besides, horribly dirty and ill-kept, overrun with pigs which jostle against you everywhere, and consequently pervaded with their odour, which is unnecessary. When drinking *yangona* in the evening with the chief, I remarked the deferential looks and attitudes of his guests, most of them fine-looking men, and chiefs. They had, no doubt, in former days substantial reasons for such demeanour, and the habit has not worn off; but I am told that the prestige of the ex-royal family is still very great. Savages have probably longer political memories than are common or quite convenient *chez nous!*

I visited King Thakombau's tomb on the summit of the island, a mound surrounded by slabs of (apparently) basalt, and railed in from the profane. For sole ornament on the top there stood—a biscuit-tin! Wishing to make some appropriate remark, I could only say hesitatingly to my companion that I failed to penetrate the symbolism. He assured me, with just a shade of annoyance, that the tin was only there temporarily, protecting a young tree just planted — *kann sein!* Born and bred in Fiji, I saw that he had, for Bau, somewhat of the feeling with which we regard an old European capital or other centre of power and life. To me it only suggested the question, Was the state of development represented here the utmost of what the race was capable—its acme and finale; or could they have gone on to other things, as our ancestors did? Ours was not all

original and worked out by ourselves. Without the teaching of Greece and Rome and Palestine, to how much should we have attained? Perhaps the only proof of a fundamental difference between the two cases is, that we not only adopted the civilisation but throve upon it, whereas these unfortunates appear to have succumbed under its weight. We say complacently that their hour is come, so that they *bude* to go to pieces on the first contact with anything from outside; but how can we tell this? If only they could have been tided gently over two or three generations, till the weight of the new ideas which seem to be crushing the life out of them had become by familiarity less overwhelming!

But there is also something very attractive in one of the smaller islets in these seas, containing all that is necessary to existence, and much that is pleasant, and yet perhaps only a few hundred yards long: so small that you can grasp and comprehend and appreciate it all,—its men and women, its beasts and birds and rocks and plants, its politics, resources, and natural history. You feel yourself intellectually, and with very small mental effort, monarch of all you survey, and a sense of perfect and restful satisfaction possesses you—for a couple of hours at the very least. Discovering one day that our water-supply was bad, we made for one of these little islands, Ngomé, and landed on its beach of dazzling white sand. A bluff of raised coral-rock at one end, with a few huts clustered under its lee, sloping down to a clump of mangroves, and a little fordable passage to another islet where nobody lived, so there was no one to fight with: the trees, as usual, of very few species—coco-palms and candle-nuts chiefly, and I think a ficus or two, heritiera, and pandanus; the ever-present *vau*, with its handsome yellow malvaceous flowers, some hibiscus, and a mulberry hedge surrounding a little patch of garden. A group of pleasant natives surrounded us, with their children, some of whom, I noticed, their fathers were carrying and petting. The hut we slept in was poor, but substantially clean as usual. Next morning was wet, and I was struck by seeing near the hut a heap of stones, with an open umbrella over them, and supposed that some eccentric or less fortunate traveller must be camping there. On going nearer, however, I discovered that it was the tomb of a chief who had recently died, and the umbrella had been put up to keep the rain off him—the rain which, no doubt, like the rest of his countrymen, he had disliked so much while alive.

The question is often asked, What is a "savage"? Beliefs, perhaps, have more to do with it than customs. The Fijian custom of forty years back, of burying the aged alive, seems barbarous, but it was kindly meant, and certainly not more horrible than the recent *suttee* and infanticide of the Hindoos, who were not therefore reputed "savages." Cannibalism seems the lowest depth of degradation, but the races which have practised it, in the Pacific at least, have been by no means the most degraded; and under certain limitations, and, so to speak, on plausible grounds, it was practised by the most advanced Polynesians—as, *e.g.*, when a portion of a brave enemy was eaten with the view of acquiring his courage, or, stranger still, in Hawaii (as among the much lower Australians), as a mark of affection or respect. But the indiscriminate wholesale can-

nibalism of Fiji was altogether revolting; yet there is nothing specially debased about these people, while their social and political institutions are singularly elaborate. They are a grand-looking race, splendidly made and well-proportioned from head to foot—no falling away about the calves, or spur-like heels, as one sees in some of the finer Indian races. Then such a carriage — broad shoulders, with the head well set on and thrown back. The mop head of hair, composed of long separate spirals carefully tended and frizzed out, which is so special a characteristic of the race that till lately it was thought a natural peculiarity of the hair, is now unfortunately going out of fashion. It gives a very imposing appearance to the wearer, like a gigantic Guard's "bear-skin," but is now curtailed to the modest dimensions of four to six or seven inches in length. It is often dyed to a yellowish brown by a weekly plastering with lime, which also stiffens it, and is very becoming, though its primary use is to destroy the superabundant insect colonies. Any actor wishing to acquire the gait of conventional majesty should come out here and watch the ordinary Fijians walking up and down, every inch a king, and in quaint combination with this majestic strut, holding each other's hands like little children. In colour some few are very black, but the great majority vary from a dark bronze to *chocolat Ménier*, and one is often inclined to wonder whether the ancient use of bronze in statuary was suggested by the colouring of some such race. Certainly in this colour humanity may go naked and not be ashamed. The costume proper is only the *sulu*, or waist-cloth; and there can be no better proof of the Fijian's natural dignity and look of breeding, than that the too frequent addition of a dirty flannel shirt does not always transform him into a ruffian or a snob. When a black coat and trousers are superadded —happily this is still very rare— as much cannot be said! The constabulary, drilled and in their simple becoming uniform, look magnificent. They are certainly the *élite* of the Melanesian race (classifying roughly as such the inhabitants of the great chain of islands parallel to the Australian coasts, from New Guinea to New Caledonia), and you distinguish them at a glance from the imported labourers from the New Hebrides or the Solomon Islands. These have a distinctly negroid cast of feature, which in Fiji is exceptional, and anyhow much less marked.

The mountaineers of the interior are not without some chivalrous instincts. The Lieutenant-Governor going up among them lately on a tour of inspection, they discovered that he was the same man who twenty years before, as British Consul, led the native levies against them, and defeated them in a bloody battle; accordingly they treated him with the greatest distinction, constructing a litter and carrying him everywhere on their shoulders, as they do their highest chiefs. These Kai Colos, or hill-men, being cut off from intercourse with the outer world, are naturally of purer race than the other Fijians, and have many peculiar customs. It was discovered, during the visit I have referred to, that a new religion was in progress among them of a decidedly militant or perhaps Salvation Army cast, which among so inflammable a people had, of course, to be discouraged very emphatically.

It is, I think, after all, note-

worthy that we govern this population of 100,000, not unaccustomed to fighting, and scattered through a difficult country, with a mere handful of native constabulary. It seems to prove that our rule, if not perfect, cannot be seriously unpopular. A French official came lately to Fiji from New Caledonia, commissioned to discover the secret of our success in dealing with these native races. The Governor offered every information, and the Frenchman's first question was, "How many English regiments have you?"

"None."

"Ah, mais enfin, des gens-darmes anglaises donc?"

"Not one."

"But native regiments, then, officered by Englishmen?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Well," said the Frenchman, "there is no use in my reporting this to my superiors, because they would not believe me; or if, *par malheur*, they did believe, and tried to put it in practice, we should be driven into the sea in a week."

One feels, however, at times almost inclined to wish that the race would show some little signs of energy or independence, even if it took a slightly aggressive form; for in spite of printed reports and assertions, made no doubt in all good faith by Government officials, there can be little doubt that here, as in nearly every other Pacific island group, the race is steadily, if slowly, decreasing in numbers. Practically, indeed, it is not denied; for admitting the normal yearly increase officially given of forty or fifty, we must set against this the almost yearly epidemic of some kind — influenza, or measles, or whooping-cough—which carries off its 2000 to 3000. They had small-pox lately in an Indian coolie ship in the harbour. Happily it was prevented from spreading to the shore; but it must almost inevitably come some day, and no doubt with exterminating effect.[1]

This mysterious question of a general decline of these races has often been discussed, and has been ascribed to many causes, all of which contribute something, and some of which, as drink and debauchery, are obvious. Hardly less so, perhaps, the going to church in a full suit of European clothes, and sitting naked in a draught to cool themselves afterwards! For this reckless introduction of clothing, not less deleterious than unæsthetic, the more ignorant missionary of former days has to answer, and disease has not unfrequently been introduced, besides, in second-hand clothing. The action of European diseases has been extraordinarily fatal — *e.g.*, the ship which conveyed our acceptance of the sovereignty of Fiji, and the new Governor, brought also the measles, which swept off some 50,000, or one-third of the population. This susceptibility to a new disease does not indeed imply any exceptional delicacy in the race. Measles, for instance, is a slight disease for us, not merely because we know what precautions to take, but also because our constitutions have been inoculated with it for generations past. But the population could hardly now afford to be put through the process of gradual inoculation. It might, indeed, be completely successful, but the race would probably disappear before it was completed.

The main causes of decline, however, appear to lie even deeper than this. The advent of

[1] Vaccination has been introduced, and is pretty general.

Europeans brought about not only a violent revolution in all their ideas, but a pervading sense of inferiority. They feel they have no power henceforth of independent action, or of resistance to any foreign influence, however uncongenial. All this weighs on them like a destiny, and they explain it themselves in much fewer and simpler words by saying that since the white man appeared a *new smell* has come into the country. Nothing could be more expressive. It explains everything. To live and thrive, every race must feel that it has some power of initiative, some discretion or responsibility, however small the sphere may be. The Fijians are no doubt left free as to various customs and so on, but they know, chiefs and people alike, that such freedom rests merely on our forbearance. We cannot, of course, allow them to fight; still, the knowledge that all settlement of disputes by fighting is henceforth impossible, means, for a people in their stage of culture, the withdrawal of a healthy stimulus. Then, not unconnected with this moral break-down, come neglect of children by their mothers and disinclination to rear them, frequent abortion, repugnance of the young men to matrimony, and of the young women also, seeing that for them it means slavery, and they know they are now free to refuse it. Our paternal system of administration, introduced some twelve years ago by Sir Arthur Gordon, has for some time, indeed almost from the first, been the subject of violent attack, and obviously it is one which, in the long-run, must be judged by its results. This may not be altogether fair, for possibly nothing would have arrested the decay of the race. If, however, my theory of a "new smell" is correct, an elaborately paternal Government may clearly be worse than one which leaves the people more free. At the same time, we must remember that a native is no match for a white man, and we must therefore regulate a contact which, like the collision between the earthen and the iron pot, is not the less fatal because the latter means no harm.

Opponents of the present system ask, How long are these poor natives to be kept in leading-strings? Well, there are so many institutions in this world logically or abstractedly undesirable, and yet, nevertheless, likely to last our time, that it seems hardly necessary to enter on this question. We must still tyrannously interfere with the freedom of the trader who would make a man of his black brother by supplying him with gin and firearms. And in cases of contracts with complicated provisions, or dealing with long periods of time, and generally in land questions, a good deal of supervision is also necessary. But other restrictions on mutual intercourse may be more doubtful. Thus a debt from a native to a white man, as in the case of a minor at home, is not legally recoverable — and some of these minors, as at home, are very sharp fellows. I think that too much discouragement of commercial dealings with white men may not only deprive the natives of a healthy excitement and stimulus to exertion, but also tends to poverty. And this last is a serious matter; for if the Government could point to a financial success, their position as against their critics would be very strong. It was hoped this success had been attained, for the revenue had begun, four years ago, to balance the expenditure. Unhappily, the former, which in 1884 was

£110,000, will not probably, according to the estimates for last year, have reached £65,000. The "hard times" now prevailing have certainly a good deal to do with this in Fiji, as elsewhere: they have told with especial severity on all tropical produce; and in Fiji, one such staple after another—cotton, sugar, bananas and other fruits—have, from various causes, failed or become unprofitable. But though it is perhaps not logical to hold the Administration liable, as they do in China, for a failure of the harvests, they must in these circumstances expect to have their policy severely overhauled, and must be able to show that at least it does not interfere with the development of the resources of the country. It is true that, in reply to the assertion I heard everywhere made of increasing poverty among the natives, Government can point to the stubborn fact of an increasing consumption among them of articles of foreign trade. The question only remains, therefore, whether an increase of prosperity would result, for either the white or native community, or for both, from a change in the present system of raising the local revenue, and from a removal of certain restrictions affecting the freedom of action of the natives as regards their labour, and otherwise. It is vehemently asserted by the independent trading and planting interest that this would be the case; and as the matter is of vital importance to the colony, and may probably come up again shortly before Parliament, it may be worth while not to pass over the matter without a few words of explanation.

I have before alluded to the strong feeling of antagonism existing between the official and non-official classes, which has for years past found bitter expression, at least from the non-official side, in the local newspapers and pamphlets. It is a case where an official newspaper might be of value, for the opposition view (no other being published) is naturally alone reproduced in the Australian and other papers, and the public seldom has the chance of hearing the other side. At last it becomes assumed that the trader and the planter are the natural enemies of the Government; and that the latter, from "pure cussedness," is animated by the one desire to ruin everybody except the natives.

The two cardinal faults, according to its opponents, of the system of administration established after the annexation by Sir A. Gordon, are—

1. The levying of taxes in kind; and,
2. The restrictions placed on native labour.

As regards the first of these, its more candid opponents admit that there was something to be said for the system when first established, but consider that the community has now outgrown the necessity. The objects of the system were, in the first place, to ensure the natives a fair price for their produce. There was at that time little or no intercourse betweeen one district and another; the people were wholly ignorant of values, and would have disposed of their surplus produce for any trash the trader chose to offer. Besides, there was little competition between the traders, and in the remoter districts a single trader would have had it all his own way. Now, however, it is pointed out, all this is changed, and things might safely be left to the ordinary laws of supply and demand, for the natives are well informed as

to their own interests. Many of the villages on the coast keep boats, and carry their produce or their money to the larger markets, —to the ruin, by the way, of the local trader, who of course abuses the Government.

The other objects of the system were to improve and encourage agriculture, to stimulate industry, and, lastly, to keep the people stationary, and thus promote family life, and if possible increase the population. Accordingly, each district being assessed at so much, an amount of produce has to be raised by it in its "Government garden," which is estimated to cover the amount, and is sold by Government to the highest bidder. It is quite intelligible that the trader, shut out by this system from many a snug bargain, may strongly object to it; but it has the advantage of letting the grower everywhere know the fair market price of produce. And it has a further advantage: there is necessarily some surplus after the produce has been sold and the Government demand satisfied, and this surplus is returned to the district and divided among the people. One assumes that some of it must stick to the fingers of the chief, but I was assured by men who mix with the people that a good deal finds its way back to them, and even if spent by the chief, usually goes to defray the cost of a boat, which is of advantage, in many ways, to his people. The news, too, that a certain district has had a big surplus returned to it, acts as a stimulus to their neighbours. Still, there are drawbacks to this system of payment in kind: independent agriculture does not seem to make progress. The people were skilful cultivators long before we ever saw them, and this compulsory cultivation is said to cause agriculture generally to be carried on in a more perfunctory manner. A greater objection to the system is the inequality with which the burden falls on different districts, for in a fertile district the amount of labour required is much less than in a poorer. Still, such inequalities might be easily rectified. Compulsory labour, too, may be a valuable means of education for a naturally lazy race,—witness the prosperity and contentment in Java under the Dutch system. The British conscience, however, sensitive, and rightly so, on the head of "slavery," would perhaps hardly acquiesce in such a means to the end. And meanwhile it is worth while remarking, by the way, that the absolute idleness with which we credit certain peoples is somewhat exaggerated. The happy places where you can afford to lie on your back in the sun all day, and all the year round, are limited. In these tropical islands there is, first, regular cultivation, implying seed-time and harvest, weeding and irrigation; then there are municipal duties, streets to be cleaned, houses (which are very temporary structures) and boats to be built, besides various miscellaneous labour exacted by the chief, and rightly exacted, for it represents the individual's contribution to the maintenance of law and order. These are considerable deductions from the popular view of such existence.

But a more serious objection to the system of payment of revenue in kind, from an economical point of view, is this. A man, or a party of men, is willing to go and work for a neighbouring planter or in a sugar-mill, where the wages will enable them in a few weeks to pay their quota of the tax with ease. Obviously this is turning

their labour to a better advantage, but such money payments are not accepted. Surely some discretion in this respect might be given to the British superintendent in each district? I sympathise heartily with those philanthropists and adherents of the Government who believe that this is the "thin end of the wedge,"—that the natives will thus fall gradually into the toils of the white man, their homes be broken up, morality suffer, and so on. But when conditions change, the legislator must be prepared to meet such changes, and to provide—and in this case it will be most necessary to provide—efficient safeguards against the abuses which might arise. The present system is obviously tentative in its character; and if it cannot claim a marked success, either financially or as regards the people themselves, it is the more difficult to resist the call for some modification of it. The measures necessary in this direction are surely not beyond the administrative resources of the authorities in Fiji, headed by their present capable chief, Sir John Thurston, who has long championed the cause of the natives against very bitter opposition. The non-official community often complain indignantly that all legislation has been framed on the assumption that they are rogues; but I think the only assumption has been the safe one that, as a rule, whenever the white man has dealings, as an employer of labour, with the dark man, there is urgent need of supervision and control. It should be remembered, too, that our obligations towards the Fijians are exceptionally strong. They were not conquered or arbitrarily annexed. We assumed the sovereignty, not as a field for investment of British capital, but in compliance with the earnest request of the chiefs that we should form a stable and protecting Government. And after all, there are one hundred thousand Fijians to two thousand British!

I do not propose to touch on the Polynesian labour-trade. It is likely to come to an end soon from natural causes—*e.g.*, the decreasing population on the recruiting-grounds, the dislike of those who have already served to return, and the consequently increasing cost of their labour; and it is very desirable that it should end. The planters have generally chafed at regulations which, though quite necessary to protect such labourers, must sometimes be irksome to the employer, and may probably in some cases have been harshly worked by indiscreet officials. One hears much of the gain to the individual savage of the increased knowledge of good and evil which he acquires during his service; but these advantages are, I venture to think, far outweighed by the unavoidable evils of the original recruiting business; while the mortality caused from first to last, if it could be fairly calculated, would be found appalling.

The other great subject of complaint against the Government has been the restrictions they have placed on the migration of Fijians from one district or island to another. In the first place, however, these migrations were too often involuntary. The powers of the chiefs were great, and a planter could easily induce them to give orders for so many men to proceed wherever they were ordered. Again, great jealousy and dislike prevail between different districts, and still more between different islands; and the people thus transplanted, though they would not nowadays be eaten, would almost certainly be neglected or ill-treated by their

countrymen. And finally, they do not take their women with them, and the results on family life of such migrations can therefore be only bad. But these restrictions, so far as regards migrations within each island, have practically been abrogated, and all that is now needed, when it is desired to employ native labour, is to show that the service is really voluntary. It would be a great misfortune if the internal economy of the country were upset, and agriculture to suffer by the withdrawal of labour, tempted by high wages in European employment. But though their labour might at first be cheaper than that imported, the two would probably soon find the same level. If planting and other industries revive, as one hopes they may, the most certain source of labour-supply in the future—unless, indeed, application is made to China—will be India. Several cargoes of coolies have already arrived, and public opinion is much exercised about them. They are said to have been badly selected—the "sweepings of the bazaars"; and some little apprehension has been felt, several cases of serious crime having occurred. It is curious to note how kindly they take to the country, their children thriving, and themselves everywhere anxious to acquire little holdings, with no thought whatever of returning to their own country. The same thing is taking place in Mauritius, where an Indian peasant-proprietary is gradually establishing itself, purchasing allotments out of the estates of ruined sugar-planters, and where it is thought that they may even in time combine and establish mills on the co-operative principle.

The Mohammedan festival of the *Moharram* came round while I was in Suva, and some people expected a row. *That*, indeed, there was in one sense—to wit, the most hideous tom-toming and yelling, and I felt ashamed of my fellow-Caucasians among the quiet and dignified Fijians; not, indeed, that they are necessarily or even probably Caucasians, but it was curious how one felt that these howling rascals, with their familiar old-world faith, stood somehow in closer propinquity to one than the far more respectable and attractive Fijians. I cannot divest myself of the feeling that the former belong to the same world as I do, while the Fijians are a relic of another. Two tawdry *tábúts* were carried along in procession, but with little real excitement or enthusiasm. The women beat their breasts in a very perfunctory manner, and the men took it still more easily. A few of the native police, ordered to be present in case of accident, stalked gravely among the Muslim crowd, head and shoulders above them, hardly deigning to notice what was going on. The Fijians have a great contempt for these Indians; and on expressing this rather freely while some of them were landing, a small Indian challenged a huge Fijian to wrestle, and threw him easily, to the general astonishment. They talk of the Indians as "rats," but I should not wonder if some day these rats and their children are in full possession of these fair lands, long after the present occupants have disappeared. One hopes against hope, and against such experience as one has, that the decline of the Fijians will be arrested. The disappearance from the earth of these very fine races—for the Polynesians are finer still, perhaps the finest-looking race anywhere—is a distinct loss to the world, and not merely from a sentimental or antiquarian

point of view. The experiment of preserving such a race has certainly never been tried before under such favourable circumstances, for the workers have had *carte blanche;* but it would not be surprising if, feeling they are fighting a losing battle, they began now to relax their exertions. It was melancholy to look at the registers of the little towns, neatly kept by native scribes, and to observe the gradual decrease—if fewer deaths sometimes, then also in proportion fewer births. One noticed, too, the hopeless resignation of the sick, suffering from comparatively slight ailments, but apparently not caring to live. If something more could be done in the way of giving skilled attendance to the sick, it would be well. An attempt is being made, by giving some little training in the hospitals, but the hamlets are so numerous, and so small and scattered, that it would be difficult for such trained attendants to reach them all. More might, as it seemed to me, be done in the way of sanitary supervision. The head man or the district chief may be "responsible," but they may not always understand what is needed. Where sites are unhealthy they should be changed, and far greater cleanliness in the surroundings insisted on. (The interiors of the houses, as I have said, are almost faultless in this respect.) Direct encouragement might be given in some form for the rearing of children. The possession of an illegitimate child being now a proof of a crime which is punishable by law, such children, naturally, seldom see the light. But what I believe is needed, above all, is some additional stimulus to exertion, some interest in life which would strengthen their hold on it. With our accumulated experience, our great resources, and unlimited good intentions, is the problem beyond us?

COUTTS TROTTER.

JOYCE.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XLV.

"JOYCE! Joyce!"

That seemed all she understood of what he said. The Canon had disappeared, leaving them together —and other faces appeared and disappeared as through a hot mist, which opened to show them for a moment, then closed up again—everything seemed to say, Joyce! Joyce! Her name seemed to breathe about her in a hundred tones—in warning, in reproof, in astonishment, in low murmuring passion. They seemed to be all speaking to her, calling to her, together: Mrs Bellendean and Mrs Hayward, and Andrew and her father, and a soft, half-audible murmur from Greta. And then this voice close by in her ear—Joyce! Joyce! Would they but be silent! Could she but hear!

Presently there seemed a movement in the scene, the figures around her streaming away, but always his voice in her ears saying she knew not what except her name. And after a while she found herself standing outside the rectory under a great blue vault of sky all tingling with stars. To her excited fancy they seemed to project out of the dark blueness above, as if to take part in this scene.

"We are going to walk home," said Mrs Hayward, "it is such a lovely night, and only a little way."

"And I am going with you," said Captain Bellendean. "Yes, Colonel, I have plenty of time for the train."

"Well, perhaps yes,—enough, but not too much,—but we all go the same way."

Something like this came to Joyce through the keen night air: and while the voices were still ringing, her arm was within his, and they were walking together as if it had been a dream.

"Joyce: I don't know if you hear me or not, but you make me no reply."

Then all at once she seemed to come to herself and to a consciousness of all around her: the hard dry road which rang underfoot, the great vibrating stars above, intense with frost, with human interest (was it possible?), with something which had never been in them before. She was warmly cloaked and wrapped up, a fleecy scarf over her head, her arm held closely in his, his face bending towards her. It seemed to be her first moment of full consciousness since that time when all the ladies were gathering round her looking at the miniature on her breast.

"Captain Bellendean, it is all very strange to me. I don't understand what is happening," she said.

"I thought it was so. The noise and the chatter of these people, and the agitation—for you *were* agitated, Joyce."

"I did not expect to see you. I was surprised to see you."

"I startled you—I know I did. Didn't you hear that I had come and waited on Monday—waited and waited in vain. I do not know what you can have thought of me, Joyce. I should have come back months ago."

She said nothing, and he thought he understood why, and it made him feel more deeply guilty than ever.

"Some time when we are at our

ease I will tell you everything and why I did not come; but now I am here and I want your answer, Joyce, the answer you would not give me that summer evening. Don't turn your head away. You have scarcely spoken to me to-night. Don't punish me so for my delay. If I have been long of coming, it was not altogether my fault. And now that I am here, and we are together——"

"I know," she said, "why you have not come back, Captain Bellendean; and your staying away was right, quite right, but not your coming. I heard of it, and I approved"—she made a little pause, and added fervently, using all her breath to say it—"with all my heart!"

"What do you mean?" he cried. "Joyce, you are vexed and angry: perhaps you have reason; but not, not as you seem to think. How did you hear of it? and what did you hear?"

"Captain Bellendean," she said again, "we have two different ways in this world. If I were to say what would please you, I would be mansworn. And even with that, it might not please you long. And for you to speak as you are doing may be true; but it's not well for either you or me."

"Joyce!" he cried, "it is not natural to speak to me like that. Have you no feeling for me? Is it all a dream that has been passing in the summer, on the river, in the garden, the hours we have been together,—all that time was it nothing, did it mean nothing? It did to me. I ceased to think of anything but you—you swept away everything else, every other thought. If we had not been interrupted that day—would you have answered me as you are answering me now?"

She said nothing to this; and it was hard upon Joyce that while this momentous conversation was going on her arm was linked in his, she was close to him, her figure lost in his shadow, and all her resolution unable to keep from him the sensation of the heavy beating of her heart.

"You must have felt something for me then?" he said. "It is dark now and I cannot see you; but I saw your face then: Joyce, don't be hard upon me. I have taken a long time to think, for there were many things involved, but here I am; and if I've been long of coming, it shows the more the force that's brought me. Joyce, if you had not been the only woman for me I should not have been here."

"It is a mistake," she said—"it is a mistake," scarcely able to command her voice; "there is another woman. And there is—another man! Oh, hold your peace, Captain Bellendean! you and me, we have nothing to do with each other. You would repent it all your life long. And I would be mansworn."

"Are you thinking of that man? Joyce, you never loved that man—loved him!—he is not fit to tie your shoes: he is not worthy to be named or thought of, or—— Joyce, throw me off if you like—break my heart—but don't tell me you are going to make yourself miserable for the sake of a childish promise. No, no! You shall not do it. I'll go if I must, but not to leave you to that fellow—— Joyce!"

His tone of alarm and indignation went through and through her; her heart seemed to melt, and sink down in softness and weakness and ineffable yielding. He was ready to put himself aside and think only of her; anxious only to save her, not thinking of himself. He held her arm close to his side,

and his heart throbbed against it, not in heavy beatings like hers, but leaping, bounding, in all the force of passion. The woman in her was roused to wonder and awe of the superior excitement of the man—and that it should be for her, to save her. But then, with the wildest inconsistency, he began to pour out his love, forgetting that he had said she was to throw him off if she liked, as she too forgot and never saw the inconsistency, nor was aware that he had changed from that tone of generous determination to save her into the broken rapid flow of his own confessions and pleading. Joyce was altogether carried away by this warm and impassioned tide. She said not a word, but listened, drawn along upon his arm, close to him, swallowed up in his shadow, to the mingled sounds of his voice and his heart beating against her—a second voice, almost more potent than the first. She listened and felt the mingled sounds with a growing self-abandonment, a loss of all her powers of resistance, beginning at last to draw her own breath hard, to sob, with her heart in her throat, in sympathy rather than response. He was still pouring these words into her ear, still affecting all her pulses by that throbbing, when suddenly they arrived at the door of her father's house. Joyce was altogether inarticulate, incapable of disengaging herself or raising her face to the light, and he made no attempt to let her go. She could hear him say, "Let me come in for a second," in a strange interruption to the other words, and felt herself hurried in swiftly upon his arm, through the hall where the others were standing, to the softly lighted room. There they stood together one long quiet moment, their hearts beating together; and Joyce heard herself sob; and he took her into his arms and kissed her, with a little cry of triumph. "This time," he said, "there is no mistake! And there shall be none—never more."

"Why shouldn't I go in, Elizabeth? My dear, I must tell Bellendean he must not think he has too much time—and this is the last train. Of course I know you could put him up if he would stay all night. But he has no clothes. A man may dine in his morning coat, but he cannot put on his dress clothes in the morning—eh? He will think it very queer to be left only with Joyce."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Henry, hold your tongue, and let them alone!"

"Why, I should have thought you would be the first person to object to that," the Colonel said, bewildered. He gave himself up to Baker to be helped with his coat, while his wife hung about restlessly in a state of excitement, for which the Colonel saw no reason. The door of the drawing-room had been left slightly open, and no sound came from it as if the young people were talking. Young people, who have been together to an evening party, generally talk and laugh over its humours. Colonel Hayward felt that Joyce was not entertaining the guest, and that it was his own duty to remind Bellendean of that imminent train. And why his wife should hold him back he could not divine. Presently, however, Captain Bellendean appeared radiant, looking exceedingly nervous and excited, with moisture in his eyes, and even on one cheek, to Colonel Hayward's great astonishment. "I know," he cried, "you're in trouble about my train. I know I must fly. Mrs Hayward, give me joy: *you*

divine it all. And, Colonel, I must speak to you to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, delighted! as long as you please; but if you are to catch that train," the Colonel cried, having already flung open the door. "To-morrow, my dear fellow! all right—as long as you please; but we must speed the parting guest! Good night, good night! God bless you!" he shouted with his cheerful voice out into the night.

Such a night! every star throbbing, vibrating, as if it knew—the dry frost-bound road giving forth a triumphant ring of sound wherever his foot fell. He seemed to himself to fly against the keen exhilarating air, which filled his breast like a spiritual wine. Perhaps there might come a cold fit after; but at present he was warm with love, and enthusiasm, and excitement, and triumph. As he hurried along to the train, about which the Colonel was so concerned, Norman Bellendean sent out into the air a laugh of pleasure and delight. Whenever he should be hurried for a train, that vulgarest matter of every day, he thought to himself, in the triumphant satisfaction of his heart, that it would recall to him this night—the brightest moment, the sweetest recollection of his life.

Mrs Hayward still stood in the hall — stood as nearly still as a woman in the highest excitement, scarcely able to speak for the whirl of suspense and expectation in her mind, could stand. She had taken off the white Shetland shawl which she had worn upon her head, but was still in her warm cloak, pulling her gloves in her hands, scarcely able to contain herself. She wanted to dispose of her husband before she herself flew to share, as she hoped, the happiness, the agitation of Joyce. "Where are you going, Henry? not into the drawing-room at this hour? It's quite late; go and have your cigar, and I'll send Joyce off to bed."

"It's not so very late," said the Colonel. "I thought you would like a chat by the fireside."

"A chat! Go, my dear, and have your cigar. I know Joyce is very tired; it's been an exciting evening for her. I'll go and look after her, and get her off to bed. You must not disturb her, Henry. I'll come in and let you know that all's right."

"What could be wrong?" said the innocent old soldier; "and why should she be so tired? Well, Elizabeth, of course I will go away if you tell me; but I don't see——" He made a few steps towards his library, which Baker, much more in the secret of the evening than he, had thrown invitingly open, showing the cheerful glow of the fire; and then another thought seized him. "My love," he said, coming back, putting his arm round her, "it gives me more pleasure than I can say, to see that you are really and truly taking to Joyce."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Henry, go and have your cigar!" was his Elizabeth's unsympathetic reply, shaking herself free from him. She added, with a nervous laugh, "Yes, yes; it's all right; but there's a dear, leave us alone now."

Even when, with wondering looks, he had obeyed her, Mrs Hayward lingered a moment longer. She was tingling with excitement, and satisfaction, and triumph. She had defeated the miserable conspiracy against Joyce, routing all her enemies, rank and file. She had secured such a triumph over Lady St Clair and her "set" as goes to any woman's heart, carrying off, under her very eyes, a prize such as rarely appeared in such suburban latitudes,—not only

the most excellent match that had been heard of there for many a day, but the fit hero of a romantic story, and a real lover—connected with the St Clairs too, to make the triumph sweeter, and carried over under their very nose. This was the vulgarer part of Mrs Hayward's elation: but underneath was something truer, that genuine sympathy for a motherless girl, which is never far from a good woman's heart. She must miss her mother to-night, if never before. She must want some woman to take her into her arms, to hear her story. Elizabeth's heart had been touched the moment she had become Joyce's partisan and taken up the office of her defender and protector against all the world. It was touched still more tenderly now, as she thought to herself what a moment it was, the turning-point of the girl's life. The moisture came to her eyes only with thinking of it. She was ready to take Joyce in her arms, and cry over her, as if she had been her very own.

When she went into the room she found Joyce sunk down upon her knees by the side of the fire, her face covered in her hands. She lay there like one overwhelmed under a burden she could not bear—no light, no happiness, no elation in her. "Joyce!" she cried, "Joyce!" half alarmed, half irritated—for what did the girl mean? what did she want more than she had got? Mrs Hayward was almost angry in the height of her excitement, though something in the utter despondency of the white figure sunk down upon itself restrained her. "Joyce!" she repeated, laying a hand upon her shoulder——

"They all call me by my name," said Joyce, "you, and he—and the lady, and all——"

"What should we call you by, you silly girl? Joyce, you've made me quite happy to-night. Get up and let me give you a kiss, and tell you how pleased I am. There's nothing to cry about now—though I can understand," she added quickly, "that it's all gone to your heart."

Joyce rose up slowly to her feet. She did not resist the quick embrace into which her stepmother took her. "I know, my dear!" cried Mrs Hayward, in the transport of her quick feelings, "what you've had to bear. I know you've had a great deal to bear — all this waiting and uncertainty, and the cold chill — oh, my dear, I know!" She pressed her cheek against Joyce's, and it was wet with lively, generous emotion. "But all is well that ends well, and now I am sure you will be as happy as any woman in the world."

"No," said Joyce, "no;" but her stepmother, in her elation and excitement, did not hear that low-toned negative. Mrs Hayward held the girl against her breast, patting her shoulder with one hand.

"This has been a trying night," she said. "You've had a great deal to go through: but I understand it all. And you've done exactly as I should have wished you, Joyce. Everything went as I could have wished. Captain Bellendean's arrival like that, unexpected,"—Mrs Hayward drew a long breath, in which there was an internal prayer that she might be forgiven for so very white, so very innocent a lie—not a lie, only a fib, the very worst that could be said of it: "his arrival unexpected, gave a sort of tone to the whole—a tone. And I suppose, in the thought of that you forgot everything else. But apart from him altogether—if you can think of anything apart from him—all

went just as I should have wished. You conducted yourself just as I could have wished. And everything is as it should be, Joyce."

Joyce said, "No, no," again, with a shiver. She stood scarcely responsive in Mrs Hayward's embrace—making an effort to yield to it, to return the warm pressure a little, to lean upon the new prop so suddenly put up for her. But, happily, Mrs Hayward felt too strongly herself, and was too much absorbed in her own quite unusual emotions to be sensible of the absence of response. She was occupied in feeling and expressing her feeling, not in studying that of another. She wanted to say a great many things; she wanted to prove to Joyce her motherly sympathy. That Joyce should only listen and say nothing did not occur to her as strange. Even when she left the girl in her own room, going in to poke the fire and make everything comfortable, Mrs Hayward's sensation was that she had been made Joyce's confidant, and that all the love-tale had been poured into her warmly sympathetic ear. She kissed Joyce and bade her good night with all the fervour of a trusted friend. "To-morrow we must return to prose a little," she said—"to-morrow will be a good settling day. He is coming to talk to your father, and everything will be arranged. But for the present, good night, my dear, and I hope you will sleep. Anyhow, whether you do or not, you'll be happy, Joyce. Good night, my dear, good night."

Mrs Hayward was so happy that she could not contain herself. It was nearly midnight, but she did not want to sleep. She had routed the enemy all round, and triumphed and brought home her spoil. To think that Joyce, who had at one time vexed her so much, should have been the occasion of this triumph! Poor Joyce, poor little Joyce! with this working in her mind all the time, poor dear, and making her abstracted and silent! And that man on the other side, and Mrs Bellendean, who no doubt was trying all the time to put things wrong between them! A generous partisanship was in Mrs Hayward's mind—a generous compunction for injustice done to Joyce—a generous wish to get everything for her that heart could desire, all enhanced by a far-off anticipation perhaps not so generous, a glimmer far distant in the recesses of her soul, that by-and-by Joyce, in the manner happiest for herself, would be taken away! But Mrs Hayward felt that she loved Joyce, and would do anything for her in the strong and delightful exhilaration of the triumph of to-night.

CHAPTER XLVI.

When Joyce was left quite alone, and felt the shelter of the silence and solitude, she dropped again, as she had done in the room downstairs, upon the rug before the fire. Great distress and trouble are chilling things; they make the sick heart creep to the fire—the warmth gives a little forlorn comfort when all is low and ice-bound in the soul. She dropped there like a child—half seated, half on her knees. There was a kind of luxury in the feeling that no one could see, or interrupt, or sympathise with her—that she was safe for the long hours of the winter night, safe and alone.

What had she done? She had listened when she could not silence him. She had lost herself in listening, feeling his heart beat against her and his voice in her ears. She seemed to hear them now as soon as other people had left her —as soon as she was free from interrupting, unintelligible voices of others. He had told her, over and over again, what she knew—nothing but what she knew; and he must have felt her heart beating too, though not like his—beating heavily, loudly, — beating like a thing half stifled in bonds and ligatures—for he had not waited for any answer. He had taken her to himself when the climax came, and between them there could be no more said. Joyce recognised that there could have been no more said. She remembered that she was sobbing, unable to draw her breath, and that his breath too was exhausted, and all the words that could be used. She was not angry with him for taking her consent for granted— it was all that remained to be done. Their marriage and their long life together, and the height and crown of mortal existence, were all summed up in that moment. It had been, it was, and now it was past. She sat sunk upon herself by the fire and went over everything. That was the only way it could have been. She had for a time held him apart from her with good reasons, telling him how it could not be. And then she had been silenced; the words might have been withstood, but the throbbing of the heart (she could feel it still against her arm) —how could that be withstood? That was something more than words; and her own, so heavily throbbing, had sprung for a moment into the same measure, like something Joyce had never heard of nor read of — something that made an end of time and space and all limits. It had been too bewildering, too transporting, to think of. It was for a moment only; and whether it ought to have been or not was a different question. It had been, and nothing could undo it. And it was past. That was the one thing of which she was sure.

She had never consented, she had said nothing, she had not deceived him. Though she might have deceived others, him she had not deceived. So long as she could speak to him, she had said No. Afterwards, when her voice failed her, when she could only sob, that moment had been — not by her will, but by his will — by something which was inevitable and could not be resisted. But now it was all over and past. Now she was separated from him as far as if worlds lay between them. There was no longer any time to hesitate. It was all fixed and settled, like the laws of the Medes and Persians. She had seen him for the last time. It was not on that subject that she had any further conflict with herself. The question was not that—not that any longer. The question was, What must be done? what in the few hours that remained to her she must do?

She lay there for a long time where she had sunk down, quite still and motionless, notwithstanding that she had so little time, not even thinking at all. Things flitted across her brain, but scarcely moved her — broken scenes, broken words, a look there, an exclamation here. Oftenest in her confusion it was her own name she seemed to hear—Joyce! Joyce!— called out by everybody in turn, as everybody had appealed to her. Andrew whom she had deceived—

he had the most right to blame her. She had never said that she loved him, but he had believed it. Poor Andrew! It would not be any gain to him though she lost. And her lady, who had been so dear, and then had changed—to whom she had said that Joyce would do what was wished of her. And then the oracle—the oracle that had said, "You could do—no other thing." No, she could do no other thing. That was settled. It was not to be discussed; there was no change possible in that. The only thing was what to do—oh, what to do!

Joyce never thought of taking away her own life. She would have given it joyfully for any of them to save them a pang; but take it away at her own caprice, no. She did not consciously reject this way, for she never took it into consideration. It was not among the things that were possible. And though she roused herself now and then at the end of a long discursive round of imaginations, some of them having no connection at all with what had happened, or was about to happen, to ask herself what she was to do, for a long time she did not think at all. Her candles burned, showing a light at her window long after every other light was out. In the barges lying about the bridge some way down the river, there were people who saw it shining, as was reported afterwards, through all the night. But Joyce was not even thinking. What roused her at last was the chill creeping over her—the cold of the deep night: her fire had fallen low, almost to nothing, a faint little red glow all blackening into darkness, and she shivered, and felt in her uncovered arms and shoulders the creeping dead cold, as if the frost had got in. This physical sensation, the shivering chillness, and ague of the cold, roused her when her trouble did not rouse her. She rose benumbed, her limbs stiff, and her heart sore, and wrapped a shawl round her, drawing it close for warmth. How grateful warmth is, when everything else has gone! It is the one thing in which there seems a little comfort. It brought her to life again, and the necessary movement helped that good effect. But bringing her back to life was to bring her back to thought; and she became conscious that time was running on, and that she had not yet decided what to do.

Time was running on. It was long past midnight, it was morning—the black morning of winter when everything is at its coldest, and all the world is desolate. Folding her arms in her shawl over her bosom to keep warm, her hand encountered the little frame of the miniature pinned on her breast. The touch woke her up with a keen prick of reality—as if it had been a sharp cold steel that had touched her. She unpinned it from her breast, and held it in her hand, and looked at it. There must have been magnetism in it. It seemed to bring a new flood of feeling, and will, and impulse over her. She had felt that strange inspiration in her veins before, that desire to arise and flee, she knew not whither, her mother's inheritance left behind her when she had fled—where no one could follow. It was a sad inheritance to come into the world with, but it was the only one that Joyce had. She looked at the pictured face so like her own, and that brief long-ended tragedy became clear to Joyce. The other Joyce had endured as long as she could, and then there had come upon her that

irrestrainable despairing desire to fly and be seen no more. Oh that I had wings like a dove! It had not, perhaps, in some ways, been so difficult for her as for the second Joyce it would be. There was nobody to go after her, to move heaven and earth to find her — there were perhaps, Joyce thought, confusedly exaggerating the time, and its changes, as youth is so apt to do — no telegraphs, no railways then — at least there was no father, no lover, no friends ready to put all modes of discovery in motion. For a moment she envied her mother; but then said to herself, with a sudden warm flush all over her, No, no! Thank God, in her case there was no second life involved; nobody to come into the world as she herself had done, in confusion and trouble, with all the lines of her life wrong from her birth, and this tragic conclusion always coming! The touch of the cold little miniature seemed to send thrills and icy touches through her veins. The eyes had a strange look in them, like the eyes of a hunted creature. Mrs Hayward had said that her own eyes were more deep and true. She rose up to look at herself, to see if perhaps that look had come to her too. A girl does not think what is the expression in her eyes; but they had always been quiet eyes, she thought—not with that look. She went to the glass, with the miniature in her hand, to see. But when she stood before the glass, it was not her own expression, but the strange world of darkness and vacancy beyond, which caught Joyce's confused and troubled intelligence. She remembered all the fanciful superstitions, half poetry, half mirth, of the country-side. How some one would come behind you and look over your shoulder, and you would see in the mirror the man you were to marry,—your fate; or how, perhaps, it might be a white-robed ghost, or a death's-head that would advance out of the unseen and look over your shoulder; or how in that strange fathomless darkness of the mirror there might rise before you scenes —of what was going on among those you loved, or what was to happen in the future, shadows of the real. She could not see her own eyes for the wonder which carried her beyond them, which made her look into the reflected air as if it were another world.

What a waste of time it was, and how the time was running on! Only a few hours now before the step must be taken, and as yet no decision come to as to what it was to be! She went and sat down at the table where were her writing things, and in her writing-case the letters—Mrs Bellendean's note of farewell, and Andrew's—poor Andrew's! Even now she could not think, but only look at these two momentous bits of paper, and wonder what *they* would think, how they would feel, whether they would blame themselves. She even smiled to herself at the astonishment, the incredulity that would come over Andrew's face, and his conviction that whoever she had fled from it could not be from him. The lady would know better—it would give her a pang—but so long as everything came as she wished, the pang would not hurt her, it would go away. And then the wonder, and the questions, and the strong feelings would widen out and die away like circles in the water, and Joyce would go down and disappear like a stone.

Again this vague round of

thought and nothing decided on, nothing done—and the time was running on. Twelve hours hence it would be the afternoon of the November day, and *he* would be here. And before then all must be settled and done. And in the meantime the glow of the fire had gone out in the blackness of the night, and it was cold—cold—a cold that went to the heart.

At breakfast next morning Joyce showed little trace of a sleepless night; her eyes were quite clear, her colour varying, but sometimes bright, her aspect not radiant as might become a girl in her position, yet very clear, like a sky that has cleared after rain. Thinking it all over in the light of after-events, no one could recollect anything about her that had called for special notice. She was grave, yet not without a smile: and a girl on the eve of the greatest change in her life, though she may be very gay if she is happy, has reason to be grave as well. Joyce was always thoughtful, and there was nothing wonderful in the fact that underneath the soft smile with which she responded to what was said to her there should be a gravity quite natural in the circumstances. No doubt there was a great deal to think about—the opposition that might be raised, the difficulties she would have to encounter. It would not be all plain sailing. Mrs Hayward, a little anxious in the strength of her newly awakened sympathies, thought that she quite understood. Joyce went out for her usual morning walk with her father, just as usual so far as the Colonel could see. She talked a little more than usual, perhaps to prevent him talking of the great subject of the moment. He for his part was much excited with the information his wife had given. He was full of enthusiasm for Norman.

"If I had chosen the whole world through, I could not have found a man whom I should have liked better," he said. "I always liked Norman Bellendean. I never could have imagined when we first came in contact in India, he a young sub and I his commanding officer, that he would ever be my son-in-law. How could I, not even knowing that I had—what good fortune was in store for me in finding you, my dear? But he was always a capital fellow. I liked him from the very first—fond of his profession and always ready for whatever was wanted—as good a fellow as ever lived," cried the Colonel, as he had done on his first introduction into these pages, taking upon him to answer to all the neighbours and tenants for the excellences of Captain Bellendean. Joyce listened very gravely, very sweetly, with a little inclination of her head in assent to all these praises. It pleased her to hear them, even though it was no business of hers.

"But you must remember," she said, "always—that if there's a pain in it, it's leaving you. You've been good, good to me. I never knew what it was——"

"Good!" cried the Colonel—"there's no credit in being good to you; and as for pain, my dear, no doubt we'll miss you dreadfully—but it's not as if he had to go away with the regiment to the end of the world. We'll come and see you at Bellendean, and you'll come to see us. I scarcely consider, with a man I like so thoroughly as Bellendean, that it will be leaving me."

"I was very ignorant when I came here," said Joyce, "I did not know what a father was. I was shy—shy to call you so. My old grandfather was so different. But, father, you have always understood, never discouraged me when

I was most cast down, never lost patience. And I wish I could make you always mind that, when perhaps you may think of me—differently from what you do now."

"Why should I think of you differently? I may grudge a little to see my pretty Joyce marrying so soon, when I would have liked to keep her to myself: but it is the course of nature, my dear, and what parents must expect."

"I will always think upon you like this," she said: "the river flowing, and the banks green even though it's winter, and the red oak-leaves stiff on the branches, and all the other big trees bare. And the sky blue, with white clouds flitting, and a little cheerful wind, and the shining sun."

"Why in winter, Joyce?" he said, smiling. "You might as well put me in a summer landscape if you are so fanciful: but you need not speak as if we were to be parted for ages, or as if you might not see me again. I'm not so dreadfully old, if that is what you mean."

"You will not be angry, father, if I speak to you of my old grandfather at home. When I saw him last he did not see me. He was walking through the corn, with his head bent and his heart sore. It was a bonnie summer day, and the corn all rustling in the wind, and high, almost up to his old bent shoulders. But he saw nothing, for he was thinking of poor little Joyce that he had bred up from a baby, and that was going away. I have been a great trouble to everybody that has cared for me."

"I am afraid I did not think enough of what it was to these old people, Joyce. To be sure, it was a loss never to be made up; but then when they knew it was for your good——"

"It is for our good," said Joyce, "when we die: but it's hard, hard to take comfort in that. I have never had that to bear, but I've seen it; and though a poor woman will believe that her little child is become one of the angels and will never have any trouble more, yet her heart will break just the same."

"That's true, that's true," he said: "but it's not a cheerful subject, my dear, and just when your life is at its happiest——"

"Don't you think, father," said Joyce, "that when you are at your happiest it is like coming to an end? for it seems as if heaven itself couldn't do any more for you, and the next step must just be coming down among common folk."

"Don't say that to Bellendean," cried the Colonel, "for you may be sure he thinks that heaven can do a good deal more for him, and you too."

But it was always an effort on the Colonel's part to bring her back to the contemplation of more cheerful prospects. She came in, however, freshened by the lively wind, her colour raised, her hair playing about her forehead in little rings, disentangled by the breeze, and was cheerful at luncheon, responding to all that was said. When they had left the table, she drew Mrs Hayward aside for a moment, and asked if she might keep the miniature which had been given her to wear the previous night.

"I think so, Joyce: you have the best right to it. Ask your father, if you have any doubt on the subject."

"I would rather ask you. It was kind, kind to bring it to me: nobody else would have had that thought."

"I have always wanted to be kind," Mrs Hayward said, moved by an emotion which surprised her. "We may not always have understood each other, Joyce. I may have been sometimes not

quite just, and you were not responsive. It was neither your fault nor mine. The circumstances were hard upon us: but in the future——"

"I cannot call you mother," said Joyce. "You would maybe not like it, and I'm slow, slow to move, and I could not. But I would like to call you a true friend. I am sure you are a true friend. And we will never misunderstand each other again."

"My dear, there's a kiss to that bargain," said Elizabeth, with her eyes full of tears. She said after a moment, with a tremulous laugh, "But we'll misunderstand each other a hundred times, only after this it will always come right."

There were no tears in Joyce's eyes, but there was something in them which was not usually there. Mrs Hayward, after she had kissed her, looked at her again with mingled anxiety and curiosity. "Joyce," she said, "you are tired out. I don't think you can have slept last night. Go and lie down and rest a little. You have got that look that is in your mother's eyes."

When Joyce had gone up-stairs, Mrs Hayward went to the library, where the Colonel was seated with his paper. She said to him that she was not half so sure as she had been that Joyce was happy. "I thought there could be no doubt about it. If ever two people were in love with each other, I thought these two were: but I don't feel so comfortable about it now."

"Nonsense, my dear!" said the Colonel, who was a little drowsy. The room was warm, and the paper not interesting, and he had been proposing to himself to have a doze before Bellendean came to talk business and settlements. Mrs Hayward did not disturb him further, but she was uneasy and restless. Some time after, she heard the outer door close, and came out into the hall with a little unexplainable anxiety to know who it was. "It was Miss Hayward, ma'am, a-going out for a walk," Baker said. Mrs Hayward thought it was strange that Joyce should choose that time for going out, when Captain Bellendean might arrive at any moment. And then she suggested to herself that perhaps Joyce had gone to meet her lover. "Anyhow, a little walk in the fresh air will do her good," she said to herself.

Norman arrived about half an hour afterwards, and was astonished and evidently annoyed that Joyce was not there to receive him. He went into the library, and had a long talk with the Colonel, and he came out again to the drawing-room where the tea-table was set out; but no Joyce.

"Send up one of the maids to see if Miss Hayward is in her room," Mrs Hayward said.

"Miss Hayward have never come in, ma'am," said Baker; "for she never takes no latch-key, and nobody but me has answered the door."

"It is quite extraordinary. I cannot understand it," cried the mistress of the house. And then the usual excuses were suggested. She must have walked too far; she must have been detained. She had not taken her watch, and did not know how late it was. Norman said nothing, but his looks were dark; and thus the early evening passed. The dinner-hour approached, and they all went up-stairs somewhat silently to dress. Mrs Hayward was pale with fright, though she did not know of what she was afraid. She had already sent off her own maid to go to Miss Marsham's, to Mrs Sitwell's, to the rectory, to inquire if Joyce was at either of these places. But

the answer was No; she had not been seen by any one. What did it mean? They met in the drawing-room—Mrs Hayward more scared and pale, Captain Bellendean more dark and angry, than before.

"Where is Joyce?" said the Colonel. "You don't mean to say she has never come back! Then there must be something wrong."

"If she is staying away on account of me——" said Bellendean, looking almost black, with his eyebrows curved over his eyes, and his moustache closing sternly over his mouth.

"On account of you! My dear fellow, what a strange idea! It's only because of you that I'm surprised at all," said the Colonel, as if it had been the most ordinary thing in the world that Joyce should not come home to dinner. Mrs Hayward said nothing, but she was very pale; though why Joyce should absent herself, or what was the meaning of it, she could not guess. "Let us go in to dinner," said the Colonel. "If anything had happened to her we must have heard at once. Probably she is dressing in a hurry now, knowing that we will all fall upon her as soon as she shows. Give my wife your arm, Bellendean." He was quite cheerful and at ease now that there was really, as Mrs Hayward reflected, something to be anxious about; and he continued to talk and keep up the spirits of the party throughout dinner; but it was a lugubrious meal.

Mrs Hayward ran up-stairs to Joyce's room as soon as she was free. She made a hurried survey of her tables and drawers, where nothing seemed to be wanting. She stood bewildered in the orderly silent room, where nothing had been disturbed since the morning—no signs of usage about, no ribbon or brooch on the table, or disarray of any kind. How cold it looked, how dead!—like a place out of which the inhabitant had gone. It exercised a kind of weird influence upon her mind. She stood back in alarm from the glass before which Joyce had stood last night, gazing into the unknown. Mrs Hayward was not at all superstitious, but it frightened her to see the blank of the reflected vacancy, as if something might come into it. It could not be more blank than the vacant room, which threw no light whatever on the mystery. Where had she gone? There could not be anything in those suggestions which she had made, not without a chill of doubt, in the afternoon. Joyce could not be detained anywhere all this time, could not have taken too long a walk, or mistaken the time. It was impossible to believe in any such simple solution now: nearly nine o'clock—and she knew that her lover was to be here; and all the decorums of the dinner-hour and the regulations of the house. No, no; that was impossible. Could she be ill?—could she——

Mrs Hayward started violently, though it was only a soft knock at the door. "If you please, Miss Marsham is down-stairs wishing to see you." Ah, it was that then! she cried to herself, her heart giving a bound of relief. She was ill. Something had happened—a sprained ankle, or some easy matter of that kind. She ran down-stairs relieved, almost gay. It might be a troublesome business, but so long as that was all——

Miss Marsham was standing in front of the fire with a large black veil tied over her hat. She was one of the feeble sisters who are always taking cold. She came forward quickly, holding out cold hands without gloves. "Oh!" she

cried, "has Joyce come back? is it all right? is there anything wrong?"

"Do you mean," cried Mrs Hayward, harshly, "that you've only come to ask me questions—not to tell me anything?"

"Oh!" cried Miss Marsham, clasping her thin hands, "then she must have done it, though I did not advise her to do it! I did not understand——"

"What?" cried Mrs Hayward, darting upon her, seizing her arm.

Miss Marsham told her story incoherently, as well as in her agitation she could tell it. "She asked my advice. There was some lady whose heart would be broken—who had never suffered, never been disappointed, and who had to be saved. And there were two gentlemen—— I cannot tell you any more—indeed I cannot; I only half understood her. I told her—that to sacrifice one's self was always the easiest."

The gentlemen came in while Miss Marsham was speaking. The Colonel, still quite cheerful, saying, "Depend upon it, we shall find her in the drawing-room." Captain Bellendean was as dark as night. "I told her—that to sacrifice one's self was always the easiest," were the words they heard as they came into the room; the sound of voices had made their hearts jump. Norman had taken a quick step forward when he saw that Mrs Hayward was not alone. This strange figure was not like Joyce, but who could tell?——

"I told her that it came easiest to women—that to sacrifice one's self——"

"To whom did you say that?"

"Oh, Captain Bellendean! if I said what was wrong—— I did not understand her. There was some one whose heart would be broken, a girl who had never been disappointed. I said to sacrifice one's self——"

"To sacrifice one's self!" cried Captain Bellendean, with a roll of low sound like the roar of an animal in pain.

"I said it was the easiest—rather than to let some one else suffer, whoever it might be. Oh, God forgive me—God forgive me—if I said wrong!"

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and Mrs Hayward's maid came in. "If you please, ma'am," she said.

"What is it? Miss Hayward has come back?"

"If you please, ma'am," said the maid, "some of her clothes are—not there. And Mr Baker says she sent away a box this morning."

"Where is Baker?" said the Colonel.

He was not far off, but at the door, fully prepared for the emergency. He did not wait to be questioned. "It was a box," he said, "like as Miss Hayward have sent off before,—I didn't take particular notice. The baker took it to the station. He had his cart at the door."

"What do you mean by a box?" said the Colonel, to whom they all left this examination, and who asked the question without excitement, as only partially understanding the importance of it.

"A box, Colonel!—well, just a common sort of a box—like the ladies sent to the 'Ospital Christmas-time—like Miss Hayward have sent off before——"

"Did you see the address?"

"You see, ma'am, the baker, his cart was at the door,—and he ups and says, if the young lady had no objection, he'd take it and welcome. So I gives him a hand up with it, and never see the address—except just London."

"You are sure it was London?"

"Oh yes, Colonel—at least, I wouldn't like to take nothing in the nature of an oath: but so far as being sure——"

"That will do," said Mrs Hayward, quickly. "Now you may go." She burst forth as soon as the door was closed, "She has done what her mother did; but why—but why?"

A little later, before this mournful company separated, Joyce's little writing-case was brought down-stairs, and in it was found Andrew's letter and Mrs Bellendean's folded together. On a piece of paper separate — which, however, had no appearance of being intended for a letter—Joyce had written something in a large straggling hand, very different from her usual neat writing. It was this—

"I can do no other thing. To him I would be mansworn—and to her no true friend. And what I said was, Joyce will do—what is wanted of her. I can do no other thing."

CHAPTER XLVII.

Nearly twenty-four hours later the chill of the wintry night had closed over the village of Bellendean. The frosty weather had gone, and was replaced by the clammy dampness and heavily charged atmosphere of a thaw. There had been showers during the day, and a Scotch mist had set in with the falling of the night. Janet Matheson and her old husband were sitting on either side of the fire. Peter had got to feel the severity of the winter weather, and though he still did his day's work, he was heavy and tired, and sat stretching his long limbs across the hearth with that desire for more rest which shows the flagging of the strength and spirit. Janet on the other side of the fire was knitting the usual dark-grey stocking with yards of leg, which it was astonishing to think could be always wanted by one man. They were talking little. An observation once in half an hour or so, a little stir of response, and then the silence would fall over them again, unbroken by anything but the fall of the ashes from the grate, or the ticking of the clock. Sometimes Janet would carry on a little monologue for a few minutes, to which Peter gave here and there a deep growl of reply; but there was little that could be called conversation between the old pair, who knew all each other's thoughts, and were "company" to each other without a word said. There were few sounds even outside: now and then a heavy foot going by: now and then a boy running in his heavy shoes on some cold errand. The cold and the rain had sent indoors all the usual stragglers of the night.

"Yon letter's near a week auld," said Peter. They had not been talking of Joyce; but a quarter of an hour before had briefly, with a few straggling remarks at long intervals, discussed the crop which "the maister" had settled upon for the Long Park, a selection of which Peter did not approve; but no explanation was needed for this introduction of a new subject. There could be no doubt between them as to what "yon letter" meant.

"There'll be anither the morn," said Janet, "when she has passed the Thursday—it aye comes on the Saturday. She will have been

thrang with something or other. It's the time coming on for a' thae pairties and balls."

Peter gave a long low subterraneous laugh. "It would be a queer thing," he said, "for you and me to see oor Joyce at ane o' thae grand balls."

"And wherefore no'?" said Janet. "Take you my word for't, she'll aye be ane o' the bonniest there."

"I'm no' doubtin' that," he said; and silence fell again over the cottage kitchen — silence broken only after a long time by an impatient sigh from Janet, who had just cast off her stocking, rounding the ample toe.

"Eh," she said, "just to hae ae glimpse of her! I would ken in a moment."

"What are ye wantin' to ken?"

"Oh, naething," said Janet, putting down the finished stocking after pulling it into shape and smoothing it with her hand. She took up her needles again and pulled out a long piece of worsted to set on the other, with again a suppressed sigh.

"Siching and sabbing never mean naething," said Peter, oracularly.

"Weel, weel! I would like to see in her bonnie face that she's happy among thae strange folk. If ye maun ken every thocht that comes into a body's heart——"

"Hae ye ony reason——" said Peter, and then paused with a ghost of his usual laugh. "Ye're just that conceited, ye think she canna be happy but with you and me."

"It's maybe just that," said Janet.

"It's just that. She has mair to mak' her happy than the like of us ever heard tell of. I wouldna wonder if ye were just jealous—o' a' thae enterteenments."

"I wouldna wonder," Janet said. And then there was a long silence again.

Presently a faint sound of footsteps approaching from a distance came muffled from the silence outside. The old people, with their rural habit of attention to all such passing sounds, listened unawares each on their side. Light steps in light shoes, not any of the heavy walkers of Bellendean. Would it be somebody from the Manse coming from the station? or maybe one of the maids from the House? They both listened without any conscious reason, as village people do. At last Peter spoke—

"If she wasna hunders o' miles away, I would say that was her step."

"Dinna speak such nonsense," said Janet. Then suddenly throwing down her needles with a cry, "It's somebody coming here!—whisht, whisht!" she added to herself, "that auld man's blethers puts nonsense in a body's heid." Janet rose up to her feet with an agitated cry. Some one had touched the latch. She rushed to the door and turned the key—"We were just gaun to oor beds," she cried, in a tone of apology.

And then the door was pushed open from without. The old woman uttered a shriek of wonder and joy, yet alarm, and with a great noise old Peter stumbled to his feet.

It was *her* or her ghost. The rain glistening upon her hat and her shoulders — her eyes shining like brighter drops of dew — a colour on her cheeks from the outdoor air, a gust of the fragrance of that outdoor atmosphere —the "caller air" that had always breathed about Joyce—coming in with her. She stood and smiled and said, "It's me," as if she had

come home after a day's absence, as if no chasm of time and distance had ever opened between.

No words can ever describe the agitated moment of such a return, especially when so unexpected and strange, exciting feelings of fear as well as delight. They took her in, they brought her to the fire, they took off her cloak which was wet, and the hat that was ornamented like jewels with glistening drops of the Scotch mist. They made her sit down, touching her shoulders, her hair, her arms, the very folds of her dress, with fond caressing touches, laughing and crying over her. Poor old Peter was inarticulate in his joy and emotion. Nothing but a succession of those low rolling laughs would come from him, and great lakes of moisture were standing under the furrows of his old eyebrows. He sat down opposite to her, and did nothing but gaze at her with a tenderness unspeakable, the ecstasy which was beyond all expression. Janet retained her power of movement and of speech.

"Eh, my bonnie lamb! eh, my ain bairn! you've come back to see your auld folk. And the Lord bless you, my darlin'! it's an ill nicht for the like of you—but we'll warm you and dry you if we can do naething mair: and there's your ain wee room aye ready, and oh, a joyfu' welcome, a joyfu' welcome!"

"No, granny, I cannot go back to my own room. I've come but for a moment. I'm going away on a journey, and there's little time, little time. But I couldn't pass by——"

"Pass by—— No, that would hae been a bonnie business," said Peter, with his laugh—"to have passed by."

Joyce told them an incoherent story about a ship that was to sail to-night. "I am going from Leith — and there was just an hour or two—and I must be back by the nine-o'clock train. It's not very long, but I must not lose my ship."

"And are they with you, Joyce, waitin' for you? and whatfor did ye no' bring the Cornel? The Cornel wasna proud — he didna disdain the wee bit place. And no' even a maid with ye to take care of ye! Oh ay, my bonnie woman, weel I understand that; you would have naebody with ye to disturb us, but just a' to oorsels——"

"Ony fuil," said Peter, "would see that."

"We're a' just fuils," said Janet, "for weel I see that; and yet I'm no' sure I'm pleased that she's let to come her lane—for I would have her guarded that nae strange wind, no, nor the rain, should touch her. I'm wantin' twa impossible things —that she should be attendit like a princess, and yet that we should have her her lane, a' to you and me."

"It's very cold outside," said Joyce, "and oh, so warm and cosy here! I have never seen a place so warm nor so like home since I went away. Granny, will you mask some tea, though it's so late? I think I would like a cup of tea."

"That will I!" cried Janet, with a sense of pleasure such as a queen might feel when her most beloved child asked her for a duchy or a diamond. Her face shone with pure satisfaction and delight, and her questions ran on as she moved to and fro, making the kettle boil (which was always just on the eve of boiling), getting out her china teapot, her best things, "for we maun do her a' honour, like a grand visitor, though she's

our ain bairn, and no' the least changed——" These observations Janet addressed to Peter, though they were mingled with a hundred tender things to Joyce, and so mixed that the change of the person was hard to follow.

"Whatfor should she be changed?" said Peter, with his tremulous growl of happiness. The old man sat, with an occasional earthquake of inward laughter passing over him, never taking his eyes from her. He was less critical than Janet; no suspicions or fears were in his mind. He took her own account of herself with profound faith. Whatfor should she be changed? Whatfor should she be otherwise than happy? She had come to see them in the moment she had in the middle of her journey, alone, as was natural—for anybody with her would have made a different thing of it altogether, and weel did Joyce ken that. He was thoroughly satisfied, and more blessed than words could say. He sat well pleased and listened, while Janet told her everything that had passed. Although it had been told in letters, word of mouth was another thing, and Joyce had a hundred questions to put. She was far more concerned to hear everything that could be told her than to tell about herself; but if Peter remarked this at all, it was only as a perfection the more in his "bonnie woman"—his good lassie that never thought of herself.

"And oh, but the Captain was kind, kind!" said Janet. "He came and sat where ye are sittin', my bonnie doo, and just tauld me everything I wanted to ken—how ye were looking, and the way ye were speaking, and that you and the Cornel were great friends, and the very things ye were dressed in, Joyce. He must have taken an awfu' deal of notice to mind everything. He would just come and sit for hoors——"

Joyce moved her seat a little farther from the fire. The heat was great, and had caught her cheek and made it flush. It grew white again when she withdrew from that glow, but she smiled and said in a low tone, "He is very kind: and you would see the lady, granny, and Miss Greta."

"No' for a long time. You had always a great troke with them, Joyce, and they with you; but when once my bonnie bird was flown, it's little they thought of your old granny. There was a great steer about the Captain and her, but I kenna if it was true. There's aye a talk aboot something, but the half o't is lees. He's ower good for her, it's my opinion. I've a real soft corner for the Captain."

"He kent the way to get roond ye," said Peter, "aye flatterin' aboot that bit lassie there."

"He was real kind. He would just sit for hours, and mind everything."

"Granny," cried Joyce, interrupting hastily, "you have told me nothing about the new mistress, and how she took up my place."

"But I wrote it a' down in my letters," said Janet. "That's no' like word of mouth, you're thinking? Well, you see, Joyce"—and Janet went over the whole career of the new schoolmistress, who had not given entire satisfaction. "As wha could?" said the old woman. "Ye just spoiled them; they could get nobody that would have pleased them after you."

"You're no' asking aboot Andrew," said Peter.

"Eh, poor lad!" cried Janet, "I wouldna have wondered if he had come ower the nicht: but now it's too late."

"Granny," cried Joyce, with a little cry of alarm, "you'll say nothing to Andrew? Oh, not a word! Never let him know I was here. I would fain, fain not be unkind—but there are some things that cannot be. Oh, I was very silly, I should have known. You'll tell him to think of me no more—that I'm not worthy of it; but oh, never tell I've been here."

"No, my bonnie lamb—no, my ain dear. He never was worthy o' you. He shall hear not a word—nor nae ither person, if that's your pleasure, Joyce."

"Oh, granny dear! but it's time now, and I must go."

Janet's heart was very heavy; but there was no time for questions, and she saw that Joyce was little disposed to explain. "We'll go with her to the station, and see her off," she said, taking her big shawl out of the aumrie. "I'm laith, laith to part with you, Joyce, but it would be nae kindness to make ye late, and they'll be meeting you at the train."

"I must not be late," Joyce replied. She looked round with a faint smile, and tears were in her eyes, and her lips moved as if she were saying something. Janet's heart was sore for her child. Why was she left to travel all alone in a wild and dark night like this? Why should she say nothing of her father, or of any one that was with her? Janet's mind misgave her—she was full of fears: Joyce was "no' hersel'." She was very loving, very tender, and smiled, and tried to look at ease; but she could not deceive the old woman whom love enlightened, who knew all her ways and her looks. There was something in her eyes which Janet did not know. She did not understand what it meant, but it meant trouble. There was trouble written all over Joyce. Her fond old guardian knew not what it was, only knew it was there.

The two old people went to the station with her through the windy, weeping night, saying little on either side. Joyce clasped her old grandmother's arm tightly in hers, but scarcely spoke, and Peter stalked beside them, half exhilarated, half heart-broken—he did not know which. To have had her for a little was sweet, but then to see her go away—— She clung to them, crying quietly under her veil, as they put her into a corner of a vacant carriage—not without a forlorn pride that it was first class—and wrapped her cloak round her. They had no fine phrases; but to smooth the folds of her dress, to tuck the cloak round her, was always some faint satisfaction. "I'll write," she said, "as soon as I can, but it may be long. You'll not lose heart, only wait, wait, and I'll write——"

"Oh, my darlin', we'll wait; but, Joyce, where are you goin', where are you goin', that you speak like that?"

"Good-bye, grandfather,—good-bye, granny, dear granny!"

Janet clutched Peter with a grasp that hurt even that old arm of his, all muscle and sinew. "Noo," she said, in an imperative whisper, "gang hame to your bed: I'm goin' after her. Dinna say a word to me, but gang hame to your bed. I'll come back the morn's mòrning, or as soon as I can."

"Gaun after her! and what good will that do her?" cried Peter, in consternation.

"At least, I'll see her safe," said Janet, clambering into a third-class carriage. The train was almost in motion, and carried her off before her astonished husband could say another word. The old man stood bewildered, and looked after the train which carried them

both from him. But he had that inexhaustible rural patience which makes so many things supportable. After a few minutes he went away, slowly shaking his head. "She has nae ticket," he said to himself, "and little money in her pooch, and what guid can she do in ony case?" But after a while he obeyed Janet's injunction, and went slowly home.

It was hard work for Janet to keep sight of Joyce when they came to the great Edinburgh station: she was little accustomed to crowds—to be hustled and pushed about as a poor old woman getting out of a third-class carriage so often is: but fortunately her eyes had kept the long sight of youth, and she managed to trace the movements of her child. One thing was sure, that nobody was there to meet Joyce, not even a maid. The girl made her way by dark passages and corners to the place where another little train was starting for Leith, where Janet followed her breathless. It was very raw and cold, windy and gusty, the wind blowing about the light of the lamps, driving wild clouds across the sky, dashing rain from time to time against the carriage-windows, and the atmosphere was dreary with a sense of the wilder darkness of the approaching sea. Presently they came to the port and to the quay, where a confused mass of vessels, made half visible by the flaring melancholy lights, lay together, with lamps swinging at their masts. The pavement was wet and slippery, the wind was keen and cold, and blew blasts of stinging rain like tears over her face as she toiled along. But she never lost sight of Joyce. The Firth was tumbling in dark waves, faintly visible in a liquid line, apparent at least so far that it was not solid earth, but something wilder, more dreadful, insecure—and it raved and dashed against the pier and the sides of the ships, sometimes sending up a leaping white vision of spray like something flying at your throat, and always a sound as of contending voices, the shout of oncoming, the long grinding drag of the withdrawal as wave followed wave. The boats moved and creaked at anchor, the lamps and dim masts and funnels rising and falling. There were gangways, each with its little coloured smoky lamp, from one steamboat to another, lying ready to start, three or four deep against the pier. Janet saw the solitary figure which she had tracked so long pause, as if with a moment's hesitation, at the first of these gangways, and she made a rush forward at the last after this long course, to grip her child by the dress, by whatever thing she could clutch and hold, and cry "No, no; you'll gang no further! oh, Joyce, my bairn, you'll gang no further!" But she slipped and fell, being exhausted with the long and weary walk, and, breathless with labour and fatigue, could get nothing out but a panting No, no, which had no meaning. When she got to her feet again the slim figure was gone. She thought she could trace it on the farthest point, standing upon the paddle-box of the steamer, and ever after believed that the speck of whiteness in the dark was Joyce's face turned back towards home. That was the last she saw.

The old woman stood upon the pier for long after. She stood and watched while a few other passengers arrived, talking dolefully about the stormy night, and tried to take a little comfort thinking that perhaps "the Cornel" might be among them, and Joyce after all have a protector and com-

panions. There was one tall man, indeed, speaking "high English," whom Janet almost made up her mind, with an unspeakable lightening of her heart, must be "the Cornel." Her old eyes could not trace him through the maze of the steamboats to the one upon which she had kept a despairing watch: but fatigue and misery had by this time dimmed her faculties. Then that farthest boat, the one that held her child, with shouts and shrieks of steam, and lights wavering through the gloom, and every dreadful noise, got into motion, and went out upon the tumbling, stormy sea. Janet watched the light rising and sinking, the only thing visible, till that too disappeared in the darkness. And then all was quiet but the booming of the Firth against the piers, and the creak and jar of the other steamboats preparing to follow. She withdrew a little and leant against a post, and dried her eyes with a trembling hand. "Oh, my bairn! my bairn!" she said to herself.

"What ails the woman?" said the watchman on the pier. "There's naething to make a wark about; they'll get a bit heezy, but nae danger. It'll be a son or a daughter ye've been seeing off."

"Oh, man, I'm thankful to you!" said Janet. "Are they a' for the same airt."

"They're a' for the far north," said the watchman, continuing his heavy march.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Janet had scarcely recovered the use of her tired limbs next morning and begun languidly to "redd up" the cottage, with many anxious thoughts in her breast, when an unusual sound of masculine footsteps attracted her attention. She was in a very nervous, vigilant state, expecting she knew not what, although it had seemed as if everything had happened that could happen, now that Joyce had come—and gone so mysteriously: that she should come had always been a possibility before, but now was so no longer. The tramp of these imperative feet, not the slow tread of labouring men, attracted her anxious ear some distance off. She put away her brush and listened. The door stood open though the morning was cold, and a ray of pale and watery sunshine came in. Janet was afraid to look out, with an instant swift intuition and alarm lest somehow her child's interest might be involved, and she could scarcely be said to be surprised when she saw the Captain, accompanied by an older grey-haired man whom she at once recognised as "the Cornel." "Eh, but I must be careful. She wasna with him after a'," said Janet to herself. She had been very tremulous and shaken with fatigue and anxiety, but she braced herself up in a moment and stood firmly on the defensive, whatever might be about to happen. The two gentlemen looked harassed and anxious. They came straight to the cottage door without any pause or hesitation. "Is Miss Joyce here?" the Captain asked breathless, without even mainners to say good morning, as Janet remarked.

"Na, Captain, she's no' here."

"My good woman," said the Colonel, breathless too, "don't be unkind, but tell us where my daughter is. We've come from London. I never denied your interest in her—never opposed her

love for you. Bellendean will tell you. Let me see Joyce, for God's sake!"

"Colonel," said Janet, with a little tremble, "you should see her if she was in my keeping without such a grand plea. But she's no' here. I thought till this moment she was with—her ain folk."

"Don't try to deceive us," cried Captain Bellendean; "we have traced her here." He was very much agitated to have forgotten his "mainners" in this wonderful way.

"Track or no track," said Janet, "you'll get no lies frae me. Yes, she's been here. There's the chair she sat upon only yestreen and late at nicht wi' Peter and me."

The Colonel came in and looked at the chair with the instinct of a simple mind. It seemed to throw a certain light upon Joyce's disappearance. "Then where is she now?" he said, with a sigh of impatience and disappointment. "Let me sit down, if you please, for all my strength seems to have gone out of me. Where is she now?"

"That's mair than I can tell," said Janet, with the fervour of undeniable truth.

"We are in great trouble," said Captain Bellendean. "She has gone away—in a mistake. Janet, you're very fond of her, I know. She has been troubled about Halliday the schoolmaster, and—and some one else. She has thought the best thing was to go away—and it's the worst thing. It's misery to everybody. I know you're fond of her."

"Fond of her!" said Janet. She said to herself that it was a bonnie question to be asked of her that would give her last drop of blood for Joyce. "Ay, ye may say I'm fond of her," she replied, grimly.

"And it is all a mistake. She's taken up a mistaken idea. Halliday had no such claim upon her,—nor had—any other. It was altogether a false fear. I would never—for pity's sake, if you can tell us anything!—You know me: she would never be forced to anything. She might have been sure of that," the Captain added hurriedly, with a flush of forlorn pride.

"Eh, Captain," said Janet, "I would be far, far happier if I kent where she was. She just said, 'I'm goin' on a voyage, and that she had come to see us.' And it was my belief that the Cornel and his lady were just waiting upon her at Leith."

"At Leith!" they both exclaimed. Then Colonel Hayward turned to the Captain with an air of relief. "It's but a little port, isn't it? We'll soon be on the track now."

"At least," said Janet, "I'm thinking it was Leith, for where else would she gang to join a ship? but I thought naething but that the Cornel and his lady were waiting upon her—for ane o' your toors, or whatever you ca' them," she added, with a certain tone of disdain.

"And she said she was going—where?"

"She said it would be a long voyage. Ye needna think to trap me, Captain,—it's no' like you—as if I was speaking a falsehood,—with your 'Where?' Na; she said not a word to me, but just a long voyage. I would gie my little finger to ken," cried Janet, with tears; "but she said not a word to me."

"Are there boats for America at Leith? God bless my soul! poor little trading things—not even a mail-boat where she could have been comfortable," cried the Colonel. And then he added,

"You must think we've been cruel to her to drive her away; but it's not so—it's not so. Bellendean will tell you."

Janet remained grimly silent, offering no contradiction.

As for the Captain, he turned his back upon them both before he gave the called-for testimony. "She is flying from love," he said, in a choked voice. "And to sacrifice herself for—us: and to make us all miserable!" If he was angry as well as unhappy, there was perhaps little wonder.

"That's a' I can tell ye," said Janet. "We saw her off from the station, Peter and me. I had nae thought but that her father—her father that she belonged to, that took her from me—would be waitin' for her at the other end. I never said a word to keep her from her duty to her ain folk; but if I had kent she was her lane, going forth upon the wide world and the sea, on a wild night—lord! I would have followed her to the ends o' the earth," cried Janet, with hot fervour and tears.

But she said nothing of how far she had followed. How did she know that it might not be prejudicial to Joyce? If Joyce had left them it could not be without reason. No doubt she had kept secret about her destination lest it should be found out by her pursuers. "She might have kent me better, that I would have stood for her against all the land and never let on I kent," the old woman said to herself. But it was no doubt better that within the strict boundaries of truth she could thus baffle the pursuit and confuse all researches. But what had the Captain to do with it? and what did they mean by flying from love? This gave Janet a cold thrill for many a day.

The search was long, and extended over many seas. Though there was no mail-boat for America, there were, as the Colonel divined, "trading things," but no trace in any of them of Joyce; and there were ships for the Mediterranean and many other places. Half-a-dozen times at least they thought they were on her track, but failed and failed again. She had but little money for a long voyage. All indeed was darkness from the time when they traced her to the station at Bellendean. A young lady in company with an old woman had been seen at Leith; but Janet, who alone could have thrown any light on this, remained silent. Indeed she had no confession to make, for she had only been with Joyce as a watcher is with the object of his stealthy pursuit. And Janet was all the more safe a guardian that she knew absolutely nothing. There never departed from her old eyes the vision of the lamp upon the mast, tossing with the movement of the waves, disappearing into the blackness of the night, a forlorn spark in the immeasurable vacancy of invisible sky and sea. Where had that symbol of humanity gone? what fathomless gloom had it penetrated with its faint-coloured gleam of living? All her superiority over the others lay in the image of that tossing light, and the faint spars it illuminated for a moment in the black gulf of the unknown.

So Joyce disappeared and was seen no more.

Miss Marsham never forgot nor could think without a sinking of the heart, of that unfortunate night when the oracle had spoken by her mouth, all unaware of the nature of the being addressed, or the tragical matters involved. For the consequences of that self-sacrifice were disastrous all round. The

Haywards' pleasant house was shut up, while they travelled the world, looking for the lost girl. Mrs Hayward was the most energetic in the pursuit—for the Colonel, though he missed her more, and was more "fond" of Joyce, had neither any sense of wrong to move him, nor any prick of the intolerable such as wrings the heart of an impatient woman, half thinking herself to blame. Canon Jenkinson, though so much less concerned, would probably not have gone to America at all on that famous expedition of his, about which his well-known book was written, had it not been for a hope that in some American school or lecture-hall he would find her, though everybody else failed. Norman Bellendean was affected most of all. He had a dreadful scene with his stepmother, from which that poor lady did not recover for a long time; and instead of going home, and finally allowing himself to be drawn into the natural circle of county politics and relationships, with Greta for his pretty and happy wife, as had been desired and hoped—he went back, sullen and wretched, a misanthrope and woman-hater, to his regiment in India, leaving his estate in the hands of an agent, the house shut up and uninhabited. Greta married after a while, and was just as comfortable as if she had attained the man of her first choice, whose loss it was believed would break her heart. She was the only one quite unaffected by all that had taken place, although her comfort was the one prevailing cause of all this trouble. Mrs Bellendean was severed once for all from Bellendean and everything near. And yet she could say to herself truly that she meant no harm, that she had never expected serious harm to follow. All she meant was to avert an unsuitable marriage, which it is every woman's duty to do, by encouraging a girl, who was already engaged, and had no right to accept another man's attentions, to keep to her plighted word. Perhaps it was hard upon her to suffer so much for so little — and almost harder, seeing that Greta, in whose interests she had acted, did not suffer at all.

Andrew Halliday, who also was, so far as he was aware, perfectly innocent, and who never knew what harm he had done by betraying Joyce's story to the very respectable lady, the minister's wife, who had been so kind to him —came through the trial as a man of native worth and respectability was likely to do. He waited for some time hoping to hear from Joyce, who, he felt sure, even if circumstances separated her from her family, would communicate with him. He thought the step she had taken ill-judged and excessive, even though it was in consequence of their opposition to the wishes of her heart in respect to himself. "These hasty steps are always to be regretted," Andrew said, "especially as no doubt the Cornel would have been brought to see what was best for her interest if she had but given him a little time." But when months came and brought no sign, Andrew's dignified disapproval changed into a judicial anger. "Poor thing," he said, "she never had any real perception of her own best interests." And in course of time he married a very respectable lady with a little money, and was much happier than he could have been with Joyce.

And silence closed over Joyce and all her ways: she sank out of sight as if she had never been. Her name and image lingered in some faithful recollections, then in

mystery and silence disappeared, and was seen and heard no more.

It was curious, however, that within a year Janet and Peter Matheson disappeared also from their cottage. They sold their few goods, "no' able to bide the place after what had happened," Janet said. But Peter, instead of echoing this judgment, shook with a long low subterranean laugh, such as used to mark his enjoyment of Joyce's remarks and pleasant ways. They disappeared and nobody ever knew where they had gone. "To their friends in the North," the village people said; but nobody before had ever heard of these friends.

It was not till years after that there came a curious rumour to the mainland far away at the most distant point of Scotland, of a great transformation that had been going on in one of the most remote and inaccessible of the isles. Whether it was St Kilda or the Fair Isle, or some other scrap of rock and mountain in the middle of the wild northern seas, this chronicler has no information. But the legend ran that suddenly, upon a wild wintry afternoon, a lady had landed on that island. Whether her wealth was boundless and her power miraculous, as some said, could not be proved save by rare visitors to the islands. But at all events, there seemed no reason to doubt that she had acquired a wonderful ascendancy, and made many extraordinary changes among the primitive people. She taught them many things, among others what domestic comfort and cleanliness and beneficent learning meant, and knew everything, according to the story. The few sportsmen who touched upon these wild shores were not, however, ever gratified with a sight of this Princess of the Isle. They heard of the lady, but never saw her; and from their wondering accounts and conjectures, it appeared that she was young, and considered by her subjects beautiful. But no stranger nor Englishman, nor any wandering visitor, has ever found out more than this respecting the Lady of the Isle.

THE EVE OF ST JOHN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV HARTWIG.

["Watching in the church-porch for death-omens on the Eves of St Mark and St John, is a practice that in days gone by was much in use, especially amongst young people. The time observed was from eleven o'clock at night until one in the morning. In the same year it was supposed that the ghosts of all those who were to die the next year would pass into the church."—T. F. THISELTON DYER'S 'English Folk-lore,' p. 216.]

HUSHED as the grave is the village, and now from the belfry tower,
Booming along through the night with sullen and heavy sound,
The church-clock's strokes proclaim the approach of the midnight hour;
They cease, and a hush as of death again settles all around.

On through the silent street goes a man to the old church door,
That gleams in the moon's wan rays with a shimmering ghostly light,
And behind him he casts, as he goes, a fearful glance evermore,
Then striding swift through the porch he vanishes out of the night.

Round him he looks to see where he may be hidden secure,
Seeming as one who has come to pillage and not to pray;
And he crouches down in a corner out of the way and obscure,
Where never a beam from the moon to light up the gloom might stray.

Every Eve of St John, so runneth the legend old,
Down the long church aisle glideth a ghostly train,
And whoso will linger there till the last stroke of twelve has tolled,
To him will the future dark be manifest made and plain.

Spectral figures he sees through hazes phantasmal peer,
Before him the phantoms pass of those whom already the doom
Of death has o'ershadowed, and now, even now, their graves they are near,
Whose forms he sees and he knows, as onward they move through the gloom.

Here on this errand has he come in sore anguish and grief,
And if before him shall pass that troop phantasmal and dim,
Then Heaven, he hopes, will be gracious to him, and his own relief
In death—relief, oh, how welcome!—be thus foretokened to him.

For death, death only, can lift the curse that has weighed on his life
For years, since the day when heartburnings, and discord, and wranglings loud,
Set hopeless division up 'twixt himself and the once-loved wife,
To whom all his life could give had been at the altar vowed.

Anon the dread midnight hour from the belfry begins to boom ;
Bending breathlessly forward, he stares, with fear stricken white,
To pierce, if so pierce he may, through the veil of his hidden doom,
Then backward recoils, for lo ! his wife there full in his sight !

She too has waited there, the midnight procession to see,
With the self-same pain in her heart, the self-same longing to steal
Tidings of what for herself stored up in the future may be,
To see with her weary eyes what the Eve of St John might reveal.

Her glance on her husband falls, before her as in a scroll
The mystery is unrolled of a future impending and drear ;
In terror she sees, although still there was bitterness hard in her soul,
The doom of death overhang the man she once held so dear.

Backward she totters—the features, rigid and pallid and drawn,
Of her spouse seem to hover before the eyes of her startled soul ;
And, as the dark shadows of night disappear in the light of the dawn,
So rancour and wrath died away, and gentleness over her stole.

And dayspring began to arise in the heart of her husband as well,
He thinks of the wife of his bosom, so soon in her grave to rest ;
He feels his heart with the throb of quicker pulsations swell,
And the fires of a love long quenched are enkindled anew in his breast.

Thus once more as of old the ties of affection were twined,
Love at their lorn hearth-fire a sheltering welcome found,
Coming back as the exile comes, who in banishment long has pined,
To the home in the land of his sires, that to him is as hallowed ground.

Brightly the days went by, all sunshine, undimmed by a tear,
When the love came to life again, that late had been dead to the core ;
The weeks lengthened out into months, the months ran out to a year,
And then came the summer, and with it the Eve of St John once more.

Silent is all around, the church glimmers white in the sheen
Of the moonbeams, that play around, like an aureole glory fair,
A woman and man that may in the arch of the porch be seen,
Bending with souls devout low on their knees in prayer.

"Grant, O God," was their thought, "that we for yet many a day
May enjoy and be grateful for all the blessings we owe to Thy grace,
Till that shall in time be fulfilled, which to us in such mystical way
At midnight when spirits walked was revealed in this holy place ! "

THEODORE MARTIN.

OLD SCOTLAND.

THE changes in Scotland are the most striking testimony to the sterling qualities of the Scottish character. They not only tell the story of the triumphs of stubborn energy over an unkindly soil and an ungenial climate, but of a sudden development of intelligent enterprise which is perhaps unprecedented. In most of the nations of civilised Europe, progress, although it may have been slow, has on the whole been steady. Since they emerged from the barbarism and stagnation of the dark ages — with the single exception, perhaps, of Spain, where free thought and free institutions were crushed by the Inquisition — they have always been moving more or less. Scotland, on the contrary, had for long been stationary; in some respects it had actually retrograded. The reasons are obvious enough. Previous to the fall of Alexander from the cliffs at Kinghorn—the storm predicted in a parable by Thomas the Rhymer — before the Plantagenets laid claim to the crown, the country, considering the times and its natural conditions, showed fair promise of prosperity. Had the Solway, in place of an estuary, been a channel from sea to sea, the history of northern Britain might have been happy and uneventful. Norman barons who had received broad grants of land, had introduced the tone and manners of Southern chivalry; and though they might be tyrannical and unscrupulous in the exercise of their feudal rights, they assured their dependants a certain security. They had imitated the pious King David, that "sair sanct for the Crown," in richly endowing the monkish communities; and the monasteries from Melrose and Dundrennan on the Borders, to Dunkeld on the Highland line, and Pluscarden in Moray, were so many oases and sanctuaries, protected by superstition or religious sentiment. Those monasteries were primitive schools of agriculture as well as of learning, arts, and industries; and even in later times the Kirk vassals were relatively fortunate. But with the wars waged by the English for the subjugation of Scotland, all was changed, at once and for centuries. The country was swept by invading hosts, who settled down on each green spot like flights of desolating locusts. They burned everything beyond the outworks of the castles they fortified, and even the sanctity of the monasteries was seldom respected. What the English spared, the Scotch sacrificed in self-defence, anticipating the Russian strategy which broke the power of Napoleon. Only, as Scotland was more accessible than the great Muscovite empire with its boundless wastes and its endless winters, the Scots were less successful. Continually baffled but never disheartened, the English were perpetually renewing their attacks. The immediate mischief done was by no means the worst. The Scots, although naturally disposed, as we know now, to theology, letters, peaceful industries, scientific tillage, and promiscuous money-getting, became thoroughly demoralised. Partly from necessity, partly in desperation, partly from a national delight in hard fighting, they became the most wild, the most warlike, and the most rest-

less of nations. Their annals are nothing but the bloody record of wars in England and broils at home, of ruthless Highland raids and of Border forays, diversified by bloodthirsty conspiracies and atrocious State crimes. We need not be astonished that all progress was checked, and it would seem that no people more universally practised the precept of taking no thought for the morrow. The marvel is that any man cared even to till the rugged patches of "infield," when the crop would probably be reaped or fired by some watchful enemy. Even the burghers, banded in armed guilds behind strong walls and barred gates, were perpetually in terror of being laid under contribution by some powerful baron, who would pick a quarrel on the faintest pretext; and the state of poverty-stricken anarchy was typified in the Border peels, with their fire-proof masonry, and with nothing in the way of furniture worth carrying away, except the iron girdle which could be slung at the owner's saddle-bow.

Old Scotland remained unchanged down to the days of Queen Mary; and indeed, in some respects, Scotland under Mary was more or less unsettled than in the reigns of her warlike ancestors. The Stuart kings had at least held the English more or less at arm's-length, till the fatal fields of Flodden and Pinkie Cleuch. When Mary came over to gloomy Holyrood from the gay Court of the Valois, all the wildest elements had broken loose in the realm it was her misfortune to inherit. And the landed sanctuaries of the Romish Church were less regarded than ever: since English Protestants made it a point of piety to pillage them; since the Lords of the Congregation had set their carnal affections on the Church domains; and since the zealous reforming divines, with Knox at their head, had been eloquently preaching iconoclasm and denouncing the priests of Baal. The troubled reign of Mary was like the deeper darkness that precedes the dawn. With the accession of her son to the English throne, things began to mend, slowly but steadily. Animosities survived, but a period was put at last to the internecine wars between the kingdoms: wrongs might be redressed and abuses were removed as the courts of law asserted their ascendancy. Suits might still be decided by bribery or favour, and corruption of one kind or another was rife for long afterwards. But a high-born criminal could no longer overawe his judges, by presenting himself in mock submission at the bar with a battalion of men-at-arms or musketeers behind him. Peasants and traders could breathe more freely: they might save their money or spend it at their pleasure; and except for the immemorial paralysis of all but martial energy, there was little to oppose itself to the national advance. Nevertheless, for nearly a couple of centuries more, that paralysis was to weigh upon economical enterprise, and Scotchmen were content to scrape and save, as they plodded stolidly forward in the ways of their fathers.

So it is that the 'Scotland of Mary Stuart'[1] marks a characteristic epoch in the social history of the country; and every Scotchman must gratefully admit that Mr

[1] Maitland of Lethington and the Scotland of Mary Stuart: A History. By John Skelton. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1887.

Skelton has painted it with most picturesque fidelity in the volume to which he has given that attractive title. The range of our article confines us to the romantic side of Mr Skelton's work, and to drawing in some of those vivid descriptions, with their rich and lifelike local colouring, in which the writer excels. We regret it, for these are only the accessories of the graver subjects he has handled in his own masterly fashion, affording the excitement of a romance by an invaluable contribution to the study of a stirring period of Scottish history, by the elucidation of policies and intrigues which have hitherto been shrouded in mystery, and by the critical investigation of characters and historical personalities that must always be more or less enigmatical. Our immediate concern is with the Scotland of the eighteenth century; yet we can best estimate the rate of more recent progress by looking back at the antiquated landmarks of which Mr Skelton has made himself the "Old Mortality." Thanks to his exact topographical knowledge, and his wide acquaintance with the national literature, those pictures of his are wonderfully impressive and lifelike. The still primitive Scotland of the sixteenth century was the paradise of wild beasts and outlaws. Between the foraying Border-spears and the ferocious Highlanders, the Lowlanders had a hard time of it. Fife and the Lothians were the only tolerably peaceable districts, although it must be remembered that "Fife and the Lothians," in the language of the times, may be said to have stretched between the sea and the hills, northward from the Forth to the Firth of Moray. Here is Mr Skelton's survey of the general aspect of the country:—

"Impassable marshes where the bittern and bustard lodged; broad meres haunted by water-fowl; masses of primeval forest from which the wild creatures of the chase—the wolf, the boar, the red-deer—had not yet been driven; a scanty strip of arable land round the unfrequent hamlet, and a considerable breadth of pastoral country rising through meadow-grass and bent and heather to the stony infertility of the surrounding mountains; the splendid and imposing houses of the religious orders; the fortified castles of the nobles, the wretched cabins of the peasantry,—these were common to each."

The wolves still bred freely in the Highland glens, hiding their young in caves and impracticable thickets, where even the mountain-hunters could not track them. When the snow and starvation drove them out of their retreats, they ravaged the straths in hordes, and leaped the sheep-pens, and might be heard howling of a night round the hamlets and solitary shielings. Though woods had been destroyed and much land disforested, "a mighty forest, which included Ettrick and others, extended from Chillingham to Hamilton." There the herds of wild cattle, which suggested the fine ballad of Cadzow Castle, still roamed at liberty, flying from the intruder on their haunts, or charging capriciously, as the impulse took them. "The fierce wild boar lurked among the reeds which fringed the western meres;" and those wild animals alone must have made half the country impracticable to solitary wayfarers. Mr Skelton's description of the Lammermoors, which form the central scenery on the broad canvas of his history, and which lie within a twenty-miles' ride of the capital,

gives a graphic idea of the prevailing desolation. Even now that the district is skirted by railways and roads, "from Tollishill to Yester—ten miles as the crow flies—there is not a shepherd's hut. The tramp who misses the track in winter or early spring may be lost for days. . . . The only token of human life on the bracken-covered hillside is an occasional shepherd's pen." In the troubled times of Queen Mary, a property so savage and so contiguous to the metropolis possessed no small attractions for a Scottish statesman. When party spirit ran high, and when his faction had the worse of it, when he was menaced with impeachment on a capital charge or by the popular fury, he had only to slip into the saddle and seek a hiding-place among his faithful retainers. In those days and for long afterwards, "the kindly tenants" sat at nominal rents, but they held their "infield" and hill-pastures on the tenure of unhesitating devotion. The Royal writ never ran in those parts; it would have needed an army to enforce a service or a summons, and the glens and bogs of the Lammermoors were inaccessible to mounted men-at-arms. Still more was that the case on the Borders, though the Borderers, on their small but sure-footed horses, could "squatter" through the swamps and morasses like the water-fowl. Scott has well described one of them in the 'Fair Maid of Perth'; and his picture of the Devil's Dick as he beat a retreat, hawk on wrist, before the burghers of the "Fair City," gives the secret of the Border strength and the clue to the Border lawlessness.

"The Border nags," says Mr Skelton, "were slight, but wiry and indefatigable, and perfectly suited for Border travel and Border warfare. They could pick their way with admirable sagacity along the narrow and slippery tracks that crossed the quaking morasses of Tynedale or Tarras; they could clamber like goats across a mountain-pass or up the bed of a torrent; in the darkest night, through the wildest storm, the natural wariness which they shared with the fox and the foumart could be implicitly trusted. . . . The beacon-fires which sent the news of a raid from peel to peel were constantly blazing. By the time the slogan of the freebooters had been heard, the cabins had been unroofed and dismantled, the women and children, the sheep and cattle, had been huddled within the thick walls of the neighbouring castle, and the men had ridden off through moor and moss to rally the outlying retainers of the chief."

In such a society, where all men lived by rapine, there could be neither forethought nor any sense of stability. Still those Border thieves were sometimes comparatively in clover, when they had been raiding successfully on the richer England. The state of the Highlands was infinitely worse; contemporary historians describe it as "horrible"! Even a couple of centuries afterwards, as we shall see, the more hospitable and better sheltered glens were densely over-populated. Tribe preyed upon tribe, though all were on the verge of beggary. The clans hanging over the Lowlands made frequent descents upon the plains, as on the rich Carse of Gowrie and the fertile flats of Moray, where all men "were said to take their prey." The crofters who lived along the western coasts and on the winding sea-lochs are said to have eked out a precarious living by piracy, though it is hard to conceive whom or what they could have found to plunder. Even in the "Fife and the Lothians," where contemporary civilisation was concentrated, the

roads were so wretched that Mary is said to have spent two months on a Royal progress from Edinburgh to Inverness, though it was made with no extraordinary delays. The French and the Flemish trade, such as it was, was confined to a few of the eastern seaports. Glasgow, though it could already boast a university, was a petty provincial burgh, carrying on a modest traffic in Highland cattle. "The great bulk of the community inside the towns, without distinction of class, were employed in agriculture." But the primitive system of agriculture was the same in barren Scotland as in the newly reclaimed provinces of the western American States, with their soil of an incalculable depth. Nothing was put in to replace what was taken out, and land was left to lie fallow when it could literally yield no more. But in reality, cultivation of any kind was the exception rather than the rule, and except in the more fertile straths, the farms were mainly pastoral. No man's life was safe; no property was secure: where the wildest dream of the cultivator was the chance of being left in peace for a single season, there was neither hope nor possibility of improvement; and Mr Skelton sums up the Scotland of that period in such a strikingly minute picture of the capital as we have never previously come across, although Scott had sketched it dramatically in the adventures of Roland Græme. The seat of the Court, the Law, and the Government, was still a burgher-fortress confined within the narrow limits which nature had made wellnigh impregnable. There were fortalices of the lesser barons and some religious houses in the immediate neighbourhood; but no well-to-do burgher dared to build beyond the walls or the swamps and lakes which encircled the city. Two hundred years afterwards, as we learn from old documents, the ravishers who carried off Lady Grange, rallied, with no fear of interference, in an utter solitude on the site that is now occupied by St Andrew's Church.

"The Edinburgh that Lethington knew as a lad—the Edinburgh of 1545 or of 1550—was confined within narrow limits. It occupied the back of the ridge between the Castle and Holyrood, or to speak more correctly, between the Castle and the Netherbow; for at that time the Canongate, which continued the High Street to the palace of Mary Stuart, formed a separate burgh. . . . The edge of the ridge on which the buildings of Old Edinburgh were piled, is nowhere more than a few yards wide. The main thoroughfare occupied this narrow *arête*. The steep and often precipitous closes which join the High Street and Canongate at right angles, and constitute the most notable feature of the old town, take their character from the lie of the ground which they occupy. They form a series of stairs or ladders, on either side of the ridge, leading straight from the level and open country below to the central thoroughfare."

Even when Johnson visited Edinburgh in 1770, the architectural traditions of these troublous times were still so inveterate, that the sage looked up in wonder from the Cowgate to tenements of fourteen storeys.

"In this main thoroughfare, the whole public life of the city was concentrated. Here was the great Collegiate Church of St Giles, here the market-places, the Cross, the Parliament House, the Courts of Justice, the dwellings of the great nobles and lawyers, and merchants and ecclesiastics. The population of the capital at this time did not amount to more than forty thousand souls; but it was crowded into a space, where at the present day it would be difficult to accommodate more than one-half the

number. The capital was thus as populous as an ant-hill. . . . Priests and nobles and tradesmen and caddies jostled one another on the 'causey.' . . . No troop of retainers wearing the livery of Douglas or Hamilton entered the gates, no sermon was preached in St Giles' or speech made to the Parliament, without the whole community being forthwith apprised of what had taken place. . . . Brought daily together into intimate contact, each craftsman was known to every other. All public acts, all political and municipal duties, were transacted under a fierce blaze of light which excited and stimulated the entire society. Thus it came about that at not unfrequent intervals, when heated by zeal or blinded by panic, they sallied out master and man, like a swarm of angry bees."

As the traditional architecture survives in the Old Town to the present day, so the populace, long after Lowland Scotland was generally peaceful and law-abiding, maintained its character for what may be called sullen and intelligent ferocity. The Porteous Riots were a striking example, when a host of conspirators kept their secrets so well, that no man was brought to justice for the murder. Otherwise the picturesque capital of Mary Stuart was a somewhat poverty-stricken parody of the Paris of the Valois. Both were enclosed in walls, with gates that could be guarded on occasion against assaults from without or conspiracies within. In both, popular feeling was wont to catch fire, and the citizens, though of very opposite temperaments, were easily stirred to *émeutes*. And in Edinburgh as in Paris, the nobles crowded to the Court to push their fortunes, while they wrung the last shilling from the wretched soil and its starving cultivators, that they might go in gay attire and keep troops of ruffling retainers. With its wheat, its vines, and its olives, France could in some measure stand the drain and even make a certain progress, although the lot of the peasants in most of the provinces was deplorable. But the wasteful habits of the great nobles and the evil example they set to the lesser barons and the lairds, were fatal to any sort of advance in so poor a country as Scotland.

Passing on from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, we find that there had been few essential changes. The bloody suppression of the Rebellion of 1745 was the turning-point in the social and economical history of the country. Consequently the volumes,[1] edited by Mr Allardyce, which have suggested this article, abound in a rare variety of interest, and are rich in picturesque and suggestive contrasts. The judges in Edinburgh, who were popularly designated "the Fifteen," were for the most part men of some letters and learning, and deserved the respect with which they were generally regarded; although their speech was rude, and their demeanour on the bench, with their social habits, would have seemed strange, and even scandalous, to modern society. But while the lawyers were already in the ascendant in the capital, and the Lowlands and the Border districts had in some measure recognised their supremacy, beyond the Highland line the old lawlessness continued. The chiefs controlled the clans, and their patriarchal authority was still paramount.

[1] Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century. Edited from the MSS. of John Ramsay, Esq. of Ochtertyre, by Alexander Allardyce. In two volumes. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1888.

They held their lands by their vassals and claymores; and as the Baron of Bradwardine said, they looked down upon their Lowland neighbours, with the titles to property that were written upon sheepskins. They gave the right of wood and water—the shelter of their forests and their lakes—to robbers or broken men who lived by rapine. Blackmailing was in full force, and was found to be a cheap form of insurance by the landowners and farmers who lay exposed to the *creaghs*. As Bailie Nicol Jarvie remarked to Frank Osbaldistone, who was inquiring curiously as to the consequences of declining to insure—"Troth, I wad advise ony friends o' mine to gree wi' Rob." Still, in point of fact, the Royal writ only ran in the accessible districts; and till the Highlands were broken and bridled, after the rising of the '45, the most audacious outrages might be perpetrated with impunity. These volumes tell the striking story of the death of the feudal and patriarchal systems; they show how, with the growing sense of security, successful Scotchmen who had made money abroad, came back to enrich Scotland with their savings; they trace the rise and progress of trade and commerce; they show how, through closer intercourse with England and other causes, manners became more refined as the tone of society was being elevated. Moreover, as the writer of the manuscripts was before all a farmer and an improving landlord, they abound in valuable details as to the origin of the agricultural revolution. The Scotland of the writer's infancy was much as we have described it in Mary Stuart's time. Before he died he had seen enough to enable him to foreshadow something of the marvellous transformation that enriched the grandchildren of his contemporaries. Bogs were being reclaimed and morasses were being drained; manures were being applied to the fields, which were cleared of stones and fenced in; farm-lands were subdivided, in place of being allotted at haphazard and cultivated in common; substantial steadings were being erected; cattle were sheltered, and even stall-fed, through the severe winters; roads that were practicable for wheels were laid down; crops were sown on some kind of scientific rotation, and there was a wonderful improvement in the agricultural implements. So it came about that great tracts of otherwise unproductive hill-land were covered with flourishing fir-woods, improving the climate of the straths; so it became the fashion to enclose belts of plantation that sheltered the cattle and the shooting cereals; and so the well-drained wastes were covered with waving crops which skill and science brought to the highest perfection in the fertile Lothians and the carses of the eastern counties.

But although the writer was a country gentleman, and a farmer before all things; though he seems to have stirred but little from his paternal acres, and had apparently never set foot across the Border,—he was a man of learning according to his lights, and took a very versatile interest in everything Scottish. A shrewd judge of character, a good deal of a gossip, a fair critic of judicial capacity and literary efforts, he knew all about the native celebrities of the day. He could make the best of a good story—he seized instinctively on the characteristic social traits, which, although they must have been familiar enough to himself, were sure to have an interest for posterity; and, like

Pennant, or Grose, or Walter Scott, he was keenly concerned in all that was quaint or ancient. In short, Mr Ramsay of Ochtertyre was a very remarkable man; and the best tribute to the authority of this north-country St Simon is to be found in Sir Walter's introduction to one of the later editions of 'Rob Roy.' He speaks of "my late venerable friend, John Ramsay of Ochtertyre, alike eminent as a classical scholar, and as an authentic register of the ancient history and manners of Scotland." No doubt Scott was indebted to "Ochtertyre" for many of the facts and the romantic episodes he wove into his Scottish novels. For the estate of Ochtertyre is just without the Highland line, and lay exposed to the *creaghs* in which the caterans harried the herds of the Lennox, as the cows from the Tully-Veolan byres were driven by Donald Bean. Indeed the Ochtertyre family knew something personally of Rob Roy; and Mr Ramsay must have heard from his father or grandfather an anecdote which we have happened upon in an elaborate memoir of the outlaw, compiled by a Mr Macleay. Rob Roy was passing the "parks" of "Auchtertyre," when he saw a pony which he specially fancied. He dropped in upon the lady to ask the price, and was answered that the animal was not for sale, as it had been broken for her own riding. Her husband having come in, sent for her to another room, and asked "if she knew the stranger, and what he wanted." "Wants!" said she; "he wants to buy my pony, the impudent fellow!" "My good lady," replied her husband, "if he wants yourself, he must not be refused, for he is Rob Roy."

In editing those voluminous Ochtertyre Manuscripts, Mr Allardyce seems to have executed a very difficult task with admirable judgment and discretion. Fettered by stringent and embarrassing conditions, he has made an extremely interesting and instructive selection from manuscripts which it was impossible to publish *en masse*. The writer showed by his testamentary dispositions that he had an eye to posthumous fame, and he was determined that his matter should not be tampered with. There must be no attempt to modify his statements or his views. So that "in compiling the present work, the Editor kept these facts steadily before him; and while extracting from the manuscripts such sections as it seemed to him the author himself laid most stress upon, the Editor has not in any way altered the language or even the spelling of the original." *Apropos* to language and spelling, Mr Ramsay gives a curious account of the state of contemporary education in Scotland. The Scots had lived so long in social isolation, that English was studied as a foreign tongue. Some of the Scottish lawyers attended lectures at Leyden, as not a few of the cadets of good families entered the French or the Dutch services; but these were the exceptions.

"For more than a century nothing of character had appeared in the dialect usually called 'broad Scots.' To render it polished and correct would have been a herculean labour not likely to procure them much renown. Nothing remained but to write classical English, which, though exceedingly difficult to men who spoke their mother-tongue without disguise, was greatly facilitated by the enthusiastic ardour with which they had studied the best English authors."

The author of the "Gentle Shepherd" had raised himself from ob-

scurity by writing in the vernacular with simplicity, spirit, and pathos. Two Jacobite cavaliers who went through many wild adventures in the troubles—Hamilton of Bangour and Robertson of Strowan—had likewise found leisure to cultivate the Muses, and have left songs behind them that are living still. But as a rule, the lawyers, the old *noblesse* of the Scottish robe, almost invariably men of ancient families, had a monopoly of the learning of the day such as it was. One or two, like Lord Auchinleck, had travelled abroad; alone among his fellows, perhaps, the eccentric Monboddo had frequented the coffee-houses of St James's, and kept company with the London wits. The favourite haunts of grave judges and great advocates at home were of a very different character from White's or the Cocoa Tree. Scott in 'Guy Mannering,' describing the high-jinks of the next generation, in no degree exaggerated. Judges parted in the Parliament House to meet at the tavern in some filthy and unsavoury close: "supper was the convivial meal," and they sat carousing into the small hours; though the suppers, with their choruses and their coarse jokes, were "without prejudice" to deep drinking after the early dinner. Men of business took their "meridians" as a matter of course, and the Law Courts must have been reeking with brandy and usquebaugh. In his very entertaining sketches of a succession of the more distinguished judges, Mr Ramsay is sympathetic and almost invariably apologetic. The famous and pious Duncan Forbes of Culloden "to the last went to the very verge of sobriety, considering the juice of the grape in connection with easy-spirited conversation as the best cordial that an old man immersed in business could have." The cultivated Lord Kames was taxed with undignified frugality, and blamed for giving port and punch in place of claret and burgundy. No station could have saved a man from being sent to Coventry who did not supply his guests with a superabundance of liquor of some kind. Even the worthy ministers fall in with the prevailing fashion. The Rev. Dr Webster, an erudite theologian and eloquent preacher, was so far fortunate, that "it was hardly in the power of liquor to affect his understanding or his limbs." But Dr Webster was tempted to abuse those natural advantages, and Mr Ramsay is bound sorrowfully to admit that "he cannot be entirely vindicated for spending so much time in taverns, or in private houses where hard drinking took place." Dundas of Arniston, the most illustrious of the Lords President after Forbes of Culloden, was "all his life exceedingly fond of company, or, in other words, of the bottle;" and after drinking quite as much as was good for him in his own house, like the Baron of Bradwardine, would adjourn with his guests and go to wind up the evening in a tavern.

From what we may call Mr Ramsay's "Book of Judges," much that is curious may be gleaned as to the annals and the manners of the age. We may single out some passages by way of specimens from the memorial sketches of the best known of the Scottish senators. By the way, Mr Ramsay does something towards whitewashing the famous or infamous Colonel Charteris. He admits that "the culprit was a vile character," but declares that he had hard measure in the notorious trial, and asserts that he was indubitably innocent of the crime for which he was

condemned. Charteris was defended by Duncan Forbes, who was then Lord Advocate. The grateful client offered his able counsel "a handsome purse," which was declined; but Forbes was persuaded to accept the liferent of a snug mansion near Edinburgh. "As that was a very desirable residence the offer was accepted, and Mr Forbes possessed it as long as he lived." Dundas of Arniston, who died in 1752, "may be regarded as one of the last of that illustrious group of Scottish lawyers who adhered religiously to the dialect, manners, and customs of their ancestors." Wedded to the old ways, he deemed it altogether beneath his dignity to study English like a schoolboy, even when he had a seat in Parliament. He consoled himself for the sneers of the Southrons, who gave him a somewhat contemptuous hearing, by serene confidence in his superior intellectual powers, and "was satisfied with displaying his unpolished, manly eloquence at the Scottish bar, where he was sure of finding admirers." Years afterwards, we have Boswell patriotically declaring that no Scotchman should ever be ashamed of his speech, though, in the case of that cosmopolitan, we may be persuaded that the grapes were sour. And in the next century, when Peter wrote the 'Letters to his Kinsfolk,' although a Scotchman, he owns to having been disagreeably impressed by the uncouth Doric and the grotesque provincial idioms of eloquent advocates and preachers.

Scarcely more than a couple of pages are devoted to Lord Grange, and the most memorable episode in a stormy and checkered career is merely adverted to. Yet that single incident casts a flood of light on the state of Scottish society in the middle of the eighteenth century. Lord Grange, who was a brother of the Earl of Mar, was sworn to administer those criminal laws which he outraged in a manner that has made his memory historical. Deeply involved in the Jacobite intrigues, his wife would appear to have got wind of them. The lady's wish seems to have been to save her husband from the risks he was running: be that as it may, he feared she might betray him. As is well known, she was seized, hurried away to the little island of Hesker, off Skye, and subsequently transferred to the more remote St Kilda. At the first blush, and in consideration of the possible scandal and penalties, it seems a strong measure for a judge of the courts summarily to sequestrate his wife. It must be remembered, too, that in carrying out the conspiracy, he had at the least scores of accomplices of worse than indifferent character and of various degrees. The lady could not be spirited away, and at each halting-place between the Forth and the Hebrides the party left some trace of its progress. As matter of fact, not a few outsiders must have known the precise state of the case, as many more must have suspected it. Grange, who was as shrewd as he was bold and unscrupulous, must have deliberately weighed comparative risks before resorting to that desperate remedy. As it proved, he had calculated rightly. We find all the details of the abduction in contemporary memoirs. The lady and her captors sojourned for days, and occasionally for weeks, in respectable houses. She communicated with servants, brigands, ship-captains, schoolmasters, and with at least a couple of clergymen. Yet such was the general indifference to her miserable fate, or the fear inspired

by the power of her enemies, that after surviving seventeen years of solitude and suffering, she died in Skye a beggar and an idiot.

Lord Auchinleck is best known as the father of a son of whom he was heartily ashamed, and who diametrically differed from him in politics as in most other things. A Presbyterian like Lord Grange, he was a precisian to boot, a man who practised the austere tenets he professed, and almost as much devoted to Calvinistic theology as to the Pandects and Institutes. But according to Mr Ramsay he might have had more sympathy with "Corsican Boswell" swaggering about the streets of Stratford-on-Avon with the Paoli ticket in his hat; for Lord Auchinleck himself, a singularly ungainly young man, had shown an ostentation in costume which made him ridiculous. But the future Puritan had plenty of pluck. "He made a trip to Paris, where he dressed in the height of the fashion; and when he saw an English traveller making merry at his awkward figure, he resented it with so much spirit and propriety that the buck thought proper to make submission." We are told, by the way, that "Mr James," whose devotion to the "pursuer" in the Douglas Cause is commemorated in his 'Life of Johnson,' was at the head of the Edinburgh mob which broke the judge's windows, when the House of Lords had reversed the decision of the Scotch courts. On that occasion the Spartan father, "with tears in his eyes, entreated the President to put his son in the Tolbooth." To Lord Kames, who as laird of Blair Drummond was one of Ochtertyre's nearest neighbours, Mr Ramsay gives great credit for the share he took in introducing English agriculture into Scotland. Of the eccentric Lord Monboddo he has much to say, although little with which we are not familiar. The man who in his old age delighted to dress as "Farmer Burnett," seems in his youth to have sown his wild oats like Lord Auchinleck, and he soon scandalised the world with his follies. "After returning from France he appeared in the Assembly in a suit of white velvet, of which he was very vain, saying it would become the Chancellor of France. To the great entertainment of the company, he danced a minuet truly Dutch." Surely Mr Ramsay might have given us more stories of Lord Braxfield. Perhaps he spared his lordship because the best of the stories, which are at all events *ben trovati*, shed little lustre on the dignity of the Scottish Bench. It is Braxfield who is said to have observed with a friendly nod and wink, after passing the death sentence on an old acquaintance with whom he had cracked many a bottle and had many a hard tussle at chess, "And noo, Donal', my man, I think I've checkmated you for ance." Braxfield, who probably sat for his portrait in 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' was emphatically "a character," even in that band of learned brethren where "characters" were common. His tongue was as rough and ready as his brain was bright; but he deserved the credit of having climbed to the Lord Justice-Clerkship in spite of his faults and his humble origin. The son of a writer in Lanark, he was one of those "messan-doggies" referred to by the Provost of Dumfries in his talk with Alan Fairford, who in former generations had been pushed to the wall by men of better birth and connections. Braxfield's success was the more re-

markable that he was not only reproached with lack of dignity, and even for the brutality of his bearing, but because, in the fashion of the presidents of the French criminal courts, he was said to forget the judge and become counsel for the prosecution. The aged judge swore like a trooper. He scandalised young *roués* and *viveurs* with his profane and obscene talk. He delighted in cards and was devoted to the bottle, though "so exuberant were his spirits that even in his sober hours he might be said to be in a state little short of inebriety; and his love of play made him irascible beyond measure." One distinguished advocate we must mention, although he never rose to the dignity of the Bench. Andrew Crosbie has always been understood to have been the prototype of the Counsellor Pleydell of 'Guy Mannering,' as Ramsay himself is said to have been one of a triumvirate of oddities from whom Scott compounded the inimitable Monkbarns. As matter of fact, much of what Mr Ramsay has to say of Crosbie is altogether incompatible with the Pleydell theory. Both were of course convivial and *bon vivants;* and no doubt Crosbie, like Pleydell, might have stopped in the hall of Woodbourne to consult Mr Barnes as to supper and suggest the addition of the wild ducks. But Pleydell is represented as a gay old *beau*, who, although he wrapped a handkerchief round his neck as a precaution against the night air, even carried his flirtations with Miss Mannering so far as to insist on saluting the lively beauty. Pleydell played the flute, and prided himself on his social as much as on his forensic gifts; while Crosbie, with his "heavy look and clumsy figure," is said to have been painfully sensible of a want of external accomplishments, which made him awkward in the company of ladies of rank and fashion. It must be noted, however, that Crosbie is credited with the exceptional "erudition" by which Pleydell discomfited Dominie Sampson, though the Dominie deplored the frivolous abuse of the powers and knowledge that commanded his respect.

As we have said, the striking feature in these memorials of old Scotland is that they run continually on parallel lines, descriptive alternately of law and lawlessness. We have studies in more or less detail of the Lords of Session, the lawyers and the literary men in Edinburgh, who, though they might lead dissipated lives according to our modern notions, were nevertheless essentially law-abiding. Criminal escapades like the abduction of Lady Grange, or assassinations like that of the President Lockhart by Lady Grange's father, Chiesly of Dalry, had been exceptions to the universal rule. The quarrels of the citizens, and even the feuds of the landowners, had come to be settled by suits in the Parliament House, in place of by sword and Lochaber-axe. But over the greater part of a country mountainous and impracticable, the state of things was still very different; and till the clans were finally crushed at Culloden, the Highlands were as turbulent as ever. There was many a Baron of Bradwardine on the Lowland borders who detested disorder for the best of personal reasons, but who was forced to bend his pride to a humiliating compromise with the lawless. The petty baron or the powerful laird might be touchy and high-spirited; nevertheless at heart he was a canny Scot. He knew that some semi-barbarous chieftain above the passes had

500 or 1000 claymores at command; and if a "cloud came down from the hills to settle on the valleys," a "drift" of his cattle or his sheep might be driven through the passes the next morning. He could seldom follow up his gear or defend himself: Government, till it enrolled the Highland irregulars, did not profess to protect him; so there was nothing for it but to come down with blackmail. In consideration of a sum that was extremely reasonable, a martial middleman—with a gang of men who were at once tax-collectors and thief-takers—undertook to make good any loss if they did not actually restore the cattle. Consequently there was a charming simplicity in that system of contract, and by each outrage and loss for which he had to make restitution the blackmailer advertised his business and extended his sphere of operation. If he could not or did not follow up the thieves, he laid the nearest landowner who had not contracted with him under contribution. The victim, when he had realised the double risks, was pretty sure to come to terms with the spoliator, and take out one of the unwritten policies of cattle-insurance.

The character and adventurous career of Rob Roy illustrate that strangely anomalous state of things. Always, in his later years, amenable to the law, he never paid the penalty of his many offences, except in the form of standing proscription, and of fines that could never be levied. The catalogue of his crimes, according to the statute-book, was endless. In his own country, which lay around the head of Loch Lomond and the Braes of Balquidder, he made the roads, such as they were, impassable for travellers. He was continually carrying fire and sword through the Lennox, and plundering the hereditary estates of his great enemy of the house of Graham. He fired the farm-steadings and burned the byres. Many a tenant, when trying to escape the flames, must have lost his life in those fierce chance-medleys. Yet a people that was still warlike looked leniently on his escapades, as they admired his dash and personal prowess; and either from the fear or the sympathy he inspired, even among the sufferers, although repeatedly captured, he as often escaped. Moreover, it was notorious that he enjoyed the protection of Argyll, and Argyll was the hereditary Justiciary of Scotland. With the right of "wood and water" from the Macallum More, when he was driven from his habitual retreats among the cliffs of Craigroyston, the chief of a "broken" clan could still count on the absolute fidelity of his followers. With a price that would have been wealth to a Highlander set upon his head, his men were so inaccessible to temptation, that it does not seem to have been thought worth while to try to tamper with them.

Outlaws like Rob Roy were the more mischievous to society, that they had a certain character to keep up, and a code of morals of their own. Even in the beginning of the eighteenth century, a petty thief would have been promptly hunted down unless he could pay for powerful protection. But the chief of the Macgregors never permitted murder in cold blood: unless his temper was roused by unexpected resistance, he was as mild-mannered a robber as Lambro himself. Like Robin Hood, he prided himself on his charity and generosity; and if he plundered the rich, he gave to the poor. Indeed we take it that Rob was rather a favourable ex-

ample of the Highland gentleman of the day. If he figures prominently in the Scottish criminal calendar, it is because a succession of exceptional and unfortunate circumstances had outlawed a man of extraordinary sagacity. Ruined and proscribed, he took advantage of the troubles of the times and the turbulent state of the Highlands. Outlawed as he was, he was courted on all sides; and although he was countenanced by the great Whig leader of Scotland, he was deep in the counsels of the Jacobite leaders. When Lord Mar, and even when the young Chevalier, raised their standards, the Highlands were as Bailie Nicol Jarvie described them. Half the population might get a tolerably honest livelihood; as no work was to be found for the other half, they must steal, or "sorn," or starve. So the peace of the Low country was always at the mercy of a handful of restless and ambitious chiefs, who had to find food or occupation for their hordes of hungry idlers. What with the certainty of Highland raiding and the chances of civil war, civilisation was at a standstill in Scotland as poverty was universal.

The story of Rob Roy illustrates the national as well as the social condition of the Highlands. From first to last he lived by cattle: before he turned blackmailer and freebooter, he was doing good business as a drover. Nor did that derogate at all from his gentility; indeed, it may be remembered that Allan Iverach, when his tartans were set on fire by the Bailie's ploughshare, suggested that the new plaid might be intrusted to "a cousin of my ain,"—"a gentleman that carries eggs down from Glencroe." Eggs were respectable; cattle were almost aristocratic; though anything savouring of shopkeeping or shuttles, or of mechanical pursuits in any shape, was held in supreme contempt. Black cattle, as Mr Ramsay remarks repeatedly, ran loose over all the hills in the Highlands, and were the great resource of the Highland proprietors. When Boswell and Johnson went to the Hebrides, they have much to say of the hospitable laird of Raasay. He had all sorts of foreign wines on his sideboard; he "lived in great splendour;" yet he drew but a moderate rental from his vast acreage, and made the most of his income by selling his beasts. The Union, says Mr Ramsay, relieved the Scotch from the import duties on northern cattle, and "as soon as all restraints were taken off, the supplying England with cattle became one of our chief articles of commerce." The prime cost of rearing was trivial, for the cattle starved or fattened upon undrained and exposed ground that could be used for no other purpose. Still cattle-rearing, with the necessity of growing some winter food, employed a considerable amount of ill-paid Highland labour, and at first the profits were ludicrously small. Even after the trade began to flourish, the best and the fattest Highland cows fetched only 24s. Prices rose after the Rebellion of 1745, and the reckless destruction of stock by the *sidier roy*. In fact they had more than doubled, and the loyal Highlanders profited accordingly. With the cessation of the war with France towards the end of the century, the demand steadily increased and prices went up still more. But at best the trade in black cattle was a poor prospect for the Highland proprietor who had mixed in the society of the Scottish capital, or had perhaps been educated with rich young squires

in the south. He had new ideas and new needs, and the rude patriarchal simplicity did not satisfy him. Very seasonably for him, though it had important and far-reaching social consequences, a Highland grazier made a revolutionary discovery. John Campbell, an Ayrshire man, who kept the inn at Tyndrum, had rented a small hill-farm from Lord Breadalbane. Too poor to build a shelter for his sheep, he turned them out on the mountains through a stormy winter. To his own surprise and that of everybody else, "the flock was in high order in the spring, notwithstanding all the storms it had endured." Campbell went in for sheep-rearing on an extensive scale, and thenceforward his successful example was generally followed. Spirited southern farmers with capital offered tempting rents for tracts of Highland territory. The incomes of the landowners were largely increased; but at the same time, the social crisis was being precipitated which is troubling us at the present moment. The old tacksmen and their dependants were displaced; for

"so long as black cattle and horses were the principal stocking of a Highland farm, a number of servants or cottagers were absolutely necessary to raise a sufficient quantity of winter produce for them, which in that soil and climate, among a people averse to continual labour, was an arduous task; whereas a very few hands are sufficient to manage a large flock. As sheep love an extensive range of pasture, there was often a necessity to remove ten or a dozen of tenants to enable a single tenant to pay an adequate rent. Of its tendency to depopulate a country, the many ruinous houses to be seen in the Highland glens occupied by these animals, afford complete and melancholy evidence."

Many a sportsman and tourist in the Highlands must remember coming on the foundations of former hamlets, and on lonely churchyards that were once well filled, though now no soul is laid in them, save some stray shepherd or gillie. That invasion of southern pastoral capitalists gave an extraordinary impulse to the shifting of the crofters towards the seaboard and to the emigration, which nevertheless were no new things. Already, and after the '45, the impoverished or more luxurious chieftains had been quarrelling with the tacksmen, who for the most part were far-away cousins of their own. They had been letting the land to the highest bidder, regardless of what were considered as vested interests. They had been consolidating small holdings, reserving the rights of grazing, and getting rid of some of the hungry mouths they felt a certain responsibility for filling; and Boswell, who came across more than one emigrant ship among the islands, laments the loosening of immemorial family ties and the decay of the kindly system of clansmanship.

The Highland democracy may have suffered by the pastoral revolution, though many of the involuntary emigrants, when transported to America, benefited infinitely more than the landowners. In the Lowlands, the gradual abandonment of the primitive ways, and the introduction of more scientific methods from England, was an immense gain to everybody. Nay, the Scotch so far improved on the English methods as to set an example in intelligent farming to the world; and the rents of landlords had been rapidly rising, notwithstanding the abolition of the corn laws, till the present agricultural depression set in. It is strange to look back to the state

of things which existed when Mr Ramsay was a middle-aged man. There were still many of the "kindly tenants," holding farms and crofts on nominal rents, because their forefathers had been bound to render military service. There were farms let out on "steelbow," where the proprietor was in partnership with the tenant, whom he supplied with stock and implements, and even with seeds. Village communities held their lands in common, drawing lots for the several ridges in each successive year. The "infield," or cultivated ground round a village, was insignificant in extent compared to the unreclaimed "outfield." The grain grown was of the hardiest and coarsest—peas or beans, bear, barley, or black oats. We remember how the time-serving Niel Blane, of 'Old Mortality,' sent "some bows o' pease to the camp of the Covenanters, because the mashlum bannocks would suit their muirland stomachs well." Turnips were as yet exotics, which were only being tentatively sown. The farmers knew nothing of manures: when a strip of soil was worked out, it was left to lie fallow for a time, as in the boundless American prairies or the Russian steppes. The rude agricultural tools were made by the farmer and his servants. Mountaineers from the Highlands traded in the ploughstilts, which they sold in the rough for a shilling or eighteenpence. The horse-collars were twisted out of straw, and yet they were strong enough to hold the half-starved and weakly horses. The clothes of the peasantry were spun and dyed at home, so that each village or farm was almost self-supporting. The farmers ate with their servants: bear-meal was generally in use; and even oatmeal—"the food of horses in England"—was deemed a luxury. In short, the rural population struggled along from day to day; the landlord laid out little on improvements. The farmer needed next to no capital. We are startled to hear that "a tenant who was getting a nineteen years' lease, would have undertaken to build a complete steading for a hundred merks (£5) besides the great timber." The neighbours helped to haul the materials, and lent their hands to the work. Stranger still, there were no wheeled vehicles, for the reason that there were no regular roads. Produce was either carried on pack-horses or dragged on sledges, which must have much resembled the primitive tumble-cars, which were common till the other day in the wilder Yorkshire dales. Carts came in about 1747, with the establishment of road-meetings by the parochial heritors, when the long-neglected statutes passed in the time of Charles II. were at last brought into force.

Indeed everything satisfactory in the progress of Scotland seems to have originated after that suppression of the last formidable rising, to which we have so often had occasion to revert. "It is a capital era in the husbandry and economics of Scotland," says Mr Ramsay. "It produced a liberal intercourse between the Scots and English." "The convulsions inseparable from civil war had no sooner subsided than the price of land rose considerably." Credit rapidly improved; judicial procedure was cheapened and facilitated. There was practically a Scottish Encumbered Estates Court, which sold heavily mortgaged lands for the benefit of creditors, transferring them from listless insolvents to men of means and energy. Adventurers who had made money in the East Indies or on the Conti-

nent, were tempted, by the hopes of remunerative investments, to come home and settle in their native country. They not only came back with money, but with enlarged intelligence and receptive minds. Glasgow began to flourish with the colonial trade, and the tobacco lords and owners of West India plantations invested their economies in insolvent estates. Lord Eglinton, Lord Kames, and others mounted costly hobbies, and went in for English and more ornamental farming. Later in the century, "in the course of an oversuccessful war, princely fortunes were acquired with great rapidity by some of our countrymen. All these fortunate adventurers hastened, upon the peace, to invest their money upon land in their native country." Yet, even after land had acquired a real, and in some cases a fictitious value, the ideas as to rights of property remained loose enough. Mr Ramsay writes: "There is within these few years a great change in the views of the tenants in the neighbourhood. They begin to have an idea of property, in winter as well as in summer; nor is it any longer thought bad neighbourhood to drive off cattle that are trespassing upon their winter crops." The fields were being enclosed that were formerly fenceless, and neighbours avoided quarrels and law-pleas by going to the unfamiliar expense of constructing substantial march-dikes. In fact, as wages were beginning to go up, it became a question whether it would not be cheaper to dispense with herding. Security assured, and the start once made, Scottish agriculture made steady progress. The manure of the stall-fed cattle was saved and used; lime was laid on to the lands; fencing, planting, draining went rapidly forward; and there came an intelligent rotation of crops, with the introduction of new seeds and roots, which proved profitable under the improved conditions of husbandry.

To go back from the severely practical to the romantic, we may close our notice of these almost inexhaustible volumes, over which we would gladly have lingered, with another glance at Mr Ramsay's pictures of life in the Highlands. The half-savage chieftains kept semi-regal state, and their smoky and darkened halls were thrown open to all comers. "The chieftain's affection to the members of his little community, and his hospitalities to strangers, were warm and unrestrained as his enmities, public and private." The Highland people might be barbarous in many respects, but as all classes lived in familiar intercourse with their superiors, so they modelled themselves on the manners and sentiments of the gentry. The traveller found as hearty a welcome in the cottage or the hovel as in the castle. "An old *dunie-wassal* tenant once told me, with great simplicity, that he allowed nobody to pass his house without bread and cheese and a drink of milk and whey; but if a minister or a gentleman came into the glen, he killed a kid or a lamb." That universal hospitality may have partly accounted for the deplorable arrangements of the houses of public entertainment. It is very probable that Ramsay furnished Scott with the materials for his graphic study of the change-house at the clachan of Aberfoyle. The inns were wretched, and Highland pride seems to have revolted at the necessity of charging the customers in place of entertaining them hospitably. "A few of the publicans had gentle blood in their veins, which they imagined could

not be better evidenced to their guests than by reversing the manners of their country." They were despotic as the German innkeeper in 'Anne of Geierstein,' though we need not say their tables were infinitely worse furnished than that of the surly host of the Flying Stag. We only wish we had space to tell how Mr Ramsay traces the influence of southern intercourse and education on Highland manners; of the wise policy that recruited lawless enterprise for the gallant Highland regiments, changing ruffians and rebels into soldiers and patriots; of the good and evil consequences of emigration; and of the crofter question as it had already taken shape in the last century. Knowing something from other sources of the Scotland of Mr Ramsay's time, we are nevertheless greatly indebted to Mr Allardyce's judicious editing for an infinite variety of suggestive facts and for much novel information; and for Scotchmen who are interested in the history of their country, very few of the chapters will be without fascination.

EVENING: KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

"For a scanty band Of white-robed Scholars only."

KEEP silence! From the chanting draw apart
And take thy seat where ends the monarch aisle,
And where are caught the glories of this pile
Most beauteously, with help of every art.
Forth from the gathering gloom past ages start
Till we feel placed within them for a while,—
Till Memories forbid us to beguile
Our soul with sweetness or with sight our heart.
Here is no hint nor any need of change:
It is a dream of that which once hath been,—
Dream lasting still. (No strife nor galling doubt.)
Nothing doth enter here of new or strange:
Calmly we feel the silent peace within,
Forgetful how the tempest roars without.

CHARLES SAYLE.

THE CENTRAL AFRICAN QUESTION.

RECENT events in Africa have combined to bring about a state of affairs which, although little known to the general public, is now engaging the serious attention of diplomatists. As there is an Eastern question, there is also an African question; and unless it is faced at once, it will become a burning question, likely enough to involve disputes among the European Powers interested in its solution.

We are all somewhat weary of the name of Africa. The time has now gone by when we read with bated breath the stirring adventures of the earlier travellers—the romance of Africa, in spite of Rider Haggard, is dead. Over 800 explorers have traversed the lands which, not many years ago, were almost unknown to us; the continent is now mapped out with far greater detail and accuracy than is the continent of Australia, in the accomplishment of which many valuable lives and much treasure have been expended.

In this peaceful conquest of Africa Great Britain has borne the greater part of the burden—her sons were among the first to enter the Unknown. Of Scotsmen alone, we may mention James Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller; Mungo Park, the discoverer of the Niger; Colonel James Augustus Grant, the discoverer (with Speke) of the Victoria Nyanza; Joseph Thomson and Keith Johnston; and, the greatest of all African travellers, Dr Livingstone, who, between 1840 and 1873, discovered the great Lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, Bangweolo, and the Lualaba (Upper Congo). Dr Robert Moffat, Livingstone's father-in-law, also deserves mention in the same honourable field of missionary enterprise. Dr Livingstone showed us how Africa was to be overcome and civilised, and Christian missions have sprung up in his track. But Dr Livingstone's method has latterly been discarded in favour of an easier and more profitable Plan of Campaign. We no longer care so much for the spiritual awakening of Africa, or, if we have awakened its semi-barbarian inhabitants, it is only to lay upon them the curse of Adam — toil; not toil to evolve the higher capacities of the natives, but toil to enrich the taskmaster. Their confidence in Europeans has first been gained by the work and example of our missionaries, who have taught them to trade, to till the soil, to gather the fruits of the earth, and to live in peace and contentment. Close on the heels of the missionary—if we omit the explorer, who penetrates everywhere, but rests nowhere—comes the irresponsible, individual trader. To him the native is an instrument for his special use: he is his carrier in a land where no other beast of burden can be employed, his labourer where no other labourers can be introduced. With gin and gunpowder the individual trader buys the land, if not the souls, of its native owners. Wherever he settles, the native degenerates. On the West Coast of Africa this degeneration, arising out of contact with Europeans, is specially observable. The great trading companies, on the other hand, rigidly restrict or entirely prohibit the sale of ardent liquors to the natives, with the most beneficial

results. It is these trading companies which now are bent upon the partition of Africa into "spheres of interest," just as two or more doctors may divide off a village or town into districts for their special practice; their Governments do not always go with them, and, unless committed to a course of protection, are very unwilling to accept responsibility. On the West Coast we have the Royal Niger Company, which for years has been steadily, though quietly, establishing itself on the Niger and Benue; in 1886 it obtained a royal charter, conveying sovereign rights over the whole of the Niger from Timbuktu, and of the Benue from Yola, extending on both banks for thirty miles inland. On the great Lakes and in the Zambesi zone, we have the African Lakes Company; and only the other day two new companies were formed: the British and the German East African Associations. It is now proposed to form a new (British) Trading Company to tap the riches of the Eastern Sudan, from the Red Sea littoral. To these companies and their work we shall refer later on.

Spain and Portugal, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, divided the world between them—at least on paper; the Pope, to whom the matter was referred as arbitrator, drew the dividing line on the other side of the world, somewhere in the longitude of the Philippines. In spite of this convenient arrangement, however, the United States, Australia, and India belong to neither Power: it clearly was not binding on *third* parties. We have mentioned this case to illustrate a principle that is entirely overlooked by those who wish to gain something in the "scramble" for Africa. The rightful owners of the land, being for the most part barbarians, are treated unjustly; they sign away their birthright for a mess of pottage; too often they lay their necks under the Juggernaut car of Commercial Progress. The "spheres of influence" are delimitated in too hopeful a spirit; they in some places clash with the interests of third parties. The map of Central and Southern Africa is now neatly partitioned off into British, French, German, Portuguese, and Congo Independent State spheres of influence. It is a paper warfare, and it is wonderful what "a scrap of paper" can do.

Let us briefly consider the position of affairs. Africa, as we all know, is a vast plateau continent, with an area of over eleven million English square miles in extent. Its general elevation varies from 1000 to 4000 feet above the sea-level; the higher lands and mountains (roughly speaking) fringe the seaboard, and on the Red Sea and at the Cape they fall in sheer heights close to the water's edge. There are ports all round the coast, but the only proper access to the interior is by the great waterways. The continent, from the point of view of commerce, can therefore best be divided into basins or zones: (1) The Niger; (2) the Chad and Shari; (3) the Zambesi; (4) the Nile; (5) the Congo; (6) remaining area. We leave altogether out of account the Mediterranean coast.

Of these, the Niger zone appears to be the most important. The Royal Niger Company have, it is true, the French and Germans to compete against; but they are so firmly established that they may now safely be left to their own resources: they tap the rich, populous, and civilised States of the Central Sudan, and have concluded treaties by which an

immense area is placed under their sovereignty. The Chad-Shari zone may, for these reasons, also be left out of account. Were the other commercial companies as firmly established as the Royal Niger Company, there would be no Central African question to-day; they could be left to safeguard their own interests without calling for Government protection.

In the Zambesi zone a very different state of affairs exists. The Portuguese authorities have been established on the Sofala and Mozambique coasts for centuries. The only access to the great Lakes is by way of the Zambesi, and the Zambesi mouths are in the hands of the Portuguese, who sit at the receipt of custom, and collect all the dues they can impose upon merchandise. Their prohibitive tariffs, and political inaction, destroy trade. From Cape Delgado to Delagoa Bay they hold undisputed sway. Their colonial policy has been to gather where they have not sowed, and instead of developing the country and elevating its inhabitants, it has had quite a contrary effect: foreign enterprise and native emancipation have been crippled by its exactions and immorality. In spite of this, the African Lakes Company, of Glasgow, have established a trade-route from the mouths of the Zambesi to the head of Lake Tanganyika. They have a steamer running regularly on the Nyassa Lake, and a portage (the Stevenson Road) from the latter to the former lake. If a steamer were placed upon Tanganyika, one of the best and quickest routes into Central Africa would be established. The missionaries on the Lakes give constant work to the Company, and its trade could be immensely increased if only the country were under a settled and active government. At the present moment this trade-route is closed. The Arab slave-raiders have swept the shores of Tanganyika, blocked the Stevenson Road, and occupied the country to the north of the Nyassa. They have destroyed the villages of the Wa-Nkonde, killed or captured hundreds of men, women, and children, and have given out that in future they intend to occupy the land, and exact tribute (which is their idea of occupation) from all who return there, even from Europeans.

But for the brave stand made by our consuls, Mr O'Neill and Captain Hawes—by the missionaries of the Free Church of Scotland, and the agent and officers of the African Lakes Company, who repulsed the attack made on them by the Arabs, and gave shelter and support to the Wa-Nkonde—the state of affairs would be far more serious. There appears to be a concerted movement—an invasion—of the Arab slave-dealers against European supremacy. The whole of this region has been swept by Tippu-Tib, who, established as the chief official of the Congo Independent State at Stanley Falls, is now in the very best position to maintain and develop his abominable traffic in slaves. His power is great and far-reaching; he has (thus far) proved false to the trust so rashly placed in him by Stanley, and it is clear that he will have to be overcome by forcible means if the slave-trade is ever to be crushed. By the removal of H.M.S. London from Zanzibar, and of the slave-cruisers from the East Coast, the Arabs suppose we have relaxed our efforts to destroy the slave-trade, and are encouraged to resume it. The Sultan of Zanzibar, deserted by his British ally, and seeing his territories taken from him and his

power crippled, no doubt lends a willing hand to his former "subjects." Up to within four years ago, the Sultan of Zanzibar's Government was administered under the advice of the British Resident. He exacted, and partially received, the allegiance of all the chiefs between the coast and the great Lakes; and British supremacy was complete on the East Coast. Since that time, however, the Germans have stepped in. The German Protectorate on the East Coast has been proclaimed over Wito-land and the compact and valuable territories of Usagara, Useguha, and Ukami. The German East African Association, however, have made numerous private treaties (not yet recognised by the Imperial German Government) and claim a sphere of influence—far greater than the area of the German Empire—extending from the coast, between Wanga and Cape Delgado, to the boundaries of the Congo Independent State on the west, the British sphere of influence on the north, and the Portuguese possessions in the south. Their claims are, of course, preposterous: their travellers have not even entered all the lands they claim, and no treaties have been concluded with the tribes on the Lakes—indeed, they have not the power to make treaties but only private agreements. Their policy appears to be annexation by paint-brush; but, though it may contribute to the colonial fever in the Fatherland, it cannot be conceived that it will meet with the support or countenance of the Imperial Government. The Germans are new arrivals in that district, but if they consented to arbitration between their claims and the claims of third parties, and loyally co-operated in stamping out the slave-trade, and in introducing order, they should be welcomed by all who take an interest in the true welfare of Africa. The possession of land entails obligations; and should these not be observed, in the present case and at the present time, the progress of Central Africa will be retarded. Anarchy and tribal warfare may supervene, and Central Africa may become as inimical to European influence as the Upper Nile zone is to-day. *The Central African question is one, not of territorial and commercial interests alone, but of Islamism against Christianity, and of the slave-trade against freedom.*

Between the present German sphere of influence and the German colony of Wito the British sphere intervenes. This tract of country has been acquired by the British East African Association; Mombasa, the chief port, is the residence of a British vice-consul. North of Wito, again, the German Association claims all the coast up to the Gulf of Aden; but it is a mere paint-brush annexation, and cannot for one moment be recognised. It is important to remember this, because Port Durnford and Kisimayu are perhaps the best places on the coast from which a trade-route into Emin Pasha's territory could be established.

The Portuguese also hold the West Coast between the mouth of the Congo, south of the Independent State limits, to the Kunene and the northern boundary of Damara-land; but they claim the whole intermediate zone between their possessions on the West Coast and their possessions on the East Coast. Were this claim recognised by Great Britain—an event scarcely to be anticipated—it would divide with Germany the entire command of the Lakes route, established with so much trouble and expense by

the African Lakes Company. Germany and Portugal have agreed to this delimitation of their spheres of interest, but we trust it will never be recognised by Great Britain. If the African Lakes Company and the British consuls had more power put in their hands,—if, for instance, an armed steamer were placed on the Nyassa, —the slave-raiders would soon be driven from their happy hunting-grounds; but Portugal will do nothing to check the slave-trade, and Germany is too young a colonial Power and has not the means to do it. The terms of their mutual agreement clearly indicate that neither intend to act upon the Lakes—at least in a political sense. Therefore, in the interests of humanity, as well as in simple justice to British subjects, her Majesty's Government would do well to support our missionaries and traders in the Lakes district. If the Foreign Office hesitated to place a gunboat on the Nyassa for the suppression of the slave-trade, the African Lakes Company, if they held a royal charter, would be compelled to do so in self-defence. Again, the southern boundary of the Portuguese possessions —if their claims were recognised— would take in Matebele-land. But as Mr Moffat, our Commissioner for Northern Bechuanaland, is already in treaty with Lo Bengula, we may conclude (and hope) that British Bechuanaland will, in course of time, be extended to its natural northern boundary — the Zambesi. Khame's assent to be placed under British protection has already been received. We have permitted the Boers to place a troublesome thorn in our side, and have for a time lost our supremacy in South Africa, but we cannot afford to lose our commerce, which has a natural tendency to extend northwards. The Germans on the West Coast, encouraged by our submission in the case of Angra Pequeña, have pushed their claims to territory *behind* our protectorate of Bechuanaland; and if the Portuguese were permitted to join hands with the Germans at Victoria Falls (on the Zambesi), we should most effectually be closed in on the north.

We now come to the Congo Independent State. This State was founded in 1885 at the Berlin Conference. Much important work has been done in exploring and making known the basin of the Congo, vast sums have been spent by the philanthropic King of the Belgians; but as regards any real occupation and administration by the State, only a certain amount of progress has been made. At the present moment Stanley Falls is in the hands of Tippu-Tib, the uncrowned Sultan of Central Africa. Wherever we look the Arabs are checking—if not dangerously near to checkmating—European supremacy. All the European Powers of any importance sent representatives to the Berlin Conference, and by Article IX. of the General Act they bound themselves, if exercising any influence in the Congo basin, to use every means at their disposal to put an end to the slave-trade, and to punish those who engaged in it. Yet what steps have been taken to bring about this end? It is true that the King of the Belgians, only the other day, sent Lieutenant Van de Velde, with a small escort, to occupy Stanley Falls! and to re-establish the stations on Lake Tanganyika; but his Majesty's emissary unhappily died of fever on the way.

It should be borne in mind that the Congo Independent State only actually possesses those districts

within the free-trade area which it has acquired by treaty with the natives. Thus, above Stanley Pool there are only a few up-river stations virtually belonging to the State. The treaties in existence do not debar all, but only certain specified, Powers from acquiring territory within its limits; for instance, there is no treaty (except one in restraint of trade monopolies) affecting Egyptian or British rights to annex any unoccupied territory above Stanley Falls, except in the few places where native chiefs have actually made treaties with the State. The French Congo Territory and the German colony of Cameroons, between the Congo and Benue-Niger zones, stop short of the Independent State. If Emin Pasha chose to extend the frontier of his province so as to command the navigation of the Aruwimi (an important tributary of the Congo), there is no treaty to prevent his doing so. And it is to Emin Pasha we must look for the first answer to the question, upon the solution of which all European success in Africa must depend. Is European or Arab ascendancy to be planted in Africa? There is no doubt that with Emin Pasha's province as a nucleus, a cordon could be stretched across the continent of Africa that would effectually cut off the Mohammedan peoples of the north from the Bantu peoples of the south. The slave-trade would thus be strangled in its most vital regions.

We have thus led up to Emin Pasha with a purpose. Let us now consider his position, and its bearing on what we have ventured to call the Central African question.

Emin Pasha is at the present moment administering the last remaining Egyptian province in Equatorial Africa. His position is somewhat anomalous. Having been appointed some ten years ago by Gordon, he has held his province throughout all the vicissitudes of the Mahdist movement, the Negro rebellion, of famine, and of difficulties that would have crushed many a weaker man. When Egypt evacuated the Sudan, she also gave up all hope of retaining her equatorial province of Hat-el-Estivar, over which Emin still rules. Emin was informed of this decision, it is true, but he could not reconcile it with his duty to abandon his faithful followers to the enemy they had so long kept at bay. He sought for a means to withdraw the garrisons and conduct them back to Egypt, but none were available. The province he had saved from the anarchy that spread over, and still exists in, the remainder of the Egyptian Sudan — the province he had so wisely and successfully administered—he did not wish to abandon: the work of ten years would thereby have been obliterated in as many months; the population who had tasted freedom and a beneficent rule would have been at once enslaved; and the slave-hunters would have turned the province into a hell. Therefore he conceived it to be his duty to remain, and if necessary to die, at his post. All friends of civilisation will applaud his resolution. Even the Egyptian Government tacitly recognised his position when, having learnt of his independent success, they raised him to the rank of Pasha, and offered £10,000 sterling to any expedition undertaken for his relief. Dr Schweinfurth, of Cairo, was undoubtedly the means of moving the Egyptian Government to take this step. The Liberal Government, on the other hand, repudiated Emin Pasha's position. Having abandoned Gordon, it was not

likely they would undertake an expedition to relieve Gordon's lieutenant.

Up to within eighteen months ago the name of Dr Emin Pasha was unfamiliar to the public. He, however, was not without friends in Europe, and his scientific work had for many years enriched the transactions of several societies; but for a period of about three years no communication had been received from him: he was entirely cut off from intercourse with the outer world. Dr Robert W. Felkin, of Edinburgh, was the first to hear of his critical position. In the letters he received from Emin an urgent appeal for help was made. Emin, according to these letters, was almost entirely without resources. The Royal Scottish Geographical Society at once took the matter up, and petitioned her Majesty's Government either to send out an expedition for his relief or to assist the Society in despatching one. The Society, moreover, took every step to give publicity to the position of Emin Pasha; and in a very short space of time the name and the deeds of Emin were world-known. In the meantime a private syndicate of gentlemen in London, with Mr William Mackinnon at its head, obtained the consent, even assistance, of her Majesty's Government to organise an expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, and the grant of the Egyptian Government was placed at its disposal. Mr Henry M. Stanley was chosen as the leader of the expedition, and its organisation was rapidly completed.

The question of routes was for some time a matter of public debate. The Royal Scottish Geographical Society at once recommended an East Coast route as the best and surest, and their recommendation received the support of all experts. Mr Stanley himself was inclined to prefer an East Coast route; but his better judgment — or perhaps his peculiar position—was overruled by the King of the Belgians, who offered to place all the resources of the Congo Independent State at his disposal, if the expedition went by way of the Congo. His Majesty's wish was, of course, equivalent to a command, and, at the last moment (in spite of the delay it occasioned), the Congo route was definitely selected.

It is an open secret that the Royal Scottish Geographical Society offered to co-operate with Mr Stanley by sending out at its own expense a supplementary expedition, by way of the Lakes, to carry additional resources of food, &c., to the head of Lake Tanganyika and as far beyond as possible. It was estimated that this expedition could have reached Emin Pasha in June of last year, had it started when first planned; and it was intended to have been despatched with all secrecy, in order that the Arabs might not hear of its approach. But Mr Stanley is understood to have refused this proffered assistance, as he feared it might have embarrassed him; moreover, he is said to have assured the Society that Emin Pasha would be reached by him in June (1887). Events have shown, however, the mistake made by Mr Stanley, for had the Scottish Society's expedition been sent out, it would in all probability have been of the greatest assistance to him. Stanley and his great expedition, which left Europe in January of 1887, is now lost sight of. According to the latest news received from Emin Pasha (October 1887), the expedition had not then reached the Equatorial Province; Emin was, however, aware of its approach, and had despatched two

parties to meet it. We shall endeavour to anticipate, before concluding, some of the causes that may have prevented news of Stanley reaching Europe, and to weigh the chances of a disaster having overtaken his expedition. First, however, let us return to Emin Pasha, and refer in greater detail to his position and work.

In February of this year an important volume was published in Germany of the letters and journals of Emin Pasha during the whole period of his administration of the Equatorial Province. This volume, which was edited by Dr Schweinfurth, Professor Ratzel, Dr Felkin, and Dr Hartlaub, was translated into English by Mrs R. W. Felkin, and published, simultaneously with the German edition, by Messrs Philip, of London. Much of its contents had already been made public, but it also contained much that was new. A perusal of its pages shows us how great a man Emin Pasha really is: his extraordinary gifts as a scholar and scientific investigator, his powers of administration, his conscientiousness, his faithfulness, and his marvellous unselfishness. The mantle of Gordon has indeed fallen on his heroic lieutenant, who now is carrying on a work so important, that, unless it can be supported, we have no hesitation in saying that the Sudan will be closed to civilisation and commerce for an indefinite period of time. Our space will not admit of the barest outline of Emin Pasha's labours during the period of his residence in the Sudan; it will be sufficient, for our present purpose, to note some of their results. We cannot follow him in the various journeys he made throughout the length and breadth of his province, nor note the scientific data he was able to collect and register; whenever he was free from administrative cares—on the march, in camp, or at his headquarters—he devoted his time to scientific research. In whatever character we view him, we learn to admire his genius, earnestness, and sincerity.

Emin Pasha was born in Oppeln, in the Prussian province of Silesia, on 28th March 1840. His real name is Eduard Schnitzer. He commenced the study of medicine at the Breslau University in 1858, and he graduated at Berlin. After several years of travel on the staff of a Turkish Pasha, he entered the Egyptian service in 1876, and was sent as chief medical officer to the Equatorial Province. Gordon Pasha, who was then governor of the Equatorial Province, sent him on tours of inspection through the districts that had been annexed to Egypt, and employed him on several diplomatic missions. Subsequently, in 1878, a few months after Gordon was made Governor-General of the Sudan, Emin was made governor of the Equatorial Province.

Gordon left the Equatorial Province in a fairly satisfactory state. Colonels Prout and Mason, who at first succeeded him, remained only a short time; and the native governors who were then appointed, in a few months reversed all the beneficial effects of Gordon's rule; so that when Emin took up the reins of government, the province was in a very bad state. But he threw himself into his work with a brave heart. In order to sink his Frankish origin and gain "an unhampered entrance into the Mohammedan world," he had previously assumed the Turkish name of Emin—"the faithful"; he is, however, a Turk in name only—a fact that does not appear to be sufficiently well known in this country. "Don't be afraid," says Emin, in a letter

to his sister; "I have only adopted the name, I have not become a Turk." He rapidly introduced law and order, extended his province by peaceful negotiations with native chiefs, established stations and a weekly post, made roads, cultivated the soil, and, in a word, built up an independent civilised state on the ruins of a broken province. Instead of his finances showing a yearly deficit, he was able, by the end of 1882, to return a handsome surplus to Khartum, after paying his own way. With what patient and honest labour he accomplished this result will in time become a matter of history. He was met at every turn by opposition from his corrupt Egyptian colleagues and subordinates; his applications to the central Government at Khartum were either unheeded or rejected,—at the best, it was months, sometimes years, before they were answered. What wonder that he cried, "No progress is possible until the Equatorial Province is separated from the central Government at Khartum"! It was able to stand on its own legs, but its demoralised guardian weighed it down.

Then came the insurrection in the Sudan. Lupton Bey, the Governor of the Bahr-el-Ghazal province, was rapidly overwhelmed; he himself was taken prisoner to Khartum, where he is still supposed to be. But Emin, although he was obliged to withdraw his garrisons and intrench himself in his more southerly stations, made a brave and successful stand against the Emir Keremallah and the Mahdi's followers. Emin's letters and journals at this dark period of events in the Sudan are most important; they add to the consensus of opinion that is rapidly gaining ground that the insurrection of the Mahdists, and its rapid success, was the direct result of Egyptian misrule and corruption. Had Gordon or Emin been in Khartum at the time of the outbreak, they could have crushed the insurrection with a handful of loyal troops.

Surrounded by enemies on all sides, his own people disaffected, and hard pushed to find the means of existence, Emin Pasha still held loyally to his post, and refused the escape offered to him. By degrees he regained his lost position; he even says that the Mahdist movement was in some respects beneficial to his province. In the Bahr-el-Ghazal province, which had been devastated by the slave-raiders, the insurrectionists, and the scum of Khartum, Emin states there is now no Khartumer remaining. If he had the resources, he is confident that in time his province could be made the nucleus of a civilised state —in the very heart of Africa and of the slave-trade—and that Khartum itself would ultimately be forced to hand in its allegiance. If this is the experience and faith of one man, fighting alone and unaided against the hard conditions that are imposed upon him, surely Christian Europe can realise this important step towards the emancipation of Africa and the suppression of the slave-trade. The first step, however, as Emin points out, must be to humble the arrogance of the cruel boy-king of Uganda, and to come to an understanding with Unyoro. These two kingdoms, which border the Victoria Nyanza to the south of his province, are the two most important hostile factors to be faced; their power for evil is great, and it must either be crippled or rendered innocuous.

There would be no difficulty, now that the British East African Association has acquired territory

so conveniently situated on the East Coast, to open up a trade-route to the sea; and as Emin, given the power to act, could extend his province into the basin of the Upper Congo, and join hands with the Independent State, a civilised zone could soon be made to extend across the continent of Africa. This, it is known, is the ambition of Leopold, the sovereign of the Independent State; and Stanley is his ambassador. But there are difficulties against its accomplishment. Stanley, when he left this country, was under the impression that Emin Pasha was an Austrian, and, in consequence, free from German prejudice. Now Emin could not be informed of the comparatively recent craze in Germany for colonial aggrandisement; in his letters he has always looked for help and support from Great Britain; with a sigh he has exclaimed that his own country was far too poor. But when he learns German ambitions, and of German annexations on the East Coast of Africa, he may not be so ready to listen to Stanley's proposals. We conclude, of course, that Stanley means to make the proposals we have roughly indicated: it is true his opinions and plans are not the property of the public, but by putting two and two together, they are not difficult to guess.

Stanley usually prefers to emerge from the Dark Continent, after a good deal of public anxiety and interest have been roused on his account, looking grey and worn and very interesting. Then he gives to the world the story of his deeds. The public will, however, we hope and believe, have nothing but praise and commendation to bestow on him. Nor have we much fear that he will not succeed in his mission. The delay in the news of his arrival at Wadelai can be understood when looked for from the Congo, but is less comprehensible when awaited from Zanzibar. It would be an easy matter for him to run a messenger through to the East Coast; perhaps he has already done so, and his messenger or messengers have been killed or detained. Or perhaps he is interviewing Mwanga. A hundred and one causes may be ascribed to the delay, and some time must pass yet before we begin to despair of the expedition. At least we are sure of one thing: Emin Pasha will never abandon his province. "All we would ask England to do," he says, "is to bring about a better understanding with Uganda, and to provide us with a free and safe way to the coast. This is all we want. Evacuate our territory? Certainly not!"

Emin's province is rich in natural resources, and is well organised; it is thrust, like a wedge, into the very heart of the slave-trade; and if he were enabled to regain lost ground and to include the Bahr-el-Ghazal, time alone would bring about most satisfactory results. The Bahr-el-Ghazal —formerly the nest of the slave-trade—is now in peace; by thus uniting the Negro districts, and separating them from the Arab portions of the Sudan, a capable governor like Emin Pasha could accomplish the rest.

There is no time to be lost. "Too late" was the death-knell of Gordon; and Gordon said that Britain — Greater Britain — was made by adventurers, and would have to be upheld by them. We therefore wish the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition every success, especially if it can bring about the results we have so imperfectly indicated.

THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST.

THE discovery of a fresh country in Europe is a more interesting and certainly more unexpected event in the present day than the finding of a new lake in Africa or a frozen continent at either pole. Europe is almost exhausted so far as the interest of the traveller is concerned, and he has to go farther afield, often with the result of faring worse so far as his note-book is concerned. The happy age when the author could, with some hopes of securing subscribers if not readers, issue his prospectus of 'A Tour through France and Italy,' or of 'Travels in Spain and Portugal,' has long ago given place to an era of that indifference which springs from familiarity. Our taste for the reading of European travel has palled with its possibilities. Any one can go to Corinth nowadays; but wherever the traveller goes, he cannot shake off Murray and Baedeker, who, with the pertinacity peculiar to *cicerones*, are ready to place their experiences at his service whithersoever he seeks to bend his steps. The tourist in quest of materials for a book is sure to find the edge taken off the appetite of readers wherever he may turn himself. He may walk from the North Cape to the Golden Horn, and cry "All is barren!" with some degree of justice. The writer of descriptive travel finds himself among the *post-nati* so far as European countries are concerned; and the present rate of progress, if maintained, will speedily place his immediate successors under the same disadvantage with respect to all other quarters of the globe.

To overcome the disabilities of nature is, however, the province of art. An excellent little story, called "Eyes and no Eyes, or the Art of Seeing," used to be repeated in our lesson-books for the instruction of youth—it has doubtless long since disappeared to give place to some more practical and utilitarian disquisition — and its object was to show how many things were visible to the eye of reflective intelligence which were passed over unperceived by less penetrative orbs. It is one of the gifts of art, not to say genius, to give novelty to the familiar, freshness to the stale, and interest to the commonplace. The book which heads this article quite satisfies us that Madame de Laszowska-Gerard has the talent which would have worked new ideas out of a more hackneyed subject than the remote "Land beyond the Forest," and have called forth vivid presentations of even better-known races than that congeries of primitivity which makes up the Transylvanian nation.

But in many respects Madame Gerard has been fortunate. She has found her subject in a region which is perhaps less familiar and more seldom visited by travellers in general, and which has a more limited descriptive literature of its own, than any other European country. War, revolutions, and political crises are prolific parents of books, just as Cadmus, who sowed the dragon's teeth, also invented letters; but Transylvania has fortunately managed its own commotions without em-

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The Land beyond the Forest. Facts, Figures, and Fancies from Transylvania. By E. Gerard. Two Volumes. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1888.

broiling the rest of Europe in them. In our own language Mr Paget's work is the only book of mark connected with Transylvania; and if we leave out those works which Madame Gerard patronisingly recommends "for generally incorrect information on almost every available subject connected with the country," the residuary volumes in French and German may be counted on the fingers. Transylvania has therefore, at all events, not been overwritten; and we welcome Madame Gerard's volumes, as both a solid extension of our knowledge and an interesting addition to our library of picturesque travel.

It is a happy conceit of the authoress to think of Transylvania as an island, although we might infer that claims to discovery flow from this idea. Though strict geographers would doubtless declare it to be as integral a part of the European continent as Mont Blanc or the kingdom of Prussia, an island it is to all intents and purposes, ethnographical, political, and social. It is true that its inhabitants are kin to those of other countries, and that Transylvania is a province of the Austro-Hungarian empire; but its people have acquired a flavour of autochthony, and it seems in its remoteness to have sufficient securities within itself for independence, and as far as the social condition of its races are concerned, they appear to be effectually cut off, not from the rest of Europe only, but from the rest of the universe. Transylvania is surrounded by barriers not less isolating than the ocean: "situated by nature within a formidable rampart of snow-tipped mountains, and shielded by heavy curtains of shrouded forests against the noise and turmoil of the outer world." The country has not been led, rather it has advanced of itself, to a certain extent of intimacy with the rest of the world and with encroaching civilisation; but there yet remains a flavour of antiquity, survivals of medievalism, besides which such innovations of modern times as railways and telegraphs seem startling anachronisms, of questionable taste if of undeniable convenience. We have the gipsy, of whom civilisation, soap, and police surveillance in almost all other parts of the world have presented us with such an unæsthetic travesty, in all his native *abandon* of picturesqueness, poetry, and squalor. And we have also the wonderfully varied scenery of the country; its plains, snow-clad peaks, pine-forests, gorges, and chasms; its quaint old towns, churches, and fortress-towers, each with its legend of the days of warfare with the Turk, all of which it has been happily reserved for Madame Gerard to paint for us.

If, as our authoress indicates, the lot of an officer's wife in the Austrian service, liable to be sent from a village at one end of the empire to a station at the other, at a few hours' notice, is not without its drawbacks, yet it affords compensations to those who know how to take advantage of the migration. What though the daintiest egg-shell china be reduced to the original clay, furniture resolved into its elementary boards, and though your entry into your destination is to the swan-like song of "your grand pianoforte reduced to a wailing discord," if the fresh fields and pastures new be worth the damage! For our own part, our precious ebony inkstand, with its elephant supporters, marvel of oriental carving, might be dashed to splinters—yea, our idolised Johannes de Janna, imprinted by Gutenberg in 1460, and bound in the original hogskin, might go to the flames

which Johannes mentions as destined for other purposes,—for the sake of a couple of years' roaming among such mountains, forests, and passes as these volumes suggest. As a result of her position, Madame Gerard's sojourn in Transylvania was no mere flying visit, and her impressions had time to mature and correct themselves by much intercourse with the people, before the presiding genii of the Austrian War Office again shifted the scene for her.

An erroneous idea about Transylvania which we must now abandon is, that it is a country chiefly peopled by the descendants of Saxon immigrants of the middle ages. We have all heard of the Siebenbürgen, the country of the seven castles which these Saxons built for the defence of themselves and their possessions, and we regret to learn that iconoclastic philologists now derive the name from the river Cibin. They may be right, for even in Transylvania tradition is liable to be levelled by the axe of the scientist. But the Saxon part of the population, although it is the salt of the land, is only a proportion, and by no means a large one, of the nation. There are only 211,490 Saxons to the 1,200,000 Roumanians and 652,221 Hungarians, as well as a good deal more than another 100,000 of less savoury races—gipsies, Jews, and Armenians. But it is the Saxons who have made the history of the people; it is the Saxons, too, who have given colour to its national life. The times of their immigrations are doubtful, although Madame Gerard took part in the celebrations of the seventh centenary of the foundation of Hermanstadt. It may be remarked that one legend ascribes the origin of the Transylvanian Saxons to the children decoyed away by the Pied Piper of Hamelin. But what is even more interesting than the when or the how of their arrival, is the close traditional affection which still knits them to the Fatherland after long ages of expatriation. In one of E. D. Gerard's novels, we are introduced to a peasant of the Hercules Valley, whose remote ancestor had come into the country, and who persists in describing himself as "a native of Choteborschwitz in Bohemia," and in swearing by the "*Heilige Mutter von Choteborschwitz*," the tutelary patroness of his ancestor's village, all arguments against his claims to national affiliation notwithstanding. In this personage is admirably suggested the position of the Transylvanian Saxons to the land of their origin. How piously the fact that they are sojourners in a strange land, from which they have no wish to return to their original seats, is kept alive, is shown in their songs, and in some very striking customs. At the village of Nadesch, for instance, the following impressive ceremony is yearly enacted :—

"There, on a particular day of the year, all the lads dress up as pilgrims, in long woollen garments, rope-girdles, and with massive staffs in their hands. Thus attired, they assemble round the flag; a venerable old man takes the lead, beating the drum; and, singing psalms, they go in procession down the street, now and then entering some particularly spacious courtyard, where a dance is executed and refreshments partaken of. A visit to the pastor is also *de rigueur*, and the procession only breaks up at evenfall, after having traversed the whole village from end to end. When questioned as to the signification of this custom, the people answer, 'Thus came our fathers, free people like ourselves, from Saxonia into this land, behind the flag and drum, and with staffs in their hands. And be-

cause we have not ourselves invented this custom, neither did our ancestors invent it, but have transmitted it to us from generation to generation, so do we, too, desire to hand it down to our children and grandchildren.'"

We must go to the Old Testament to find a fitting parallel in simple earnestness and patriotic feeling to a scene like this.

Much of Madame Gerard's first volume is devoted to the Saxons,—to their antique and stiff manners, their narrow ideas, their superstitions, and their folk-lore, in which latter they are peculiarly rich. A mine of great wealth for the students of this growing and popular science is here revealed, which ought not to be neglected. The Saxons, coming into this remote part of Europe at so early a date, keeping themselves together as a separate race, and but little distracted by learning and civilisation, must have preserved in their purest form many customs, stories, and rhymes which have only reached us through more vitiated sources. Many of these are familiar to us through Western channels; but it is somewhat surprising to find that not a few of the superstitions of Transylvania bear a closer resemblance to those which we have found among the Celtic races than those which have obviously reached us from Norse and Teutonic sources. No doubt Magyar and Roumanian superstitions have also entered into the Saxon beliefs, although not to the extent that we might have expected; for experience tells us that a rude people settling in a new country readily recognise the fact that the new evil influences to which they are exposed can best be averted by the remedies in use among those who have been accustomed to them. A complete code of superstition regulates the movements of the Saxon peasant from his cradle to his grave. Unless his mother has strictly attended to all the prescribed cautions, he may be doomed to a life of misfortune before he sees the light; as for instance, if the mother wear beads, he will be strangled in his birth. If she give her husband a glowing coal to light his pipe during her pregnancy, the child will be unlucky. If she walk over a new-made grave, the child will die. At the moment of his birth he is specially exposed to the malignant designs of witches. If he is born on an unlucky day in the week, month, or season of the year, or if he is born in the waning moon or in a stormy night, he is destined to misfortune. Then he may be changed, and an elf substituted in his place. As among the Celts—

"Very cruel remedies have sometimes been resorted to in order to force the evil spirits to restore the child they have stolen and take back their own changeling. For instance, the unfortunate little creature suspected of being an elf was beaten with a thorny branch until quite bloody, and then left sitting astride on a hedge for an hour. It was then supposed that the spirits would secretly bring back the stolen child."

It is satisfactory to know that these manifold dangers which environ the young life have generally their corresponding palliatives or remedies.

As Madame Gerard has not long ago given a full account of the Transylvanian Saxons in the pages of this Magazine,[1] we shall not dwell further upon them, but pass

[1] "Among the Transylvanian Saxons," February 1887. "The Transylvanian Tziganes," May 1887.

on to other races which, if not so important, are not less interesting. The change from the Saxon to the Roumanian is a very striking one, —the dreamy, imaginative, subtle, and half-oriental character of the latter serving to throw the stern solid virtues of the former into a bold relief. The Roumanians to whom Madame Gerard introduces us must not be confounded with the Roumanians of the Principality, who have under King Charles's good government made decided advances in recent years, and have developed aptitude for improvement which, if not checked by untoward political fortunes, may lead to the establishment of a strong and free state. In Transylvania we have the Roumanian much as other travellers have described him elsewhere: the Wallach, whose "whole life is taken up in devising talismans against the devil." Religion based on superstition influences his whole conduct, and combined with this there is blended a curious feeling of separation from other races, which we can only regard as a survival of Caste. The Roumanian draws distinctions between clean and unclean, which remind us now of the Jews now of the Hindoos. "Whosoever stands outside the Roumanian religion—be he Christian, pagan, Jew, or Mohammedan —is invariably regarded as unclean, and consequently whatever comes in contact with any such individual is unclean also." The word *spurcat*, which we take to be connected with the Middle Latin word *spurcamen*, paganism, specifies this distinction, and, if our conjecture be right, refers it to a religious rather than a racial basis. If an animal is drowned in a well, the well becomes *spurcat*, and all who drink of the water, before it has been purified by a mass being read over the spot, are *spurcat* also. No religious purification, however, is possible, if a man has been drowned, and the spot becomes henceforth accursed. All persons who do not live according to Roumanian customs and observances become *spurcat* in the eyes of the Roumanian peasant. "The uncleanness, according to him, does not lie in the individual, but in his laws which fail to enforce cleanliness; the law it is, therefore, which is unclean, *lege spurcat*, which, for the Roumanian, is synonymous with unchristian." It would not be difficult to point out analogies to this state of feeling in Oriental Caste, more especially as the Roumanian has no dislike or contempt for those who fall outside his own pale, and speaks with respect of the man who keeps his own law—*tine la legea lui*. It is at least by no means easy for him to keep his own, if we may judge from the very minute details of his daily life to which its ordinances reach.

"Every orthodox Roumanian household possesses three different classes of cooking and eating utensils: unclean, clean for the meat days, and the cleanest of all for fast-days.

"The cleansing of a vessel which has, through some accident, become *spurcat*, is only conceded in the case of very large and expensive articles, such as barrels and tubs; copious ablutions of holy water, besides thorough scouring, scraping, and rubbing, being resorted to in such cases. All other utensils which do not come under this denomination must simply be thrown away, or at best employed for feeding the domestic animals. The Roumanian who does not strictly observe all these regulations is himself *spurcat*."

In many respects the Roumanians are much more liberal, or perhaps we should say lax, in their

religious views than the orthodox Church of which they form a part. Down to 1698 the Roumanians were Greek schismatics, of whom there are still many, and their tolerance may come from their former connection. Of the Roumanian popa Madame Gerard does not draw a very flattering picture; but it must be remembered that the reproach of the Greek priesthood is not confined to their race. "He may, for his part, be drunken, dishonest, and profligate to his heart's content, without thereby losing his prestige as spiritual head. Like the Indian Brahmins, his official character is absolutely intangible, and not to be shaken by any private misdemeanours; and the Roumanian proverb, '*face zice popa dar unce face el*'—that is to say, 'do as the popa tells you, but do not act as he does'—describes his attitude with perfect accuracy." It must be borne in mind, however, that only in virtue of his Orders is the popa the superior of his peasant neighbours. In origin, in education, and in wealth, he is on the same level with them. He holds the plough, digs his garden, and labours with his hands all the week; his wife, like himself, is a peasant, "and her children run about as dirty or unkempt as any other brats in the village." It is no wonder though such spiritual guides have never been able to raise the Roumanians from the "Christianised paganism" in which ecclesiastical historians have pronounced them to be sunk. The churches, however, in their decorations are a relief from the bare stern edifices in which the Saxons worship; and the representations, though apparently grotesque enough, must be, as we gather from Madame Gerard's description, less *bizarre* and ludicrous than in Greek churches in many other countries.

"Few places of worship appeal so strongly to the imagination as these oriental buildings, which, without as well as within, are one mass of warm soft colouring. The belfry tower is encircled by a procession of celestial beings, and the walls divided off into little arched niches beneath the roof, each of which harbours some quaint Byzantine saint, with pale golden aureole and shadowy palm-branch. Though the outlines may be somewhat primitive, and the laws of perspective but imperfectly understood, nature, the greatest artist of all, has here stepped in to complete the picture: summer showers and winter snows have mellowed each tint, and blended together the colour into perfect harmony.

"The same style of ornament is repeated inside with increased effect; for here the saintly legions which adorn the walls are brighter and more vivid, stronger and fiercer looking, because in better preservation. They seem to be the living originals of which those others outside are but the pale ghosts, and appear to rush at us from all sides as we enter the place, increasing in numbers as our eyesight gets used to the dim, mysterious twilight let in by the narrow windows. Not a corner but from which starts up some grinning devil, not a nook but reveals some choleric-looking saint, till we feel ourselves to be surrounded by a whole pageant of celestial and diabolical beings, only distinguishable from each other by the respective fashions of their head-gear—horns or halos, as the case may be.

"These horned devils play a very important part in each Roumanian church, where usually a large portion of the walls is given up to representations of the place of eternal punishment. The poor Roumanian peasant, whose daily life is often so wretched and struggling as hardly to deserve that name, seems to derive considerable consolation from anticipations of the day when the tables are to be turned, and the hitherto despised poor shall receive an eternal crown. Thus the hapless victims depicted as being

marched off to the infernal regions under the escort of several ferocious-looking demons armed with terrific pitchforks, are invariably recruited from the ranks of the upper ten thousand. They are all being conducted to their destination with due regard for etiquette, and rigid observance of the laws of exact precedence. First comes a row of kings, easily to be distinguished by their golden crowns; then a procession of mitred bishops, followed by a line of noblemen booted and spurred; while on the other side of the wall a crowd of simple peasants and a group of shaven friars are being warmly invited by St Peter, key in hand, to step over the threshold of the golden gate which leads to Paradise."

Most persons who know anything of the Roumanians will turn with curiosity to what Madame Gerard has to say about the ghastly vampire superstition, and will be rewarded with an interesting recital of the present condition of the popular belief. In the *nosferatu* or vampire every Roumanian peasant, to this day, is a firm believer, and doubtless much of his cumbrous funeral ceremonial is intended to prevent the dead from entering upon evil courses after their burial. This terrible plague of vampirism is as contagious as the small-pox. Let a vampire once get out of his grave and suck the blood of an innocent person, that person is at once inoculated, and only waits for his death and burial to break out for the gratification of his unclean tastes, and to propagate the plague in fresh quarters. A village where vampirism was prevalent on a large scale, must have enjoyed the same cheerful sense of security as a district feels when it lies in the path of an advancing wave of cholera. The common remedy is to open the grave of the vampire and drive a stake through the body, which, we have been told, is always fresh, plump, and in good condition, or, in cases of extreme obstinacy in this reprehensible practice, to "cut off the head and replace it in the coffin with the mouth filled with garlic; or to extract the heart and burn it, strewing the ashes over the grave." Less irreclaimable vampires may be settled by firing a pistol-shot into the coffin, or even by walking round the grave smoking, on the anniversary of the vampire's death. A thorny sprig of wild-rose laid across the coffin is also of service. Madame Gerard says nothing about the intense panics which vampirism is said to have periodically caused in Transylvania as in Hungary; and what is more to be regretted, she does not satisfy our curiosity as to how living vampires succeed in carrying on their operations.

Before we leave the vampires, we must give Madame Gerard's experience of an allied superstition, and return again to the Saxons, who had brought their belief in werewolves with them from the shores of the North Sea and the Baltic. This superstition still flourishes in the Land beyond the Forest, as is testified by the narrow escape which a botanist recently had in being shot for a werewolf while engaged in his avocations in the forest. Nor is the testimony of werewolves themselves wanting; for one man deponed "that for several years he had gone about in the form of a wolf, leading on a troop of these animals, till a hunter, in striking off his head, restored him to his natural shape." The Flemish Wier, "Piscinarius," in his curious book, 'De Præstigiis Dæmonum,' tells an almost similar story which he heard from the hero of it at Padua in 1541. Madame Gerard was less fortunate in her attempt to "interview" an actual werewolf.

"I once inquired of an old Saxon woman whom I had visited with a view to extracting various pieces of superstitious information, whether she had ever come across a *prikolitsch* herself.

"'Bless you!' she said, 'when I was young there was no village without two or three of them at least, but now there seem to be fewer.'

"'So there is no *prikolitsch* in this village?' I asked, feeling particularly anxious to make the acquaintance of a real live werewolf.

"'No,' she answered doubtfully—'not that I know of for certain, though of course there is no saying with those Roumanians. But close by here in the next street, round the corner, there lives the widow of a *prikolitsch* whom I knew. She is still a young woman, and lost her husband five or six years ago. In ordinary life he was a quiet enough fellow, rather weak and sickly-looking; but sometimes he used to disappear for a week or ten days at a time, and though his wife tried to deceive people by telling them that her husband was lying drunk in the loft, of course we knew better, for those were the times when he used to be away *wolving* in the mountains.'

"Thinking that the relict of a werewolf was the next best thing to the werewolf himself, I determined on paying my respects to the interesting widow; but on reaching her house the door was closed, and I had the cruel disappointment of learning that Madame Prikolitsch was not at home."

Time does not seem to alter the appearance of the breed, for we may recall Altomari's description of them in the latter part of the sixteenth century—"*ulcerata crura, sitis ipsis adest inmodica, pallidi, lingua sicca*,"—which corresponds in a way to the "weak and sickly-looking" condition of Madame Gerard's friend who went "a-wolfing." The Roumanian mythology is rich in demons, elves, and sprites, who are not the less picturesque that they are living and active principles of good or evil in the popular imagination. We rejoice to know that the "great god Pan" is not dead, as the dread voice from Paxos, according to Plutarch, announced in the night-time to the startled mariners bound for Buthrotum. He still flourishes as the wood-demon Panusch in Transylvania, who, with his old satyr-tastes, lurks in forest glades on the watch for pretty maidens. The "dreadful balaur," who haunts the deep waters and whirlpools, must be nearly related to our Scotch water-"kelpie." The Gana, "a beautiful but malicious witch," once mistress of Transylvania before the Christian era, but who now passes her time in the recesses of the woods, subjugating by her beauty stray travellers, and inducing them to drink of her horn of mead, which is to them a death-draught, must be a sort of Roumanian "She." Perhaps we should consider her as more closely allied to the Fay Morgana of the romance of Ogier le Danois, with a disposition which time has altered somewhat for the worse. Gana is, in her way, a historical character; for the death of the national hero of the Roumanians, Maldovan, was due to having drunk of her horn. The fickle knight was riding home from a visit to his bride when he fell a victim to the allurements of Gana, and died soon after reaching his castle. A more amiable spirit goes by the pretty name of the "mama padura," or forest-mother, who acts the part of a good angel to stray travellers and children. There is a wild huntsman and a wood-demon, gnomes (*oameni micuti*), and a mountain monk, all with features distinctive enough to give them individual prominence in comparative mythology. As in other lands, amiable negotiations with the devil are not uncommon,

doubtless entered into with the tacit intention of taking advantage of his Satanic majesty, if possible, in the long-run. The Roumanian takes out a policy of insurance with the arch-fiend in these terms, standing the while in a circle, and dropping a copper coin on the ground in payment of premium :—

"Satan, I give thee over my flock, garden, or field, to keep till —(such and such a term), that thou mayest defend and protect it for me, and be my servant till this time has expired." The risk is that if the insurer die before the expiry of the contract, he forfeits his soul. While Madame Gerard was at Hermanstadt a local apothecary received a letter inquiring whether he could supply the writer with the "devil himself," and what the cost would be.

We must now turn to the other remarkable race, with whom a considerable number of Madame Gerard's pages are occupied. The Tziganes or gipsies are citizens of the world, and we must all have encountered them in one guise or another. But for those who wish to study the gipsy race in its purest types and most elementary manners, we are inclined to recommend a visit to the Transylvanian Tziganes. The Hindustani origin of the gipsies has been frequently mooted, and the Romany speech has many words that might be adduced in support of the theory. No one can, we think, look at the photographs of gipsy types in Madame Gerard's volumes without being struck with their resemblance to similar photographs of natives of India. The gipsy tinker reclining in a mountain gorge might be passed off as a *Nat* resting in one of the passes in the Sewaliks, and we dare to say the oldest "*Qui Hye*" would not detect the fraud. The same may be asserted of another photograph of a gipsy mother and child. But our aim now is not the investigation of the gipsies' origin, but to cull a few details from the chapters which our authoress devotes to them.

Hungary and Transylvania are *par excellence* the countries of the gipsies. They have always been tolerated there, and possess there a status nowhere else accorded to them. The Transylvanian Tziganes used to boast of a count, just as in Scotland John Fa is said to have been recognised by James V. as "Lord and Earl of Little Egypt." They have apparently lost this patent of nobility, but each community is governed by an elected captain or *vagda*, sometimes called in their slang the Gako or uncle, who has absolute authority over his bands. To settled occupation they of course will not take, but they are the tinkers, the brickmakers, and the odd-jobbers of the country. While in Western countries their relationship to the gallows is passive rather than active, they used to supply Transylvania with hangmen, the services of any gipsy on the spot being pressed into the execution of the law. Madame Gerard tells an amusing story of a "'scape from the withy," in which both the principal actors were Tziganes :—

"On one occasion the individual to be hanged happening to be himself a gipsy, there was some difficulty in finding an executioner, and the only one produced was a feeble old man, quite unequal to the job. A table placed under a tree was to serve as scaffold, and with trembling fingers the old man proceeded to attach the rope round the neck of his victim. All his efforts were, however, vain to fix this rope to the branch above, and the doomed man, at last losing patience at the protracted delay, gave

a vigorous box on the ear to his would-be hangman, which knocked him off the table. Instantly all the spectators, terrified, took to their heels; whereon the culprit, securely fastening the rope to the branch above, proceeded unaided to hang himself in the most correct fashion."

Quentin Durward's friend, Hayraddin Maugrabin, was less complaisant than this gipsy who showed such a respect for the sentence of justice, passing even Troubleall's reverence for the warrant of Mr Justice Overdo; but there is much in the characteristics of the Transylvanian Tziganes that brings the "Bohemian" constantly to our remembrance. Their ideas on the subject of property are as liberal as those of a scientific socialist; and at horse-coping they would apparently hold their own with a Yorkshireman. Their simple modes of cheating are charmingly primitive —though apparently not less effective — compared with the refined artifices which we can draw from our resources of civilisation.

"Of the tricks practised upon horses in order to sell them at fairs, many stories are told of the gipsies. Sometimes, it is said, they will make an incision in the animal's skin, and blow in air with the bellows in order to make it appear fat; or else they introduce a living eel into its body under the tail, which serves to give an appearance of liveliness to the hind-quarters. For the same reason live toads are forced down a donkey's throat, which, moving about in the stomach, produce a sort of fever which keeps it lively for several days."

All attempts to reclaim the Tziganes—and several have been made, notably the benevolent effort of Maria Theresa to promote intermarriage with them, and settle them as peasants—have signally failed; and when marriages did take place, the gipsy wife seized every opportunity of showing her preference for a couch in the open air to her husband's bed. In one case a Tzigane family had been induced to take up their quarters in a house, but they consoled themselves by crowding under their old tent, which they had erected inside their living-room. This anecdote we have heard before, and indeed we believe it is told in every country whither the gipsies have strayed. But they have their own ideas of luxury, among which "a soft-swelling bed and numerous downy pillows," rare old china, and even vessels of the more precious metals, are common enough. They do not, however, feed cleanly, and show a decided preference for carrion, falling thus far behind the *recherché* tastes of their Western kinsfolks, to whose *cuisine* any one whose fishing-rod may have led him into the vicinity of a hospitable gipsy encampment will join us in bearing grateful testimony, if he has only been able to get the better of his initial doubts as to the larder which supplied the hare-soup, kippered salmon, and brandered muirfowl.

The religion of the Tziganes is somewhat chaotic, except where they have adopted the faith of the landowner who harbours them, which they do with a view to be buried at his expense. They believe in a Supreme Being, but deny His goodness, because He visits them with death. For the devil they have a contempt—"a weak silly fellow, incapable of doing much harm." Stray notions of Christianity have naturally reached them, but without conveying definite beliefs. They repudiate the immortality of the soul, and perhaps we may assume it as a consequence of this that there are no gipsy suicides. The relations between the sexes are mostly

free; and the devotion of the gipsy which we have read of in so many novels, and heard sung in numerous operas, must be discarded if Madame Gerard is correct in saying that the Tzigane is rarely capable of violent and enduring love. But, in support of the old theory, we feel bound to quote the following pretty story:—

"A touching instance of a young girl's devotion was related to me on good authority. Her lover had been confined in the village lock-up, presumably for some flagrant offence; and looking out of the small grated window, on a burning summer's day, he was bewailing his unhappy fate and the parching thirst which devoured him. Presently his dark slender sweetheart, attracted by the sound of his voice, drew near, and standing at the other side of a dried-up moat, she could see her lover at the grated window. She held in her hand a ripe juicy apple; but the only way to reach him lay through the moat. The girl was naked, not having the smallest rag to cover her brown and shining skin, and the moat was full of prickly thistles and tall stinging nettles. She hesitated for a moment, but only for one; then plunging bravely into the sea of fire, she handed up the precious apple through the close grating.

"When she regained the opposite bank, the gipsy girl's skin was all blistered, and bleeding at places; but she did not seem to feel any pain, in the delight with which she watched her captive lover devour the apple."

The Tziganes are the musicians of the country. When a fire occurs his fiddle is the first piece of property that the Tzigane thinks of saving; the gipsy is "not without his sceptre, and this sceptre is the bow with which he plies his fiddle." This accomplishment constitutes even a greater claim on popularity than his skill in tinkering pots and pans, and makes his presence acceptable in all circles, which lend themselves willingly to the spell of the Tzigane music. "The Hungarian only requires a gipsy fiddler and a glass of water to make him quite drunk," is a proverb which finds its counterpart in the Scotch story of the clansman who, being found incapable on the hillside, ascribed his exhaustion to being "fou wi' Tullochgorum." The Hungarian gipsies are no mere fiddlers: they seem to be artists in the highest sense, possessed of the divine afflatus which enables them to master the emotions of others, while it completely carries away their own. Nature and instinct are their only instructors, and these alone have enabled them to sound the depths of the feelings of their audiences.

"He seems to be sunk in an inner world of his own; the instrument sobs and moans in his hands, and is pressed tight against his heart as though it had grown and taken root there. This is the true moment of inspiration, to which he rarely gives way, and then only in the privacy of an intimate circle, never before a numerous and unsympathetic audience. Himself spell-bound by the power of the tones he evokes, his head gradually sinking lower and lower over the instrument, the body bent forward in an attitude of rapt attention, and his ear seeming to hearken to far-off ghostly strains audible to himself alone, the untaught Tzigane achieves a perfection of expression unattainable by mere professional training. . . .

"Sometimes, under the combined influence of music and wine, the Tziganes become like creatures possessed; the wild cries and stamps of an equally excited audience only stimulate them to greater exertions. The whole atmosphere seems tossed by billows of passionate harmony; we seem to catch sight of the electric sparks of inspiration flying through the air. It is then that the Tzigane player gives forth everything that is secretly lurking within him—fierce anger, childish wailings, presumptu-

ous exaltation, brooding melancholy, and passionate despair; and at such moments, as a Hungarian writer has said, one could readily believe in his power of drawing down the angels from heaven into hell!"

Doubtless the wild and wonderful characteristics of the Tzigane music are, like themselves, a survival of other times, and a reminiscence of a fatherland of which even the existence is forgotten. This, however, has been debated among musical authorities. Liszt inclines to the above opinion; but, on the other hand, it might be urged that the Western gipsies display the faculty of music to no marked extent, the testimony of many popular operas and dramas notwithstanding. But the Hungarians are also an Asiatic people, doubtless with an ancestral music, and the combination of the two may have resulted in that music which expresses "the melancholy and dissatisfied yearnings of an outcast, the deep despondency of an exile who has never known a home, and the wild freedom of a savage who never owned a master." Probably, as Madame Gerard puts it, the Tzigane has been the artist who has sounded the depths of the Hungarian nature, and given expression to it. At all events, no one can render Tzigane music except the Tziganes themselves; and if the art is only to be acquired by the training which Madame Gerard suggests,—sleeping on the mountain-tops, bathing in the dews of morning and evening, living on carrion, and in the society of stags and snakes for a term of twenty years, they may calculate with confidence upon retaining hold of their monoply.

The Szekels, the "men of the frontier," who are of Hunnish race, boast themselves to be the descendants of the companions of Attila, a race of born soldiers who have never been in serfdom, would gladly have claimed more notice from us if space had permitted. The Armenians successfully compete with the Jews for the trade of the Transylvanian towns, and the estimation in which they are held is succinctly expressed in the Saxon legend that tells how God, when He was creating the different races of men, had two little lumps of clay left over from the Jew and the Gipsy, out of which He kneaded the Armenian.

We have said so much about the people that we have but little space left to refer to Madame Gerard's descriptions of the country itself. Of the picturesqueness of its mountain scenery she has already given readers of 'Maga' a foretaste in "A Week in the Pine Region."[1] But she has a fine eye for the beautiful and the wonderful in nature, and wherever her wanderings lead her, she has no difficulty in charming our attention. Of towns and town-life, we have some lively and very graphic descriptions. Hermanstadt is of the type of town with which Nurnberg and other medieval German cities have familiarised the reader,—"a little old German town, spirited over here by supernatural agency—a town that has been sleeping for a hundred years." And the inhabitants have apparently reposed ever since this Loretto-like transposition took place, for "Anchen von Tharau" is apparently sung as a new and rather fashionable ballad. Klausenburg has one notable characteristic, placing it in the van of civilised jurisprudence, even before Illinois or Colorado. By

[1] October 1886.

purchasing a house there you acquire also the right of divorce, and a row of rotten houses is specially consecrated for the relief of ill-mated couples.

"House-buying, divorce, and remarriage can therefore be easily accomplished within a space of three or four days—a very valuable arrangement for those to whom time is money. By this convenient system, therefore, if you happen to have quarrelled with your first wife on a Sunday, you have only to take the train to Klausenburg on Monday, become Unitarian on Tuesday, buy a house on Wednesday, be divorced on Thursday, re-married on Friday, and on Saturday sell your house and turn your back on the place with the new-chosen partner of your life, and likewise the pleasant *arrière-pensée* that you can begin again *da capo* next week if so pleases you."

Kronstadt, with its beautiful scenery and more varied societies, offers a pleasant contrast to the cities of the plain. It lies in a country full of romantic beauty, historical associations, and legends. Among the latter we have a version of the Rip Van Winkle story, and also of the dragon who wonned in the Kappellen Berg, devouring youths and maidens, until, incautiously eating a *Theologus*, the diet disagreed with him, and the natural fatal consequences ensued. In the Kronstadt country were the castles of Marienburg and Törzburg, strongholds of the Teutonic knights, who did good service in reclaiming Transylvania from the pagans, until, like the other monastic military orders, their power excited the jealousy of the Hungarian Crown, and led to their expulsion in the beginning of the thirteenth century. From Kronstadt the regions of mountain and pine that shut in the south-west corner of Transylvania are easily accessible. Mountaineering is as yet in its infancy in Transylvania; except to shepherds and hunters, the hills were practically unknown, or "locked-up," as an old gentleman expressed it to our authoress, until the recent formation of a Transylvanian Carpathian Club, which is doing its best to supply a key. Inaccessibility rather than height—for Negoi, the highest peak in the country, is only 8250 feet above sea-level—or want of accommodation in the mountain-regions more than either, seems to have been the chief obstacle. The Carpathian climber must take everything with him, and rough it when all is done; but the cheapness with which mountain-journeys can be achieved there will raise a sigh of envy in the breasts of Alpine Club men. One florin—one shilling and eightpence—is the hire for a horse per day, and the same for a man, who is guide and servant. There are bear and deer to be had for the shooting, but probably not in sufficient number to attract the sportsman, who can really get quite as easily into the happy hunting-grounds of the Rockies as into the Carpathian ranges of Transylvania.

Madame Gerard has done full justice, not merely to the legends of the country, but to its songs and ballads as well. English versions of both Roumanian and Saxon verse flow in graceful and often dainty measures from her pen, and we would gladly, had space permitted, have given her rendering of the touching story of "Cloister Argisch" or the "Death of Ali Pasha," the quaintness and simplicity of which attest the fidelity of her version. But we must be content with a shorter poem, and we give the preference to a touching Roumanian *Bocete* or mourning song over the remains of a dead mother:—

"Mother dear, arise, arise,
Dry the tearful household's eyes!
Waken, waken from thy trance,
Speak a word or cast a glance!
Pity thou thy children's lot!
Rise, O mother leave us not!
Death triumphant, woe is me,
From thy children snatcheth thee!
To the wall hast turned thee now,
Son nor daughter heedest thou.
Laid the churchyard sod beneath,
Thou shalt feel no breeze's breath
On the surface of thy grave;
From thy brow shall grasses wave,
From those eyes so mild and true
Nodding harebells take their blue."

To dispel the feelings inspired by this threnody, let us cite this lively chant with which the Saxon lads salute a bride on her marriage morning, and which seems to us, in Madame Gerard's version, to have the genuine note of our own Elizabethan songs:—

"All in the early morning grey,
A lass would rise at break of day.
Arise, arise,
Fair lass, arise,
And ope your eyes,
For darkness flies,
And your true love he comes to-day.

So, lassie, would you early fill
Your pitcher at the running rill,
Awake, awake,
Fair maid, awake,
Your pitcher take,
For dawn doth break,
And come to-day your true love will."

Transylvania is one of those few and thrice-blessed countries which a writer can enter without troubling himself about its politics. There is no "Transylvanian question," and long may it be so. Judging from these volumes, which dismiss the political condition of the country in a brief explanatory chapter, we are disposed to believe that Transylvania has every reason to be satisfied with its freedom, its institutions, and the rule of the house of Austria. By its isolated position and its solid union with the Austro-Hungarian empire, it has hitherto happily lain outside the lines of the Eastern question. But who can say how long this may continue? The Roumanians greatly outnumber both the Hungarians and the Saxons; they are not without their national aspirations; and above all, their country stands in the way of the advancing march of Panslavism. It seems not improbable, too, that the policy of Magyarising the Transylvanian populations is being pushed too far; but matters are generally more intelligently managed at Buda-Pesth than at Vienna. Long may it be before our attention is attracted again to the "Land beyond the Forest," except by such pleasant reminders of its existence as these two delightful volumes supply.

THE POLICE OF THE NORTH SEA.

THE recrudescence of "outrages" in the North Sea has made the question of the codification of the international laws which govern these waters one of urgent importance. Although four years have nearly elapsed since the Convention of 1882 (which it was vainly hoped would settle these difficulties) came into force, there is little promise of improvement in the conditions under which the fishing industry is carried on in these and the neighbouring seas. Recent depredations have had a most serious effect upon the British fishing interest. The continually recurring disputes between Great Britain and nearly all the other countries interested are, in view of the nicety of the European situation, a source of danger which ought not to be permitted to continue. The problem is complicated by anomalies. The various Conventions are not only conflicting, but have, individually and collectively, broken down in working. There is the greatest doubt in many cases as to the law. In a recent instance the merits of a dispute were gravely discussed for days, under a misapprehension as to the treaty by which they must be decided. Neither the authorities nor the commanders of cruisers charged with the superintendence of the fisheries are familiar with the complicated and conflicting codes and regulations. British owners, masters, and men are naturally in despair between the stringent regulations of their own country and the lax and lazy supervision exercised by foreign Powers over foreign fishermen. The feeling of irritation is so strong, that nothing but the certainty of summary retribution prevents our fishermen from retaliating by open violence. It is, it must be admitted, a bitter trial of patience for a crew to have perhaps the earnings of a whole season wantonly swept away in a single night; and those who are in a position to judge are not merely alarmist in predicting that, unless some remedy is forthcoming, the North Sea will become once more the scene of lawlessness and bloodshed. There are, it is true, some indications that the authorities are becoming alive to the necessity of action. The new Fisheries Department of the Board of Trade is making tentative efforts to devise a remedy, and the Foreign Office is engaged in exchanging "assurances" with the Powers. For the moment the next move lies with Belgium; but the facts are strong to show that nothing short of a codification of the fishery laws can possess much promise of finality. It is difficult to believe that much good will come of the inquiry which is now being held at the Belgian fishing-ports. So far as this goes as yet, the "evidence" is merely illusive. It is amusing to be told that as soon as the Belgian boats come within the waters occupied by the English herring-fleet, "the Englishmen cut their nets, and these acts of the English are never punished." The spectacle of the inoffensive Ostender brutally assaulted by the truculent Yarmouth herring-boat is, in the face of ascertained facts, a rich freak of fancy.

The prolonged and somewhat prosy conferences which took place at the Hague prior to the signing

of the Convention of 1882 disclosed a very grave state of affairs. Other causes than mere national and commercial rivalry had long combined to embitter the relations between the fishermen of various nationalities who pursued their calling in the North Sea. Each had their national modes of fishing, and these not only differed but were mutually antagonistic. Line fishermen and drift-net fishermen thus often interfered with each other, while trawlers wrought wholesale havoc among both lines and nets. The Danish fisherman, who shot his lines, with hundreds of baited hooks, extending along the bottom for miles, and remained stationary at one end of them—and the English herring-boat, which, with its "fleet" of nets hanging from buoys a few fathoms below the surface, drifts with the tide from sundown almost to sunrise—were equally at the mercy of the trawler. The methods of shooting nets, too, varied almost according to nationality, the result being, that whenever fishermen of different countries fished in the same water, they almost inevitably got foul of each other, and under the most amicable conditions wasted hours, if not days, in getting clear.

Now in the old days no writ ran at sea. In the North Seas as in the South Seas, the only law recognised was that of local custom. The Dogger Bank, like the Greenland whaling-grounds, was subject to a code of unwritten rules. But these and the like were habitually disregarded. The fishing-boats carried a small arsenal, and disputes were commonly settled by combat. If the story of the North Sea fisheries be ever told, it will rival the records of the Vikings. The "Dogger" has a "bad name" which even that wild waste of waters never deserved. Crews were murdered and smacks sunk, leaving no one to tell the tale of a savage lawlessness which rivalled the winds in dealing death and devastation. It was to put an end to this state of things that the Convention of 1882 was drawn up. It is unnecessary to enter into the technical provisions of that instrument relative to the marking of fishing-boats (so as to render identification easy and certain), the management of gear, and the like. These are details. The real gist of the Convention lay in the fact that, besides laying down a code of regulations, it created a "Police of the North Sea." There was much that was attractive about the notion. A scheme for bringing these stormy waters within the ordinary rules of international law needed little recommendation. Article xxvi., under which the superintendence of the fisheries was to be exercised by vessels belonging to the national navies of the high contracting parties, was regarded, therefore, with universal approval. And so, too, were other Articles of the Convention, which placed the execution of its regulations, such as those relating to the marking and numbering of boats, &c., fishing-implements, and so on, under the exclusive superintendence of the cruisers of the nation of each fishing-boat. The cruisers of all the contracting Powers were, moreover, made competent to authenticate all other infractions of the regulations, and all offences actually relating to fishing operations. But it is important to bear in mind that the fundamental provisions of the Convention could only be enforced by the cruisers of each nation. To take a single illustration. It is obvious that before any offence can be brought home and punished the offenders

must be identified. Now the cruisers of each nation were alone responsible for the boats being properly marked. A foreign cruiser could only call the attention of a cruiser of the same nationality as the offending boat to any "infraction of the regulations" in this respect. The efficiency of the Convention depended therefore, in the first place, upon the energy with which these new international police were formed and maintained by each of the contracting Powers. It was a matter of course that, otherwise, these rules would be defied. In the absence of police of their own nationality, there is nothing to prevent fishermen from nailing a piece of sailcloth over their boat's name and number and contravening the regulations wholesale; and this is a common practice with Ostend crews. This brings us to the first point in which the agreement has broken down.

It was given in evidence before the Committee appointed by the Fisheries Department of the Board of Trade, that although the instrument came finally into force in May 1884, it was not until November 1886 that Belgium sent a cruiser to the fishing-grounds. Great Britain then had four steam and three sailing cruisers on police duty in the North Sea; Germany, France, and Holland, had several each; but Belgium had only one. In other words, Belgium had wantonly allowed the Convention to remain a dead letter, and rendered its more valuable provisions absolutely inoperative. If Belgium had consistently carried out her treaty obligations, the fact that the police powers and the measure of relief provided by the procedure under the Convention were inadequate, would simply have afforded a useful indication of the lines on which revision should proceed. But since practically nothing had until 1886 been done at the instance of the Belgian authorities to see that Belgian fishermen obeyed these international rules, it appeared that the breakdown was due to the wilful *laches* of that country rather than to any shortcomings in the Convention itself. Moreover, the sending of a single cruiser to generally enforce good behaviour on the part of the Belgian fishermen engaged in the North Sea, was so obviously futile as to constitute almost an aggravation of the original negligence of the Belgian Government. The fishing-grounds in which herring and mackerel fishing is carried on in the autumn extend between Aldeburgh and the Leman Light—a distance of sixty miles. It is a fisherman's tradition that cod, plaice, and sole follow the herring, so that trawlers naturally prefer these waters at the same time as drift-net fishermen. In this single tract of sea, therefore, from September to December, many thousands of smacks are busily at work; and of these a very large proportion are Ostend trawlers, which are really of no nationality in particular. Many French boats hailing a few years ago from Honfleur-Trouville now make Ostend their headquarters; and offences which were formerly associated with boats marked "H. O. T." are now committed by "O." boats, but the depredators belong to the same class. The frequent occurrence of outrages is not to be wondered at, since it is obviously impossible for a single Belgian cruiser to enforce compliance with the requirements of the Convention by these motley subjects scattered over such a tract of sea.

Nor is this an empty grievance. We need not pause to explain the old standing difficulty of trawlers fishing in water where drift-nets are stationed. That it is not insuperable, is shown by the fact that complaints against British trawlers are hardly ever lodged. Yet Grimsby alone now possesses a fleet of 800 trawlers, and Yarmouth sends to sea about 650 more, which are wholly or partially engaged in trawling. In fact, the total number of British trawlers is probably not less than 2000. Some allowance must, of course, be made for the goodwill which prevails among fishermen of the same nationality; but the extreme rarity of any complaints against British trawlers, either by British or foreign luggers, is probably due to the stringent supervision exercised by British cruisers, which renders identification certain and punishment speedy. It was, indeed, naively admitted by the skipper of an English trawler, that the reason why a better watch was now kept, and all possible precautions taken to keep clear of drift-nets, was because "Englishmen have to pay." The owner is liable by English law, and there is therefore no difficulty in obtaining full satisfaction, while in Belgium things are the other way.

There is, however, plenty of evidence forthcoming as to the activity with which our cruisers have done their duty. But for the facts they have verified, we should still be much in the dark as to the reality of these grievances. Technically, an English cruiser has no right to board an Ostenderman or any "foreigner," unless there is reason to believe that an infraction of the Convention has been actually committed. In all other cases, and as to points of detail not within his authority, as we have said, he can merely call the attention of the cruiser of the same country to the suspected boat, which is obviously no very easy matter when there is no cruiser on the ground. But in practice, the commanders of English cruisers have freely exercised their powers of search, with the result that they have accumulated a formidable array of evidence against a considerable number of Belgian and French boats. In other words, officers and pilots of her Majesty's navy, as well as the owners and fishermen aggrieved, have established the fact that Ostend trawlers, of which many are manned by Frenchmen, and many French boats with Belgian crews, are habitually guilty of a wanton destruction of the gear of British luggers. For a trawler to sail, after dark, without lights, and with her gear down, right across the nets of perhaps half-a-dozen herring-boats, when it would be easy to go astern, and so avoid doing any damage whatever, can only be looked upon as a malicious injury. It is difficult, in spite of the cautious Report of the Board of Trade Committee, to put down such proceedings as stoning crews and boarding boats to "negligence."

The electric light, which is carried by H.M.S. Hearty, has proved an invaluable accessory to these "police of the sea." It is easy to understand what consternation must have been caused when an Ostend pirate, dealing havoc wholesale under cover of the darkness, found herself exposed by the piercing "bull's-eye" of the Hearty. It is certainly to be hoped that all the cruisers on police duty in the North Sea will be fitted with this auxiliary. It will serve both as an aid to detect and a warning to deter offenders.

There is another matter which

affords a useful illustration of the bad faith of Belgian fishermen, or of fishermen hailing from Belgian ports. A very old ground of complaint long existed in the habitual use of the "devil,"—the *sobriquet* significantly given by fishermen to a shank with sharpened flukes like scythe-arms, which was for years a regular part of an Ostend trawler's gear. This practice was made the subject of a series of representations before the Convention of 1882 was signed. The Belgian law was, it appeared, wholly inadequate to punish the offence. In December 1881, for instance, the master of an Ostend boat was condemned by the Tribunal of Simple Police to a fine of twenty francs or three days' imprisonment for having, by using a "devil," wilfully damaged movable property belonging to the crew of an English smack. This unjust state of the law was, however, remedied by a Bill passed by the Belgian Senate in March 1882, which provided, amongst other things, that the "acts of selling, purchasing, embarking, and employing engines which serve to cut or destroy fishing-nets at sea" shall be classed as misdemeanours, punishable with penalties of imprisonment from eight days to a month, or fines of from twenty-six francs to one hundred francs; in case of injury to nets from the employment of such contrivances, the penalties are increased to imprisonment from fifteen days to two months, or to fines from fifty francs to two hundred francs, and these penalties are doubled if the instruments in question are embarked and used at night. If instructive, it is not surprising that this stringent statute, coupled with the activity with which English cruisers search (as we have explained, most irregularly), should have made the use of the "devil" very rare. But it is, it seems, still customary to use a large grapnel, which breaks through the nets; or to stab through the warp by means of a broad chisel with a socket, into which a pole fits; or to get them up and cut them with a knife. The difference between the use of the "devil" or the grapnel is almost without distinction, since in both cases the nets may be cut or torn in half below the surface of the water, and part are therefore almost inevitably altogether lost. By the use of a knife the nets may be cut without losing the severed portion, if the warp be tied as required by the Convention. But it is only very rarely that this is done, while the damaged nets are often stolen and sold in foreign ports, or recovered only after the payment of heavy salvage. The loss to drift-net fishermen can hardly be accurately estimated. A "fleet" of nets consists of from 80 to 130 individual nets, each, as they hang, 25 yards long by several deep, (a warp underlying the whole fleet), stretching to sometimes two miles in length, and costs when new from £200 to £400. It is no very unusual thing for a boat to lose half her fleet in a single night. From all this we can understand how vital it is to fishermen, who are often part-owners, that those regulations of the Convention which rest the responsibility upon trawlers when any damage is done—unless they can prove that they were under stress of compulsory circumstances —should be rigidly enforced.

In the course of the Board of Trade inquiry, it was elicited that the British fishery interest had lost £5000 during 1884, 1885, and 1886, owing to the depredations of Belgian fishermen; but the sum might be doubled or trebled without exaggerating the facts, if all

the cases were reported. Redress is practically unobtainable. Wherever it is possible to identify the offending boat—which can only be done in comparatively few cases, owing to the laxity with which the rules as to marking and numbering are enforced by the Belgian authorities, the effrontery with which the marks are covered up or painted over, and the difficulty of attracting the attention of the cruisers on the station—proceedings, whether civil or criminal, in the Belgian courts, are almost uniformly of such a character as to merely add another element of loss. The records of the litigation against Ostend boats and men are quite enough to account for the dangerous irritation which exists among British fishermen and owners. An *alibi* is proved in the Belgian courts with an ease which would have delighted Mr Weller. It is the rule rather than the exception for any defendant accused of an offence in the North Sea to bring troops of witnesses to show that he was in port at the time; and case after case, in which the evidence was most conclusive, has during the last four years been dismissed on this ground alone. In the same way, when convictions have been obtained the penalties prescribed have invariably been wholly inadequate. It would be tedious to adduce instances. Witness after witness explained to the Board of Trade Committee that successful prosecutions had only resulted in fines of a few francs, with an alternative of one day's imprisonment, which is tantamount to an acquittal. Civil proceedings have proved still more abortive. The experiences of owners bear a family likeness, which would be amusing if the consequences were less serious. If successful in the first instance, the judgment is constantly reversed on appeal. Nor is success any guarantee of satisfaction, for in Belgium the owners of the fishing-boats are not responsible, as in England, and the masters and men are seldom worth powder and shot. In fact, it is their comparative immunity which is at the bottom of their licence. The certainty of having to pay for any damage occasioned by carelessness is the reason why English trawlers are so careful how they approach drifters, and would doubtless soon have the same effect upon others. It seems, in short, to be absolutely essential, in order to put a stop to the depredations of Belgian and French boats in this respect, that Belgian and French law should be assimilated to English law, by making the owner responsible. It may be doubted whether that would meet the case without at the same time substituting for the present vexatious and costly form of proceedings by private individuals, a right of demand for compensation from the Belgian Government, leaving it to them to enforce their remedy against the offending parties. The principle of the North Sea Convention is that offenders shall be tried in their own country, but it is complained with justice that this has failed in the working. There is no alacrity to emulate the example of our own Board of Trade, in securing convictions against English offenders, on the part of foreign authorities.

In the Channel, again, the fishery regulations are still more intricate. English fishermen are bound by the Sea Fisheries Act, 1868, which incorporated the Anglo-French Convention of 1867, and brought it into operation as between them and the English authorities. French fishermen, on the

other hand—and these fisheries are frequented almost exclusively by the fishermen of the two countries—are not subject to any analogous restrictions. By the Sea Fisheries Act, 1883, the great doubts as to the law in force were removed, a section declaring that, until the Anglo-French Convention of 1867 is ratified by the French Government, or the North Sea Convention extended so as to apply to the English Channel, the old Anglo-French Convention of 1839 is to remain in force. Now this Convention, which was ratified in 1843, is very lengthy and cumbersome. Its provisions are peculiarly complicated, and so clumsily drawn that a technical offence can be, and often is committed, which, but for the survival of this effete instrument, would not be an offence at all. A good illustration of this was afforded in 1886, when a French *garde-pêche* arrested two English oyster-dredgers on a charge of taking unsizable oysters, and took them into Havre, the masters being put in irons. Eleven smacks which had put into Havre to revictual were about the same time arrested and detained, as it proved very arbitrarily, under this treaty, by the French authorities.

Under the Convention of 1839, it is doubtless within the power of a Sea Fishery officer to arrest boats which have under Article lxv. "infringed the established regulations," and to take them into the nearest port; but under the North Sea Convention, offending boats must be taken into the nearest port of the country to which they belong. Apart from the question of expediency, the distinction affords a good example of the existing anomalies. With regard to the detention of boats which have put into port to revictual, or for the like necessary purposes, it is undoubtedly true that under the Convention of 1839 the boats of one country are prohibited from approaching nearer to any part of the coasts of the other country than the limit of three miles, except when driven by stress of weather or evident damage to seek shelter. But the North Sea Convention states the rule much more satisfactorily in Article ii., which runs:—

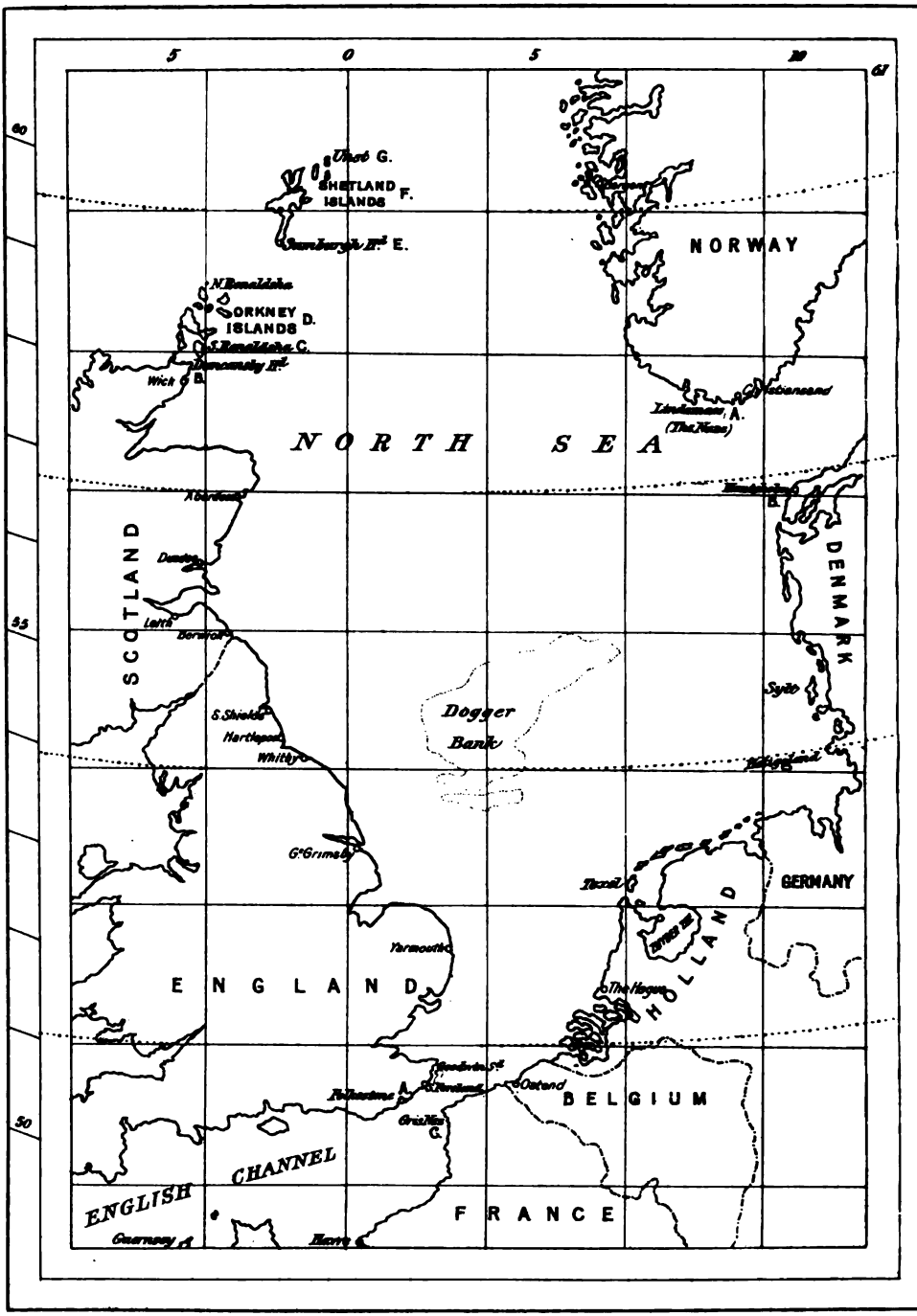
"The fishermen of each country shall enjoy the exclusive right of fishery within the distance of 3 miles from low-water mark along the whole extent of the coasts of their respective countries, as well as of the dependent islands and banks. As regards bays, the distance of 3 miles shall be measured from a straight line drawn across the bay in the part nearest the entrance, at the first point where the width does not exceed 10 miles. The present article shall not in any way prejudice the freedom of navigation and anchorage in territorial waters acceded to fishing-boats, provided they conform to the special police regulations enacted by the Powers to which the shore belongs."

In other words, under the North Sea Convention, boats, although prohibited from fishing in territorial waters, possess very valuable rights of navigation. They can, for instance, come within them when compelled to beat up in order to reach the fishing-ground. But under the Convention of 1839 they possess practically no right-of-way whatever, unless these are incidentally granted them by the police regulations, or tacitly conceded as they have been for many years by the French authorities. The Convention of 1839, with its elaborate and antiquated rules, is, in short, admirably calculated to breed disputes which might easily develop into international questions.

The North Sea Convention defined, as we have shown, with useful precision, the limits of the *mare clausum*, but there is still room for doubt. The concession of three miles from the "dependent islands and banks" of any country as closed water was absolutely novel. Although it is for the time being in abeyance, there is a chronic dispute between the French and Jersey fishermen as to the right of fishing off Les Ecréhos, which the former contend is neutral territory, and the latter assert to have been an English possession since the twelfth century. The Goodwin, again, once part of Thanet, might, we imagine, be claimed as a "dependent bank" of Great Britain; and there are many other instances of the same kind off the German and Dutch coasts. There is, therefore, still a considerable conflict of evidence as to the three-mile limit. Only the other day a Grimsby smack was arrested by a German cruiser on a charge of fishing within the territorial waters off the coast of Sylt; and although the smack was released, the master was detained in prison for more than two months before he was tried and acquitted. Germany has, too, just expressly commissioned the corvette Victoria, a formidable vessel of 1825 tons, with 1300 horse-power, ten guns, and a crew of 238 men, for police duty in German territorial waters, so that we may soon expect to hear of more arrests of British boats, unless in the meantime the fishery frontiers are delimited with precision. The urgent importance of this question is usefully illustrated by the proceedings of the Canadian Fisheries Commission. It is worthy of note that the United States have declined to accept the principle of the North Sea Convention, in spite of Mr Chamberlain's spirited advocacy, in the place of the old rule as to the limits of exclusive fishery-grounds. Apart from the merits of the points raised at Washington, it may be remarked that all general definitions possess obvious inconveniences.

The burning question of the "copers" has for the time being been settled by the Convention, soon to be ratified, which was signed at the Hague last November by the delegates of England, France, Belgium, Denmark, Germany, and the Netherlands. This prohibits the sale or barter of spirits to fishermen, while "copers" will in future have to be licensed by the Government of their own country. The noble efforts of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen in this direction, moreover, deserve more recognition than they have received. The floating grog-shops of the North Sea have long had formidable rivals in the Mission smacks, especially since, in pursuance of a wise and liberal policy, the smacks have carried tobacco, which is retailed at cost price—1s. a pound. The story is told by Mr E. J. Mather, the founder of the Mission, in 'Nor'ard of the Dogger,' a book which gives us a striking account of life among the fishing-fleets in the North Sea. By these means another fruitful source of lawlessness on the part of the North Sea fishermen has been removed.

But, as we have shown, much still remains to be done. The difficulty of reconciling the claims of trawlers and luggers must be met by the strict enforcement of the rules of the North Sea Convention in this respect, without regard to nationality. It is in the last degree unlikely that it



MAP shewing Geographical Boundary as fixed by the NORTH SEA FISHERIES CONVENTION, 1882.

will prove feasible to arrive at any international understanding as to a "close time" for luggers, or any hard-and-fast line of demarcation for trawlers. In the face of the fact that prime fish feed on herring-spawn, any rules of the kind seem to be unfair if not impracticable. The promised Government measure excluding trawlers from territorial waters, will, however, be awaited and watched with curious interest.

As to codification, it must be remembered that the North Sea is defined by the Convention of 1882 as geographically bounded (1) on the north by the parallel of the 61st degree of latitude: (2) on the east and south (*a*) by the coasts of Norway, between the parallel of the 61st degree of latitude and Lindesnaes Lighthouse; (*b*) by a straight line drawn from Lindesnaes Lighthouse to Hanstholm Lighthouse; (*c*) by the coasts of Denmark, Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, and France, as far as Gris Nez Lighthouse: (3) on the west (*a*) by a straight line drawn from Gris Nez Lighthouse to the easternmost lighthouse at South Foreland; (*b*) by the eastern coasts of England and Scotland; (*c*) by a straight line joining Duncansby Head and the southern point of South Ronaldsha; (*d*) by the eastern coasts of the Orkney Islands; (*e*) by a straight line joining North Ronaldsha Lighthouse and Sumburgh Head Lighthouse; (*f*) by the eastern coasts of the Shetland Islands; (*g*) by the meridian of North Unst Lighthouse, as far as the parallel of the 61st degree of latitude. These limits can be readily followed on the accompanying sketch-map.

It is only within these limits that the fisheries are governed by the Convention signed at the Hague on 6th May 1882, by the representatives of England, France, Germany, Belgium, Denmark, and the Netherlands, which came into force in May 1884. In territorial waters, as defined by the Convention, the effective laws and regulations are, of course, those of their respective countries. In those fishing-grounds which lie immediately outside the North Sea, as defined by the Convention, it is difficult to say what laws are in force.

For example, in the English Channel, or, strictly speaking, so much of it as lies west of a straight line drawn from the South Foreland to Gris Nez, the provisions of the Treaty made between Great Britain and France in 1839 are in operation—that is, as between the fishermen of the two countries. The Convention concluded in 1867 was intended to apply to "the seas surrounding and adjoining Great Britain and Ireland, and adjoining the coasts of France between the frontiers of Belgium and Spain;" but this, except in so far as it was taken as the basis of the North Sea Convention, has, as we have said, never been ratified by the French Government. The Sea Fisheries Act, 1868, and the subsequent notice in the 'London Gazette,' only brought it and its regulations into force so far as British fishermen are concerned, and this law, therefore, governs only British fishermen in the Channel and in the other waters to which the Convention applies; and only as between themselves and their native country. So that we have the absurdity of two Conventions being in force at the same time relating to the English Channel: that is, the Convention of 1839, by which British fishermen are bound as regards their relations to French fishermen; and the Convention of 1867, to which

they are subject as regards English regulations. As regards all other waters to which English and French fishermen resort, which are at once outside the North Sea Convention and the Convention of 1839, there are no treaty rules whatever.

It is unnecessary to add another word as to the technical difficulties with which the fishing industry has to contend. Within a distance of a few miles a British fisherman may come within three distinct, and, in many respects, contradictory, enactments—the North Sea Convention, the Anglo-French Conventions of 1839 and 1867, not to mention the fishery rules of his own country, or of France, Belgium, the Netherlands, or Sweden and Norway. In view of this state of things, it is far from surprising that difficulties should constantly arise between fishermen of the different nationalities. In fact, the present system, or rather want of system, by which the fisheries are regulated, is adapted to no purpose so well as the breeding of disputes between fishermen and diplomatic difficulties between nations. Points of detail are, of course, of subsidiary importance to general international principles, but many of these possess a wider interest. It is safe to say, that provisions relating to the sale of fish are second to none in the whole gamut of fishery rules, in public estimation. Gastronomic considerations are not likely to be lost sight of; and it is vital to the existence of the fishing industry that all possible marketing facilities should be afforded fishermen. In this respect, the proposals of the Convention of 1867 are worthy of careful consideration. These threw open to English and French fishermen certain specified French and English ports. As it is, the right of selling fish rests upon no rule; and the desirability of settling this definitely is shown by the disgraceful riots which occurred at Ostend last August. It is gratifying to know that the Appellate Tribunal at Bruges has condemned seventy-five of the one hundred Ostend fishermen prosecuted for assaulting English fishermen who, according to custom, had put in to sell their fish within the last few days, to terms of imprisonment ranging from eight months to a few days, and to fines. But the right, as yet undefined, should be put on a treaty footing, in order to prevent any recurrence of these dangerous disputes.

We have shown, but very cursorily, some of the details in which the North Sea Convention might be extended and amplified; but it is, in the meantime, earnestly to be hoped that the Government will not be remiss in urging upon all the contracting Powers the paramount necessity of the Convention, in spite of its shortcomings, being rigorously carried out. Not only the prosperity but the very existence of the fishing industry is being jeopardised by the continuance of what is little short of a system of piracy in the North Sea.

W. Morris Colles.

OUR NAVAL POLICY.

In our former article ("The Balance of Power in Europe—Its Naval Aspect"[1]) we endeavoured to point out to our readers that in consequence of the British navy being now weaker in comparison with the other navies of Europe, than it has ever before been since we became a Great Power, we stand in danger of being treated as *une quantité négligible* in the European council-chamber, and of having our goodwill and alliance discarded with contempt, although for the moment this might appear an exaggerated view of the case, and with the Great Powers ranged, two on one side and three on the other, they may seem to be so evenly balanced that the support of England may be worth wooing. But does any one suppose that this state of affairs will last; and that if we stand aloof and back out of our engagements, our interests will be respected and safeguarded by the combatants?

This conclusion was arrived at upon the assumption that as our army is insignificant, and is likely to remain so in comparison with the great armaments of Europe, it is by virtue of our navy, and our navy alone, that we can hope to make our voice heard, or have any influence whatever upon European politics; and we then proceeded to point out some general and professional reasons which forced us to come to the further conclusion that the British navy is not now in point of strength at all what it ought to be, and what, we are convinced, in spite of our critics, the great majority of our countrymen believe it to be—viz., strong enough to protect the country from invasion, our colonies and possessions from capture, our commerce from destruction, and to secure to our over-populated island its indispensable supply of sea-borne food and raw materials for manufacture. These were the duties we alluded to in our former article, when we stated that "nine out of ten of all our own naval officers who have given a thought to the subject, are firmly convinced that our navy is not nearly strong enough to perform the duties which the nation will expect of it in case of a war with France alone."

One of our critics, in a leading article in the 'Broad Arrow' of February 11, 1888, improves upon our assertion, by saying that ninety-nine out of a hundred naval officers are of this opinion. We do not deny that it is so; but when the writer proceeds to say that not only the Admiralty and the Government know it perfectly well, but that "the whole country knows it perfectly well," we must beg leave to differ from him. If we thought that the whole country knew it perfectly well, we might lay down our pen, for it would be an utterly foolish waste of time to try and convince people already convinced; but then we should be forced to the conclusion that our countrymen were indifferent to their own future and the future of their country. But we cannot bring ourselves to believe that if the country—that is, the electors, and their representatives in Parliament—knew and *realised* that the navy of the country is not strong

[1] Maga, February 1888.

enough to protect its vital interests in case of war, they would display the calm indifference and happy assurance which we see manifested on the subject; or that they would waste their energies, their eloquence, their talents, and all their powers and ingenuities upon comparatively unimportant party squabbles, when the very existence of the nation hangs by a thread so precarious as the theory of our naval supremacy.

There is, undoubtedly, a party in the country, represented in Parliament by some sincere though misguided enthusiasts, who have brought themselves to believe that all war may in future be avoided by the exercise of a skilful and righteous diplomacy. These men deprecate, in all honesty (we must suppose), the expenditure of the taxpayers' money in keeping up what they consider to be a useless army and navy; and they seem also to be of opinion that preparations for war are likely to lead to war. This, of course, may in some instances be the case—when the preparations are made by a predatory and aggressive State which is known to covet the possessions of her neighbours. But on the other hand, when adequate war preparations of a defensive nature are made by a rich and peace-loving nation, known to be desirous only of holding her own in the world, without having any designs on her neighbour's property, such preparations must inevitably have a peaceful tendency. These preparations are calculated to restrain the hand of the supposed aggressor: for human nature is so constituted, both in nations and individuals, that they do not essay to take by force the property of their neighbours unless they see a reasonable prospect of success in the attempt.

If the gentlemen, both in and out of Parliament, whom with all respect we must designate as the "peace party," are under the impression that their views, their theories, their hatred of war, and their honest desire for peace, are new to the world; that they are novel developments of the humanitarian spirit of the latter end of the nineteenth century,—we venture to think that they are mistaken. There have been such men in all ages, and when they gain an ascendancy in the councils of a State, that State must be very near its end. There were doubtless such in Rome, who aired their theories, and asked innocently, "Who knocks so loud?" when the Goths were hammering at the gates. But we need not go back to Rome to look for them. When Jomini wrote the following vigorous and pertinent sentences, he had such men, either actually or prophetically, in his view:—

"In the futile hope of rendering themselves popular, may not the members of an elective Legislature, the majority of whom cannot be Richelieus, Pitts, or Louvois, in a misconceived spirit of economy allow the institutions necessary for a large, well-appointed, and disciplined army to fall into decay? Deceived by the seductive fallacies of an exaggerated philanthropy, may they not end in convincing themselves and their constituents that the pleasures of peace are always preferable to the more statesmanlike preparations for war?"[1]

We desire peace just as earnestly and sincerely as the peace party does, and the only difference between us is that we are opposed as to our methods for securing it.

The peace party, and with it we may class the great mass of

[1] Jomini's Art of War.

"economists," argues that if we maintain a powerful navy and an efficient army, ready to strike at a moment's notice, we shall be more likely to go to war than if these engines of destruction were either not in existence, or at any rate not ready for immediate use. We think that, situated as the British empire now is, a preponderating navy, at least double that of any other Power, is an essential condition of its continued existence, we will not say as a Great Power, for the word "empire" implies that, and we do not care at present to argue the point as to the existence of Great Britain without her empire.

As to the general question of a rich nation unready to fight being left by the other nations in peaceful and unmolested possession of her riches, we point to history to prove that such has never been the case. We further maintain that the present position of this country, with its interests clashing against those of almost every nation on earth, greatly accentuates the general principle, and renders it certain that war will be thrust upon us sooner or later, no matter how anxious we may be to avoid it.

The peace party can point to nothing in support of their views save their own sentimental yearnings for universal peace on earth, fraternal love, forbearance, charity, and unselfishness amongst all the nations. These sentiments yield no more practical fruits at present than at any former period of the earth's history. They are sentiments, moreover, which have time after time been proved by the stern logic of events to be fallacious; notably so within the memory of all who can remember the great Exhibition of 1851, and the rosy prophecies of universal peace to which it gave rise, and which, alas! were so speedily and so absolutely falsified.

The naval policy of Great Britain must be so entirely dependent upon the general foreign and colonial policy of the country, that it would be useless and unprofitable to discuss it otherwise than in connection with these. Thus we find ourselves drawn irresistibly into the consideration of what the country ought to do, and intends to do—before entering on the subject of how she is to do it.

Kinglake points out with great force the evil consequences which ensue when a nation fails in its duty to itself and its neighbours. His words are worth quoting. He is speaking of what he calls the "great usage" of Europe, or the obligation of each of the Great Powers to take up arms in case of some of her own and her neighbour's interests being threatened by unjust aggression. Here is what he says:—

"But when the three circumstances are present—when a wrong is being done against any State great or small, when that wrong in its present or ulterior consequences happens to be injurious to one of the Great Powers, and finally, when the Great Power so injured is competent to wage war with fair hopes—then Europe is accustomed to expect that the Great Power which is sustaining the hurt will be enlivened by the smart of the wound, and for its own sake as well as for the public weal, will be ready to come forward in arms, or to labour for the formation of such leagues as may be needed for upholding the cause of justice. If a Power fails in this duty to itself and to Europe, it suddenly becomes lowered in the opinion of mankind; and happily there is no historic lesson more true than that which teaches all rulers that a moral degradation of this sort is speedily followed by disasters of such a kind as to be capable of being expressed in arithmetic, and of being

in that way made clear to even the narrowest understanding."[1]

And he then goes on to quote the case of Prussia, who by a dereliction of this duty in 1805 brought upon herself swift and terrible retribution in the following year, when

"Bonaparte was issuing his decrees from Berlin, and the Prussians were yielding up their provinces and their strong places to France, and handing over their stores of gold and silver, and of food and clothing, to cruel French intendants, and French soldiery were quartered upon them at their hearths."[2]

Kinglake is so clear and so forcible upon this subject of the "great usage," that we cannot refrain from making one more quotation for the benefit of those of our readers who may chance to have forgotten his remarks:—

"The obligation imposed upon a great State by this usage is not a heavy yoke, for after all it does no more than impel a sovereign, by fresh motives and by larger sanctions, to be watchful in the protection of his own interests. It quickens his sense of honour; it warns him that if he tamely stands witnessing a wrong which it is his interest and his duty to redress, he will not escape with the reckoning which awaits him in his own dishonoured country, but that he will also be held guilty of a great European defection, and that his delinquency will be punished by the reproach of nations, by their scorn and mistrust, and at last, perhaps, by their desertion of him in his hour of trial."[3]

These are grave counsels, the warnings of a Master in History, who probably, more than any contemporary observer, has marked and digested the lessons to be drawn from the political tendencies of our century. They appeal to the common-sense of every intelligent reasoner, no matter what his political standpoint may be; and we hope they will be borne in mind in estimating the arguments which we have now to offer.

Mr Cobden has often been quoted of late as having expressed the opinion or laid down the axiom, that it is essential to the safety of Great Britain that she should at all times maintain a navy double the strength of the French navy, *regardless of expense*. We do not remember the exact words in which he expressed himself, but to the best of our recollection he said that even if it cost us a hundred millions a-year it was absolutely necessary for the safety of the country that our naval policy should be founded upon this principle, or at any rate should embrace this principle. We believe that Cobden was right; and we do not think it a valid argument to say that because we have for the last few years failed to act upon this principle without meeting with disaster, therefore the theory is a mistaken one, and the burden of such a navy unnecessary. It would seem to us to be as reasonable to assume that because a man has for some time carried with impunity a naked light in a fiery coal-mine, it is therefore safe to go on doing so. Or that because bad drainage and foul smells in a certain district have not yet produced an epidemic of typhoid fever, they are therefore not likely to do so. We dismiss such arguments as unworthy of the consideration of practical men, and proceed to inquire how it is that we have, during the last few years, allowed

[1] Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea, vol. i. p. 23.
[2] Ibid., p. 25.
[3] Ibid., p. 29.

Cobden's wise policy to fall into abeyance, and permitted ourselves to be almost overtaken by France.

The Russian war found us in 1854 in a transition stage between sailing-ships and steamers. The great peace hallucination engendered by the Exhibition of 1851, although no doubt largely responsible for the deplorable state of military unreadiness in which that war found us, had not yet had time to destroy the efficiency of our navy, or to cause us to forget our traditional naval policy. If Sir Charles Napier's Baltic fleet was rather a "scratch pack," and composed of somewhat heterogeneous elements, that fact is to be accounted for by the recent introduction of steam, and not by the assumption that we had deliberately allowed our navy to fall into decay. At this time all our dockyards were busily engaged in converting the best of our line-of-battle ships into steamers — an operation by no means difficult, and inexpensive in comparison with the amount of efficiency which it produced. Thus it happened that the introduction of steam-power into war navies did not at the outset seriously threaten Great Britain's supremacy on the ocean. She was equal to the occasion; she had the ships; and being the cradle of railways and steamers, there were in the country several most enterprising engineering firms who were ready to take the contracts for putting engines into the whole British navy if necessary.

It was not steam that wrenched the ocean's sceptre from Britannia's grasp, although no doubt the steam-whistle blew a blast of warning. It was the introduction of ironclads a few years later, which, changing fundamentally the whole theory of naval construction, rendered the British navy prospectively obsolete within the next few years, and thus called for a supreme effort on our part.

It was in the year 1862, when the Warrior and La Gloire had proved the seaworthiness of ironclads, and the first battle of Hampton Roads had demonstrated that wooden ships would become mere shambles when pitted against them, that Great Britain stood face to face with the gigantic problem of building a whole navy. Unlike the revolution caused by the introduction of steam, this new revolution admitted of no compromises; and the few razeed and armour-plated line-of-battle ships were expensive and miserable make-shifts.

There were, however, even now, reasons—which, in this connection, we might call natural reasons—why we still had it easily in our power to maintain or regain our maritime supremacy. We had in this country both the material and the skill for building iron ships in greater abundance and perfection than any other country. France was our only dangerous rival, and she, for reasons best known to herself (possibly because she had no option), started off on the wrong tack, and built her ironclads of wood, whilst we built most of ours of iron. The few wooden ones we did build showed us conclusively that the system was a mistaken one, and that the stoutest wooden structure that a dockyard could produce, was incompetent to carry armour. The ships worked and twisted out of all shape, and soon tumbled to pieces. Thus from the very beginning of the race we acquired a tremendous fortuitous advantage over our rival. Our ironclads were practically indestructible by age, whilst those of France suffered from speedy decay. But

alas! this very advantage proved a snare to us, and has placed us in a false and dangerous position, by causing us to count all our earlier ironclads as serviceable fighting-ships long after they had become obsolete in construction, armour, armament, and engines; so that, at the present moment, we see our Channel Squadron, which would have to bear the first brunt of battle, composed of ships nearly thirty years old, and admitted by all experts to be totally unfit for modern warfare.

France, on the other hand, through the circumstance of all her earlier wood-built ironclads quickly wearing out, saw the necessity of replacing them, and this she did with iron-built ones of the newest construction; so that she virtually turned her failure into success, though of course not without great additional outlay, which, however, she had the wisdom not to shirk. And the result of this policy is, that although France does not at the present moment show so many ironclads on paper as England does, she possesses nearly as many of modern construction and armament.

But this counting of obsolete ironclads on our part does not complete the full measure of our want of wisdom, for another fortuitous circumstance occurred which put it easily in our power to have maintained our traditional supremacy. We allude to the Franco-German war. This also proved a delusion and a snare to us. We thought our great rival dead when she was only wounded. Recovering, and arising with a marvellous and unsuspected rapidity and vigour, she set herself to work, without making any secret of it, to dispute with us the sovereignty of the seas.

It was about 1874, still loaded with a debt which would have crushed a less vigorous and high-spirited people, that France set seriously to work upon her shipbuilding programme, with the avowed intention of rivalling England, if we may so interpret the declaration that her navy was to be second to none in the world. This programme she appears to have carried out in its main features with astonishing perseverance and consistency, and in spite of the most frequent changes of Government which in all probability have ever taken place in a civilised country during the same period. The effort was, under the circumstances, a gigantic one, and cost her many millions of money; but if it enables her to deprive us of our naval supremacy, it will be cheap indeed at the price.

Now was the time for England to have shown that she had not forgotten Cobden's axiom, and that she had no intention of forsaking her traditional naval policy. Now was the time for her to have made a corresponding effort, if she considered the sovereignty of the seas worth struggling for. She was not unwarned. No secret was made about the French shipbuilding programme; and naval officers of all shades of political opinion foresaw the inevitable consequences which would ensue if England did not make a corresponding effort to maintain her supremacy. It may very properly be asked, "Why then did they not warn their countrymen of the danger?" They did. That is to say, such of them as are permitted by the rules of the service to write to the public press under their own signatures, did so on many occasions; but as their communications lacked the spice of party politics or personal abuse, they attracted very little

attention. The danger was too remote: the subject was not likely to have any effect (certainly no beneficial effect) upon the result of an election, and was therefore quite unworthy of the notice of any practical politician.

That gallant old veteran, Sir Thomas Symonds, wrote letter after letter to the papers, and has so continued; he has agitated, and published pamphlets, and spared neither trouble nor expense in his efforts to warn his countrymen of the folly of their supineness and indifference to the efforts of France to rival our navy. Practical politicians paid no attention. *They* could not afford to increase the Estimates. *Their* party must show a reduction, or else the *other party* would *promise* one and turn them out of office.

Or else the political civilian First Lord of the day had just discovered a cheap and attractive reform, by which he would reduce the active lists to a practical, working, peace effective, and ensure a steady continuous flow of promotion (until it got blocked again), and have none but nimble admirals on the list. It was not necessary for him to mention that he was getting rid of some of his ablest officers in the prime of their lives and in the full ripeness of their experience, and paying them handsomely to go on shore and do nothing. Neither was it incumbent upon him to point out that although he was reducing the cost of the effective service, he was increasing by a greater amount the cost of the non-effective. These were merely little incidents of the scheme which it was not necessary to mention. In fact, it was probably wiser not to mention them, as they might, if known and appreciated, have served to dim the lustre of the great reform. This was our naval policy; this was one of our replies to France in her mighty effort to dispute our maritime supremacy. Sir Thomas Symonds was a very inconvenient person. Perhaps he knew what was wanted, but he had not got a very clear or eloquent way of expressing himself; so it was much easier to ignore him. Our naval policy was guided by something quite different from the opinions of Sir Thomas and others most competent to judge. It was guided simply by the exigencies of party warfare. Of course it was necessary to make-believe that we had either got, or soon would have, a strong navy, if the Government for the time being were only left in power. Some of the devices that were used to gull the public were rather transparent and contemptible, but they served the purpose.

In the remarks which we are now about to make, we wish it distinctly to be understood that we write in no party spirit; for in truth we are firmly convinced that, in this matter of naval mismanagement, there is not one pin to choose between Conservatives and Liberals. The exigencies of party warfare rendered it necessary to shirk the one essential step of asking for sufficient money to build an ironclad navy double the strength of that laid down in the French programme, and which we knew our neighbours were making such sacrifices and such efforts to build. This, and nothing less than this, was England's imperative duty at the time of which we are speaking. Let us see how it was carried out under the influence of that civilian control at the Admiralty which we are told is an essential condition of parliamentary government.

One of the devices adopted by

the party politician of the day, to make the country believe that it could provide itself with an efficient navy without paying the market value for it, was as follows: A large number of ironclads were designed and *laid down*, and ordered to be built at the various dockyards.[1] We wish to lay particular stress upon these words "laid down," for our whole argument hinges upon them.

Now it is an established and proved fact that a large ironclad can be built in two years; but in order to make the British public believe that they had a powerful navy *building*, the construction of the vessels was ordered to be *spread over* a number of years four or five times greater than that necessary to build them. Thus the political manœuvre of the day was to show a powerful navy on the stocks, or *in course of construction*, without increasing the estimates. By an ingenious system of accounts it was arranged that each of these "building ironclads" should have so many hundredths of her tonnage added to her during each financial year. The amount varied from time to time in accordance with the state of the economical shipbuilding vote, starved and kept down in order that the party in power might remain there, by being able to show the public that they were providing for Britannia's safety and honour at least as cheaply as their predecessors in office had done. Thus we became accustomed to see notices like the following in the public press: "In consequence of the additional outlay involved by the alterations in the Nonsuch to enable her to carry a modern armament, it has been decided to add only three per cent to the tonnage of the Thunderbomb during the current financial year."

If the above description of the party politician's method of providing the country with a navy does not deserve to be stigmatised as a political swindle, we should be glad to hear it properly described. Yet, strange to say, when some Opposition orator thought he could put a spoke in the wheel by exposing and denouncing the system, he did not do so on the ground that it was a dishonest juggle with the national interests and an unworthy deception of the public, but rather that it was financially unsound, as it kept capital locked up in a "building ship" for a longer time than necessary. But what shall be said of the excuse made by the defenders of the system? We beg our readers to take special notice of it, because if they are blessed with any sense of humour it cannot fail to amuse them. This is what the apologists said. "True, the ships have taken a long time to build; but then, by delaying their completion, we have been enabled to embody in them *all the latest improvements*."

If this argument is carried to its logical conclusion, it is evident that we ought never to complete a new ship, but rather to keep her in the dockyard hands, constantly adding to her all new inventions as they are produced. The process would necessarily be endless, and as war, when it comes, will probably be sudden, the ship would not be ready at the most critical period, nor would she have a crew trained in the use of her various

[1] We are now only speaking of ships built in royal dockyards. Some few ironclads were also built in private yards; these would come under a different category, and we do not propose to notice them at present.

weapons; and this latter is undoubtedly one of the most vital and essential conditions of an efficient man-of-war. It would be useless to do as we did in the last war, when all ships were more or less alike—viz., to bundle a lot of untrained men on board, and send them to sea to shake down somehow. Moreover, the types of modern ships vary so extensively, that even men *trained* in one type of ship would take a considerable time before they became at home in another, and even this time we could not afford. The plan is also open to another objection, and a very serious one—viz., that almost all alterations consist in additions, and these additions, of course, involve weight, some more, some less: but all ships are designed to carry certain weights, and to float at a certain water-line. All additions, therefore, put them out of trim, and in most cases this is attended with loss of speed and seaworthiness. As a matter of fact, this process has been carried on in some of our ships until the whole of their armour-belts have been immersed.

So England kept her ships building four and five times longer than necessary in order that the public might be led to believe that they were being supplied by their humble servant, a civilian First Lord of the Admiralty, with a powerful navy, sufficient to defend their possessions, and without any extraordinary outlay.

In thus juggling with the national interests for party purposes, our politicians assumed two things which will not be granted to them. They assumed that at some particular date we should arrive at something like finality in inventions and improvements in the arts of naval warfare; and they also assumed to know that war would not break out, or our ships be wanted before that date.

As a matter of fact, the system was an extremely wasteful and expensive one; for the astute politician, although he could keep his ships building as long as he liked, could not arrest the march of science or paralyse the restless brain of the inventor. So it happened from time to time, whilst our ships were slowly dragging themselves into existence, that startling alterations, innovations, and inventions took place in guns, engines, torpedoes, and other branches of naval science, and that our constructors and the naval advisers of the political First Lord were placed in the following dilemma: Either they must complete the Thunderbomb, and send her to sea according to her original design—that is to say, with obsolete engines, armament, and equipment, and thus make themselves the laughing-stock of all Europe, by sending a supposed new ship to sea in this condition—or else they must enter into extensive and costly alterations in the actual construction of the ship, adding greatly to her estimated cost; and as these alterations almost always involved considerable additions to weight, they would make her deeper in the water than she was designed to be—a grave defect, which almost all our recent ships exhibit.

The only rational and business-like course to pursue in the building of war-ships, is to design a ship according to all the latest ideas, and embodying all recent improvements; lay her down, build her, arm her, man her, and send her to sea *with all possible despatch*, so that she may become a fighting item of value to the State: for no man knows the month or

the week that war may come upon us; and the issues of a war in the present day will be decided by the ships in commission, and not by those building or preparing. Nothing can be more unwise or misleading than to count ships building as part of the naval strength of the country. For all the use they are, they might as well exist only on paper in the drawing-office at the Admiralty, or be still struggling for life in the brains of their designers. They are good intentions, and nothing more, and we all know how much good intentions are worth. Yet this system of counting unhatched chickens appears to be deeply engrained in the minds of all civilian rulers of the navy: for while we are now writing, we observe a paragraph in the newspapers giving an account of a speech by the present First Lord of the Admiralty, in which he boasted that England had during the last twelve months passed more ships into the first-class steam reserve (that is to say, ready for commission) than all the other Powers of Europe put together. Now the fact of the matter is, that a ship in the first-class steam reserve is still an unhatched egg. As soon as she is fully manned and officered, gets up steam, and goes to sea, she becomes a chicken, but only a chicken, and she does not become a fighting-cock until she has been at least three or four months in commission. This we know to be the opinion of our own naval officers: it is also the opinion of the French. In the recent debate on the French naval estimates, Admiral Krantz, the present French Minister of Marine, asserted "that large armoured battle-ships would be wholly valueless in action, unless long previously commissioned by efficient staffs and crews."

We have entitled this article "Our Naval Policy," but we feel we have placed ourselves in a somewhat paradoxical position, as we have all along been adducing facts to prove that we have no naval policy worthy of the name, but merely a happy-go-lucky, hand-to-mouth, make-shift procedure forced upon the country, to its shame, dishonour, and ultimate disaster, by the absurd system of making a civilian solely responsible for the administration of the navy,[1] and thus making that service the political shuttlecock of parties,—a lever for party politicians to prise one another out of power with, instead of a State navy, conducted upon a sound, consistent, and continuous system, on the understanding that the actual existence of the country depends upon it.

We may mention one of the remarkable attendant phenomena of our present system, or rather want of system, and of consistent policy, as it serves to illustrate pretty clearly its unsoundness.

Upon the recurrence of the periodical war-scares which have taken place on several occasions during the last twenty years, our civilian administrator who happens to be at the time in charge of the navy, awakes suddenly to a sense of the utter insufficiency of our fleet, and our consequent unreadiness for war; and the first thing he does is to rush round to all the private shipbuilding establishments in the country and buy up the ironclads built or building

[1] This was done by Mr Childers's Order in Council of February 1869, which divested the naval members of the Board of all responsibility to the country.

for foreign Governments. Of course he has to buy, not what he wants, but whatever he can get, and at the builder's own price. Is this system, we ask, either cheap, dignified, or worthy of the mistress of the seas? Is it worthy of being called a policy at all?

We are told that under our present system of parliamentary government we *must* have a civilian in charge of the navy, as it is absolutely necessary that he should be responsible to the House of Commons for its administration. This we beg leave to doubt; and we should put the "must" in another place, thus: If you WILL have a party politician in charge of the navy, and solely responsible for it, it *must* be administered in a party, and not in a national spirit.

The present position of a civilian in sole charge, and personally responsible for the administration of a complicated and technical service like the navy, is illogical and absurd, and has done much to bring it into its present starved and highly dangerous condition.

The recent resignation of Lord Charles Beresford was a practical and emphatic protest against the present system of naval government and responsibility. It may have suited politicians to try and make it appear that he resigned in a fit of petulance because he could not have his own way about the Intelligence Department, but those who read between the lines will see in it a far deeper significance.

It is true that the debate on the subject which took place in the House of Commons on Monday, the 12th March, was largely taken up with personal matters; it was almost inevitable that it should have been so in such a case—persons must be the figure-heads of principles. Yet the clever defence of the First Lord was insufficient to hide the weakness of his cause; and the country will not fail to mark the admission of our want of any organisation scheme for actual warfare, and the acknowledgment of the repeated delays in the supply of guns to our new ships. The former of these wants is now being supplied (so far as it can be with the insufficient material we possess) by the able members of the department concerning which all this personal squabble has taken place.

The latter we may hope to see rectified, now that the navy are to be allowed to supply their own guns instead of being dependent upon the army for them. The present director of naval ordnance is admitted to be one of the ablest and most energetic officers that the navy can boast of, and he will no doubt do wonders; but he cannot do impossibilities. Modern guns take a long time to make; the gun-producing power of the country is limited, and we are a long way behind. Moreover, the plant required for making modern guns is very expensive, and also takes a long time to make. It all means money, and this seems to be the one thing that Ministers are afraid to ask for.

During the adjourned debate on the Navy Estimates which took place in the House of Commons on March 15th, the First Lord being called upon to defend his shipbuilding policy, did so as follows. He said—

"If the Admiralty laid down a large number of ships at one time, so rapid was the change in design and in the development of speed, that they would probably in ten or fifteen years be obsolete or useless. Therefore nothing was clearer, if we were to maintain our strength continuously, than that we should year by year lay down a certain number of vessels.

He was therefore altogether averse to wholesale outlay; but what he believed was absolutely necessary for our navy was that the expenditure should be continuous, and kept, if possible, at the same level."

He then went on to speak of the difficulty as to our gun-producing power, and continued thus:—

"Their [the Admiralty's] object had been throughout, both in framing the Estimates and in establishing the depreciation fund, to ensure continuity of policy, so that whoever might be the First Lord, if he attempted to diminish the amount spent in shipbuilding below that fixed for depreciation or waste, or if he chose to increase the amount, he should give his explanation to the House. By this means, he thought they would succeed in gradually but effectually raising the strength of the navy to a point which, he hoped, would bring assurance and confidence to the minds of honourable gentlemen."

Now this all sounds exceeding plausible from a commercial point of view; but if it succeeds in bringing "assurance and confidence to the minds of honourable gentlemen," we can only say that they are profoundly ignorant of the naval requirements of the country. It is, in fact, a policy which is unsound both in principle and practice. In the first place, it begs the whole question by assuming that the navy is now, at this present time, strong enough to meet the demands of immediate war; but this is just exactly what naval officers who have studied the question absolutely deny. Moreover, the First Lord himself shows the weakness of his case, when he admits that the minds of honourable members require reassuring. But how does he propose to reassure them? Not by taking vigorous and immediate steps to supply our deficiency, but by a gradual and piecemeal shipbuilding policy, the object of which may perhaps become apparent in ten years' time. Who will guarantee us ten years' peace? War might come this year, while we are slowly making good our deficiencies. Surely it is not unreasonable to suppose that if our great rival is desirous of disputing with us the sovereignty of the seas (either with or without allies) she will choose her own time for doing it, and that time will be when her own ambitious shipbuilding programme is completed; a programme which we have utterly failed to reply to, and which our present policy leaves untouched.

So much for the practical working of our policy. But it is also wrong in principle. Our expenditure on our navy, either as to *personnel* or *matériel*, should be guided by our requirements; and our requirements, again, are entirely dependent upon the policy of our neighbours. If other countries had not lately been making such vigorous efforts to produce powerful ironclad navies, it is quite possible—nay, probable—that our present navy would have been adequate, or more than adequate, to meet the requirements of the country in case of war. But when France laid down her great programme of ironclad-shipbuilding, it was our imperative duty to have laid down double the number of ships of at least equal strength, and to have endeavoured to complete them a short time before the French ships were completed. This, and this alone, is a sound naval policy for England to pursue. The peculiar and unique position of her empire demands it of her. It was her ancient policy; it was the policy under which she acquired her empire, and it is the only policy by which she can retain it. Cobden confirmed it; and if

we fail in it now, our national ruin will be synchronous with the outbreak of war.

By no logical argument can it be shown that our "expenditure should be continuous, and kept, if possible, at the same level;" for if other nations had not built powerful war-ships, or were now to cease doing so, it would be an unjustifiable waste of the country's resources to go on with a fixed expenditure under this head, after we had once established that supremacy which naval strategists declare to be necessary—viz., at least double the strength of any one country, and a decided superiority over any probable combination. But on the other hand, so long as we fall short of this standard of naval power, our empire and our stupendous trade are dependent upon the good-pleasure and forbearance of our neighbours. This sounds most alarming and humiliating, but a calm calculation of our naval requirements will show it to be indisputable.

We have endeavoured to sketch briefly some of the more salient features of our recent and prospective naval policy, or, to speak more correctly, some of the consequences entailed by our utter lack of a sound and consistent policy. We have condemned the present system of naval government, and we may fairly be asked to state what we propose instead of it. Our reply is as follows.

If you still insist upon using the service upon which the existence of the empire depends as a party weapon,—if, in short, you are so hard up for party weapons that you cannot do without it in this connection—and if you are still determined to perpetrate the anomaly of placing from time to time as manager of that service a very worthy gentleman who is in all probability profoundly ignorant of naval matters—at least modify the evil by making him only nominal manager, or part manager, and restore to his professional colleagues that responsibility of which you deprived them by Mr Childers's Order in Council of 1869.

The present system of undivided responsibility, vested in a civilian First Lord, has only been in force for nineteen years; and it is a remarkable coincidence that this period marks with considerable accuracy the decline of our naval supremacy. Of course this may be only a coincidence; but if so, it is a very remarkable one. Our own opinion is, that if the naval members of the Board had retained their responsibility, it would have been absolutely impossible that the present state of affairs could have come to pass. It would have been opposed to all the traditions of our naval service, opposed to the training of their whole lives, opposed to a British naval officer's ideas of the responsibility of our navy for the safety of the country,—in fact, as unlikely as anything it would be possible to imagine that three British admirals, or two admirals and a captain, if vested with coequal responsibility to their country, could have acquiesced in this decline of our naval supremacy. And when we make use of the term "decline of our naval supremacy," it must be distinctly understood (and we presume nobody will dispute it) that naval power, like any other power, is entirely a comparative quantity. Hence it is no argument to point to the Navy Estimates, and say that there has been a steady increase in them during the period we mention; for if that increase has not been proportionate to the increase of that of our possible enemies, it is indisputably a decline, and a lapse

of that traditional naval policy upon which the safety of the empire has ever been held to depend.

It is generally believed in naval circles that some of our ablest admirals will not consent to serve on the Board of Admiralty as the mere assistants of a civilian. They will not lend their names or their reputations to a system of naval government detrimental to the best interests of their country. If a national and not a party policy is to be pursued with regard to the navy, the responsibility of the naval members of the Board must be restored. In fact, it is a misnomer to call it a Board at all under the present system. It is nothing of the sort; it is a civilian Lord High Admiral of England, with some naval assistants, whose advice he may take or not as he pleases.

We repeat again that there is a national importance attached to Lord Charles Beresford's resignation which the country will do well to take note of, and to ponder with all seriousness.

We have no single word to say personally against the present First Lord of the Admiralty. Probably no abler, more conscientious, or more energetic administrator, has held the office for many a long year. The reforms which he has instituted seem to be excellent so far as they go, though it is significant to observe that the reform of which he seems most proud is the reduction of the estimates by £900,000.

Departmental reforms are very good things in their way; but the broad national question—the question which the country has a right to ask, and does ask—is a very simple one; it is this—Is the navy strong enough to defend the country? To which might be added these two: Who says it is, and who says it isn't? and, Who are the best judges?

We cannot believe that the country or the House of Commons would shirk the issues of this question if Ministers had the moral courage to put it properly before them.

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CONTENTS.

A Stiff-necked Generation. Chaps. VI.–IX., . . 595
Hymns and Hymnals. By J. B. Selkirk, . . . 622
Lady Hamilton and Mr John Cordy Jeaffreson. By John Paget, 635
Wanderings and Wild Sport beyond the Himalayas, . 650
Mary Stuart in Scotland. The Conspiracies of the Nobles.—Rizzio. By John Skelton, C.B., . . 669
The Psychology of Golf, ... 683
English Slang and French Argot: Fashionable and Unfashionable. By Charles Mackay, . . . 690
The Evening of Life. By the Earl of Rosslyn, . . 704
The English Gentry, ... 705
The Progress of the Session, ... 720

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A STIFF-NECKED GENERATION.

CHAPTER VI.—ROSAMUND AS A CONTRAST.

"Art she had none, yet wanted none,
For Nature did that want supply:
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy."
—DRYDEN.

WE have now a bird's-eye view of the general position of our *dramatis personæ*.

Lord Hartland is to marry Rosamund, Aunt Julia is to dower the bride, the two are to live at Hartland Abbey, and Lady Caroline is thus to be free to bring out her next daughter.

All this is very nicely arranged, and it only remains for the wheels to turn, and the machinery to be set in motion.

As we have seen, however, one spoke was already there, and there were indications of another, which did not escape the two pairs of eyes on the watch.

Lord Hartland showed no disposition to encroach beyond the barrier-line drawn by his fair cousin in the last chapter: it might even have seemed to an ill-natured spectator that he was, if anything, still less disposed to quit his present foothold than the young lady was to have him do so. If he were a single degree more friendly with her than usual one day, he swung back like a pendulum till he was a full pace behind what he had been the next: if a momentary notice had been taken of Rosamund, perhaps unavoidably evoked by circumstances, she was sure to be annoyingly swamped in a general survey or observation immediately thereafter; and if he had been caught bestowing so much as a glance of admiration, he turned away his eyes as if from beholding vanity.

The poor man was frightened—that was the truth.

He had no particular turn for matrimony; and the remembrance of an unhappy childhood, rendered so by ill-mated parents, together with some more recent experiences of a like nature, had made him shy of taking the plunge on his own account. Not being in love, he preferred to defer the evil day.

Things were very pleasant as they were, he thought: he had all he wished, and far more than he had ever hoped for, in his new life; the Abbey was a home that might have satisfied any man; Lady Julia was the kindest, cheerfulest, pleasantest of old maids to live with that could have been imagined; his shooting-parties were the merriest, and his cricket-team the strongest, in the county; he got on well with his people, his farmers, tenants, and labourers; he had not the ill-word of any one, high or low, so far as he knew; he lived at peace with his neighbours; and his parson was his most particular friend. Could any change be for the better?

As for Rosamund, he liked Rosamund—well enough. It was not *her* but *it*—the whole thing—he shirked and dreaded. If he had been let alone—if there had been no delighted looks, and fond inquiries, and thinly veiled anxiety at the Abbey, no stately unbending and grim approval at King's Common—he would have got on excellently with the unmanageable, inflammable wild young thing who was metaphorically kicking up her heels all over in the place, in the joy of her newborn freedom. Hartland, who was of a sober sort, had a lurking sympathy with such choice spirits, and the two would have been fast friends, if no more, he told himself, if this foolish idea of a marriage had never been started,—but as it was, the idea was like an iron hand holding him back from any sort of easy companionship.

Of this he himself was aware, but he was ignorant that he might have gone a very great deal further in the same direction, and still not have outshot the truth.

The truth, then—the real, the actual truth,—and let anxious guardians and match-makers read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it,—was this, that had it been possible for every sort of recollection of Lady Julia's project to have been blotted out of Hartland's memory; had he of himself and by himself found out the beauties and the blemishes and all the secret springs of that bewitching and bewildering effervescence which now, as it were, danced before his eyes in a Rosamund unapproachable and unattainable; had they met alone, unnoticed and unheeded, and each unprepared for the other,—his heart had been hers long, long before he knew.

As it was, the very fact that he was being watched and approved of and presided over, had the natural effect; and it said something for both Hartland and Rosamund that all this did not render each odious in the other's eyes.

"But we really must come to some sort of an understanding before long."

Lady Caroline was alone with her sister, of course, when such a remark could be made. "It was all very well as long as the girls were in the schoolroom, Julia; but now that Rosamund has been out for three months and been seen everywhere, there is nothing to wait for. If there is to be anything between her and Hartland, it must be now, or never."

"My dear Caroline, I really—you see there is no particular hurry."

"Now that is you, Julia, all the

world over. No hurry! And Catharine only a year younger, and Dolly close behind her. To talk of there being no hurry, by which I presume you mean that the affair may hang on and on indefinitely, is absurd. Either it must be now, or not at all."

Lady Julia was silent.

"Does Hartland mean anything, or does he not?"

"My dear——." Lady Julia paused.

"It was not my idea, but yours," pursued Lady Caroline, who was in a humour to browbeat any one that day; "you originated the whole; you broached it to Hartland; you undertook it in your plan for his living with you; and you assured me that he was inclined to agree. If Hartland draws back now——"

"He has never said a word about drawing back," replied Lady Julia, with more spirit than could have been expected; "and I must own that I think you are overhasty altogether. Give Hartland time."

"Oh, time! I wish you could understand," cried Lady Caroline impatiently, and had Julia known, there was more reason for her impatience than appeared. "I cannot make you see with my eyes, —I never could," proceeded the speaker, stating a fact for which the Abbey folks had daily cause to bless their good luck; "but, however, it is of no use talking," she added, and indeed she had been on the brink of an indiscretion. "I have my own reasons,—ahem—— why, you yourself, Julia, have often pitied poor Beatrice Waterfield, who introduces a new daughter year by year, till she has now a perfect train behind her wherever she goes. Upon my word," exclaimed Lady Caroline, with an energy that yet showed a returning self-satisfaction and good-humour—"upon my word, I never think of Beatrice and her seven daughters behind her, without a shudder."

"Seven, dear? Only six, I think," corrected Julia, gently.

"Seven," pronounced her sister, in a voice that might have spoken their doom. "You forget the schoolgirl, Diana——"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought you spoke of the girls who were out——"

"And in another year Diana will also be out. And there she will be to be taken about also, and to be presented, and everything!"

"Oh, we will hope for the best," said Lady Julia, pleasantly; "and I know, for my part, I cannot but admire the unselfishness and sweet temper with which Beatrice makes the best of those poor unattractive girls—dear me! I hope I am not uncharitable—I did not mean 'unattractive'; I daresay they are quite attractive to some people—quiet, gentle, *good* girls; but somehow, when one looks at them beside Rosamund!——"

"Yes, beside Rosamund," assented Lady Caroline, now entirely restored to complacency by so timely a suggestion—"beside Rosamund they lose all the colour they possess. I am not a blindly partial parent, as you know, Julia; but I cannot help seeing—no one can help seeing—that when she is present, all animation as she usually is, those others seem absolute dulness itself. And, moreover, it is not only the Waterfield girls, it is every one. Now, is it not?"

"Certainly"—Lady Julia was to the full as amiably prejudiced—"certainly; you are right in that," she said. "Still, one does see very ordinary girls very well married."

"Not where there are six of them," cried Lady Caroline, almost

eagerly; "at least, not when all six are everywhere present. What is the use of Beatrice's going up to town season after season, taking an expensive house in an expensive part, giving balls and parties, and toiling and straining to get her daughters asked to the best houses in return? When the men come to see them, what do they find? Not one but six Miss Waterfields, all pleasing, and agreeable, and well mannered, and well dressed, and ready to talk, and to smile, and to play on the piano—good heavens! the piano is never silent in that drawing-room—and what is the consequence? No man wants to marry six girls; and as for singling out any one from the rest, and expecting to find any single thing in her that he did not find in all the others, he might as well try to fix his affections upon a blade of grass out of a meadow. I do not say they are not amiable girls, and well-bred——"

——"Sweet, gentle," murmured Lady Julia.

"'Unattractive,' Julia."

"Did I say 'unattractive'? But I only said they were so to *me*. To other people——"

"Oh, nonsense, my dear! if *you* cannot find attractions in them, no one can," said Lady Caroline, with a shade of contempt in her more kindly tone. "No, no; there is no need to be so nice between ourselves. We can see plainly enough how the land lies. But still, as I was about to say, when you interrupted me, something might be done if Beatrice would only realise the fact that these girls, by crowding so together, stand in each other's light. If they could be sent out by twos and twos—for it would be too much to suppose that they should do anything singly,—but if they could be broken up into small detachments, they would at least obtain some sort of individual notice. They would not be handicapped by the shadows of the others in the background. If any one did happen to take a fancy to, say Eleanour, he would not observe precisely the same qualities in Violet, Amy—and indeed running through all the seven. He might—mind, I do not say he would—but he might imagine that a dull, stupid, excellent sort of girl, such as one of the Waterfields, would make a better wife than a prettier or cleverer one."

"Are you not a little severe, Caroline?" It was the nearest approach to a remonstrance Lady Julia ever made.

"Severe? Not at all;" Lady Caroline promptly quashed the idea. "I have not a word to say against the Waterfields," she continued. "They are almost the only acquaintance we have, with whom we can comfortably associate. We have known them all our lives; and, all things considered, I should be sorry to lose them out of the neighbourhood. Beatrice is invariably friendly, and anxious we should go there, and that the young people should meet, and I have made no sort of objection to Rosamund's being frequently at the Grange, now that she has less to do at home. She is there at this moment——"

But she was nothing of the kind; she entered even as the last words were spoken, and with her the young ladies who had also been the theme of the above discourse.

"Mamma, I have brought over some hungry people for luncheon," said Rosamund, making her way to embrace her aunt, while Lady Caroline advanced with her usual air of formal civility to greet the

new-comers. "I found them, and I brought them, and they are going to stop the afternoon if you press them very hard," she added, merrily; "and Aunt Julia will just please to do the same, and Hartland is here too,"—and with the name of Hartland the boldness of the proposal was explained.

"How do you do, Eleanour—Amy—Violet?" said Lady Caroline, kissing steadily through the trio. "Rosamund was fortunate in finding you at home, and able to come over this beautiful day. We must make the most of all the summer that remains."

"Yes. It is wonderfully hot for September," observed Miss Waterfield, seating herself. "Are we not interrupting you, Lady Caroline?"

"Not at all, my dear; my morning's work is over."

("My bringing Hartland provided for that, my lady mother," quoth Miss Rosamund to her saucy self. "'Waterfields, minus Hartland, to the right about, and whistle for your luncheon,' would have been the order of the day if I had not made arrangements, my dears; so you need not look so open-eyed at her ladyship's affability.")

"And so you can stop a little and keep Rosamund company," proceeded the hostess. "She is rather left to herself nowadays, not being one of a nice merry party like you, all so nearly of an age. You can hardly know what it is to be dull. You are quite independent of other society. You must have so many resources among yourselves."

All the time she was looking at them, and Lady Julia knew what was in her heart.

There the three sat, so quiet, so composed, so motionless, so absolutely irreproachable in dress and faultless in demeanour, so exactly all that they ought to be in voice, air, and attitude, yet so hopelessly on a level, so fatally equal in every excellence, that a row of clipped poplars could not have been more uniform.

In the midst stood Rosamund, her face half hidden behind the large hat with which she fanned her glowing cheeks, her brilliant eyes roving round the group alight with mischief, a laugh hidden about the corners of her mouth. "And her hair all abroad as usual," internally commented Lady Caroline,—but she looked at Julia in triumph.

If Hartland would only come in now! come in and see this radiant young creature, and contrast her with those correct girls, sitting so properly still and ladylike in their chairs,—surely some sentiment, some emotion, must for very shame be kindled in his breast. He could not be so insensate as not to feel, so dull as not to see, the difference. She tapped the floor with her foot impatiently. Where was he? What was he doing? What hindered him from entering? Somehow, with Julia sitting by, she did not wish to inquire, preferred not to seem too curious, — but to be tongue-tied was a rare experience with her, and she hardly knew how to put up with it.

Had Hartland come over of himself? Had Rosamund been to the Abbey to fetch her aunt, and, finding her absent, fetched her cousin instead? Or, had he been merely met with by the way?

Simple things enough to learn; but, following as this did hard upon the sisters' conference, the inquiries stuck in the interrogator's throat.

She looked at her daughter; but Rosamund, securely audacious as

was her wont when Hartland was near, was, shocking to relate, swinging on one leg with an unflinching eye direct upon herself—an eye, moreover, which plainly said, "Find out if you can. But there is nothing to be learned from *me*."

Now that very morning Rosamund had had a long walk alone with Hartland, and although not a word had passed between them which all the world might not have heard, each had been fully aware of all that would have been prophesied and hoped for, had the incident come to light; and it had been quite understood between them, though the understanding had been a tacit one, that neither was, in schoolboy phrase, to peach.

They had come across each other by accident on her first going out, and, nobody being by to interfere, instead of a mere interchange of morning greetings, the two had readily joined company, and he had turned back to make his way hers. He had had his morning on his hands, not intending to shoot that day; and she had started for the Waterfields', to whose house she was allowed to walk without an escort, the way lying entirely through the Abbey grounds and their own. She had only to cross the highroad, from one little white gate to another.

Although no escort was needed, Hartland had nevertheless proffered his company; and the September sky being bright overhead, while the dewy air had that keen exhilarating nip dear to the young and healthy, the two had stepped gaily forward, and—not without a sense of the humour of it—had extended and amplified their walk, until it had grown to quite respectable dimensions. With no one else would Miss Liscard have dared for a moment to rove so far and remain so long; and as the little minx knew this perfectly, and as Hartland had more than a suspicion of the same, each had been vastly amused in their inward souls, reflecting on the capital that would have been made of the escapade by the sagacious elders, had it by any chance come to their ears.

It had been very good fun to both; and in their secret and their unspoken sympathy over it, the accomplices had been nearer to love-making than they had ever been before; but in the fact that no love-making had been made, while appearances had been all the other way, lay the very kernel of the jest.

A spark of seriousness would have spoilt all.

It was this which lent to Rosamund's brow the archness which puzzled Lady Caroline.

The mischief-loving creature was laughing in her sleeve to think what a dance after Will-o'-the-wisp the poor lady would have been led, had a hint been dropped of what had been going on. Dearly would Rosamund have liked that hint to bestow. Delicious it would have been to have slipped out casually some such passing remark as "How fast those young pheasants of Hartland's grow! We went round to take a peep at them before going to the Grange,——" or, "Hartland will have his hands full if he cuts down all the trees he is marking. We marked an immense number in the hour and a half we were at it just now,——" and to have watched the effect produced.

The effect of such an observation properly handled, would have been fine indeed. It would have caused Lady Caroline hastily to introduce another topic, and to

say the most agreeable things in the blandest tones in order to conceal her pleasure; while the less sophisticated Julia would have started in her chair, and openly looked significance, the while considering she was doing all that discretion could possibly demand, if she did not with clasped hands ejaculate "Thank heaven!" upon the spot.

And after all, what had the predestined lovers done?

Tramped cheerily along, talking, laughing, telling each other stories, and every now and then breaking out into snatches of song, which had startled the wood-pigeons and the rabbits.

They had taken to the woods, and had rustled through the red paths among the dropping beech-leaves, climbed mossy knolls wet beneath and dripping overhead, slipped down muddy banks, and skirted deeply rutted cart-tracks. Often they had had to walk one behind the other, between sopping grass-fields, and Hartland had gone first, that the smaller feet which followed might find *terra firma* in his footprints; but he had only offered his hand when help was really necessary, and even when she had had to jump some ditches, and had cleared them bravely, he had seen her go over with as much philosophy as if she had been his sister.

They had been silent when they had not cared to speak, without the silence having had any kind of oppression about it; and the occasional services he had rendered had been paid without gallantry, and accepted without coquetry. All had been free, comfortable unrestraint.

Once he had had to disentangle from her skirts a trailing branch of bramble.

The branch had clung obstinately, sticking fast to a new place as soon as loosened from the old, and he had bidden her stand still, and had put down his stick, and had anathematised the pertinacious "follower" so heartily, that even she had felt a momentary confusion, knowing what she knew. She had wondered at his unconcern, but the next instant their eyes had met and flashed revelations, and she had seen him turn aside his head to laugh, while she had turned hers to blush. Not a syllable had been spoken.

It had been the only awkward moment,—and yet it had been the gem of the walk.

"Confound this 'follower,' I can't get him off!" had been Hartland's very natural exclamation, as he had torn and twisted, afraid of doing damage to the thin summer fabric his cousin was still wearing. "Stop, Rosamund, I'll be even with him yet——" and then he had held up the luckless "follower" as the huntsman holds the brush, in triumph, and the next moment they had both laughed in each other's faces.

Many and many a time in years to come that little scene was to rise before Rosamund's eyes, yet half a day afterwards she thought she had forgotten it.

CHAPTER VII.—TWO TONGUES LET LOOSE.

"Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee a prisoner. A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand."—QUARLES.

All of this, however, and the very fact of the walk itself, it was felt to be so expedient to keep in the dark, that, on nearing the

Waterfields', Hartland had made his dog the excuse for going no farther, and had engaged to meet the return party at a certain landmark.

He was to be depended upon for silence as regarded an earlier meeting; and the intimacy between the families was known to be such, that, on the approach of the four young ladies, his "So you have succeeded in your errand, Rosamund?" showing that he had known what that errand had been, had excited no surprise, since it had been felt that she might at any time have told him she was hoping to take home with her some of her friends from the Grange, to spend the afternoon.

As it appeared that his presence also was desired at King's Common, he had joined the party; and favoured as she thus was by Fortune on all sides, surely nothing more was needed to have brought back sunshine into the fair face of the youthful diplomatist? Nevertheless, there was another and a tenderer cause; some one, who is very soon to appear in these pages, was half expected by two people in that stately drawing-room within the hour, and the expectation lay at the root of half the joyous spirits of the one, and the querulous impatience and only partially allayed ill-humour of the other. Lady Caroline had not allowed herself to confide even to Julia all that was in her mind that day; she had not dared to say why it was so imperative that Hartland should promptly begin his wooing; and only Hartland's actual presence—or vicinity, for he had gone round to the kennels to fasten up his dog—had calmed her ruffled brow, as she saw the Miss Waterfields walk in.

In an instant she had divined that they were there because another guest, and an unwelcome one, was on the horizon.

Then Rosamund had pronounced her magic word, and hope had revived: it might have been for Hartland—why should it not have been for Hartland?—that the party had been collected.

Hartland was come, actually come,—and no one had even hinted that any one else was coming. She would put away the idea, and make the Waterfield girls understand that she was glad to see them, and bid Julia put off her bonnet, and send word to the servants to lay extra places for luncheon.

All was done with the best of good-breeding, and the company generally understood that they were to be tolerated.

Accordingly, Eleanour Waterfield, who was a shade less in awe of Lady Caroline than her sisters, ventured to lead the conversation, which was apt to lag in that august presence. "I think everybody was out and about to-day," she observed: "we met, first, the rector and Mrs Allen, then Mary Allen and Rose Crossley, then a great cart-load of Johnson-Wigrams, and last of all, Mr Bartlett's groom. I am not sure whether the meeting the groom was not the most exciting encounter of any, for he had a very unmanageable horse, and backed up a side-lane, and then came galloping past so frantically that we thought the horse had bolted, and all fled up the bank,—I assure you it was quite an adventure, Lady Caroline."

"Runaway horses are extremely dangerous," replied Lady Caroline—but she was not so sententious as she could have wished. She could hardly even listen to Eleanour's prattle at the moment.

This, however, was not for Miss Waterfield to take note of, and

she continued pleasantly, "It is not often that we are so lively. We quite congratulated ourselves on having taken to the road, instead of coming through the woods. The woods would have been too wet, Rosamund said; and really it is not very much longer coming round by the road. How long did it take you to walk over to us, Rosamund?"

Unlucky question! It had not occurred to Rosamund that there might be an investigation into times and seasons, and the smile died out of her face. Still she kept a bold front. "I have no idea," she said, and prudently neither extended nor qualified her statement.

Lady Caroline Liscard was, however, the last person to have taken note that her daughter had been absent since breakfast-time, and had not returned till nearly one, having in the interim accomplished a walk of three miles, all told.

Rosamund had started early, in order, if the truth were told, to be out of her mother's way: she had not cared about an early return; and that being so, Hartland's proposition of a longer ramble, and even the still longer one into which it had thereafter grown, had been all to the good. It had enabled her to pass agreeably a considerable portion of time that had lain with a somewhat weary aspect in front of her that morning, and had also been a frolic in its way, as we have seen,—she was now all agog for what was next to happen, and devoutly trusted no further questions would be put. It would certainly have had a peculiar aspect, to say the least of it, if it had come to light that she had been wandering about for a couple of hours in woods which she had afterwards pronounced to be too wet for her friends to pass through. It might have been suspected that she had had her own reasons for wishing to return by the road. The road was the only place where people were ever met going to and from the town of Longminster, four miles off.

"It seemed as if every turn of the road brought some one into view," continued Eleanour Waterfield, who was always considered to know what to say, and how to keep rippling on in a proper drawing-room strain. "The Allens were going by train somewhere, but return to-night, and Mr Allen says the harvest festival is to be this day fortnight. I suppose we shall send the same kinds of fruit and vegetable as usual. Have you any very large marrows, Lady Caroline?"

"I am afraid I hardly know, Eleanour."

Marrows! and so much on her mind! She could have thrown every marrow in the garden at the speaker's head, and yet she could not but commend in her heart the composure which enabled her young visitor to speak and act as though receiving the best of attention, when it was but too palpable that she had but half one of a distracted hostess's ears, and the same measure of her vacant eyes.

The rest was for Hartland's approaching step. He had made a halt in the ante-room, and had been seen and heard through the open doorway.

In he came with a broken dog-chain in his hand. "Did you ever see such workmanship?" he cried, after due salutations. "How could any one suppose such a thing would hold together? But I am awfully sorry, Lady Caroline; I never dreamed of its giving way; and I will send it up to the

maker to-morrow, and tell him to send down another."

"Pray do not trouble about it, Hartland."

"Oh, I am bound to make it good, you know."

"I have no doubt it is an old one and worn out," began Lady Caroline, who to any other delinquent would have looked black as night. "The coachman can be told to get another, and a better. Meantime, what have you done with Lion? I hope he is in good hands."

"The brute! I sent him home. I believe it was his fault the chain broke,—he gave such a spring after me; but still, a good piece of metal ought to be able to stand a tug or two;" and apparently full of his grievance, he retired to the window recess and looked gloomily out.

"I am afraid we are only a party of ladies, my dear Hartland." Lady Caroline turned her head round, and Lady Julia spun her whole stout little person about likewise, both ladies wishing to face the favourite.

"Are you?" said he, unconsciously.

"Mr Liscard will be in presently, but hardly, I fear, to luncheon."

"Oh!"

"Did you expect to find me here?" It was now Julia's turn. "Did you know where I was?"

"We met the carriage returning."

"So you came after me?" jocosely.

"I met Rosamund, and came with her."

The pause that ensued made itself felt by all but the speaker; he had something else on hand. A full-fed, lethargic wasp was slowly crawling up the window-pane, tempting Providence in the shape of Hartland, whose hand stole gently towards it. He was a humane man, but wasps are everybody's game, and in the hand there was an open penknife.

It moved too quickly, and gave the alarm; the wasp buzzed and flew.

Being gorged, however, and out of condition, a short flight sufficed, and that, being taken in a circle round the adversary's head, and close to his ears, had a stimulating effect. He remained stock-still till the insect had again settled; and then, swift as lightning, stabbed it through the heart—it being presumed that the heart was in its right place. All was over in the space of a few seconds, and the prey impaled on the point of the knife.

"Well, I call that cruel," said a voice close by.

"Oh no, Miss Waterfield; a wasp is a wasp; if you don't kill him he will—sting, if not kill you. At least that's the theory." He was bound to make some defence.

"Have you many at the Abbey?"

"Swarms," replied Hartland, picking off the one he had disposed of. "I say, here is another, come to see after the last. Come as chief mourner,—now, look, and you will see how I do it. Ho! missed him! And, by Jove, he's vicious! Look out!" and he pulled the young lady hastily aside,—"he will sting if he has a chance now; he is furious, the villain. Just wait a minute, my boy; I'll—settle your account—for you"—intently watching. "Quiet now, Miss Waterfield, don't you stir: there—he has calmed down now; no, he is off again, the suspicious rascal; he smells the blood of the slain. Now, quietly, quietly. Plague upon him! he is twice the trouble the other was. But I shan't be done—make up your mind to that, my friend; so

if it lies between us——" and down came the knife, and the deed was done.

Even Violet Waterfield had been keen on the quarry. "You *are* clever," she now cried, and examined the defunct wasp with more interest than she could have supposed possible.

"It is of no use cutting them in two, you know," said Hartland, and he proceeded to explain.

"What are those two whispering about over there?" exclaimed Lady Caroline, who had twice addressed herself to Lord Hartland, and twice been obliged to end her sentence as though it had been meant for the general circle, which is not a pleasant thing to have to do.

No one now replied.

"Rosamund," said her mother, looking round. Alas! she wished she had let Hartland alone, and kept her wits for another encounter. It was too late now; a note she had foolishly left lying on the table when interrupted by her first visitor, and which she most particularly desired not to have had seen, was in her daughter's hands, and it was but too evident that Rosamund had neither heard nor seen anything else since it came there.

"Provoking!" muttered Lady Caroline to herself, and her brow once more clouded over. "If I could only have consulted Hartland first; but now, it will have to be spoken about before them all, and of course Rosamund will get her way." (Aloud.) "What did you say, my dear?" for she was being in her turn addressed.

"When did this come, mamma?"

"What? What have you got there?" and Lady Caroline put up her eyeglass.

"This," said Rosamund, holding up the note, which it was easier to do than to name the writer.

"Oh, that from the barracks," said Lady Caroline, and the glass dropped with a jerk. "I forget when. Some time this morning."

"Have you answered it?"

"Not yet. Your aunt came in."

"What shall you say?" Rosamund was growing bolder every day about this time, and astonished even herself by her presumption and its success. In the present instance this was the more remarkable, in that she was much more moved by inward anxiety about the fate which she well knew hung in the balance as regarded the note and its contents, than appeared. A close observer would have suspected that she cared, but the closest would hardly have gathered how much she cared about the reply to her question.

"Oh, I do not know, I am sure, my dear," was, however, all the satisfaction Lady Caroline deigned to bestow. "It will require consideration. I wish to ask your cousin what he thinks. These regimental luncheons are so very —but still people do go to them, and this time there is some sort of reason for it. We are invited to lunch with the officers at the barracks, Julia, on the day of the flower-show, at which their band will play. I suppose they mean it politely, and it is a printed card, so, I presume, we should meet everybody there; but really I have not thought about it," which was hardly the truth, invitations being, as before hinted, by no means as thick as blackberries at King's Common, where it was known that only the stiffest and grandest of galas met with any favour from the lady of the manor, and where, in consequence, no summons to a little, cosy, informal impromptu ever found its way. Accordingly,

the large and somewhat florid card, enclosed in a note from the major in command, would have been quite to her ladyship's mind, had it not been for the note itself. That was the fly in her ointment, and it was that which Rosamund now held fast.

"What does your mother mean to do, Eleanour?" pursued Lady Caroline, who saw at a glance that Julia would be no help, and, indeed, had not meant to tell her of the dilemma, had circumstances not obliged her to do so.

"About Major Gilbert's luncheon-party?" said Eleanour. "I think we shall go—some of us."

"Why do you call it 'Major Gilbert's' party?" corrected Lady Caroline, quickly. "The card says, 'Major Gilbert and the officers' of the regiment. I do not suppose that Major Gilbert has anything more to do with it than any of the rest. Major Gilbert is the least presentable of the set, and yet he is the one who always seems to put himself forward."

"Perhaps he may be put forward—a different thing, Lady Caroline. You see, being in command at present, he can hardly help taking the lead," observed Miss Waterfield, good-naturedly.

"You must be mistaken, my dear. Majors do not take command. There must be a colonel to do that."

"There is no colonel at present there."

"There must be a colonel *somewhere*." It almost seemed as if a wrangle were imminent, each knowing about as much or as little as the other of military matters; but Lady Caroline waived the question. She might be defeated, and she was not sufficiently sure of her ground to care to risk it; besides, she had something else to say.

"You may be right, Eleanour, in so far that at present the colonel may be on leave; but if that be the case, I must say it surprises me that his subordinate officer should have so much time on his hands. It seems to me as if this Major Gilbert never has anything to keep him away from amusements; no duties at home, no calls on his time, nothing, in short, to hinder him from idling away whole days in pleasure."

"Young men must have their recreations," murmured the kind-hearted Julia; "I am sure you cannot wish them to be always at work, Caroline. It makes me quite wretched to hear from Hartland of the dreadful marches they had to make in India, and the hours they had to be drilling in that terrible climate, and——"

"I doubt if they do any drilling at all at Longminster," interrupted her sister. "And as for marching, the only marches Major Gilbert ever takes are over here, or to some other house where he may idle away his time, and fancy himself in request. I am sure I—we have shown him plainly enough that there is no occasion for his coming so often. We never intended to make this place a barrack playground; but he is the sort of person on whom every kind of hint is thrown away. One cannot exactly be rude."

No one raised an eye. Lady Caroline was doing herself injustice; she not only could be, but was, the rudest woman in the world when she chose. Moreover, she was now showing herself to be also the most unwise, since, however much it cost her, she should have refrained from speaking ill of one for whom she entertained so strong a personal animus, in the presence

of others, by some of whom at least this was not shared. Even by those who did not particularly care for the Gilbert in question, Lady Caroline, who had more than once partaken of his hospitality, accepted his arm, and been glad to avail herself of his services, was heard with displeasure.

But having now got the bit between her teeth, there was no stopping her.

"There are some people who never know when to come and when to go," she proceeded. "If I ask Major Gilbert to luncheon, I do not mean that he is to remain till dinner-time. If he comes over to call, he means to be invited to tea, and is sure to suggest a game of some kind or other afterwards. All this would be very well, of course, if he were a friend—if he were on intimate terms with our family; but when we all dislike him——"

"Oh, my dear Caroline—I must really—I cannot agree to that. We do not dislike him at the Abbey."

"You do not dislike him, Julia?" Lady Caroline's tone was rising.

"I—no—really, I cannot say I do."

"Well, I must say you astonish me, my dear. It was only last week that you agreed with me perfectly about this very Major Gilbert, and I told you how much I wished he would let us alone; and now you change about, and just because others are here——"

"My dear!"

"——Well, my dear, do, pray, say for once what you *do* think. That speaking no evil of anybody is all very well in theory; but for my part, I consider that it leads people into gross untruths. I know you object to Major Gilbert every bit as much as I do, deny it how you may."

"My *dear!*" Julia was still unable for more than a slight increase of emphasis.

"You told me yourself you could not call him a gentleman," pursued Lady Caroline, hunting her down.

"But still——"

"Oh, if you allow a man is not a gentleman, you may say what you like for him."

"He may be a very——"

"Worthy person," concluded Lady Caroline, with a sneer. "So he may; we will hope he is. All I know is, that his manners are atrocious, that there is in them a mixture of ease and awkwardness which is hardly to be borne, and that I have never seen any good qualities to counterbalance the outward deficiencies. He looks perfectly miserable on entering a room; directly he is treated with bare civility he grows familiar; and by the time he leaves one wonders what he will do next."

Lady Julia looked vexed, but did not speak.

"Hartland, am I not speaking the truth? You, I know, will agree with me?" resumed the speaker, who could hardly help perceiving that no one else did, or that, at all events, nobody approved of so public a declaration of the sentiment. "Hartland?" appealed Lady Caroline; and she turned her chair again towards him, for it had insensibly slid round, as in the warmth of the discussion she had declaimed for the benefit of those on the other side.

"Yes," said Hartland.

"Do you not agree with what I have been saying?"

He was obliged to own that he did not know what she had been saying.

This was worse than dissent;

she grew alarmed. "Do come a little nearer then; I cannot shout across the room."

"But it is so hot where you are."

"Hot? Why, it is September."

"It is hot all the same," said Hartland, "and I can hear you perfectly, Lady Caroline. It was only because I was not attending to what you said that I missed knowing what it was." He had disposed of the question, and was free to engage in combat with another wasp.

"As obstinate as any of us!" muttered Lady Caroline to herself—"a Verelst all over! Even in a trifle like this!" and she liked him all the better for it.

If it had been the luckless Gilbert who had thus dared to brave her! But then Gilbert had not been born a Verelst; and moreover, Lord Hartland in himself was precisely the one man whom Lady Caroline could have fancied, could have loved, had she been young, and free, and—thwarted. The last only would have been needed to have made her idolise him; and even now, even as she was—wife, mother, middle-aged woman, and county lady—she cared that he should notice her, attend to her, lean over her chair, and tell her, as he alone presumed to do, that her gown or bonnet was becoming. She desired that he should become her son-in-law, but it may be questioned whether she would have liked seeing him altogether Rosamund's.

Just now everything seemed against her. There was Hartland laughing like a boy, and holding—yes, indeed, clutching with both hands—Violet Waterfield's black velvet hat; dashing it too, regardless of consequences, up and down the window-pane! And there was Violet—the almost pretty Violet, the best-looking of the Waterfields, at any rate—standing by his side and looking on with a placid smile and participating interest! Something amusing, not sentimental, was going on, no doubt; but even amusing nonsense may be dangerous when it is not shared by all the party. Why was not Rosamund in the jest? Rosamund had neither spoken nor moved for a long time.

At Hartland's plain-spoken rejoinder she did, however, rouse herself. "Can you not see how much of his attention Hartland is bestowing on you, mamma?" she said bitterly; "but, of course, you take it for granted that he shares your sentiments, and to-morrow we shall all be told whose they are, and what is Hartland's opinion. My cousin is very good to be so respectfully silent when you speak; but he might remember that he is taking away the character of a man——"

"He? Hartland?"

"*You* are, and as Hartland does not stop you, it is to be supposed he agrees."

"*I* take away any one's character!" said Lady Caroline, colouring up.

"And say the most cruel, false things——"

"False!"

"You speak of Major Gilbert as if he were some low man."

"So he may be."

"You know that he is not."

"I do not indeed. I know nothing about him."

"You know that he is the major of his regiment."

"Exactly, and that is all."

"You have set yourself against him ever since he came into the neighbourhood."

"Certainly I have disliked him from the first."

"Why? For what? You have had no reason. He has never given you any. Neither he nor any of his brother officers have ever shown us anything but kindness——"

"Kindness! Absurd!"

"Civility you would call it, I suppose. And what civility have we ever shown them in return?"

"They come over often——" began Lady Caroline.

"Come over! Yes, 'come over.' That is just what they do. They ask us to the best they have to give, and we go to it: we go to their ball and anything else, and make use of them in any way we can; but we only let them come here to a wretched garden-party——"

"Oh, now, Rosamund," protested her aunt, who felt she could take part with Caroline now; "now, my dear, you really are in the wrong. Hartland has them to dine and shoot constantly, and——"

"Yes, you, Aunt Julia; and Hartland, I suppose," conceded Rosamund; "but I am speaking of ourselves. *We* have never done anything for anybody—we never do."

"What have you then in this special instance to complain of?" said Lady Caroline, quailing a little, as she had begun to do of late when Rosamund's blood was up. "If we have not kept open house for the neighbourhood, as it appears you think we ought to have done, what have Major Gilbert and his brother officers more than others against us?"

But Rosamund was now past logic.

"I say it is a shame—a wicked, wicked shame," she cried, "the moment people's backs are turned, to scorn them and run them down, and make out that we are better than they, and that they are not fit company for us. I say it is not fair to meet, and talk, and smile, and shake hands, and pretend that all is pleasant and nice, and the moment they are out of sight, fall upon them, and stir each other up to say the unkindest, untruest things——"

——"Of whom are you speaking, Rosamund?"

"Of you, mamma." In Rosamund's burning fiery eyes there was no sign of flinching. "Of you, and Aunt Julia, and Hartland," she went on. "Do you think I care if you are angry? I don't. *I* am angry; *I* am ashamed. If no one else feels how horribly, how heartlessly, how shamefully we have all been behaving towards these—these—poor—friends of ours, *I* do. They have only been among us a short time, and they are very soon going away, and I do not suppose we shall ever see any of them again. They are nothing to *me*. It is not that I care—that I mind—that I—why do you look at me like that? It is only that I hate injustice, and meanness, and hypocrisy, and especially towards those who have been so—been so kind to us,——" and all at once, to the unutterable consternation of the whole circle, the passionate lips parted in a loud sob, and the sentence remained unfinished.

If a bomb-shell had exploded in their midst, it could not have been more appalling to all present.

CHAPTER VIII.—IT WAS HIS BOAST THAT HE WAS A LADIES' MAN.

"What reason can there be assigned
For this perverseness of the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie;
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A foundered horse will not debate
Before he tries a five-barred gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide:—
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats Nature:
Who, when she loudly cries 'Forbear,'
With obstinacy fixes there;
And where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs."

—SWIFT.

Some sort of explanation of the foregoing scene must now be offered the reader.

The Major Gilbert who had been for the nonce the apple of discord had, as may have been gathered, only recently come to the neighbourhood, and taken the command at the garrison stationed in the old-fashioned county town of Longminster. He was a man of five-and-thirty, with a fine tall figure, a handsome set of features, a square determined brow, closely clipped hair, and a fierce moustache. Further, he was an excellent soldier, respectable in his private life, and though not drawing too tight a bow, considered a good man for lads to be under—one who would keep a brisk look-out as to what went on, and not stand nonsense. As, however, the major was neither unsympathetic nor injudicious, he was popular enough—indeed rather a favourite than otherwise in the mess-room; while once outside barracks, there was generally felt to be no better comrade going.

Among women, of the class he belonged to, he was equally lucky; the sort of girls whom he was wont to meet, the friends of his sisters and his cousins at home, the not over-refined denizens of garrison towns abroad, found him quite to their taste; and it was indeed the boast of his secret soul that he was a ladies' man.

But he had never known really good society. He came of wealthy folks, but neither parent had risen, nor had cared to rise, above a somewhat humble origin; and he himself was the show member of the family. By his own people he was considered smart, and knowing, and decidedly genteel. When he visited from time to time the paternal dwelling, sat down at the paternal board, and slept beneath the paternal roof, everything had to be at its best. Poor old Mr Gilbert would be forced willy-nilly to put on a better coat for dinner, and to see if he could not find a chair fit to sit in in the large unused drawing-room afterwards. The meals would be better, more plentiful; the extra silver would be put out, and the girls themselves would remind the housemaid that their brother liked to have hot water brought to his room three or four times a-day. Still, as Frederick was an amiably disposed sybarite, no one felt this piece of luxury to be exacting on his part; rather it may be questioned whether he would not have gone down a peg in the general esteem had he not, in his own phrase, made the household pull itself together.

On cold nights he wanted a fire in his bedroom; on the light mornings in summer he must have his windows darkened with double blinds; and all the year round he had his great round bath filled to the brim, and put out in the midst of a circle of bath-blankets, towels, rubbing-brushes, and what not, on a certain spot in his room on the evening of his arrival. Before he went to bed at night, if everything about that bath were not in readiness for the morning's plunge, it mattered not how late it were, peal would go the major's bell.

By his two sisters, Emily and Henrietta, or Em and Etta, as he was wont to style them, Frederick was much beloved. He represented in their eyes all that was gayest and pleasantest in their lives. He petted them, and made them presents. He was applied to, to procure them indulgences and exemptions. Their parents having married late in life, had grown too old to care for jaunts and merrymaking before these younger ones of the family had grown up; and having from a series of domestic bereavements got finally into the habit of going nowhere, would not, save for Frederick's intervention, have seen the necessity for any one else's going anywhere either. Frederick stood between this doom and his little sisters, of whom he was fond after a Grand Mogul fashion, and whose devotion to him and belief in him were all that the vainest heart could have required. He was many years their senior, the three being all that were left of a numerous family; but it was their glory that, instead of holding aloof from their society, as some brothers would have done, Frederick liked nothing better than to have one hanging on each arm, or seated on either side, and, with his cigar in his mouth, to narrate, discourse, and ring the changes on every sort of experience, of which the principally recurring features would be, "I did, I said, I thought." This much must, however, be said for him: as his own trumpeter, he was indubitably without a rival; but he had, on the other hand, fits of humility and self-depreciation which almost puzzled his auditors.

They thought he must be mistaken when now and again he was fain to own having made a blunder or received a rebuff; or when he would, as he did, occasionally say straight out, "I am not up to that," or, "I have no notion what ought to be done in such a case."

Em would raise her eyes to read in his if he were serious in making such an admission, and Etta would almost be angry with him for it; but although he would be gratified by their blind fidelity, he would stick to his point. No, he was not infallible; he knew a thing or two, but not everything; there were people who had seen lots more of the world and of life than he had. There were places in which he was not quite at home, and occasions which, in plain terms, bothered him. However—and then the good little sisters were given to understand that, in spite of all, he was still a long way superior to *them*, and well ahead of any one *they* knew; and that in coming home among his own people, and putting up with all their oddities and ignorances, he was condescending and forbearing.

He needed not to have insinuated it. No supposition to the contrary had ever arisen in the minds of the pair; and on reaching the recognised age of young-

ladyhood, the height of the ambition either possessed was to obtain his approval and merit still more of his confidence.

Happily for the two, an audience was as necessary to Gilbert as a hero to them—so there was no fear of a cessation of the long talks in the greenhouse or the garden. One of these had, just at the time we have now arrived at, elicited a tremendous secret. The absentee had run home on business, and what should the business turn out to be?

After guessing three times, according to precedent, the last guess had hit the mark as nearly as possible. No, he would not say he was going to be married; but he had come home in order to ask the governor what he would do for him in the event of his desiring to take to himself a wife.

The governor, on learning who the wife in question was, had professed himself satisfied, and had agreed to do the thing handsomely. All had been so much to his mind that he had thought he must let Em and Etta into the secret, before he went back to propose.

The two clapped their hands over the delightful news. He was in love at last? And *really?* Not just — he knew what. Oh, he knew well enough what they meant. He had always laughed so before, when they had asked him if anything were to come of this and that flirtation, and had said that the one he had flirted with was all very well for a time, but that he could not stand too much of her—or something of the kind. But then he had never come home before, and asked papa, and spoken about money, and—oh, they could hardly believe it, it was such fun!

Frederick pulled his long moustache with complacency. He loved to be the object of such a commotion. If they would only be quiet, he promised to tell them everything.

"Be quiet, do, then, Em," cried Etta, who was by far the more excited of the two. "We shall never hear anything if we don't let Frederick speak. Now, Frederick, do speak—do go on—do tell us all about her—and about *it*—and how it began—and where you met—and what you felt at the first. Now, do begin at the very beginning——"

"If I am ever to begin at all! Lord! what a tongue you have, Etta!"

"And then she tells me to be quiet," quoth the aggrieved Emily.

"Never mind that. Let Frederick speak. How old is she, Frederick? And what is she like? And is she pretty?"

"Go on—go on."

"Only one thing more. Is she dark, or fair? And is she like either of us?"

He looked at her, and then at his other sister, and another countenance rose before his eyes. He shook his head.

"Oh, of course, you will say she is ever so much nicer," cried Etta, gaily. "And so I daresay she is, if we could only hear about her. But you are so mysterious——"

At last they had it all. He was in love, really, and truly, and marryingly in love this time. He had never been so before in his life, but he was done for at last. As for his little girl, she was very young, younger than either of them——"

"But we are only twenty and twenty-one," protested Etta.

All the same she was younger; she was only eighteen——

"And you are five-and-thirty!"

This was not a lucky remark, and she was somewhat sharply informed that a man may be as much older than his bride as he chooses, and moreover, that it was an error on the right side; and furthermore, that women aged sooner than men, with more of the kind.

Etta listened with impatience. Of course, of course; she did not care twopence about the age, for her part; she wanted to hear about the girl, about Rosamund: what a pretty name it was, and so uncommon! and was Rosamund herself pretty also?

Very pretty indeed. More than pretty, beautiful. The sort of face — and here the speaker paused; even he hardly liked to say to his sisters, "The sort of face *you* never see, and hardly know enough to admire if you did." He had dimly felt that he himself was but just able to appreciate the difference between the proud lip and noble brow of Rosamund Liscard, and the ordinary red and white prettiness of the damsels he was in the habit of taking for his standard.

"Pretty, and young," quoth Emily, summing up; "well, Frederick, what else? Is she well dressed and stylish-looking?"

Frederick put out his chin. "My dear girl! Stylish-looking! She is an earl's granddaughter!"

"Oh—h!" The joint exclamation and the expressions of the two awestricken listeners were a sight to see. That they had dared to ask if an earl's granddaughter were stylish-looking!

"I don't know if you would call her well dressed," proceeded their brother, trying not to seem too much aware of the crushing impression he had produced. "She looks tip-top in whatever she puts on. It's generally white of an evening, I think. It's not the thing for girls to dress very much, you know."

"No," assented Etta, humbly; "I—I suppose, then, that"—(for the life of her she could not call the earl's granddaughter "Rosamund")—"I suppose that she—she does not dress much?"

"Well, all the better," cried Emily, recovering; "and I don't suppose she can be very high and mighty, and give herself airs, if she means to marry one of us—at least,"—and she paused, for it occurred to her that Frederick, being so very fine and spruce, and such a great man altogether, might have unconsciously given an erroneous idea of the family to the "earl's granddaughter," in which case there was no saying what Rosamund might turn out to be.

Frederick, however, was reassuring. "No, she doesn't give herself airs," he said, with a slight stress upon the "she"—"and I should think you would all get on capitally together. But if you take my advice, you'll steer clear of some one else, who tries to boss the whole party—and that's the mother. She's the most infernally proud woman, that Lady Caroline."

"Lady Caroline!" almost whispered Emily. She had never known a "Lady" Anybody in her life.

"Is she—is she——?" suggested Henrietta, and paused, scarcely knowing in what direction to inquire.

"Oh, *she's* a monkey-puzzler if you like," replied her brother, readily. "There is not an inch of her you can approach without a prick. She is a caution, and no mistake. I can tell you sometimes when I go up those stone stairs, and follow the men across

the hall, and hear them bellow out "Major Gilbert" in front of me into that huge drawing-room where she sits, always at the far end, always making a fellow have to walk the whole length before he gets up to her, I would almost sooner face a Bengal tigress, alone and unarmed. Look, this is how she does it," and he put them off him, for they were bearing on either shoulder, that he might rise and show the scene properly. "You come in from over there, Emily, and I am Lady Caroline here,—see, this is her davenport, —I believe she lives at that davenport, I never enter the room but she is sitting in front of it writing; and her long blue back, for she has the ugliest blue gown you ever saw, and is never out of it—her long back bending forward, seems as if it would take an hour to straighten. But isn't it like a poker when she does get up! Now, Em,—look, this is her exactly,"—and poor Lady Caroline was travestied to admiration, at the very moment, as luck would have it, when her ladyship was, with equal acrimony, though with a less appreciative audience, dilating upon the Major himself.

Whether their respective ears tingled, history sayeth not, but Gilbert had undoubtedly the best of it in point of sport. Shouts of laughter greeted his performance, and he had to go through it again and again ere he was allowed even to improve and dilate.

"She has taken an especial dislike to your humble servant," he owned candidly. "I am sure I don't know what I have done to get into her black books, but there is no mistaking the fact that I am there. It may be that she imagines me to be some poor devil without a sixpence, and that would not suit her book for the fair Rosamund. As soon as she finds that I can make a rattling good settlement—and the governor is a regular trump to come down so handsomely, I can tell you, girls—I expect old Blue-gown will be glad enough to have me; for they have a large family to provide for, and a lot of them are boys. Perhaps I may be allowed to shake her whole hand for once. So far, she has only vouchsafed me a couple of fingers perfectly cold with condescension; and when she takes my arm, Lord! I'd as soon have a daddy-long-legs tickle it!"

The sisters laughed heartily.

"It's not that I mind," proceeded Gilbert, in great good-humour; "I don't care two skips of a grasshopper for all her highty-tighty airs,—though I do think it is despicable to snub a fellow just because he is supposed to be poor; but it's vexatious, because it prevents my having a good time of it with Rosamund; and to tell the truth, though I am on the brink of my offer, I have not had half the opportunities I ought to have had for—well, you know what."

"Of course," said Emily, sagaciously. "You want to find out whether she cares for you, and carry on, and all that. You are such a flirt too, Frederick, I should have thought you would have made your opportunities."

"Well, yes, so I have—in a way. But you see, Rosamund is not a flirting girl. You have to mind your P's and Q's a little with these kind of people; and though I think, indeed I know, she likes me——"

"Likes you! I thought you said she would accept you to-morrow!"

"Well—hum—accept—did I say that? I said I meant to try, and my belief is that I shan't try in vain. But you must under-

stand, my dear girls, that you have to be uncommonly careful with girls like Rosamund. They are taught never to show what they feel."

"*Are* they? Dreadful!"

"And though she is the nicest, merriest, liveliest little creature in the world, she is not one you get to know all in a moment. I have had to draw my toes in more than once when I thought we were fast friends; but if any one else treats me badly, you should see how prettily she tries to make amends. It is *that* more than anything which shows me she really does care. The other day—let me see—what was it that was said? Oh, I know. Lady Caroline was talking away to her particular friend Mrs Waterfield—the Waterfields ain't bad; there's a little hair on their legs, but they are not up to the Liscards. Well, says my lady with her venomous smile, 'Oh, my de-*ah* Mrs Waterfield'—that's the way she speaks—'my de-*ah* Mrs Waterfield.' No, I believe it was 'my de-*ah* Beatrice,' for they are by way of being very thick. 'My de-*ah* Beatrice, I am so delighted to hear that we are to have your nephew's regiment quartered here directly. It *is* good news. They tell me the order is given, and that there will be a change directly.' Not so fast, my lady, thinks I; the order may be given, and the regiment may go, but I have not heard of it, and anyway, you don't get rid of *me* so easily. Well, you know, when she said it, even the Waterfields, who keep in with her at all hazards, looked disgusted; and as for Rosamund, all I know is, I wished Lady Caroline would say something nasty every day of my life. You should have seen how my girl coloured up, and what a blaze her eyes were in!"

"And yet you don't feel sure about her?"

But it was evident he was as sure as he cared to be. He had the sense not to desire more absolute certainty, and the pluck to be willing to run the risk.

"There's Hartland, of course," he said. "He's the game Lady Caroline flies at, as any one can see. He is the earl, the head of the family, a lucky young beggar who came in for the title through a series of deaths. But he is not thinking of marrying; and when he does, he will go in for an heiress—he must marry money, for he has only what the spinster sister, Lady Julia, allows him; and people say she can't make him her heir even if she wished."

"I wonder what Agnes Chandler will say," observed Emily, who had been ruminating on matters more within her range.

"Oh, Agnes Chandler! Agnes Chandler was all very well, but they were a scrubby lot. A fellow has to think of his family. I liked Agnes uncommonly, and we were tremendous friends,—and, by Jove, what a dancer she was, and what spins we used to have on that old floor! but you must look for something a cut above Agnes when you talk of a wife. Poor Agnes! she was very fond of me too."

"And so was poor Amelia," nodded Etta.

"Well, Amelia; no—no—I drew the line there. I never really went in for Amelia. She would fancy I did; and of course, if that is the case, you cannot be unkind; and I had to accept her presents, and she expected some sort of attentions in return; and somehow old Smith had a rare good cellar, and you met every one there, and there was no getting out of it: there was no eluding

the Smiths. The route came just in time; I daresay she has had a dozen since we left."

"And if you had not found your Rosamund, you would have had a dozen also."

"Very possibly. That shows what one gets by waiting. Now there are Wilson and Davis of ours, they are such noodles; directly we arrive in quarters, they prospect around, and fix upon the first passable girl they come across, and there they are at once, booked. They can't cry off, even if they want to afterwards; because when the better girls appear on the scene, they feel so confoundedly foolish. But Webster and I, we are the wily ones. We lie low for a week or so, and look about us. Then we get invited to the good houses, and are free to make our choice. I have never had a flirtation with any but a nice girl yet."

"Which is saying a good deal, Master Fred."

"All owing to discrimination, my little dears. All owing to your sapient brother's keeping a cool head on his shoulders, and putting a proper value on his proper person. And he is a bit of a favourite too, I can tell you; oh, I know how to creep up the sleeve with the fair sex, trust me. I sing 'em a song; I tickle their fancies with 'You'll remember me,' and that sort of thing. That's the way of it. Get to sentiment, and they're done for."

"Has Rosamund heard you sing?"

"Only once. And never once in her own house. Old Blue-gown knows better than to ask me. I had my music in my coat-pocket the last day I was over there, and Webster was over with me, and it turned out beastly wet, so I thought I had a rare chance, as they set Webster down to play the organ,—he plays it uncommonly well, the little chap does,—so I thought here was an opening; and after a bit, I gave 'em a hint; I suggested, couldn't we have a glee, or a catch, or something? My word! you don't see me doing that again. She would hardly deign me an answer at all; and the organ and everything was stopped right away, and wet or fine, Webster and I had to tramp it. No; to tell you the real truth, girls, it gives me a regular shiver down to the heels of my boots, whenever I do but think of that Lady Caroline."

CHAPTER IX.—THE FIRST MEETING.

"Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me;
And yet I swear I can't tell how
The pleasing pain stole on me."
—WHITEHEAD.

In consonance with the tactics which he had been so good as to expound for his sisters' benefit in the last chapter, Major Gilbert had kept somewhat aloof from the society of the town, directly he had found he might obtain that of the county, on taking command at Longminster.

His position had entitled him to the civilities of the neighbouring magnates, and he had fully realised that his last promotion had opened doors for him hitherto closed or partially so, and had not been slow to avail himself of his new opportunities.

He had met Rosamund, and

had been convinced anew of the soundness of his policy.

No Agnes or Amelia was there now to hold him back; no unfortunate trammels bound him.

Let us take a retrospective glance at the first meeting.

Mrs Waterfield had invited Major Gilbert over to the Grange on a lovely June day, and had also bidden other guests, and intended to have an out-of-door afternoon party. But when the Thursday came, the weather was so inauspicious that only Gilbert himself appeared, on the chance of its clearing, and by-and-by Rosamund Liscard drove her pony-cart over to present Lady Caroline's excuses. Rosamund was made to stay,—the Grange being, as we have already said, the only other house beside the Abbey for which she had this permission, and Lady Caroline little dreaming that a blow could be dealt to her through such an apparently innocent medium.

Rosamund thought Major Gilbert a fine-looking man, and an agreeable addition to the party. She was attached to the Miss Waterfields, and was fain not to find them poor company,—well knowing that if they had been a shade more hilarious or vivacious, they would have been withheld from her grasp, as other tempting morsels had been. She had yearned after this one and that, congenial damsels with whom she would fain have held sweet converse, not finding a responsive spirit in her next sister, the prim Catherine; but Lady Caroline had put a prompt veto upon every new intimacy, permitting only the old and well-worn Waterfields,—and with them accordingly her daughters had to be content. But it must not therefore be inferred that, left to herself, Rosamund did not secretly cherish much the same opinion of the septet that her mother did.

They were wholesome—like rice pudding. You could take a little of them day after day without their palling too flagrantly on the palate,—at the same time you could never take very much at a time. They were, in short, good wear-and-tear neighbours, to be depended on for sturdy principles and old-established prejudices, and certain not to develop any new or startling vagaries.

But imagine what a godsend was Gilbert in such a house!

Thus met, when he was naturally on his best behaviour, he now merely appeared to be a frank, soldierly man, handsome, well dressed, and very ready to be pleased with everything. In their terror at seeing the unknown visitor turn up on a hopelessly wet afternoon, and their relief at finding him not only willing to be entertained but eager to entertain in return, he had been first the object of solicitude, and then of grateful surprise and admiration. One after another had been drawn into the circle round him, and Rosamund coming in, found quite a lively party in the drawing-room, which but for resolute cheerfulness must have looked as forlorn as a summer room, whose fireplace is blocked up by flowers, usually does when the rain-pools cover the lawn, and the skies are still pouring forth in floods.

No one, however, looked depressed on this occasion, and it was easy to see that to the one man of the party all the life and vivacity of it was due.

Gilbert was in his element. Nothing suited him better than such a position, and he had already said many pretty things of the neighbourhood, and given every sort of

intimation of his good-humour, when Rosamund—Rosamund looking her loveliest, with moist clear eyes, and a damask-rose bloom upon her cheek, fresh from the outer air—brought a new atmosphere into the circle. In an instant all was changed for Gilbert, and he had fallen, metaphorically, at her feet; but he did not allow himself to show that it was so.

He stood up, of course, and when his turn came made his bow, and was a little more officious than he need have been in wheeling forward another chair; but still he remembered to beg Eleanour's pardon for so nearly brushing her with his elbow, and stooped to pick up Mrs Waterfield's ball of grey worsted, which was rolling away under the ottoman. He remembered that he had a "gallery," that he was under inspection, and that he had heard the Grange spoken of as an excellent stepping-stone towards admission in the neighbourhood.

Accordingly he did not, as he longed to do, at once turn his back upon the seven Miss Waterfields, for Diana was also present, it being a half-holiday; he did not let it be apparent that all interest in their pale faint-coloured faces had left him at the first vision of the brilliant new-comer; he only stood aside pulling his long moustache, and marking the contrast with keen observant eyes, until it was again time for him to speak; and he did not rush to take possession of the vacant seat by Rosamund's side presently, but stepped backwards and forwards, handing tea, sugar, and cakes till all were supplied,—even then, volunteering to pour fresh water into the teapot, albeit the coveted chair still remained empty. Such self-restraint said something for the bold soldier, and he owed himself some measure of reward for it.

But he was cautious even in taking the reward; a renewal of talk and jest led to anecdotes and sleight-of-hand tricks, of which he was a master; and these last were performed with such an effort at impartiality as led to Rosamund's being only addressed twice as often as was her turn, and shown the secret of the best performance to the exclusion of all the rest, though Diana had already more than half found it out.

For the further gratification of a musical community, as evidenced by the books piled up in the corner, Gilbert next proposed music, and on this occasion nobody snuffed out the proposition, as was subsequently the case at King's Common. On the contrary, the idea was caught at in a house where, as Lady Caroline said, the piano never ceased, and where an additional voice, and that a bass one, was a delightful acquisition.

All seven sisters eagerly gathered round the music-stool, all turning over different things in vain endeavours to make their knowledge agree; and Rosamund, who had but an indifferent ear, and had never been at the pains to improve it, now regretted for the first time the success of many stratagems for shortening the hour of practice, which, under Miss Penrose, had been the daily torment of her life.

Since her escape from schoolroom rule, she had never touched a note, and, left to herself, would seldom have cared to hear one. But then, the music in request at King's Common was not inspiring, and there was in reality no chance for any one not of strictly classical proclivities, knowing how much or how little he or she was capable of appreciating simpler melody.

Was my heroine now to be left out in the cold, in consequence?

Nothing of the kind. She could not sing—ah! but she could be sung to.

And so it came to pass that whatever and whenever Major Gilbert sang, it was to her he turned for commands, for sympathy, and for applause. She might shift her place, but if she did, he also shifted his. She might get behind one or another; in a few minutes he had so placed himself that she was again within range. She might move forward, take the arm of a sister, talk in her ear, be interested, engrossed,—it was all the same; she knew that he paused expectantly till she had done, and that she would either be addressed anew over the heads of the others, or find him at her elbow, in another minute.

He might read the words of a part-song over Amy's shoulder, or share the book with Violet, but Rosamund felt, by that intuition which never fails, that she and she alone was his real audience.

Then he had sung by himself.

His voice was deep and rich, not particularly expressive, but easy, and, after a certain fashion, agreeable to listen to. He could warble a love-ditty with effect, dropping his voice till it was almost tender at the pathetic passages; while in a rattling sea-song he could bang about the accompaniment famously, and puff out his chest like a topsail in a gale of wind.

He did not stick fast to the music-stool, moreover. He turned about upon it once or twice, it is true, and struck a chord here and there, and inquired if they knew this thing and that; but after a very reasonable time he insisted, with creditable pertinacity, upon some one else's taking his place, and listened respectfully to his successor throughout the full length of six pages.

Altogether the whole thing was well done. Had she had a son at home, Mrs Waterfield would have asked him to stop and dine. She did not even find him noisy on this occasion; and happily for him, he was held so completely in check by a variety of feelings throughout the visit, that he did not once relapse into vulgar jocularity or familiar facetiousness.

"He was really most obliging and entertaining." It was the lady of the house who spoke, but she expressed the sentiments of all. "He could not have been more good-natured; and it must have been a disappointment when the day turned out so miserably bad. I wish we had not had to let him go back in the rain, but I could not well help it. Another time, when some of the boys are at home, or when we have some other gentlemen with us, we must have him again. I must hear that charming sailor's song once more," for it had been a blessed change from the eternal sonatas and *thèmes* of which even her maternal ear was occasionally sick.

"Perhaps he may have something of a barrack-room manner," proceeded Mrs Waterfield, not knowing that to the barrack-room was due the only thin gloss of good-breeding Gilbert was capable of taking on. "He may laugh a little too loud, and talk a little too loud, and be a little too easy" (how could she guess that the bold soldier was even at the moment pondering how it was that he had not managed to get on faster in his intimacy, and inclined to feel he might have pushed ahead a little more with herself?), "but I am sure he meant no harm," continued the speaker; "and I can

quite fancy that to a man away from his home, the sight of a family party like ours must have been tantalising. He seemed quite one of ourselves before he left."

"And he talked so nicely about his sisters," added Eleanour.

Everybody had something good to say of him; and though Rosamund said less than the rest, it was only because she thought the more.

She felt proud, gratified, demure. She, too, had liked the deep sea-song, and had not objected to the tremble in the love-sick warble. She now experienced a sensation hitherto unknown when hearing Gilbert's name in every mouth; and there was all the charm of novelty in secretly hugging to herself the conviction that while he was the hero of the hour, and all were eager to recall what he had said and done, she, and she alone, had been the object of his attention.

Could any one's vanity have been insensible to such a whisper?—more especially the vanity of eighteen, and eighteen hitherto kept within the closest watch and ward? A sudden and dangerous exhilaration made Rosamund's blood dance in her veins as she recounted the history of the afternoon, in so far as it could be recounted, to her mother. When Lady Caroline, on the Waterfields' authority, thereupon admitted the new-comer to her solemn reunions, the daughter of the house was in a flutter of expectation, and met him with shy but evident pleasure. In the interval between their first and second meeting he had been continually in her thoughts, and she had been even more so in his; so that when he made his appearance at King's Common, and that before the Waterfield party had arrived, it seemed to the only person present who had met him before, that she was his friend, and he under her care; moreover, that it was only natural he should take possession of her on the instant, as he lost no time in doing.

For he had no notion of being backward any more, after he had once been invited to King's Common. That, he took to mean, that he had won his point, and made all the running required.

The alacrity with which he drew near to Rosamund's side, and his tenacious hold of that position subsequently, fairly took Lady Caroline's breath away. "He actually rushed at her," she declared afterwards; "walked her off from among all the other people, engrossed her whole attention—which she was foolish enough to permit him to do; but she is so young, she does not yet know how to manage,—and I do assure you, Julia, that the man never left her, never spoke to any one else, never let her alone for an instant throughout the whole afternoon afterwards. I explained to Rosamund her mistake in allowing it, as soon as I could do so, and desired her to be careful: but the next thing was the ball. We went to the ball, as you know; and of course I could understand that, as the principal host on that occasion, Major Gilbert should dance first with my daughter. It was her right, and I had no fault to find: no one else was there who could have taken the *pas*. But, my dear, the way he hung about her throughout the evening, made her order the music, have extra waltzes, so as to enable them to linger in the supper-room, the air with which he shawled her up for the carriage, and took her out himself, and stood there in the cold night-draughts—oh, my dear Julia, the whole thing was unmistakable! I was at my wits'-end;

and I could do nothing,—it was their own entertainment, and they had the right to order things as they chose; and though, of course, people must have remarked upon it, I could not then and there go up to Major Gilbert and say, 'I will not permit my daughter to be made so conspicuous,'—I had to let things take their course,"—the truth—the plain unvarnished truth—being, that on the occasion referred to, Lady Caroline herself had been by no means above experiencing gratification at beholding her fair young daughter the belle of the ball.

So long, indeed, as she had been persuaded that all the devotion and admiration was confined to his side, she had endured Gilbert; but of late there had been felt a creeping sensation of alarm, which could not even be confided to Julia, and which had found its easiest vent in an ever-increasing dislike and intolerance of his name. This, in her folly, she had been unable to keep to herself, and had thus increased the very evil she dreaded.

Every generous feeling Rosamund possessed, was soon aroused on behalf of one who, suspecting nothing, was being daily scorned and sneered at, to whom the lowest motives for every action were invariably imputed, and whose simplest civility was misconstrued. Had her mother but permitted the little flutter about the handsome soldier to die out of itself, there is no saying how soon this might have happened; but instead, she had actually fanned the flame she dreaded, and we know the result.

For the moment she was overmastered in spite of herself. For her — a woman who had never brooked opposition in her life—it was absolutely terrible to be thus openly defied. And she had not even a chance of entering the lists ere all was over. Those tears, those dreadful tears!

She could almost have wept herself; and then, to make matters still worse, and complete the whole, the passionate girl, unable to command herself, and overcome by her victory still more than she would have been by a defeat, rushed like a coward from the room.

"She has such a warm heart!" explained Lady Caroline, with a withering smile. "We all know Rosamund."

HYMNS AND HYMNALS.

THE question, What is a hymn? may be fairly set down as one of those subordinate and collateral queries growing out of the larger and more central conundrum, What is poetry?—a question that has obtained such a diversity of answers from the philosophical critic possessed of a misdirected craze for analysis. Both the central and the secondary question belong to that category of inquiries which, from the nature of the case, do not admit of exact definition. All of us who are acquainted with the masterpieces of Wesley, Montgomery, Keble, Milman, Faber, Newman, and many others, know a good hymn when we see it; but a specimen is one thing, a definition quite another. In our attempt to explain and lay bare the hidden manna of power which has enabled the best of these compositions to find their way into the mind and heart of the English-speaking world, and hold their places there against all comers, we lose our labour. In appraising the value of any poetical product of the highest order, whether it be a hymn or a lyric—and at their best there is more than a likeness between the two—it is impossible to resolve them into their component parts, and disengage that invisible attribute, that "participation of divineness" in them, which gives them their unnameable charm, and, in short, makes them what they are.

When St Augustine defined a hymn as a "song of praise to God," he was speaking to an age and to an audience whose hymnology, both in character and extent, was widely different from ours. Like everything else, the subject has widened with the process of the suns, and to restrict our hymns to subjects having reference only to direct adoration of the Almighty, it would be necessary to dismiss from our best collections more than half of their contents. Such a rule, strictly enforced, would indeed exclude from our service, for example, that universally known and approved version of the Hundredth Psalm paraphrased by Kethe, although commonly attributed to Hopkins. For, admirably appropriate as it is for public worship, the psalm is not addressed directly to Heaven, but rather an exhortation to earth and its people to praise and magnify the Lord. St Augustine's definition, then, if at any time it ever did decide the difficulty, can no longer cover the immense area over which the modern hymn has dispersed, diffused, and, in some cases, dissipated itself. Compilations of hymns grow so fast on every side, that it is hardly possible to form any correct estimate of their number, especially since it has become the fashion amongst many congregations outside the Established Churches (who generally keep to one) to have compilations of their own. In such a state of things, one naturally calls to mind St Paul's rebuke to the Church of Corinth: "How is it then, brethren? when ye come together, every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine," &c. But this superfluity of hymns—if not in doctrine—happily corrects itself. It is apt to "die of its own too much." The tree bears more fruit than it can ripen, and the weaklings wither off. Taking no account of the vast quantity of religious verse

which every year issues from the press merely to die and make no sign, there are about 2500 hymns extant from which the compiler can choose, and yet not more than ten per cent of these are common to our best collections, so difficult is it for a hymn to reach that point of excellence which enables it to take a permanent place in both the religion and literature of the country, and at which it becomes impossible for any compiler, with credit to himself, to exclude it. If we take the number of hymns in a collection to average about 500 (they usually run from 400 to 600), and deduct the ten per cent—the 250 we have spoken of as finding a place in every good hymnal — we are still left with 250 which are more or less infrequently used, and which are still undergoing that probationary existence in which their final merit is not yet set at rest. The gradual selection of the fittest in English hymnology has been the quiet work of generation upon generation. Our best hymns have come to us through a slow but sure ordeal. Time has put them into his unfailing crucible, and though the net proportion of pure metal seems small beside the mass under assay, yet these 250 hymns—or thereabout — which have passed through the experiment, constitute perhaps a more glorious anthology of sacred song than has ever been brought together in any language. That this refining process must be continuous and unceasing, in order to meet the growing aspirations of the future, nothing proves more conclusively than the past history of the subject. Life, spiritual as well as physical, is a finely adjusted balance between replenishment and waste. Stagnant water does not breed impurity more quickly than stagnant emotion in such a case, and the real vitality of the Church is probably more indebted to the receptivity and mobility of its hymnology — the free and unfettered reciprocity of its exports and imports—than to all its articles of faith; articles of subscription having a readier tendency to degenerate, by their very taken-for-granted fixity, into the mere husk and letter of religion, while our books of praise, by the observance of this give-and-take law of life, retain their freshness and attractiveness. Fixity, however, has its proper place, and mobility is not without its risks, and nothing has demonstrated more completely the danger of over-emphasising the sentimental side of religion than the humiliating and sometimes profane depths to which the praise of God has been allowed to fall, under the influence of so-called "revivals," proving that true religion, ever jealous of the falsehood of extremes, no more draws its real life from a washy and invertebrate emotion than it does from the doctrinal dry bones of the theological anatomist.

Happily our best collections, containing those hymns which stand accredited by the approval and consensus of all the Churches, have escaped this deeper infection, although, without regard to sect or party, or particular school of thought, their treasures have been drawn from all quarters, securing in this way a unity and catholicity which no other part of public worship can show. When unity on any theological basis seems as remote as ever, it is doubtless no small satisfaction to those who have that object really at heart, as well as to those who have not yet mastered the Christian grace of "mental reservation" in their attitude to the standards of the

Church, to find that at all events they stand upon common ground in the praises sung and accepted by almost every shade of orthodoxy in Christendom, and without the leading of whose luminous incense-cloud religious life to many would sometimes seem little better than a desert of dogma and disruption. And who shall say that a unity of trust and aspiration may not be quite as acceptable to the God to whom it is directed, as a unity of subscription to a set of abstract problems, of which, at least, nineteen out of twenty professing Christians know absolutely nothing?

Although we have said that our hymnology has, generally speaking, escaped the contamination of our grosser revival epidemics, it would not be true to the history of the subject to say that, to a certain extent, it has ever escaped the influence of "the tune o' the time." Our more important religious revivals have all of them left their mark, whether the movement came from priest or people, from High Church or Low Church, or whether the representative of the prevailing influence were John Wesley or John Keble. The extent to which our devotions have sometimes been controlled by the fashion of this world is a subject perhaps more profitable than pleasing to our self-esteem. It is a fact beyond dispute, nevertheless, that the Church has always been a very faithful mirror of the passing moment—an abstract and brief chronicle of the time, as Shakespeare might have put it; for in fact it has been almost as instrumental as the stage itself in showing the age and body of the time, his form and pressure, throwing off in endless variety representative types as widely asunder as the sporting parson of our fathers' day and the Father Ignatius of our own. The Church movement in vogue for the time being, has sometimes set its seal not only on the ritual of its exponents, but has frequently affected even such sublunary particulars as dress and diet. Thackeray, speaking of the Oxford movement, describes the period as that at which "the curate cut off his coat-collar and let his hair grow, when he went without dinner on Fridays, and signed his letters on the Feast of St So-and-so, and the Vigil of St What-do-you-call-'em." But the great Anglican revival of the first decade of her Majesty's eventful reign, fertile as it was in material for the satiric pen of Thackeray or pencil of Leech, had its great and grave side, as well as its feeble and fashionable one. Stripped of the affectations of its weaker supporters, and all the medieval and ecclesiastical accretions which disfigured it, it stands out, a great and remarkable movement; and it has furnished no better proof of its subtle and saintly power than the harvest it has left at the disposal of the eclectic gleaner in the field of sacred song.

One would naturally suppose that the almost universal suffrage by which our best and most beautiful hymns have been selected and handed down to us, would have proved a sufficient guarantee against anything like serious tampering with the integrity of their text; but such, unfortunately, is not the case. The hymn, in common with many other things both in the animal and vegetable world, seems to possess the faculty of producing its own specific parasite; for, strange as it may appear, the most inveterate enemy of the hymn, as regards the purity of its original text, is no other than the hymn-compiler. The besetting sin

of the collector of hymns is old enough almost to have acquired a kind of privilege; and to follow up the literary history of some of our oldest and best compositions through their successive versions would occupy a volume.

In comparatively modern times both authors and compilers are implicated. The Wesleys altered George Herbert and some of the elder hymnologists, as well as Watts, who, however, had taken an equal liberty with the psalter. In their turn the Wesleys themselves fell a prey to the ubiquitous literary manipulator; for we find John Wesley, in a preface to his 'Methodist's Hymn-book,' bitterly complaining of the collectors of his time, and begging the gentlemen who had done his brother Charles and himself the honour of reproducing their verses without their consent, henceforth to put the true reading in the margin, so that neither he nor his brother should be "any longer accountable for the nonsense or the doggerel of other men." A certain retributive Nemesis seems always to have dogged the heels of the successful writer of hymns, who has also lent himself to the lower business of collector. The warning has been as plain as whisper in the ear, *He that compileth shall be compiled*, but it has passed unheeded. James Montgomery complains of the same treatment of his verses—the same "cross," as he called it—in a preface to his collected hymns, although he too, in his 'Christian Psalmist,' had freely *compiled* the works of other people. More than twenty years ago Lord Selborne (then Sir Roundell Palmer) vigorously renewed the protest in the preface to his 'Book of Praise,' but with no appreciable effect. Things have gone from bad to worse, until it has been left to our own day to develop in its fullest activity the energies of this destructive literary parasite.

There are certain universally discredited occupations to which that of the hymn-compiler is rapidly conforming, and by which it may be useful to test and measure it, even if the inquiry have no more important result than a mere exercise in comparative morality. There is, in the first place, the old outstanding distrust of the lawyer; but that, we all know, is only a vulgar superstition. The suspicion against the entire uprightness of the dealer in horse-flesh is more difficult to get rid of, and will probably die hard. Again, an absolute belief in the sincerity of the modern politician, especially if he be a patriot, implies an amount of childlike confidence which is every day becoming more rare. And lastly, we have that significant political factor, the publican, engaged in a calling perhaps more discredited than all. And yet each of these avocations, looked upon askance by what no doubt appears to them a censorious and hypercritical public, is guarded by restrictions from which the hymn-collector is absolutely free. We can insist upon an audit of our lawyer's charges; and from those gentlemen who are always ready to dispose of a perfectly sound animal "to a friend" at little more than half its value, we can demand a warranty. The politician again, besides being, as we all know, a fit and proper person, is kept in proper restraint by his constituents, or ought to be—although in this instance it must be admitted that cases do exist where any weak-minded departure in the direction of honour or uprightness might endanger his seat in Parliament. As for the publican, he is

guarded all round by guarantee upon guarantee. He is almost a sacred institution. The Church upholds him on one side, and the law on the other. He must not only be such a man as may be trusted with a licence, but must have a certificate from his clergyman, and another from a justice of peace, before he can ply his trade. It may be here objected that this species of ordination and laying on of hands to which he has been submitted has not as yet, in any conspicuous degree, brought down from heaven that amount of sweetness and light upon his vocation which all right-minded people had a right to expect from the performance. Again, looking at his occupation by the somewhat lurid light thrown upon it by the police reports, it may be gravely questioned whether even the certificate of the justice of peace has had the effect of making his calling either more just or more peaceable. Disreputable as some of these vocations may appear, let us fairly compare the collector and trader in hymns with any of them, and ask in what respect is he better? None of the above-mentioned traders offers in the open market property as their own which does not belong to them. None of them adulterates their merchandise more shamelessly than he does. A great part of his work is carried on in flagrant defiance of the law of the land—the law of copyright. Plagiarism is no word for him. The ordinary plagiarist is a fool beside him. One's attention is frequently called to the piratical "mote" in the eye of our American cousin; but in this particular the hymn-compiler's home-grown "beam" leaves him far behind. He not only appropriates the work of others without the consent, and frequently without the knowledge, of the rightful owner; but he adds and alters it, deducts and defaces, cuts and carves it into conformity with his own theological fad, and then, with an effrontery that almost takes one's breath away, tacks to the title-page of his stolen and mutilated goods, the words, "all rights reserved"!

Before proceeding further, however, with so grave a charge, it is necessary to point out that all the alterations in our hymnals are divisible into two distinct classes. To the first class belong all such restorations in English and orthography as are necessary, in our oldest hymns, to make them intelligible to the average churchgoer; all such changes as are necessary to fit certain compositions to the requirements of music, and such alterations, abridgments, and adaptations of poems as will render them more suitable to a service for which many of them were not originally written. A large proportion of these changes, unimportant as regards the integrity of the text, have been made with the ready consent of the author, and not infrequently by the author himself. No one could, in reason, find fault with such alterations as these; and it is not with these we have to do. Again, if this serious indictment had reference only to those obscure hymn-collectors whose short-lived efforts fail to secure anything like recognition, except in the most limited sense, the protest would not have been worth making. Amongst the crowds who have employed themselves in this kind of work there are many who, of course, possess no aptitude whatever for what they attempt. Such persons and their performances are to be reckoned amongst the hostages we pay to civilisation—the inevitable character of an age, by which an over-

crowded and complacent mediocrity becomes the ordinary and everyday curse of all the arts. Who is not well aware—to take an illustration from one of the arts most commonly exercised—that there is probably not more than one musician in a thousand of those so-called performers, who, on one instrument or another, daily afflict their long-suffering fellow-creatures? The collector of hymns, in like manner, exercises in many instances no higher faculty than the collector of autographs or postage-stamps. In each case the material lies ready to hand, and the only qualification, if it may be called one, is a bottle of dilute gum-arabic. For any further coherence, continuity, or connection such volumes possess, the credit belongs exclusively to the binder. Against such collections there is nothing to be said. Their speedy removal into Time's wallet of oblivion—that universal dust-bin of all the futilities—disarms criticism. It is not to these nor to any variations of text these may contain that attention need be drawn, but to the unscrupulous treatment of our choicest hymns by educated and responsible editors, in collections not only having the authority and recommendation of men of the highest standing in the Church, but which, by all but a small minority of professing Christians, are accepted without a word of protest or disapproval.

It is time, however, to illustrate and define this general charge by reference to particular examples; and in order to keep the examination on the broadest basis, we shall call into the witness-box such hymns only as are to be found in every good collection, and which, without regard to sect or party, are universally used, in one shape or another, by all the Churches, and that not in this alone, but in every country where the English language is spoken. Let us take, as our first example, that hymn of Milman's, known and esteemed by every one, the solemn and beautiful litany, beginning, "When our heads are bowed with woe," and see what kind of treatment it has had at the hands of responsible editors, both outside and inside the Church. Outside the Church, then, there is perhaps no more complete or more widely known anthology than the 'Hymns of Praise and Prayer' collected and edited by Dr Martineau. In speaking of a hymnal outside the orthodox pale, inevitable deductions may of course be made on theological grounds: these, however, have no place in our argument. Suffice it to say, that with these allowances Dr Martineau's collection is in many respects one of the best in the English language. But it becomes all the more incomprehensible how such an utter travesty of Milman's exquisite poem could possibly find a place in a collection edited by any one possessing a tithe either of the gifts or the culture of Dr Martineau. Yet there the poem stands, garbled in every stanza; while the whole of the concluding verse is no alteration in the ordinary sense, but a gratuitous and unwarranted substitution, in which the sense of the original totally disappears. The editor of this collection has not only given in many cases the original source of the hymn he selects, but when there has been any alteration made, furnishes us with the date, and the name of the person who is accountable for the change—in such a case, for example, as Bishop Horne's adaptation of George Herbert's "Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so

bright!" or Samuel Longfellow's alteration of the verses taken from the 'Sorrow of Teresa.' Even in cases where the personality of the versifier is a matter of doubt, he gives the probable name, as in the paraphrase of that memorable burst of eloquence at the close of the "Organic Filaments" in 'Sartor Resartus'—all of which annotations are both interesting and edifying.

To the garbled version, however, of Milman's beautiful hymn, not a word of explanation is added—nothing but the bare signature—although the person who is accountable for the mutilation must have well known that to put the name of "Henry Hart Milman" to the foot of these verses as they stand, was neither more nor less than a misrepresentation of the fact. If an editor cannot utilise a poem for the purpose aimed at in his collection without such an inexcusable violation both of text and sense, surely the honest and obvious course is to let it alone. In the Church of England's versions of the same hymn one would expect to find more reverence for the text of a brother churchman, but here again one occasionally encounters the same reprehensible practice. In 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' as well as the popular collection issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the hymn conforms to the original, except in one unimportant and generally accepted particular in the refrain; but in the widely circulated 'Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer,' the old offence reappears. In this collection the poem is doubly defaced, and it would be difficult to determine whether subtraction or addition has done it the greater injustice. In order to show the injury which has been done it is necessary to examine the original hymn, both as regards its argument and construction. The poem, then, is in form a Kyrielle, in subject and effect an antiphonal Miserere, consisting of twenty-four lines as a whole; but distinctly divisible into three separate poems of eight lines each, on the three distinct subjects of Sorrow, Death, and Sin. For the sake of illustration it may be tabulated thus:—

	When our heads are bowed with woe,	
	When our bitter tears o'erflow,	
	When we mourn the lost, the dear,	
	Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!	
(*For*)		SORROW.
	Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,	
	Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,	
	Thou hast shed the human tear;	
	Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!	
	When the solemn death-bell tolls	
	For our own departing souls,	
	When our final doom is near,	
	Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!	
(*For*)		DEATH.
	Thou hast bowed the dying head,	
	Thou the blood of life hast shed,	
	Thou hast filled a mortal bier;	
	Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!	

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

(*For*) SIN.

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known—
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

It will be seen that each of the three themes treated in the poem proceeds upon identical lines, the second stanza of each subject forming a responsive counterpart, or antiphonal pendant, to the stanza immediately preceding it; the two verses being interlinked and interwoven with such masterful art, that one may arrange the eight lines almost in any order without injuring their general effect. The lines may be read alternately, with no perceptible diminution of either their force or beauty, thus—

"When our heads are bowed with woe,
(Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,)
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
(Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,)
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
(Thou hast shed the human tear;)
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!"

It may seem unnecessary to add that it would be quite impossible to separate the two verses required to complete each theme, in a poem so perfectly welded together as this, without positive fracture and consequent ruin to the entire hymn; but this is exactly what has been done by the editors of the 'Hymnal Companion.'

They have removed bodily the first four lines which treat of death, creating thereby a complete hiatus, and leaving its companion verse a broken fragment, responsive to nothing, and attached to nothing. Any reader who has been accustomed to use the hymn in the original must be shocked at being suddenly brought face to face with such a strange breach of continuity. There is no getting over the barbarous dislocation. A conductor may as well abstract four bars from a symphony of Mozart, and expect an intelligent orchestra to go on as if nothing had happened. There are hymns no doubt which are much indebted to the pruning-knife, but there is no question of curtailment here. It is not a case of abridgment, but a case of mutilation. An additional verse is offered at the end of the poem, by an unknown imitator, to make up, we suppose, for the loss of the one that has been purloined from the middle of it, and Dr Bickersteth has the temerity to recommend the lines of this anonymous personator, as a "solemn climax" to the hymn. It commits, in fact, the identical offence against the construction of the poem already noticed. The added verse has no real homogeneity with the rest of the poem. Unlike every other part of the original, it has no allied stanza, it subtends no other verse and responds to none, and the author of it has no more merit than what is reflected from the verses he attempts to imitate — namely, the merit we allow to an indifferent mimic. Standing where it does, it is an entirely irrelevant and supernumerary appendage, and—if we must admit its solemnity—a solemn excrescence. But, more than this, it is not Milman's, and therefore has no right to be there at all.

The expression "Son of Mary" in the supplicatory refrain of this

beautiful litany has been one that has greatly exercised the mind of the professional hymn-cobbler. It has been altered in many different ways—"Man of Sorrows," "Son of David," "Loving Saviour," &c. —and although the original phrase has been, with one exception, retained in our best collections, including the 'Scottish Hymnal,' it is a pity that this exception should again be the 'Hymnal Companion.' The Bishop of Exeter tells us, in the annotated edition of his Hymnal, that although the original phrase expresses "the great truth of our Lord's humanity," it has been objected to by many, and that in short, rather than give offence, he has substituted another. What kind of men or women they can possibly be who object to the great truth of our Lord's humanity it is not easy to conceive; and that a Bishop of the Church of England should, through dread of giving offence, submit to be ruled by "the many" who hold such an irrational and heretical prejudice, is equally difficult to understand. The Right Rev. Doctor might have called to his aid the record that the Son of Mary Himself proved a rock of offence to perhaps much the same kind of multitude as he has been tempted to propitiate and accommodate. In his amiable apprehensiveness of giving offence, and thereby lending his authority and countenance to the groundless and puerile objections of those who, for reasons only known to themselves, affect to be scandalised at the employment of language which expresses the great truth of our Lord's humanity, has he not been unwittingly betrayed into an offence much more grave? The apostolic injunction to live peaceably with all men as much as lieth in us may be carried too far; and Dr Bickersteth might have reflected that St Paul himself, in his anxiety to become all things to all men, probably drew the line at old women. In such matters, it is not the many, but the fit and the few, who should take courage to decide; a mere *plebiscitum* of noses in such a case, without further qualification, is of no avail.

Great is Demos of these days, no doubt, but we trust that the time is yet far off when he will be invested with the power of putting in our mouths what we have to say either in our praises or our prayers. It would be a curious consummation of our boasted progress if a day should arrive, when not only the parliaments of men but the temples of God are handed over to the enlightened manipulation of the delegates of Demos, who, regardless of any qualification, should be trusted with the power to direct and control us in the exercise of the highest employment of which our natures are capable. In making concessions against one's better judgment, to the prejudices of the many, on subjects upon which they have not taken the trouble to inform themselves, it is not only the first step that counts. In supporting the substitution of the phrase "Son of David" for that of Son of Mary in the original, by the argument that "Son of David" is an epithet recorded in the Gospel, the editor only gets deeper in the mire; as if it were not also recorded in the Gospel that Jesus was the Son of Mary. But he does not even stop here, for in order that his error may be "nailed wi' Scripture" he has been tempted to choose a text as title to the poem in which the

phrase occurs, but which in other respects is curiously infelicitous and misleading. Every stanza of this pathetic litany turns upon the great truth of our Lord's humanity, and therefore lends a peculiar appropriateness to the phrase, Son of Mary. The title-text for such a hymn is beyond question that of Isaiah, "Surely He hath borne our griefs;" or its equally suggestive New Testament equivalent, adopted by the editors of the 'Scottish Hymnal,' "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

We have spoken of this poem of Dean Milman's at some length, not only on account of its intrinsic excellence, but because the liberties that have been taken with it represent almost every variety of tinkering to which a hymn is liable; and before parting with it, attention may be directed to what may be called almost a curiosity in text-corruption, occurring in the first stanza of the otherwise genuine transcript given in the 'Scottish Hymnal.' In that version, the line "When we mourn the lost, the dear," is altered to "When we mourn *in sorrow drear*," for what reason it is impossible to conjecture. Not for euphony, surely! nor to challenge a *tour de force* in singing the letter *r* five times in four syllables. Nor, surely, can there be any question as to the propriety of mourning a lost friend; for in the responding line in the companion stanza, "Thou hast shed the human tear," we have a direct reference to the sanction and example of our Lord in this very particular. To set aside a line at once so simple and so beautiful as this, just one of those touches of nature that binds in one the hearts of every congregation—"Who has not lost a friend?"—and put in its place this vapid generality, this forcible-feeble pleonasm, may be taken as an illustration of what the hymn-patcher is capable of at his worst.

One of the most reprehensible practices of this variety of literary intruder, and one that from the point of view of literary ethics shows a very miserable ambition on the part of the writer who stoops to it, is the very common attempt to tack on, by way of continuation, an additional verse or two in imitation of a poem which has already achieved an almost universal fame. The most flagrant example of this species of sacred parody is the wholly unnecessary addition to Cardinal Newman's world-famous poem "Lead, kindly Light," as it stands in the 'Hymnal Companion.' We shall not speak evil of dignities, because it is impossible to conceive that Dr Bickersteth could have been led so far out of the path of ordinary propriety, except under a strong and conscientious sense of the virtue and necessity of what he was doing. In any other department of literature such a thing would not be tolerated for a moment. The fact that the liberty has been taken with the work of an author still living only aggravates the offence, and the author himself in this case leaves no doubt as to how he regards it. In answer to a correspondent on the subject, Cardinal Newman has declared that his poem consists of three stanzas only, and that the fourth and final one published in the 'Hymnal Companion' is not authentic, but the unwarranted addendum of another pen. Instances of well-meant meddling and muddling with other men's work in a similar manner are to be met with in every compilation;

and the fact that the patchwork is seldom done with so accomplished a pen as that of the Bishop of Exeter, does not justify him in lending his influential example to a practice so readily capable of abuse. Lord Selborne has long ago pointed out how easily a hymn may be spoiled in this way, and that, with the very best intentions, "the most exemplary soundness of doctrine cannot atone for doggerel."

Besides all this, mimicry of the accepted work of a true poet, judged by the ordinary standards of literary propriety, is not a creditable thing. Except in the hands of writers whose genial facility amounts almost to genius, as in the case of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," or that of the late Mr Calverley, it is a talent which does not readily command much respect, and the exercise of which is happily, and almost exclusively, confined to our comic journals. Burlesque is its proper and congenial platform, whence, after serving the purpose of the passing moment, it usually disappears everlastingly. Surely the feeling, almost amounting to sanctity, both in the household and the Church, which has grown around these two hymns of Newman's and Milman's, might have protected them against the gratuitous vagaries of an accomplishment which, in any department of literature beyond that of the mere parodist, has hardly the power to lift itself above contempt.

What, then, is the overwhelming motive which tempts and emboldens men to take this liberty with works of acknowledged genius? It cannot be the paltry desire to use another man's inspiration to float verses that without such assistance would refuse to float at all—the miserable attempt to blow their own fires, and fill their own sails with the divine breath of an afflatus not their own. No; the steady dead-weight of the average "addendum" prohibits such a conclusion; the day of miracles has passed, and the reason must be looked for elsewhere. On closer examination, it will be found that those additions are mostly suggested by the supposed want of some clearly enunciated article of faith, some supposed absence of declared orthodoxy, without which, in the opinion of the writer, the hymn would be incomplete. The want in most cases is consequently supplied from perfectly sincere motives of theological propriety and edification. If the addendum in every case were as meritorious as the motive which evoked it, there might be less to complain of; but most of these additions have been made by people who have neither insight nor imagination, and who probably thought Lord Selborne guilty of something very like profanity when he spoke of the perfect compatibility of doctrine and doggerel. There can be no doubt that this supposed necessity for the continual obtrusion of doctrine in our praises has been at the bottom of more than half the mischief. Doctrine in season and out of season is surely pushed beyond its legitimate uses, and out of its proper place, when in addition to its recognition in our Confessions, and having it enforced from the pulpit, we are asked to sing it as well.

It might almost lead one to believe that there are people who require to be convinced that doctrine is a fundamental necessity to religion. Surely no one requires to be told that doctrine is not

only an essential basis of Christianity, but the necessary postulate of any kind of religion whatever. Belief in something, expressed or implied, is the one logical and indispensable requirement. Neither in the body nor in the spirit can any man lift himself up by his own waistband; there must be footing and fulcrum somewhere. Without doctrine religion is not only impossible—it is inconceivable. One may as well attempt to form a definite conception of a melody separated from the mathematical substratum of time which regulates it, and without the support of whose unseen framework it would collapse into an unintelligible and chaotic gibberish. One may as well withdraw the backbone from a vertebrate animal and ask it to sit up. But yet doctrine itself is no more religion than time itself is a melody, or the backbone itself is an animal. Doctrine is only the potential raw material of religion, and like other raw materials we use—silk, or cotton, or wool—it must pass into the higher form of fabric before it can be made available. As long as doctrine remains in the rudimentary form of raw material—as it comes, so to speak, from the sheep, or the worm, or the plant—its proper place is among the other dried specimens of the theological museum. Before it enters the sanctuary of praise, it should have passed from this condition into the higher phase of a fabric—a garment, not for a dead hypothesis, but for a living soul. It is this prosaic use of doctrine in its raw state, instead of that higher and less earthly condition in which it clothes itself in the singing robes of faith and trust and aspiration, which gives to many of our hymns, altered and unaltered, the heavy and wooden and wingless character they possess.

To write a hymn without doctrine and conviction of some kind being taken for granted at the outset is, of course, impossible. Such a hymn as "Lead, kindly Light" is full to overflowing of this unobtruded but fundamental necessity. It is a confession of faith from beginning to end. It contains a belief and implicit trust in God, not in any loose and general sense, but in a particular Providence watching every step in life. It contains a confession of sin, contrition for sin, and a supplication for forgiveness of sin, ending in the hope and faith of being led past all earthly dangers to a glorious immortality, expressed in as exquisite language as ever hallowed the purposes of prayer. In such a poem doctrine is not eliminated—it is spiritualised. It passes through the crucible of the poet's genius, and in the process the dead letter of doctrine disappears, and the soul of it is all in all. The inability to recognise doctrine in a hymn, unless the bones of it are visibly sticking through, argues a mental condition not so uncommon as it might be; but to accept such a state of mind as a gauge to which the understanding of a congregation should be pared down, would rob us not only of our best modern hymns, but also of our best paraphrases of Scripture, including, signally, the Psalms of David.

But let us take the question outside the walls of the church, and look at it by the ordinary laws and the ordinary light of literary criticism. Let us consider these masterpieces of sacred song merely as an integral part of the great poetical inheritance of

English-speaking people, and see how the matter stands. Suppose for a moment that liberties similar to those which have been pointed out were being taken with the text of Shakespeare, Shelley, or Browning, what would be the result? Why, all the Shakespeare, Shelley, and Browning Societies in the world would be up in arms, and with reason. They would have the literary intelligence of the country at their back in one united body, and with one united voice, crying "Hands off!" The culprit who could so far forget his duty to his country and his country's literature—for the two things are inseparable — would never even have a trial. Metaphorically speaking, he would be lynched on the spot, and the universal verdict would be, "Serve him right!"

If there be any reader who thinks that in the exposure of this particular form of literary delinquency any word or phrase of unnecessary severity has been used, we have only to put one test question before leaving the subject. If it be a right and worthy thing to form ourselves into societies, and take elaborate means to protect and purge and purify the poetical text of our secular inheritance, can it be a less worthy thing to exercise a similar care regarding the textual integrity of what the genius of the country has dedicated to the service of the sanctuary? Or, to put the question in the words of him who is at once our greatest poet and our greatest moralist—

> "Shall we serve Heaven
> With less respect than we do minister
> To our gross selves?"

J. B. Selkirk.

LADY HAMILTON AND MR JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

SOME years ago[1] we devoted several pages to an exposure of the atrocious calumnies which, in consequence of the malicious falsehoods of Captain Brenton and others, and the culpable negligence of Southey, had obtained general circulation with regard to the conduct of Nelson in the Bay of Naples during the year 1799, and the share which it was alleged Lady Hamilton had in those transactions.

Much light has since that time been thrown on the history and character of Lady Hamilton by the original papers recently acquired by Mr Alfred Morrison, now forming part of his large and extremely valuable collection of manuscripts. Some of these have been already given to the public by Mr Jeaffreson in his recently published 'Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson,' and it is to be regretted that he did not devote more of the pages of his two volumes to these very valuable documents, rather than to imaginary conversations which he suggests may have taken place nearly a century ago, and to equally imaginary facts, the mere creation of his own fancy, and with regard to which there is no particle of evidence that they ever occurred.

We have been permitted access to these documents through the kindness of Mr Morrison, and, assisted by them, we propose in the following pages to trace shortly the principal events in the life of the extraordinary woman who played so large a part in some of the most important occurrences during the eventful period of the latter end of the last and the beginning of the present century. We shall find, as we proceed, that we are enabled to do this year by year almost without intermission, from the hour of her birth in 1764, to that of her death in the year 1815.

Amongst the Morrison MSS. is the following copy from the baptismal register of the parish of Great Neston in Cheshire:—

"Amy Daughter of Henry Lyon of Nesse by Mary his wife bab: the 12 of May 1765."

"The above is truly copied from the G. Neston Register by

"B. CARTER, *Curate.*

"NESTON, CHESTER, *Decr.* 19, 1781."

This certificate, combined with the fact that her birthday was habitually kept on the 26th June, and the statement in the archives of Calais that she was fifty-one at the time of her death, seem to establish pretty conclusively that her birth took place at Neston in Cheshire, in 1764, and not, as has been generally supposed, at Preston in Lancashire. The error is easily accounted for by the similarity of sound and the fact that the promontory between the Dee and the Mersey in which Neston is situate belongs, for practical purposes, nearly as much to one county as to the other.

We learn from Dr Pettigrew[2] that at an early age she was engaged as a nursery-maid in the family of a Mr Thomas of Hawar-

[1] 'Maga,' March and April 1860, afterwards published with others in 'Paradoxes and Puzzles,' by J. Paget: 1874.

[2] Memoirs of Nelson, vol. ii. p. 593.

den, a village in Cheshire, since made famous as the place from which Mr Gladstone issues his post-cards and distributes his chips; and that she afterwards filled a similar situation in the service of Dr Budd, one of the physicians of St Bartholomew's Hospital. As Dr Pettigrew states his personal knowledge of Dr Budd, it is probable that he derived this information from him: the account is by no means improbable, and we think it may be accepted as correct. It is far otherwise with Dr Pettigrew's account of her course of life after she left the service of Dr Budd. As to this Dr Pettigrew does not profess to have any personal knowledge, and seems to have adopted without inquiry the statements contained in an infamous and anonymous publication called the 'Memoirs of Lady Hamilton,' which appeared in 1815 immediately after her death.

It is enough to say that there is not the slightest trace of even a particle of authority for these statements, and that the very short time which elapsed between her leaving the service of Dr Budd, when she could not be less than sixteen or seventeen, and the fact that during that period she must have been residing for some time with Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh as his mistress, render their existence practically impossible. Of the circumstances attending her seduction by Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh we have no evidence; but in January 1782, when not eighteen years of age, we find her residing with her grandmother, a woman of the name of Kidd, at Hawarden, cast off in the most heartless and cruel manner by Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh, penniless, and expecting in a short time to become a mother.

During her residence with Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh she appears to have become acquainted with the Honourable Charles Greville, a younger son of the Earl of Warwick, and to him (encouraged no doubt by some act of kindness on his part) she applied in her dire distress. He replied kindly, and a correspondence ensued, of which the following pathetic and ill-spelt letter, preserved amongst the Morrison MSS., is apparently her last:—

"My dear Grevell,—Yesterday did I receve your kind letter. It put me in some spirits; for believe me I am almost distrackted. I have never hard from Sir H., and he is not at . . . I am sure; what shall I dow? Good God what shall I dow? I have wrote 7 letters and no answer. I can't come to town caus I am out of money. I have not a farthing to bless myself with, and I think my frends looks cooly on me. I think so. O Grevell, what shall I dow? what shall I dow? O how your letter affected me when you wished me happiness! O Grevell, that I was in your position or was in Sir H. . . . ! what a happy girl I woul have been! — girl indeed! — what else am I but a girl in distress —in real distress? For God's sake G. write the minet you get this, and only tell me what I am to dow. I am allmos mad. O, for God's sake tell me what is to become on me. O, dear Grevell, write to me. Grevell adue, and believe [me], yours for ever. Emly Hart.

"Don't tell my mother what distress I am in, and dow afford me some comfort."

This touching letter is not dated, but there is a memorandum on it, "recd. 10 Janr." Greville replied promptly. We have examined and carefully transcribed the following portions from the original press copy which he had evidently retained at the time of his sending his letter, and which

is now preserved amongst the Morrison MSS.

After referring to the circumstances of her abandonment by Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh, he proceeds as follows:—

"I will now answer your last letter. You tell me you think your friends look cooly on you, it is therefore time to leave them, but it is necessary for you to decide some points before you come to town. . . .

". . . After you have told me that Sir Harry gave you barely money to get to your friends, and has never answered one letter since, and neither provides for you nor takes any notice of you, it might appear laughing at you to advise you to make Sir H. more kind and attentive. I do not think a great deal of time should be lost, as I have never seen a woman clever enough to keep a man who was tired of her. . . .

"My advice, therefore, is to take a steady resolution, try whatever you please, and if Sir H. will continue your friend, or if you prefer any other friend, do not be your own enemy. And at last if everything fails, if you mean to have my protection, I must *first* know that you are *clear of every connection*, that *you will never take them again without my consent*. I shall then be free to dry up the tears of my lovely Emily and to give her comfort. If you do not forfeit my esteem, perhaps my Emily may be happy. . . . If you should come to town free from all engagements, and take my advice, you will live very retired *till* you are brought to bed. You should part with your maid and take another *name*. I would get you a new set of acquaintance, and by keeping your own secret and nobody about you having it in their power to betray you, I may expect to see you respected and admired.

"Thus far as to yourself. As to the child, . . . it is not worth while to make it a subject of altercation; its mother shall obtain it kindness from me, and it shall never want.

"I enclose you some money, do not throw it away. You may send some presents when you arrive in town, but do not be on the road without some money to *spare* in case you should be fatigued and wish to take your time. . . .

". . . God bless you! my dearest lovely girl, take your determination soon, and let me hear from you. Once more adieu, my d. Em."

Emily was not long in making her "determination." As soon as the child whose advent was anticipated in Mr Greville's letter had made its appearance (we shall hear of it again under the name of "little Emma"), and been safely consigned to the care of her grandmother Kidd, she proceeded to London, and gratefully accepted Mr Charles Greville's offer of protection.

She had, indeed, good cause for gratitude, a feeling which soon ripened into the deepest and most devoted affection. He must be a stern and harsh moralist who can regard Amy Lyon, at this time a girl of eighteen, with any feelings but those of the tenderest compassion.

The Honourable Charles Greville was born on the 12th of May 1749. and was, therefore, about thirty-three years of age at this time. He was a man of refined, cultivated, and, unfortunately, expensive tastes and habits, and provided with nothing but the narrow income of the younger son of an earl. With high social rank he was a poor man. One of the first things he indulged himself in on the arrival of Emily was to have her portrait painted by Romney, who then divided the town with Reynolds as the most fashionable of artists.

In the life of Romney, by his son, we find the following account of their first interview:—

"In the beginning of 1782, Lady Hamilton, who then passed under the name of Mrs Hart, first sat to Romney.

She was brought by the Honourable Charles Greville to sit for a three-quarter portrait. It was that beautiful one so full of *naïveté* in which she is represented with a little spaniel dog under her arm."[1]

Mr Greville established Emily (or, as she was now called, Emma Hart) and her mother in a small house in Edgware Row, near Paddington Green, at that time almost a country suburb.

Sir William Hamilton, the maternal uncle of Mr Greville, now appears upon the scene. He was son of Admiral Lord Archibald Hamilton, and grandson to the Duke of Hamilton. Born in 1730, he was appointed ambassador to Naples in 1764, and continued in that post till his recall in 1800. Distinguished as a diplomatist, a philosopher, a connoisseur, and an antiquary, he was much attached to his nephew and intended heir, who shared his tastes and pursuits; and when he arrived in England on leave of absence in 1784, he soon became a frequent visitor at Mr Charles Greville's small establishment in Edgware Row.

Although arrived at the ripe age of fifty-four, he was by no means insensible to the charms of Emma at twenty, whilst she probably regarded him at that time merely as an elderly gentleman standing *in loco parentis* to her protector, and to whose accomplished manners and winning conversation she might safely give a certain amount of regard and affection.

In June 1784, Sir William Hamilton, accompanied by his nephew, started to visit some property which he possessed at Milford, in Pembrokeshire.

It was arranged that during their absence Emma should spend the time in a visit to the sea. She accordingly passed through Hawarden, where she received her child (little Emma) from her grandmother, and, accompanied by her mother, proceeded to Park Gate, Abergele having been decided to be too distant and expensive.

From Park Gate she addressed to Mr Greville a number of letters, now preserved amongst the Morrison MSS., and printed at length by Mr Jeaffreson in his first volume. They show, notwithstanding many errors in orthography, that she had greatly benefited by the sedulous attention which had been paid to her education since she took up her abode at Edgware Row. It would require more space than we can afford were we to transcribe them, and we must therefore satisfy ourselves with saying that they abound in expressions of the warmest and most devoted affection, and that they are such letters as any attached husband would be proud and happy to receive from his wife. She enters into all particulars concerning herself and little Emma, their daily doings and daily expenses, which last she keeps down within the narrowest bounds. Her housekeeping book, containing a faithful record of the expenditure of the smallest sums, is preserved amongst the Morrison MSS. For one act of extravagance she asks Greville's forgiveness:—

"My dear Greville, don't be angry, but I gave my grandmother 5 guineas; for she had laid some out on her [the child], and I would not take her away shabbily."

She returns to Edgware Row,

[1] This picture became the property of Mr Fawkes of Farnby. It was lately shown at one of the winter exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and has been engraved in mezzotint by Meyer, and better by J. R. Smith.

bringing little Emma with her, and writes to her protector, who had not then arrived :—

"Oh, Greville, to think it is nine weeks since I saw you. I think I shall die with the pleasure of seeing you. Indeed, my dearest Greville, if you knew how much I think of you, you would love me for it, for I am all ways thinking on you, of your goodness. In short, Greville, I truly love you, and the thought of your coming home so soon makes me so happy, I don't know what to do."

At the expiration of his leave of absence, Sir William Hamilton returned to Naples deeply enamoured of his nephew's mistress. Little Emma was sent to school and well provided for; the establishment at Edgware Row continued; fresh acquaintances were made, and amongst them was Hayley, the poet of 'The Triumphs of Temper,' for whom Romney painted the three or four pictures which preserve the memory of Serena, the heroine of that forgotten poem.

Towards the end of 1785 Mr Greville's affairs became hopelessly embarrassed. A break-up of his establishment and a separation from Emma became inevitable. What communications had taken place between the uncle and the nephew upon this subject can only be guessed at from the events which subsequently occurred; but at this time a letter arrived from Sir William Hamilton containing an invitation to Greville, Emma, and her mother to join him at Naples, where Emma might have the advantage of the best instruction to perfect her in those accomplishments for which she had already displayed so remarkable a capacity. On the 14th March 1786 Emma and her mother (now called Mrs Cadogan), accompanied by Gavin Hamilton—the artist who afterwards painted the portrait of Lady Hamilton as the Comic Muse, now at Ragley, the seat of the Marquis of Hertford, in Warwickshire[1]—started on their journey. They arrived at Naples on the 26th of April 1786, as appears from a letter dated the 30th April, and addressed by Emma to Mr Greville.[2] In the strongest terms she urges Greville to join them as soon as possible; and after expressions of the fondest affection, she says, "My comfort is, I rely on your promise, and September or October I shall see you." It appears from a passage in this letter that so early as three days after her arrival at Naples, Sir William was pressing for a closer connection.

"I respect Sir William," she says. "I have a great regard for him as the uncle and friend of you, and he loves me, Greville; but he can never be anything nearer to me than your uncle and my sincere friend. He never can be my lover. . . .

"You are everything that is dear to me on hearth, and I hope happier times will soon restore you to me; for, endead, I would rather be with you starving than from you in the greatist splendur in the world."

Here her letter breaks off; she lays it aside until the next day, and then, writing inside the envelope, she adds :—

"I have only to say I enclose this which I wrote yesterday, and I will not venture myself now to wright any more, for my mind and heart are torn by different passions, that I shall go mad. Only, Greville, remember your promise of October. Sir William says you never mentioned to him abbout coming to Naples at all. But you know the consequence of your not

[1] Engraved in line by Morghen.

[2] Morrison MSS. Jeaffreson, vol. i. p. 150.

coming for me. Endead, my dear Greville, I live but in the hope of seeing you; and if you do not come hear, let whatt will be the consequence, I will come to England. I have had a conversation this morning with Sir William that has made me mad. He speaks—no, I do not know what to make of it. But, Greville, my dear Greville, write some comfort to me. . . ."

Letter after letter she writes to Greville, but receives no reply. At length, on the 22d July (after the expiration of nearly three months) she says:—

"If I don't hear from you, and that you are coming according to promise, I shall be in England at Christmas at furthest. Don't be unhappy at that. I will see you once more, for the last time. I find life insupportable without you. Oh, my heart is entirely broke! Then, for God's sake, my ever dear Greville, do write to me some comfort. . . . I have lived with you 5 years, and you have sent me to a strange place, and no one prospect but thinking you was coming to me. Instead of which I was told I was to live, you know how, with Sir William. No; I respect him—but no, never shall he peraps live with me for a little while, like you, and send me to England. Then what am I to do? What is to become of me? But excuse me, my heart is ful. I tell you—give me one guinea a-week for everything, and live with me, and I will be contented."

This letter was crossed on the road by one from Greville, from which, to her unbounded astonishment and indignation, she learns that the designs of Sir William to obtain possession of her were not merely known to, but sanctioned by, Greville.

She writes on the first of August a reply, burning with indignation, glowing with affection, incoherent, and wild with excitement.[1] This closes her correspondence with Greville for the present. We shall find that she renews it subsequently under a different character.

Sir William pressed his suit, and yielding to the strange mixture of inconsistent and even opposite feelings by which her heart and mind were agitated, she consented, before the end of the year, to become his mistress.

The feelings of affection which she had entertained when she regarded him merely as the uncle and friend of Greville revived, and there can be no doubt, from the expressions contained in her numerous letters, that she became deeply attached to him. We do not propose to follow Mr Jeaffreson into the maze of moral disquisition into which the relative acts of the different parties have led him; but it must not be forgotten that, though the relations which subsisted between Emma Hart and Charles Greville, and subsequently between her and Sir William Hamilton, were not sanctioned by any legal bond or sanctified by any religious rite, it may be said for them that they were not mere mercenary engagements, but were hallowed, as far as any merely human tie could be, by feelings of affection and gratitude.

The moral tone of the Court of Naples was of the most lax description. It is true that Emma was not formally admitted to the Court until she had acquired the right to add the name of Hamilton; but she moved in the highest ranks, and the English visitors to Naples relaxed their island stiffness in accordance with the manners around them. The Duchess of Argyll—the beautiful Miss Gunning—and Lady Elcho became her intimate friends. But she never

[1] Morrison MSS. Jeaffreson, vol. i. p. 166.

forgot the deep debt which she owed to Greville for his early deliverance of her, and in August 1787 she renewed her correspondence with him, just a year after it had been broken off, as we have seen. She says :—

"Altho' you never think me worth writing to you, yet I cannot so easily forget you, and whenever I have any particular pleasure I feel as tho' I was not right till I had communicated it to my dearest Greville."

This letter occupies nine pages of Mr Jeaffreson's book, and is too long for us to transcribe. It contains a most interesting account of her mode of life. She ends with the words—"Sir William already is distractedly in love, and, indeed, I love him tenderly. He deserves it. God bless you!"

From 1787 to 1791, a period of about four years, Emma Hart resided with Sir William Hamilton. Her life was passed amongst the highest society of Naples, in a round of gaiety and dissipation. Yet nothing diverted her from the assiduous cultivation of her talents. She was furnished by Sir William with the most expensive masters in every accomplishment. She also became a complete mistress of the Italian language, and thus was enabled afterwards to render the most essential service to Nelson as an interpreter. She continues her friendly correspondence with Greville, and at the beginning of 1791 she announces to him the intended visit of herself and Sir William Hamilton to England. "We come," she says, "for a short time, and that time must be occupied in business, and to take our last leave."

With 1791 the life of Emma Hart assumes a new phase. On the 6th of September in that year she was married to Sir William Hamilton at Marylebone Church. It is worth notice that though she had long been known as Emma Hart, she signs the register of her marriage with her baptismal name of Amy Lyon, in accordance with the entry in the register at Neston.

The time that was spent in England did not extend beyond a few months. Her intimacy with Romney was renewed, and his brush was fully employed in the production of some of the most beautiful of his works. Two of these, a Magdalen and a Calypso, painted for the Prince of Wales, are now, or were recently, at Ragley, and, we believe, have never been engraved. On her return to Naples with a legal right to the name of Hamilton, she was warmly welcomed by the Queen, with whom she had long enjoyed a close personal intimacy, and was publicly recognised at Court as the wife of the English ambassador.

Emma Hamilton never forgot a debt of gratitude due from Emma Hart, and one of the first things she did after her arrival at Naples was to write to her old friend Romney. This letter, full of affection and gratitude, abounding in recollections of those days when her beauty as a girl of eighteen had inspired his genius, must indeed have fallen as balm on the troubled soul of the artist.[1]

Her correspondence with Greville continues, and we find in it repeated evidence of her care for her child, who had been provided for in accordance with the early promise given by Charles Greville. She remembers the kindness of her old grandmother, Kidd, and sends her £20 each Christmas. Sir William has frequent and dangerous illnesses, during which she nurses

[1] Jeaffreson, vol. i. p. 254.

him with the most devoted affection, and her love breaks out in artless expressions to her old protector.

In September 1793, after the surrender of Toulon, Nelson was sent with despatches to Sir William Hamilton at Naples. There, for the first time, he met Lady Hamilton, whom he describes, in a letter to Mrs Nelson, as "a young woman of amiable manners, and who does honour to the station to which she is raised."[1] The only thing which appears to have impressed itself on his mind was, that she had been "wonderfully kind and good" to Josiah, his graceless stepson.

We now enter upon the time when those events occurred to which Lady Hamilton owes a place in history entitling her to the gratitude not only of England, but of humanity in general, and which have (as has happened in other cases) exposed her to the foulest calumnies and to the most reckless falsehood.

On leaving Naples in September 1793, Nelson was engaged in all the most active and important operations of the war, during which he suffered severely, from the reckless daring with which he was in the habit of personally exposing himself to danger. At the siege of Calvi he lost the sight of his right eye.[2] At Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe, his right arm was shattered,[3] and he was compelled to go to England for surgical attendance. The amputation of his arm was attended with much subsequent suffering; but on the 19th of December 1797 he was able again to proceed to sea, being appointed to the Vanguard, 74 guns, and on the 30th of April 1798 he joined Earl St Vincent in the fleet off Cadiz.

On the 23d May, Lord St Vincent writes to Sir William Hamilton:—

"I have a powerful squadron ready to fly to the assistance of Naples the moment I receive a reinforcement from the west of Ireland. . . . Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson will command this force, which is composed of the *élite* of the navy of England."[4]

With this squadron Nelson started in search of the French fleet. Whilst in hot pursuit, he was in want of water and provisions, and had he not been able to water and victual his fleet at some nearer port, he would have been compelled to return to Gibraltar, and the French fleet would thus have been enabled to escape from his pursuit.

The Court of Naples at that time had made peace with the Government of France, and had entered into a treaty, one of the stipulations of which was "that no more than two English ships of war should enter into any of the Neapolitan or Silician ports."

On the 17th June, Nelson was in the Bay of Naples with the fleet, and for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a relaxation of this stipulation, and permission to victual and water his fleet at a Sicilian port, he despatched Troubridge to Sir William Hamilton with the following letter:—

"VANGUARD, NAPLES BAY,
Eleven o'clock, 17th June.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter by the boat yesterday did not come to me, but I am just favoured with yours of yesterday. Captain Troubridge will say everything I could put in a ream of paper. . . . We must have free use of Sicily to starve the French in Malta. . . . The King of Naples may now have part of the

[1] Sir H. N. Nelson's Despatches, vol. i. p. 326.
[2] Pettigrew, vol. i. p. 57. [3] Ibid., p. 104. [4] Ibid., p. 118.

glory in destroying these pests of the human race, and the opportunity once gone may never be regained."[1]

What then occurred we transcribe from the article we published eight-and-twenty years ago.[2]

"Troubridge arrived at Naples about six in the morning, and instantly called up Sir William Hamilton. They went to the Neapolitan Minister Acton. A council was summoned, at which the feeble and vacillating King presided. Their deliberations lasted for an hour and a half, and ended in disappointment. The King dared not break with France. The application was refused. But in the meantime a more powerful agent than Sir William Hamilton had been at work, and a more vigorous and bolder mind than that of the King had come to an opposite determination. The little barefooted girl of the Welsh village and the daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria had met. The time which Sir William Hamilton, Troubridge, and Acton had vainly spent in attempting to move the King, had been passed by Lady Hamilton with the Queen, who, having given birth to a son, was by the laws of Naples entitled to a voice at the State Council. By the most vehement entreaties and arguments, she obtained her signature to an order addressed 'to all governors of the Two Sicilies, to receive with hospitality the British fleet, to water, victual, and aid them.' As Lady Hamilton placed this order in the hands of Troubridge, he exclaimed that it would 'cheer Nelson to ecstasy!' She begged 'that the Queen might be as little committed in the use of it as the glory and service of the country would admit of.'"

Sir William Hamilton wrote to Nelson, telling him of the decision of the Council, but saying, "You will receive from Emma herself what will do the business and procure all you want." On receiving this order from Troubridge, Nelson wrote to Lady Hamilton the following letter, of which Dr Pettigrew gives a *facsimile* copy in the peculiar left-handed writing of Nelson. The genuineness of this document cannot be doubted without charging deliberate forgery on Dr Pettigrew.

"My dear Lady Hamilton,—I have kissed the Queen's letter. Pray say I hope for the honour of kissing her hand when no fears will intervene. Assure her Majesty that no person has her felicity more at heart than myself, and that the sufferings of her family will be a tower of strength in the day of battle. Fear not the event; God is with us. God bless you and Sir William. Pray say I cannot stay to answer his letter.—Ever yours faithfully,

"Horatio Nelson.

"17*th May*,[3] 6 P.M."

This letter is erroneously dated. It was evidently written after Troubridge's return, when he brought at the same time the tidings of the failure of himself and Sir William Hamilton with the King, and the success of Lady Hamilton with the Queen. In another letter to Lady Hamilton, Nelson says:—

"If I gain a battle it shall be called *yours* and the *Queen's*, for to you I will owe my success; without this, our returning to Gibraltar was decided on."

Nelson at the same time obtaining information that the French fleet was off Malta, would not lose one moment of the breeze in answering Sir William Hamilton's letter, but immediately started in search of the French fleet.[4] After a fruitless search he arrived at Syracuse, where, armed with the

[1] Nelson Despatches, vol. iii. p. 32.
[2] 'Maga,' April 1860; Paradoxes and Puzzles, p. 236.
[3] Error for June.
[4] Nelson Despatches, vol. iii. p. 38.

Queen's order, he victualled and watered his fleet, and addressed the following letter to Sir William and Lady Hamilton:—

"*22d July* 1798.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Thanks to your exertions, we have victualled and watered; and surely watering at the fountain of Arethusa we must have victory. We shall sail with the first breeze, and be assured I will return either crowned with laurel or covered with cypress."

On the next day he addressed a letter to Sir William Hamilton alone.

"VANGUARD, SYRACUSE,
23*d July* 1798.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The fleet is unmoored, and the moment the wind comes off the land we shall go out of this delightful harbour, where our present wants have been most amply supplied, and where every attention has been paid to us; but I have been *tormented by no private orders being given to the governor for our admission.*"[1]

It is clear from these letters that had it not been for the order procured from the Queen by Lady Hamilton, the fleet would have been refused admittance into the port of Syracuse. Nelson would have been compelled to have abandoned for a time the pursuit of the French fleet, the battle of the Nile would not have been fought, and the whole course of history would have been changed.

Few facts in history rest on so solid a foundation. The letters of Nelson written at the time, and even more conclusively the solemn words in the celebrated codicil to his will, written immediately before the battle of Trafalgar, when he had the enemy's fleet in sight, wherein, after recording the services of Lady Hamilton with regard to the King of Spain's letter in 1796, he proceeds:—

"The British fleet under my command would never have returned a second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be wrote to the Governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the fleet being supplied with everything should they put into that port in Sicily. We put into Syracuse, and received every supply, went to Egypt and destroyed the French fleet."

We are not aware that the fact so solemnly and conclusively stated by Nelson has ever been disputed. Yet now, more than eighty years after the event, a Mr John Cordy Jeaffreson, a gentleman who professes to write a Historical Biography of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, has the audacity to assert, without one particle of evidence to support him, that "had she [Lady Hamilton] never been born, Nelson's ships would have watered and victualled just as readily at Syracuse!"[2] Those who are of opinion that Mr John Cordy Jeaffreson knows more about the proceedings of the English fleet in the Mediterranean at that period than Lord Nelson, may attach such weight as they think fit to this and other equally daring and equally trustworthy assertions which will be found in the rest of his two volumes.

Nelson returned victorious and covered with glory from the Bay of Aboukir, and arrived at Naples on the 22d September.

It is beyond the scope of this article to enter into any detail of the occurrences which took place between that day and the end of the year 1798. Those four months

[1] Pettigrew, vol. ii. p. 48; Despatches, vol. iii. p. 47.
[2] Jeaffreson, vol. ii. p. 302.

were crowded with events to which we can only refer in the briefest possible manner. The Neapolitan army, under the command of General Mack, and accompanied by the King, had met the French troops who were advancing upon Naples, and had suffered a most ignominious defeat. The occupation of Naples by the victorious army became every moment more imminent. The peril of the royal family was extreme, and their departure from Naples was resolved upon. In the state in which the population of Naples then was, this was an undertaking of no little danger. Nelson, writing to Lord St Vincent on the 28th of December, says:—

"From this time the danger to the personal safety of their Sicilian Majesties was daily increasing, and new treasons were found out even to the Minister of War. The whole correspondence relative to this important business was carried on with the greatest address by Lady Hamilton and the Queen; who being constantly in habits of correspondence, no one could suspect. It would have been highly imprudent in either Sir William Hamilton or myself to have gone to Court, as we knew that all our movements were watched, and even an idea by the Jacobins of arresting our persons as hostages (as they foolishly imagined) against the attack of Naples, should the French get possession of it. Lady Hamilton, from this time to the 21st, every night received the jewels of the royal family, &c., &c., and such clothes as might be necessary for a very large party to embark, to the amount, I am confident, of two millions five hundred thousand pounds sterling."

Writing to the First Lord of the Admiralty, Nelson says:—

"Lady Hamilton seemed to be an angel dropt from heaven for the preservation of the royal family."[1]

On the 21st of December they were in safety on the deck of the Vanguard on their way to Palermo. Naples fell into the hands of Championet's troops and the local traitors on the 23d of the following month. Mr Jeaffreson states (in this instance correctly) that—

"Had not Ferdinand and his family escaped from Naples before the arrival of the General—who was capable of stimulating the murderous passions of the Neapolitan Jacobins—it is at least conceivable that the menace would have proved no idle threat, and that Ferdinand and Maria Caroline would, like Louis and Marie Antoinette, have died by the executioner."[2]

It was in relation to the share which, according to the evidence of Nelson, Lady Hamilton had in their escape that we said in our former article:—

"The world owes to her that the sister of Marie Antionette did not share her horrible fate—that another head, as fair as that which fell into the basket of sawdust in front of the Tuileries on the 16th November 1793 did not roll on the scaffold at Naples in 1799."

Yet Mr Cordy Jeaffreson says:—

"She no more saved Maria Caroline and Ferdinand from the guillotine than she consigned Louis and Marie Antonette to death."[3]

Lord Nelson and Mr Jeaffreson are again at issue, and we leave the decision as to which of the two is to be relied upon to the consideration of our readers.

With regard to the transactions which took place in the Bay of Naples between the retreat of the

[1] Pettigrew, vol. ii. p. 618. [2] Jeaffreson, vol. ii. p. 42. [3] Ibid., p. 302.

King to Palermo and the suppression of the revolt and his return to Naples, we must refer the reader to our former articles upon Nelson and Lady Hamilton.[1] Lady Hamilton had no share in these transactions, except by acting as interpreter (which the familiar knowledge she had acquired of the Italian language enabled her to do) between Nelson and Cardinal Ruffo.

Arrangements having been made for the safety of Naples, Nelson sailed for Palermo, accompanied by the King and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, on the 5th August 1799. On the same day Lady Hamilton wrote the following letter to Mr Charles Greville:—

"FOUDROYANT, BAY OF NAPLES, *August* 5, 1799.

"As Sir William wrote to you to-day, my dear sir, I will only say that the kingdom of Naples is clear. Gaeta and Capua have capitulated, and we sail to-night for Palermo, having been now seven weeks, and everything gone on to our wishes. We return with a kingdom to present to my much-loved Queen. I have also been so happy to succeed in all my [commissions ?], and everything I was charged with. The King is in great spirits. I have received all the ladies for him, and he calls me his *grande Matresse*. I was near taking him at his word; but as I have had seven long years' service at Court, I was wanting to get quiet. I am not ambitious of more honours, —il est bonne d'etre chez le Roi mais miex d'etre chez *soi*. We have had the King on board a month, and I have never been able to go once on shore. *Do you not call that slavery?* I believe we shall come home in the spring. It is necessary, for our pockets and bodies want bracing. Captain Oswald will give you this. He has been indefatigable under Troubridge, and goes home to be made post. God bless you, and believe, my dear Greville ('tis not a crime to call you so), your sincere and affectionate

"EMMA HAMILTON.

"My mother is at Palermo longing to see *her Emma*. *You* cannot think how she is loved and respected by all. She has adopted a mode of living that is charming. She has a good apartment in our house, allways lives with us, dining, &c. &c., only when she does not like it—for example, great dinners she herself refuses, and has allways a friend to dine with her; and *La Signora Madre* dell' Ambasciatrice is known all over Palermo, the same as she was at Naples. The Queen has been very kind to her in my absence, and went to see her, and told her she ought to be proud of her glorious and energetic daughter that has done so much in these last suffering months. There is great preparations *for our return*. The Queen comes out with all Palermo to meet us. A landing-place is made. Balls, suppers, illuminations all ready. The Queen has prepared my cloathes. In short, if I have [pay'd ?], I am more than repaid. I tell you this that you may see I am not unworthy of having been once in some degree your *elève*.

"God bless you."[2]

From August 1799 until the 16th of March 1800, Nelson was actively engaged in the various operations of the war. On that day he returned to Palermo, from whence, after a short stay at Syracuse, he sailed, accompanied by Sir William and Lady Hamilton, to Malta, returning to Palermo on the 1st of June.

In the meantime Sir William Hamilton had received notice of his recall, and on the 10th of June Nelson sailed in the Foudroyant, having the Queen and Sir William and Lady Hamilton on board, to Leghorn, where he arrived on the 14th. On the 13th of July he struck his flag, and on the 17th

[1] 'Maga,' March and April 1860; Paradoxes and Puzzles, p. 215.

[2] Morrison MSS.

left Leghorn on his way by land to England, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton. He landed at Yarmouth on the 6th of November, proceeded to London, and, after a short visit to Salisbury and Fonthill, returned on the 29th of December, and on the 17th of January 1801 hoisted his flag on the San Joseph at Plymouth. Wherever he appeared he was greeted with the most rapturous applause. On the 12th of March he sailed with the fleet under Admiral Sir Hyde Parker for the Baltic,[1] and did not return to England until 1802.

Sir William Hamilton died in April 1803, and soon after Lady Hamilton, accompanied by Horatia, took up her abode at Merton. Nelson started from Portsmouth on the 18th of May following, and did not return to England until 19th August 1805. He again left on the 13th September to resume the command of the Mediterranean fleet. After the death of Nelson, Lady Hamilton's affairs, from various causes, of which, unhappily, her own extravagance was one, fell into disorder, and at last into such a condition that she was apprehended for debt, and became a prisoner in the King's Bench. We have told this story in an earlier paper, and the mode in which the dying claims of the hero of Trafalgar in her behalf were disregarded by the Government is but too well known. We need not repeat it here. She took refuge at Calais in July 1813.

We must enter the strongest protest against the depraved taste which enjoys prying with prurient curiosity into the private and personal concerns of men or women who have become distinguished by genius, beauty, rank, or public service, and which delights in finding that those who are raised to such an elevation are still subject to the errors and failings of human nature. To the gratification of this diseased appetite Mr Jeaffreson has contributed many pages of his two volumes.

We shall not follow him; nor do we propose to enter here upon the vexed question as to the maternity of Horatia. This will probably remain for ever one of those questions on which the evidence on each side, when taken alone, appears absolutely conclusive, until it is met by the contrary evidence, which seems equally so. We think it right to state that since the publication of our former article the following curious piece of evidence has come to our knowledge.

Writing in November 1874, Mrs Ward [Horatia] says, "This is a copy of a letter I had from Mr Haslewood; Dr Scott's account was the same":—

"BRIGHTON, 26*th Sept.*, 1846.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I dare not write so fully as I could wish on the topics referred to in your kind letter of the 23d, lest the secret which I am bound to keep should be rendered too transparent. Thus much only may be said without incurring such risk. Your mother was well acquainted with Lady Hamilton, and saw you often during your infancy; but soon after her marriage she went to reside at a considerable distance from London, which or [*sic*] never visited afterwards.

"Lamenting that I cannot be more communicative, I remain always, my dear madam, faithfully yours,

"WM. HASLEWOOD."[2]

[1] Nelson's Despatches, vol. iv. p. 28.

[2] Mr Haslewood was the confidential friend and professional adviser of Lord Nelson.

It must be observed that this letter was written in 1846. It may readily be supposed that if, as Mr Haslewood states, the mother of Horatia was some lady since married, and probably living at the time, he would feel bound strictly to preserve the secret. If, on the other hand, Mr Haslewood knew that Horatia was the daughter of Lady Hamilton, it is difficult to understand why he should have gratuitously manufactured a circumstantial statement utterly false, when, if he still thought it his duty to conceal his knowledge, silence would have equally answered the purpose.

In the strange farrago which he has dignified by the name of a "Historical Biography," Mr Jeaffreson would fain persuade us that Nelson was ignorant of the circumstances attending his own victory of the Nile, and that he was either the accomplice or the willing dupe of an artful woman in attempting to palm off a groundless claim to the gratitude of the country. He thus attempts to wipe off a part of the dark blot that rests upon the history of England; but the smear only makes the stain more conspicuous. In like manner his attempt to remove some of the soot which justly attaches to the memory of the first Earl Nelson, is equally unsuccessful.

As to what took place at Calais during the last scene of this "strange eventful history," we are enabled to give an unquestionably correct account from Horatia herself, who was never separated from Lady Hamilton until her death.

Soon after the republication of the articles on Nelson and Lady Hamilton in a volume, under the title of 'Paradoxes and Puzzles,' Mrs Ward (Horatia) addressed the following letter to the author:—

"My dear Sir,—It was only last week that I had the pleasure of reading your 'Puzzles and Paradoxes,' or I should have earlier written to you. Will you forgive me for taking up your valuable time by requesting you to read the following denial of Mrs Hunter's account of Lady Hamilton.

"Having been with Lady Hamilton during the entire period of her residence in Calais, from the moment of her landing to the day of her funeral, I can most positively affirm that neither Mrs Hunter nor Monsieur de Rheims were ever known to her.

"On her arrival, for many weeks she had apartments in Quillac's Hotel. Thence she went to a house she *hired* two miles from the town, situate in the Commune de St Pierre. In consequence of some misunderstanding with the landlord, she remained there only one night, and took lodgings in an adjoining farmhouse, where she remained some months. Afterwards she took part of a house in Calais belonging to a Monsieur Damas, where she died. These were the only houses she occupied during the time she was in France.

"Although often certainly under very distressing circumstances, she never experienced actual want, or received assistance from *any one* of the kind which Mrs Hunter imagined she had afforded.

"Lady Hamilton was buried in a coffin, not 'put into a deal box,' and was followed to the grave by many captains whose vessels (packets) were at that time in the harbour. The service was read over the body by a Roman Catholic priest who had attended her at her request during her illness. Having been a personal witness of what I have stated, I thought you would allow me to relate the facts to you. . . . Yours very sincerely,

"Horatia N. Ward."

In another letter, written a few days afterwards, addressed to the same gentleman, Mrs Ward says:—

"She [Lady Hamilton] was not in

such pecuniary difficulties until within a few weeks of her death. I then, knowing the state of her finances, wrote to Lord Nelson (trustee to my money) requesting him to advance me a sum from my dividends towards providing for the necessities of the household. Therefore I can positively declare Mrs Hunter's tale to be utterly fabulous. Lady Hamilton had ever since she had been in Calais professed herself a Catholic."

Amongst the Morrison MSS. is the following bill and receipt for funeral expenses :—

"Funeral expenses of the late Lady Emma Hamilton, as paid by me, Henry Cadogan, at Calais in France, Jany. 1815. An oak coffin [corked?], church expenses, priests [candells], burial ground, men sitting up, ~~candles~~ [erased], dressing the body, spirits, &c., £28, 10s."

"Receipt from Henry Cadogan to J. T. Smith, Esq., for same, Feby. 4, 1815."[1]

Thus ends the strange eventful story of Emma Hamilton. We have traced it without fear or favour from the lowly cottage on the banks of the Dee, through the royal palaces of Naples, the splendid saloons of London, the cells of the Queen's Bench Prison, the exile's lodging at Calais, to the unmarked grave in the timber-yard.

The fairy prophecy with which we opened her story twenty years ago has been fulfilled. The divine lady of Romney, the bosom friend of the Queen of Naples, the idol of Nelson, she sleeps an outcast in a foreign grave; but the demons who defiled that grave have been exorcised, the cloud of calumny and falsehood that hung over it has been dispelled, and we recognise her as one to be placed in the history of the world, with mingled pride and shame, beside Judith and Joan of Arc. *Requiescat in pace.*

JOHN PAGET.

[1] On the death of Lady Hamilton, Horatia was received by the sisters of Nelson — Mrs Matcham and Mrs Bolton — and remained a member of their families until her marriage. Her death is thus recorded in the 'Times' of the 7th of March 1881: "On the 6th inst., at Beaufort Villa, Woodridings, Pinner, Mrs Horatia Nelson Ward, widow of the late Rev. Philip Ward, vicar of Tenterden, Kent, in her eighty-first year."

WANDERINGS AND WILD SPORT BEYOND THE HIMALAYAS.

THE following endeavour to recount some hunting experiences in Tibet will by no means represent what may be termed a competition-bag of game, which, in these days of competition in everything, seems, sad to say, often to be thought almost the main object in shooting. Nevertheless, I trust it may afford the reader some idea of what the writer considered real wild sport in a very strange land.

On a first visit to the dreary, inhospitable region north and east of Leh, the capital of Ladak, where, strange to say, very few of the scanty nomadic population seem to care much about hunting, the difficulty of obtaining reliable information respecting the haunts and habits of its wild fauna often makes game appear rather scarce there. Moreover, even had my companion on this trip and I found plenty to shoot at, we had no intention of turning sport and pleasure into cruelty and toil by striving to outdo our neighbours in our butcher's bill, regardless of the quality of the meat. The tyro, in his irrepressible excitement, may be forgiven for shooting at anything or everything; but he who persists in deliberately so doing, unless it be when food is absolutely necessary for his camp-followers, is no longer deserving of the name of sportsman. But let that pass as a well-meant, though perhaps rather caustic, digression in the interests of sport.

I would now invite the reader to accompany me to that "valley of bliss"—Cashmere. We shall, however, merely pass through its quaint old capital, and at once proceed up the beautiful Sind valley, with its coppices of hazel and hawthorn, its tangled thickets of honeysuckle and wild rose, and its picturesque log-built hamlets nestling snugly at the foot of the mountains amidst groves of walnut, apple, and mulberry trees, and grand old chenars. Much as we may wish to linger in such a romantic locality, we must not do so this time, for it is past the middle of May, and we are bound direct for a very different style of country—the remote, desolate wilds of Changchenmo — and a long tramp is before us ere we reach those haunts of the *dong* (wild yak) and the *tsos* (Tibetan antelope).

Passing through the unrivalled scenery of the higher reaches of the Sind river, whose verdant slopes, wooded steeps, and rugged precipices rise on either side of the rushing, roaring water, we find ourselves, after four days out from Srinuggur, at Sonamurg (golden meadow). Here the grassy undulating uplands are encircled with dark forests of pine, woods of silver birch, and grey snow-capped crags, and the clear bracing air is redolent with the perfume of innumerable wild flowers.

A long and laborious climb of an hour and a half up a very steep and savagely wild gorge filled with deep snow, takes us to the summit of the Zozzi *la*[1] (pass), 11,300 feet high, and flanked by glaciers and towering white peaks. Here the track leads for miles over

[1] *La* is the Tibetan term for a pass over a range of mountains, as *ghat* is the Himalayan.

almost continuous snow-fields, and for some part of the way beside a deep extensive tarn, which, when frozen over and concealed by the winter snow, is, we are told, the scene of many a fatal disaster from the treacherous crust falling in. Farther on, where the ground becomes more free from snow, we are often saluted by the chirping whistle of a marmot, sitting erect on some green knoll, ere he dives into his burrow at our approach.

What a sudden and marvellous change takes place in the aspect of the scenery as we descend gradually to the district of Drās, with its high sterile hills of the generally rounded form, and strangely bright and varied colouring, so characteristic of Tibetan landscapes! After crossing a narrow wooden bridge, where a few years later a British traveller, Mr Cowie, lost his life by falling into the wild torrent below it, when rashly attempting to ride over it, we encamp beside an old fort garrisoned by a small detachment of Cashmere soldiers.

At Lotsum we find a well-kept polo-ground, with a substantial covered stand for spectators, from whence the gentle sex of the land, we are informed, are wont to view the game of *shuggrun* as it is here called, which has from time immemorial been as popular here as it has lately become elsewhere. The palm of victory awarded by the fair dames is usually a good fat sheep.

Past Shargol, where we observe evidences of Buddhism in a quaint Lama hermitage, built into the perpendicular face of a cliff rising above the village. Here are also to be seen several oblong-shaped constructions like huge tombs, called *chortans*, on which the most uncouth and horrid-visaged deities or demons are depicted in the brightest of hues, vermilion predominating. They are intended, we are told, to mark the burial-places of sainted Buddhists.

At Moolbek we pitch our camp at an elevation of only 4000 feet, below an isolated eminence picturesquely surmounted by a *gompa* or Buddhist monastery. Over the Namika *la* and Fotu *la*, both more than 13,000 feet, but with easy gradients and not a vestige of snow, to Lamayuru. At this place the Lama monks, in full canonicals, turn out on the flat roof of their monastery and salute us with discordant music, performed on a variety of barbarous instruments, consisting chiefly of long brazen horns, gongs, and drums.

In the cool of evening—for a Tibetan sun is scorching — we climb up to visit the monastery, which is perched high on a spur rising immediately above the village. The Buddhist monks show a considerable amount of taste in selecting sites for their *gompas*, which are often built on some picturesque eminence. At the entrance we are met and ushered into the principal sanctum by a venerable Lama, who, we suppose, holds the position of abbot among the brotherhood. Here a most indescribable scene presents itself. About a score of Lamas, with shaven heads and attired in loose woollen robes of a dirty purple hue, are at their devotions. They sit in two rows facing each other. Some are blowing and thumping away on the afore-mentioned instruments, whilst others perform a monotonous chant in the profoundest of bass voices, as they tell the beads of their rosaries. Around are idols of every size, shape, and colour; rotating cylindrical prayer-wheels, from the size of beer-barrels downwards;

and an endless variety of other articles used by the Buddhists in the performance of their religious rites. The walls are decorated with banners, confused hieroglyphics, and innumerable grotesque representations of figures, evidently belonging to the Chinese school of art. Two rows of rudely carved, massive, wooden pillars, which support the dark smoke-stained roof, form the principal architectural features of the place.

It takes some time to become accustomed to the "dim religious light" from a number of brass oil-burners, and from a few little apertures near the roof, before we are able to discern all the wonderful paraphernalia contained in this monastic chapel. As a peculiar odour of joss-stick, or something answering the purpose of incense, combined with the smell of burnt oil, and that perfume which usually emanates from unwashed humanity, pervades the close atmosphere of this ill-ventilated apartment, we are not sorry to be out of it, and again breathing fresh air.

On the mountains in the neighbourhood of this place, a kind of wild sheep called *shappoo* or *shalmar* (*Ovis vignei*) is plentiful. As it is said to be almost identical with the *oorial* (*Ovis cycloceros*) of the Punjab, we do not care then to waste our time and tissue in its pursuit on such arid uninviting mountains as it here affects. There is, however, a slight difference between the *shappoo* and the *oorial*, the horns of the former being rather thicker and less circular in their curve, and the hair of the face and on the throat much darker than that of the latter. Yet it seems strange that animals so nearly similar should occur at such different altitudes, and in such different climates, the one not usually above two or three thousand feet, and the other seldom below ten thousand. But let us resume our route.

Next morning a descent for some eight miles through the narrowest and wildest of defiles, where the path in many places overhangs the deep torrent rushing past below, and sometimes consists only of a few rough planks supported on poles driven into crevices in perpendicular faces of rock, brings us to the river Indus. After crossing the river by a wooden bridge, we encamp a few miles farther on in a small orchard of apricot-trees, where charming little double roses, of the most brilliant saffron-yellow, are blooming luxuriantly. This little oasis, like the few others we have passed here and there on our way, has been reclaimed from the surrounding parched wilderness by being irrigated with water carried for many miles in a small duct, cut along the bare mountain-side, from some distant stream or spring.

After a weary tramp of twenty days from Cashmere, we reach the town of Leh. Its most prominent features are a fortified palace, so called, from the top of which we get a good view of the place and its environs; and a rather imposing bazaar, where furs, precious stones, and other commercial productions of Eastern Turkestan freely change hands. In its immediate vicinity are a few poplar-groves and fruit-orchards, their vivid green contrasting rather strangely with the surrounding sterile plateau, which extends for miles towards the equally arid mountains that enclose it. Regarding this town, little more need be said here than that there, at an elevation of nearly 12,000 feet, the sun burns with an intensity that

is truly surprising, the thermometer in summer often reaching 140 degrees or more in its rays; whilst the temperature in the shade is quite cold, and at night often freezing. The patient reader who may have accompanied me so far had now better go no farther, unless he is prepared to traverse some pretty high and rough country ere he reaches Changchenmo, which has little to recommend it beyond its being a favourite haunt of the wild yak and other Tibetan game.

Thus far I had had the pleasure of travelling from Cashmere with an old friend and schoolmate,—Captain Basevi, R.E.,—who was proceeding to carry out certain scientific observations on the highly elevated table-lands, which are among the principal geographical features of this part of Tibet, and were peculiarly suitable for his purpose.[1] But from Leh our routes and avocations unfortunately lay in different directions.

Here I met a brother sportsman, Major M., who was bound for Changchenmo; and as it is as pleasant as advisable to have a companion in remote uninhabited regions, we joined camps. We were rather disappointed, however, on hearing that two other members of the fraternity had already preceded us there. For in Changchenmo the wild yaks usually frequent certain localities from which they are soon scared away if disturbed.

At Leh we engaged the services of an individual named Kurreem, a half-bred Tartar, who had, I believe, been converted to the Mohammedan persuasion. He willingly agreed to act as interpreter in the language of the country and make himself generally useful, on a salary of four rupees a-month and his food. The advent of a packet of letters and newspapers by the Maharajah's post to Leh was a matter of much rejoicing; but the pleasure it afforded was considerably damped by the tidings it brought of the death of my old Goorkha servant Kirpa, who had been accidentally shot by a comrade with whom he was out hunting.

After two days' rest we made a fresh start. For two marches our route lay along the right (north) bank of the Indus. We passed several of those curious oblong-shaped cairns which are so often seen by the wayside in Tibet, called *mānes*. They are formed of small slabs of rough stone piled loosely one upon the other, and vary in length from a few yards to sometimes several hundred. Each flat stone has inscribed on it the words, "Om mani padmi hom." We passed one of these erections, which was some five or six hundred paces long, and every stone of it had, I was told, this short prayer engraved on it. All Tibetan Buddhists constantly repeat these words when twirling

[1] These operations, which were intended, I believe, for determining the force of gravity under different conditions of the earth's crust, had been proposed by the Royal Society. They were carried out by means of pendulums swung at several geodetic stations in India, and for this work Captain Basevi had been selected. His investigations had necessarily to be conducted under circumstances which would have been most trying to any constitution, and doubtless were partly the cause of his death. The valuable services to science, and the mental and physical labours undergone by him in this arduous undertaking, were recorded by Colonel J. T. Walker, R.E., Superintendent of the Great Trigonometrical Survey of India, as a tribute to his memory, in a letter to the 'Times,' under date 19th September 1871.

their little hand prayer-cylinders, which contain a scroll inscribed with the same mystical sentence, and each revolution is supposed to represent a repetition of it. The Tibetans always pass these *mānes*, or roadside shrines, on the right, whichever direction they may be travelling,—thereby, I suppose, ensuring their going round them should they return by the same route; circumambulation, as well as rotatory motion, being among the ritual forms of the Tibetan Buddhist religion.

Across the Indus, opposite to where our path quitted its valley at Khurroo, is the great Buddhist monastery of Hemis, hidden away in a sequestered gorge. It is said to contain several hundred Lamas. We now turned northwards up a narrow glen leading to the *changla* (pass), and encamped at Chimray, where there is another fine monastery perched high on a hill.

The pass, although over 18,000 feet high, is easy to cross, but we suffered somewhat from the rarefied air. Besides the usual shortness of breath and the feeling of extra weight and lassitude, more especially about the legs, in me it produced headache and nausea, which I did not get rid of until the following day, when we descended to Tanksee. The south side of the pass was quite devoid of snow; the gently sloping north side, however, was considerably patched with it, and the cold at night was intense. And here I may remark, that although the perpetual snow-line on the western side of the main Himalayan chain is somewhere about 16,000 feet, eastward on the ranges rising from the Tibetan uplands it is nearly, if not quite, 20,000 feet. This difference may possibly be owing to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere on the Tibetan side.

Tanksee, a considerable-sized village, being the last place on our route where men, yaks (the domestic bovine cattle of Tibet) for carrying our baggage, and food were procurable, we made arrangements accordingly. Here I secured the services of a Tartar named Changter as guide, a pastoral inhabitant of the Pangong district, who was well acquainted with the haunts of the game there and in Changchenmo, and who had the advantage of possessing a very slight knowledge of the Hindustani language. He was accompanied by his son, a little lad named Norgie, who attached himself to my companion, the Major, in the capacity of gillie—and an uncommonly sharp one he made, notwithstanding his youth. Here I hired a pony—the Major was too proud to ride—by way of saving myself as much unnecessary toil as possible; and a few small sheep were purchased for our commissariat department, at one rupee (eighteenpence) per head.

The first evening after leaving Tanksee, by way of amusement as well as of making ourselves acquainted with our Tartar followers, we gathered them together around the camp-fire of sun-dried yak's dung—the only fuel procurable—collected in the vicinity, and got them to sing, dance, and perform on a musical instrument like a long, wooden, penny whistle, from which they contrived to produce wonderfully dulcet tones. Great was their delight on the Major's passing round a snuff-box, and loud and boisterous their mirth at seeing one another sneeze.

How different are these independent manly fellows, with their good-humoured sociable ways, and droll merry faces, which are always ready with a broad grin,

from their more sophisticated neighbours of Hindustan, with their austere castes and prejudices! And how infinitely superior to them, morally and physically, are these wild children of nature, who are, fortunately for them, not as yet corrupted by the vices and evils consequent on a state of semi-civilisation! Strange it is that in a land whose bleak sterile appearance is calculated, one would suppose, to depress the spirits, such a cheery race of people is to be found. It seems as though their light hearts were given them by a kind Providence as some compensation for the dreariness of their country. But let us hie onward.

We noticed many pairs of the ruddy sheldrake, commonly known in India as the Brahminee duck—evidently up here to nest—where our way for several miles led beside a sluggish stream flowing tortuously between banks of bright green turf, which was quite a treat to behold in this desert land, where green is conspicuous by its absence.

On the second morning we reached the western end of the Pangong *tso* (lake), when, on emerging from a long glen flanked on the one side by steep stony slopes, on the other by beetling cliffs of a yellowish hue,[1] such a wonderful prospect suddenly presented itself as to amply repay any one for the long toilsome journey which has to be undergone to behold it.

Beneath a cloudless sky, the deep sapphire blue of which was rendered extraordinarily intense in the rippling waves that reflected it, lay this salt-water lake, at an elevation of 14,000 feet, stretching away for about thirty miles of its visible length, its width being about five or six. From its shores of pale-yellow sand, on either side rose barren heights—some of them streaked and capped with perpetual snow—whose brilliant yet harmoniously blended colouring of every tint except green baffles all description. Here and there a pure white glacier lay between the ridges that stretched down towards the water, and sometimes jutted into it in fantastic-shaped promontories and bluffs, their successive receding outlines growing more faint, until hardly distinguishable against the purplish-blue of the snow-crested mountains that bounded our view of the lake, where it takes a leftward turn for some twelve more miles.

The strangely wild beauty of this scene was enhanced by the extreme clearness of the air, which in Tibet renders surrounding objects, and their black clear-cut shadows, almost startlingly distinct, and distances most deceptive. A natural consequence of so transparent an atmosphere is, that the sun's rays strike through it with the most astonishing power. Indeed, from the moment the sun appears over the horizon it commences pitching into your face, and especially your poor nose; and even although these may be shaded from its direct beams, the radiation from the dry stony ground is so great as to make some sort of covering for the face very desirable. And oh! the merciless, marrow-searching wind that hardly ever ceases blowing on these bare Tibetan steppes,

[1] These tall cliffs were entirely formed of a rather friable kind of alabaster or gypsum, as we found from the snow-white blocks of it, recently detached from above, that had rolled down below, the yellow colour on the surface being caused by the action of the weather.

except for a few hours in the morning, and not always even then. How it, combined with hard frost every night, parches and cracks the sun-scorched skin on your face and lips, until speaking becomes painful, to laugh is a torture, and to wash is almost impossible. Day after day the skin peels off your face and hands. There is no escape from this evil in Tibet; it is *the* great drawback to a trip there. I generally wore a kind of mask made of thin cloth, extending down just over the nose, with apertures for the eyes, and always kept my face well smeared with a salve composed of bear's grease and spermaceti, which acted like basting to roast-meat, inasmuch as it prevented the skin from being quite frizzled up. A large carriage-umbrella, which can so easily be carried by one of your attendants, will be found most useful for setting up, to rest and have your "bite" under, on those arid, shingly uplands, where a spot of shade is so seldom to be found. How often I wished I had brought one with me! Yet, with all its inconveniences, the light dry air of Tibet is singularly exhilarating, and, notwithstanding the sudden and extreme variations of temperature, highly salubrious. But at this rate we shall be a long time reaching Changchenmo.

A family shot at a flock of rock-pigeons — a paler-coloured bird than the common blue rock, and slightly marked with white—and a wild goose, of the bar-headed variety, I killed in some marshy ground beside a stream running into the lake, furnished a welcome addition to our larder. The goose, however, was rather dearly bought at the price of a heavy fall among the stones, owing to the clumsy Tartar saddle turning as I dismounted to shoot. I felt the effects in the small of my back for more than a week after.

We camped at Lookoong, two miles north of the lake—a hamlet consisting of a few wretched little hovels, with about half an acre of irrigated cultivation attached. This was the last sign of any human habitation we should meet with until our return from the inhospitable region we were about to visit. From here two days more took us over the Marsemik *la* into Changchenmo. The ascent to this pass is so very gradual and easy, and there was so little snow lying even on its gentle northern slope when we crossed, that it was difficult to believe we were 18,600 feet above the sea-level; but almost all of us, our Tartars included, suffered more or less from headache, and my nose bled slightly.

The best remedy for the unpleasant effects caused by rarefied air I found to be cold strong tea: spirits only increased them. The Tartars, however, drink quantities of *chung*, the weak spirit of the country, distilled from a kind of barley called *grim*, which, they say, answers the same purpose. It has a sweetish and not altogether unpleasant taste.

As we sat discussing our breakfast a mile or two below the top of the pass, previous to crossing it, —and here I may offer a bit of advice: never cross a high pass on an empty stomach,—we descried a flock of seven *Oves Ammon* (the magnificent wild sheep of Tibet) on a sloping hillside far below us. The glass showed they were all rams, and two of them carried fine horns. But they were moving quickly, and the ground they were on was, at any rate, much too bare and open for a stalk; besides, we had a long tramp before us to our next halting-place, which we did not reach until evening.

The following day we camped beside the Changchenmo river—a tributary of the Shyok — which flows over its wide shingly bed between bare, brown, stony slopes, surmounted with precipitous heights of the reddish and ochreous hues often so conspicuous in the colouring of the mountains in this strange land. Hereabout, growing on the sand-hills beside the river, we were surprised and delighted to find plenty of fuel in the shape of a kind of tamarisk called *oomboo*, which was so dry and inflammable that we had only to put a match to a big bush for the strong wind to at once set it ablaze and keep it smouldering away for hours, always taking care it was to leeward of our tents.

We now learnt from two Tartars left in charge of supplies belonging to the sportsmen ahead of us that their masters were, as we expected, in possession of the best hunting localities. After a conference with Changter, he suggested that we should proceed up another long glen north of Changchenmo, named Kugrang, which he said was usually a pretty sure find for wild yaks. The Tartars had informed us that one of the sportsmen was hunting somewhere about the head of this glen; but as Changter said it was more than twenty miles in length, and that there were one or two long lateral branches leading out of it, we considered that our each occupying one of these would not be poaching. The Major accordingly decided on taking up his quarters in one of them, whilst I did the same in another.

In order to reach our ground, it was necessary to cross the Changchenmo river. Fording this treacherous stream is always more or less unpleasant, and sometimes dangerous; for during the summer it can only be crossed at certain places, and at these only during the space of a few hours in the morning, after which a dirty turbulent flood of melted snow suddenly comes rushing down, and, spreading itself over the wide bed of shifting sand and gravel, renders it quite impassable.

As we pursued our way up the Kugrang glen we saw several small troops of *kiang* (*Equus hemionus*), the wild horse of Tibet, whose shy behaviour showed us that human intentions had not always been so harmless towards them as ours were. The *kiang* can hardly be called handsome, on account of its rather ungainly head, hog mane, and almost rat tail, which it always tucks in when it gallops; but it shows many good points. It stands about galloway height, and its general colour on the body and head is a reddish dun, with a dark dorsal stripe. Its belly and legs are a creamy-white, as also is its nose. It is considered by some to be a wild ass. Its ears, however, are not large like those of a donkey, nor does it bray like one, its whinny being quite that of a horse.

We saw also two buck antelopes, which I attempted to stalk, but failed to get nearer than 200 yards before they decamped. Scanty as vegetation was everywhere, we found more of it here, strange to say, though at a considerably higher elevation, than in the main valley of Changchenmo, which accounted for game being more plentiful in this locality.

The Major now went on with his men to establish his hunting-quarters in an offshoot to the left, whilst I, accompanied by Changter, Kurreem, and a man leading my pony, turned up one northward,

to the right, our baggage-yaks following leisurely behind us. This offshoot of Kugrang, Changter called Chang Loong Koongma. It runs up parallel to, and eight or ten miles west of, Chang Loong Yokma, leading to the desert plain of Lingzitang, averaging over 17,000 feet, across which vast elevated waste lies the route to Yarkand. We had proceeded two or three miles when Changter detected some moving objects on a gently sloping plateau far away up the glen. The glass was soon brought to bear on them, when they proved to be a herd of seven antelopes, and two *kiangs* that were grazing near them. After watching for some time, we were glad to see the horses move off, leaving us a better chance of a stalk at the antelopes, amongst which I could discover several good bucks. As there was little chance of their noticing us at so great a distance, we moved cautiously on until we gained the cover of a high sloping bank, rising beside the stream that flowed down the glen. Here we left the pony, giving instructions to the man in charge of him to have the tents pitched, on their arrival, in a sheltered nook, whilst Changter, Kurreem, and I went on to try and circumvent the antelopes.

We had proceeded some distance along the stony bed of the stream, under cover of the steep sloping bank beside it, when we were suddenly brought to a stand-still by seeing a buck antelope moving in front of us down towards the stream, and a second soon followed. They were still a considerable way off, and, fortunately, did not detect us before we had crouched as close as possible under cover of the bank. Waiting until they were hidden behind some rising ground, we again moved cautiously forward. At length we reached the spot where they had disappeared, but, to our dismay, they were nowhere visible beyond it. Thinking they might have gone back again on to the higher ground, we crept up the steep bank and peered over it, when a single doe, that happened to be close by on the plateau above, catching sight of us, went away at speed. Still there was no sign of the bucks; and as the wind, which had hitherto favoured us, had now veered round, we made sure that they too had got intelligence of us and departed. As we lay there, uncertain as to what our next move should be, I noticed that old Changter's countenance brightened up, and his wandering eyes suddenly became fixed. Turning his head slowly towards me, he drew my attention to some animals near the mouth of a small gorge some 400 yards off, and whispered "Nian" (*Ovis Ammon*).

For the moment the antelopes were forgotten as the spy-glass was directed on the nobler animals, but those in sight turned out to be ewes; and as Changter assured me that at this season there was little chance of finding old rams and ewes in the same flock, my disappointment was considerable, though I would fain have believed him to be wrong in this instance. He was right, however, as was proved when the beasts got our wind, and the herd, which consisted only of three ewes, sped away up the gorge and disappeared.

As the sun was still pretty high, we decided upon moving a little farther up the glen on the chance of again finding the antelopes. We were descending the sloping bank with the intention of getting back into the stream-

bed, when we heard a clatter amongst the loose stones. To our astonishment we beheld a fine buck antelope coming galloping towards us along the slope, and apparently so bewildered by something that had scared him that he failed to observe us until he got within fifty yards, when, suddenly detecting us, he wheeled sharp round. I had only time to snatch my rifle from Changter and take a snap shot before the animal disappeared over the brow of the rise above us. Although he showed no signs of being hurt, I thought from the sound that the bullet had struck him. Quite forgetting the great height we were at—well over 17,000 feet—I ran back quickly up the slope, and on reaching the top saw the buck standing within twenty yards, his drooping head showing how sorely he was wounded; but I was quite incapable of using my rifle. There I was obliged to lie down, gasping for breath, with my heart beating as if it were ready to burst, whilst the buck moved slowly off, gradually increasing his pace until he was lost to view in a neighbouring ravine. My two men, who had wisely taken it more quietly, reached the top of the brae just in time to see the buck before he disappeared, much to their disappointment, which I think was equalled by their astonishment at finding me lying panting on the ground, without making any attempt to stop him.

It was some time before I recovered breath enough to follow the buck, which both the men said I had missed; but as I was now quite sure he was hit, and badly too, I proceeded towards the ravine at a much more moderate pace. As we neared it, I lay down, and gradually worming myself along for some distance over the sharp loose stones, slowly raised my head. There, as I had half expected, lay the buck about a hundred yards off in the ravine. Before I could get my elbows well planted on the ground and the rifle levelled, he was up and making off again, when, to the great delight of old Changter, who had crawled up beside me, the report of the rifle was followed by the buck's throwing back his horns, tottering forward a few yards, and falling struggling on his side.

Whilst the men were skinning and cutting him up, there was ample time to note his general appearance; and as he was a good average specimen of a buck *tsos*, a short description of the Tibetan antelope (*Kemas Hodgsonii*) may perhaps interest those who have never seen this animal. He measures from thirty-two inches to thirty-four inches at the shoulder; thick and soft, almost woolly pile, of a very pale-yellowish grey on the body, merging into white below the chest, inside the legs, and on the stern; dark-brown marks down the front of the legs, on the fore ones extending up to the shoulder; an almost black patch on the face from between the eyes downwards; muzzle very thick and coarse, with an odd kind of puffy protuberance beside each nostril — possibly a provision of nature for assisting respiration at the very high altitude this animal affects; another curious glandular protuberance in each groin; tail about four inches long and tipped with white; horns black and lyrate, two feet long, set very erect and far forward on the forehead, and about a foot apart at the tips, slightly curved forward, closely knotted in front for two-thirds of their length from the base, and smooth behind. The does, or what I took to be does, for I never shot

at them, appeared to be very similar in colour to the bucks, but hornless, and without the black patch on the face. I saw several herds of seemingly hornless antelopes whilst in this glen, and regretted not having shot a specimen, which I might easily have done, as I afterwards heard that it was then a moot point whether the does were quite hornless, or carried short thin horns like the female gazelle of India (*Gazella Bennettii*.) But as these antelopes have now so often been shot by sportsmen in Tibet, this question has doubtless been settled. A unicorn animal is said to be found farther northward on these desert steppes, but I believe its existence to be as fabulous as that of the equine creature represented to the youthful imagination as fighting with the lion for the crown. An antelope minus one of its horns may possibly have given rise to the idea. It is also said that the camel is found in a wild state farther north, within the territory of Khoten. These antelopes usually frequent localities where the ground is more or less level or undulating, and are never found much below 15,000 feet, though they often ascend the sloping faces of the mountains to much greater heights, and particularly after being scared. Like all Tibetan game, their powers of sight and scent are extremely acute. Their flesh is tender and juicy.

During the first night or two up here, and especially towards morning, I experienced the uncomfortable sensation of being unable to sufficiently inflate the lungs, which may be described as a constant inclination to heave a deep-drawn sigh. This was not to be surprised at, considering our camp was at an elevation of 17,000 feet, calculated with a boiling-point thermometer I had brought with me. It gradually wore off, however, as I became more accustomed to passing the night in such intensely cold and rarefied air.

Whilst in this high valley, I, strange to say, never suffered in the slightest degree from the nausea and headache I experienced on the open and tolerably level summits of the Chang *la* and Marsemik, even when at as great altitudes. Here I felt nothing more than shortness of breath when ascending ever so gentle a rise, and a weight about the legs, as if gravity were exercising an undue amount of influence on them. On the upper ranges of the Himalayas, the natives attribute the more unpleasant sensations to the exhalations from certain poisonous plants[1] growing at great heights permeating the air; and my *shikarees*, when telling me about shooting localities close under the snowy range, would describe some of them as being bad for *bhik* (poison), whilst others which were as high, or higher, they said, were free from it. Although this idea is generally ridiculed by Europeans, it is so universally entertained throughout the Himalayas by the hill-men, as to make one almost think there must be some foundation for it. I certainly have seen the deadly aconite flourishing luxuriantly on the higher ranges, where the tall spike-like heads of its intense blue blossom have a very striking and beautiful effect, shooting up, as they often do, from some moist green spot, thickly besprinkled with buttercups, amidst grey rocks and snow-beds.

At great heights I have always

[1] A Californian shrub, commonly called "poison-oak," is said by the natives to have a noxious effect on those who inhale the air in its close vicinity.

felt the effects of rarefied air more on table-lands, or where the surroundings were comparatively level or undulating, than at similar elevations where they were very steep, either upward or downward, and I believe my experience in this respect is not singular. Moreover, it is remarkable that at Leh, which is under 12,000 feet, but situated on an extensive open plateau, even the Tartars themselves are said to complain of shortness in breathing and headache. From this it would seem either that height is not the sole cause of, at any rate, the latter sensation, or the rarity of the air must vary considerably at equal altitudes, under different conditions. These ideas, which have been suggested to me not only by my own experiences, but also by those of other Himalayan travellers with whom I have talked on the subject, may perhaps be considered rather wild, so let us now turn from this long theoretical digression to something more practical.

Next morning we went up the glen in search of *dong*. There was a desolate grandeur about the mountains flanking it that was very striking, though perhaps not so charming to the eye as the forest-clad ranges of the Himalayas. The high arid hills to the right were rounded in form and of a general reddish yellow, like the colour of a half-burned brick; whereas on the left they reared aloft in grey precipices, or in steep acclivites covered with large loose stones and shingle towards broad beds of snow, or serrated ridges of rock frowning grimly above. In some of the rifts and gullies running down into the glen lay beds of *névé*, terminating in abrupt broken declivities of pure white ice. Altogether it was a savage scene of utter loneliness, which language would fail to describe. And the silence! during the lulls, between the howling blasts of wind, the deep depressing silence that reigned over this desert waste was truly appalling. In most places one is accustomed to the buzz of insects, the rustle of leaves, or the "busy hum," though perhaps only as an almost imperceptible murmur. Even at dead of night the air is nearly always stirred by sound of some kind, however lightly it may affect the sense of hearing. Here, the stillness is as of a sepulchre—all Nature seems dead!

But I am forgetting that as so comparatively few of my readers can have seen the wild yak of Tibet (*Pœphagus grunniens*), the majority of them may wish to know what the creature is like. Imagine, then, a clumsy, bovine animal,[1] standing from 16 to 18 hands at the shoulder, which is considerably higher than the croup, with a rough coat of a general rusty black inclining to greyish on the withers; a large, stooping head, slightly grey on the face and about the muzzle, and set on a rather lean neck; curly grizzled hair all over the forehead, almost concealing the eyes; thick round horns from 2 to 3 feet long, and

[1] Dimensions of a wild bull yak shot by Colonel E. Smyth: circumference of horn at base, 18 inches; length of ditto, 36 inches. Space between the eyes, 16 inches; between the horns to tip of nose, 29½ inches; between horns to root of tail, 8 feet 5 inches; length of tail, 37 inches. Height, 18 hands, or 6 feet (as far as it was possible to take it of a dead animal). Circumference of fore-foot, 21¾ inches; ditto hind-foot, 19 inches. Girth round belly, 9 feet 8 inches; ditto round shoulder, 10 feet 1 inch; ditto round neck at thinnest part, 4 feet 2 inches. This animal (or else one shot at the same time, a little smaller) is now in the Leeds museum, very well stuffed and set up.

about 18 inches in girth, growing outwards, curving to the front, and turning upwards near their points; an enormous bushy black tail, extending below the hocks; a thick fringe of long, matted, black hair hanging from the shoulders, sides, and flanks, and reaching about half-way down the short sturdy limbs,—and you have some sort of idea of a bull *dong* as he is here called. The cows have much the same general appearance, but are considerably smaller and less shaggy, and carry thinner and shorter horns than the bulls. Wild yaks generally congregate in herds, which may contain any number up to considerably over a hundred, but they are sometimes found singly. Their habitat is never lower than 14,000 feet.

Towards the head of the glen there were marks of these wild beeves that had been there some time before, but they had evidently shifted their ground. Doe antelopes, or what I supposed were does, for they all appeared hornless, were pretty numerous; but not a good buck did we see until we reached the almost level snowless summit of a very high pass—though it did not appear so from the great height we were already at—which terminated the glen. Here a fine fellow suddenly showed himself, and offered such a tempting shot that I could not resist the temptation to let drive at him, even at the risk of disturbing any *dong* that might have been in the vicinity. Of doing this there was, however, little fear, as the wind sweeping over the pass was quite enough to prevent a shot being heard at any distance.

The buck moved on slowly a short way, and then lay down. Giving him a wide berth for the present, with the intention of looking him up on our way back, when we should have a better chance of securing him, we went a considerable distance down the other side of the range, to a prominent spot which commanded an extensive view of the savage mountainous wilderness beyond. Even Changter, who had been exploring this wild country since his youth, said he knew little about the remote region across this pass. Every visible atom of ground which was only here and there patched with snow, was carefully scrutinised through the spy-glass. Still there were no *dong* to be seen—only a couple of wild horses quietly grazing on an isolated green spot, beside a little stream, more than a mile off and far below us; and a fine fox with a light sandy-coloured coat and a white-tipped brush. He jumped up quite close to us, and turning round within an easy stone's-throw, stood gazing at us for some time, as if with much wonder at our presence in this high solitude.

It was now late in the afternoon, and we were at least eight miles from our camp, so we returned to try and pick up the wounded buck. As I did not wish again to risk disturbing the ground by shooting at him unless absolutely necessary, he gave us a long chase before we caught him: fortunately he kept pretty straight down the glen.

I had not made a halt since leaving Leh, so, by way of taking a much-needed rest, the next day was devoted to dressing the antelope heads and working up some little sketches I had made.

On the following morning we started early to again try our luck after the wild yaks. This time I took the pony, to ride wherever the ground permitted, and I would advise any one who hunts in Tibet not to be too proud to do likewise, for the work that must necessarily be done on foot, when actually

following game, will be found quite severe enough up here, where your legs always feel as if weighted with lead, without any extra and unnecessary toil when it can be avoided. In the inhabited districts of this part of Tibet a pony can generally be hired, which, as it seldom wants any food but what it can pick up for itself, will be much better suited for the work required of it than an animal brought with one; or a tame yak can be ridden with much comfort, as its paces are smooth and easy. But to proceed.

We had not gone far when five buck *tsos* were descried far away up on a sloping hillside; but I had determined to devote this day entirely to searching for *dong*, so we did not attempt a stalk.

Feeling much disappointed at again not finding any *dong* in the glen, I sat myself down about a mile below the pass, whilst I sent on a Tartar to prospect the country beyond it. Nearly two hours went by without the reappearance of our scout. I had eaten my luncheon and emptied my bottle of cold tea. The sun was far too powerful to allow of my taking a nap to pass the time, and there was hardly a square inch of shade anywhere near, to protect us from its almost vertical rays. Another hour passed, and my patience was getting exhausted, when Changter and Kurreem, who had been for some time lying dozing near me, suddenly lifted their heads, and said they thought they heard a shout in the direction of the pass. Hark to it again! there is no doubt about it now, as this time it is borne faintly towards us on the wind that comes sweeping down from the pass in true Tibetan style; and with the telescope I can distinctly see the Tartar signalling to us to come up. As the ascent is very gentle and easy, we are not long in reaching him, when, to our great delight, he reports having seen a single *dong* on the little green oasis where we had noticed the *kiangs* grazing two days before.

Half running down the gradual and snowless slope on the other side of the pass, we soon reach our old look-out spot, from whence we can see our quarry, looking like a little black dot in the distance away below us, but we shall have to try all we know to circumvent the beast, for the ground is most unfavourable for a stalk. Our only chance rests in being able to reach the bottom of a deep wide valley between us and the *dong*, by scrambling down a steep stony gully which is in full view of the animal. If we can only manage to get down this unobserved, and the wind favours us, the rest of the stalk appears to be comparatively easy.

Slipping the covers on the rifles to prevent the sun glinting on the barrels, and trusting to the great distance keeping our movements unnoticed, Changter and I commenced the descent, leaving Kurreem to stop the man leading the pony, who has lagged some way behind us. Fortune is so far kind that we reach the bottom of the valley unperceived; but a serious obstacle here presents itself in the shape of a rapid swollen torrent of dirty melted snow. Up this we find we must make our way until we can discover a fordable place. Carefully watching the *dong's* movements, with our bodies bent nearly double, we move forward a few paces whilst it feeds with its head from us, crouching down motionless as the stones beside us whenever the animal turns towards us. Thus we slowly proceed for several hundred paces until we gain the cover of a high bank on the far side of the stream. To my great

relief, we can now walk upright until we reach a fordable-looking place some distance farther on. After wading pretty deep through the ice-cold, rapid-running water, we have to double back down beside it until we arrive at the foot of a narrow ravine, some distance up and to the left of which lies the little green flat on which we hope to find the *dong*. As we slowly proceed up the ravine, treading carefully to avoid rattling the stones, old Changter, in a whisper, cautions me to take time, and not to fire until I can get a shot at the animal's right side, which, he says, is more deadly than the left in a *dong*. He little knows the penetrating power of a hardened Whitworth bullet.

At last we reach a point which we judge to be about level with the animal. Here we stop to recover our breath, which has been pretty well pumped out of us by our recent exertions. Stealthily we crawl up the sloping side of the ravine, over the most abominably sharp stones, and on cautiously peering over the top discover the yak within a hundred yards, now lying down with its head turned from us. A slight rattle made among the loose stones whilst trying to plant my elbows steadily for the shot at once attracts the beast's attention. Springing to its feet with the most wonderful alacrity for such a big brute, it stands broadside on, with its head turned towards us. Before it has time to think of making off, the sharp report of the Whitworth rifle rings out, and I can see the dust knocked up by the bullet ricochetting on the gravelly slope rising beyond the animal. Away the beast goes up the slope at a gallop. I must by some mischance have shot over it. The contents of the other barrel are sent after it, but it still holds on. This time I feel certain I have missed, and my heart sinks within me. But there is yet a chance, for the beast breaks into a trot and then into a walk which becomes slower and slower, until at last it pulls up and turns its drooping head to look back. Taking the other rifle from Changter's ready hands, and quickly adjusting the sight for 200 yards, which in such rarefied air does for a much greater distance, I fire again. "Shabash!" (bravo) exclaims the old fellow, jumping up excitedly, as the *dong* totters for a few seconds, and then falling heavily on its side, lies kicking in its death-struggle.

On examining the carcass, we found that the first bullet had passed clean through behind the shoulder, and had afterwards knocked up the dust on the slope. The second had missed entirely, and the last had struck within a few inches of the first, but, taking a more forward direction, had actually perforated the heart, as was found on taking it out—a lucky shot!

It was rather disappointing to find that the animal was a female, for the head's sake; but I tried to console myself with the idea that cow-beef was preferable to bull-beef, and was, certainly, better than none at all; and her fine bushy tail was, at any rate, a trophy worth having.

As the sun was now getting low, we could do little more that day than gralloch the dead beast. Whilst performing this operation, another *dong* suddenly emerged from a gorge below us; but catching our wind at once, it went off at a rattling pace, and was soon lost to view. It was dusk by the time we had recrossed the pass. Fortunately there was a splendid bright moon to light us down the glen, as the rapid stream flowing

through it had to be crossed and recrossed several times at certain places, and fording it in the dark might have been a difficult, if not a dangerous, undertaking. There is little risk, however, of getting belated in Tibet if the sky is cloudless, as the starlight alone, at such a high altitude, is broad enough to admit of surrounding objects being seen with unusual distinctness, and cloudy nights are exceptional. We were so late in getting back that our Tartars left in camp, fearing some mishap had befallen us, had started in search of us.

After sending off a couple of the baggage-yaks early next morning to carry in the beef, I went after the five bucks we had seen the day before on our way up the glen. We found them still on the same ground, but they were now on the alert, having winded us on our way up the hill—so our attempt to stalk them was fruitless. Later on in the day, we descried in the distance several black objects which we at first took to be *dong;* but, much to our disappointment, the glass showed them to be some of our baggage-yaks that had wandered miles away, on their own hook, in search of food.

Great was the rejoicing in camp that evening, when the yaks returned laden with the meat; and a juicy beef-steak was a most acceptable addition to my own dinner—for, with the exception of there being little fat on it, the flesh of the *dong* is much the same as any other beef.

As Changter seemed to think there was now small hope of our finding *dong* in this glen, which, although usually considered one of their favourite haunts, they had this year apparently almost entirely forsaken, and the only other likely places for them in Changchenmo were occupied, and would probably be so for some time, I decided on retracing my steps to the Pangong country, where *Oves Ammon* were said to be more numerous. By staying on here, I might have killed many antelopes, and, by dint of excessive hard work, combined with much patience and luck, I might eventually have found a few *dong* on the ground beyond the pass; but my object was variety, not quantity, of Tibetan game. Moreover, I was particularly anxious to see as much as possible of other parts of this most remarkable land, during my short sojourn in it. I therefore thought it waste of my limited time to remain longer in Changchenmo.

I had communicated my intention by a messenger to the Major, and he agreed still to accompany me; so next day I rejoined him where he had moved his camp to the foot of the glen I was in. He had killed a fine buck antelope, but unfortunately some wild dogs had been sharing the sport on the same ground with him. It was rather late in the morning when we reforded the Changchenmo river, consequently one of the baggage-yaks had a mishap in the rapid water with its load, and my bedding, my shot, cartridges, and other things it was carrying got thoroughly wetted. In the evening we were driven nearly distracted by myriads of almost invisible little sand-flies; and to add to our troubles, a pot of capital soup made of a hare I had shot, which we had been watching the preparation of with hungry eyes, was accidentally upset.

We had heard so much about the intense cold of this high region that we were rather surprised at having hitherto suffered almost more from the scorching sun, although the wind was always

cutting cold, and there was keen frost every night. We were not, however, to quit it without a taste of what the climate sometimes could be, even in the month of July. Next evening, after a long day's march, varied by grilling hot sunshine and bitter cold showers of sleet, we camped about six miles short of the top of the Marsemik, intending to cross it in the early morning. Towards dark, clouds began to gather ominously about the mountain-tops, and when we turned in at night, snow was falling, but there was no appearance of it lying anywhere in the vicinity, except inside some small covered recesses of a kind of refuge built rudely of loose stones and earth. In these the drift snow, from being entirely screened from the sun, lay in hard dirt-covered heaps, having probably been deposited there in winter.

In the morning I was awakened by an unusual sound of thumping and pulling at my tent. It turned out to be my servant trying to effect an entrance through the fresh-fallen snow that had drifted up thickly about it, and on looking out, to my astonishment I saw nothing but one white waste of snow that had fallen nearly a foot deep during the night. The hill-sides were shrouded in mist, and snow was still falling,—altogether about as cold and dreary a prospect as one could behold. Our poor yaks presented a most pitiful appearance as they stood helplessly chewing the cud of despondence, being entirely dependent for food —for they will not eat grain—on the small amount of vegetation which was now buried in snow. Even a pair of big ravens that croaked lugubriously about the camp, on the look-out for stray scraps of meat, looked more than usually sad, as they sat there with their sable plumes all ruffled from the cold.

Crossing the pass that day was completely out of the question, both on account of the thick mist and the snow that our men reported to be knee-deep on the track a short distance higher up. Fortunately for us, a quantity of *boortze*[1] had been collected here in readiness for Captain Basevi and his party, who were coming into Changchenmo, or we should have been wellnigh frozen.

The Major had pitched his little tent inside the stone enclosure of the refuge, where, although better protected than mine, it still was half buried in snow. Instead of turning out in the cold as I had done, he had more wisely kept under his blankets, where he snugly snoozed until breakfast-time. By way of trying to keep warm, I went into one of the stone-built recesses, where several of our Tartars were crouching round a small grass-root fire, and was considerably edified by watching them cooking and despatching their morning repast.

To begin with, a very dirty copper vessel was put on the fire and filled with some green weed like nettles, barley-flour, and water. Whilst one of the men stirred this pottage round and round with a wooden ladle, another produced some raw meat—a bit of the *dong* I had shot. This he proceeded to tear up into small strips and throw them on the fire, every now and then popping a raw lump into his mouth and masticating it with the

[1] *Boortze* is a kind of plant not unlike an exaggerated bunch of Alpine Edelweiss, with large, thick, dry roots. It grows in tufts, sparsely scattered over the stony ground, and is found almost everywhere where vegetation exists at all in Tibet, and is the principal, and often the only, fuel procurable.

greatest apparent gusto. Even the bits on the fire were quickly disposed of after being merely singed. As soon as the pottage was considered ready, it was ladled out into little wooden cups, like the whisky "quaighs" of the Highlands, minus the handles, which each man produced from inside the breast of his dirty woollen coat, and gulped up from them with a prodigious amount of noise. After being replenished again and again until the pot was emptied, the cups were carefully licked clean, and redeposited from whence they had been taken. Another course of flesh was about to be partaken of, after the manner of the first, but a regard for my own appetite for breakfast prevented my waiting to see it discussed. These hardy Tartars are quite independent of any other dishes beyond their little wooden bowls. In these they mix their *suttoo* (meal made from barley) with a little water and salt, and make an expeditious repast of it whenever they feel hungry. Indeed this kind of uncooked porridge seems to be their staple food.

In the forenoon the sun broke forth, and some idea of its power up here may be formed when I say that by evening the ground about our camp was nearly free from snow, and next morning we were able to proceed without inconvenience over the almost bare earth, which was frozen as hard as iron. This time I felt no uncomfortable sensations from the rarefied air on the pass, nor did I again suffer from them on this trip, even when at considerably higher elevations, beyond the usual feeling of extra weight and lassitude about the legs, and the inclination—indeed I may call it the necessity—for constantly drawing a deep inspiration to fill the lungs, which I have already mentioned. I made a wide *détour* among the undulating heights on the south side of the pass, where we had seen the seven *Oves Ammon* rams previous to our first crossing it. We found two flocks, one of nine ewes and the other of six ewes, with five lambs at foot, which, of course, were left unmolested.

At Lookoong we stopped for two days to await the arrival of Captain Basevi there, on his way to prosecute his pendulum observations on the highly elevated table-lands in Changchenmo. We took advantage of the halt to have a general wash-up of our dirty clothes in the stream that flowed past the tents, as also did old Changter to improve his personal appearance. For this purpose he came and borrowed one of the butcher-knives I used for skinning animals, to cut his hair with. Being curious to see the result of the process of hair-cutting with a knife, I was selfish enough not to suggest to him the use of a large pair of scissors I possessed. Some hours after, when he again turned up, his head, except where grew his pigtail and a few straggling locks beside it that had escaped the ravages of the knife, resembled the half-shaved back of a hedgehog, as likewise did his son Norgie's, upon which he had also operated.

Our men had caught a lot of excellent little trout-like fish in the stream beside which we were camped, by driving them under the banks and there "tickling" them. The largest were about eight inches long, dark brown above, golden below, and had irregular black patch-like spots on their sides. We had also shot one or two fine hares, which are plentiful in many parts of Tibet. They weigh about six pounds, and are not unlike the blue hare of the Highlands of Scotland in their habits and appearance, but a great

deal more wild, and much lighter in colour. With these luxuries, a bit of antelope meat, and some wild-yak beef which were still to the fore and in good order (as meat keeps for any time in Tibet), some dried apricots from Skardo,[1] purchased at Leh, and a solitary tin of preserved oysters I had by some chance brought with me, we resolved to prepare a grand entertainment to celebrate our re-meeting with Captain Basevi. I here give our *menu* to show what may occasionally be accomplished in the way of *cuisine* even in these desert wilds, with the help of the cooking-pot and broiler invented by Captain Warren, R.N., which I would recommend as an essential part of a Tibetan sportsman's kit.

MENU.

Tibetan hare-soup.

Broiled Tibetan trout.

Beef-steak of wild yak
and oyster sauce.

Broiled fowl
(*subscribed by our guest*)
and wild yak's tongue.

Green peas
(*canned, subscribed by our guest*).

Curry of Tibetan antelope, and rice.

Skardo apricots, stewed,
with yak's-milk sauce.

Cheese. Preserved butter.
Soda cakes.

Whisky toddy.

Altogether a rare repast, such as even that world-known restaurant, Les Trois Frères de Provence, in the Palais Royal, would have found it rather difficult to provide — even without the disadvantage of having the kitchen-roof fall in during its preparation, as happened in this case, when the servants' little tent, in which our feast was being cooked, was blown down by a hurricane of wind and rain.

Here we parted from Captain Basevi—he proceeding on his way in search of scientific lore, we on ours in pursuit of the *ferœ naturæ*. How little did the dear good fellow think, as, in excellent health and spirits, he cheerily bade us "Good bye," that we were the last of his fellow-countrymen whose hands he would ever grasp! Sad indeed was his fate. In that inhospitable region to which his labours in the cause of science had led him, with not a friend near, and far, far beyond the reach of any aid save that of his native attendants, he was suddenly taken ill, and, after a few brief hours of suffering, passed away within eight days of his parting from us. He now lies at rest in the Christian cemetery in beautiful Cashmere, to which his remains were conveyed from Tanksee, where they had at first been interred.

[1] The chief town of Baltistan or Little Tibet.

MARY STUART IN SCOTLAND.

NO. III.

THE CONSPIRACIES OF THE NOBLES.—I. RIZZIO.

FROM the time of the Run-about-Raid—as Moray's rising was named — till Mary's faction on Maitland's death was finally stamped out, the history of Scotland is hopelessly monotonous. The persistent efforts of Cecil and Knox to discredit the Queen were ultimately attended with success, though Mary's power of recovery was really surprising. The contest, indeed, was not so unequal as it might seem; for there can be little doubt that, till the very last, the mass of the Scottish people were warmly attached to their Sovereign. Unhappily for her cause the political force of the country was practically concentrated in "Fife and the Lothians." The Fife gentry, the Lothian burghers, were stout soldiers as well as ardent "professors," and a summons from Moray and Morton could bring together a couple of thousand men "weill bodin in feir of war" in eight-and-forty hours. It was England, however, that turned the scale against Mary. Without the aid of Cecil, Moray and Morton would unquestionably have failed. There is abundance of evidence to show that Knox and his friends were acutely conscious that outside a narrow area they had a scanty following. A wide democratic franchise would probably have arrested the Reformation; and we shall see as we proceed that, had the Scots been left to fight it out among themselves, Mary would have been Queen till she died. Maitland was devoted to his mistress; but knowing that with England actively hostile, her ultimate success was impossible, he strove to disarm its hostility. He would have welcomed the closest union; but when friendliness was no longer to be looked for, he only asked to be let alone.

The historian should as far as possible keep his mind clear of theories; but the historian who recognises in the Run-about-Raid, the Rizzio murder, the Darnley murder, the Bothwell catastrophe, a uniformity of motive—the animosity of Knox and the duplicity of Elizabeth, as well as the indiscretion of Mary—will be able to maintain his thesis by many cogent arguments.

While the virulence of Knox was mainly polemical, Cecil's hostility was serious and statesmanlike. An English Minister was entitled to hold that, while the wave of Conservative reaction was sweeping over Europe, Mary was a constant danger to England. It is the methods of the English Government that are fairly open to criticism. We hear enough of Mary's bad faith; but Mary's bad faith was pellucid candour when compared with the rank dishonesty of her cousin. Hardly, indeed, in the whole annals of diplomacy can a parallel be found for the unblushing mendacity of Elizabeth.

Maitland was not easily discouraged; but he was ill at ease after the Lennox marriage. He was not misled by Mary's rapid progress and brilliant peremptoriness. She had spoken with the spirit of

a Queen; neither France nor England, she had declared, should come between her and her revolted subjects; and he could not but admire the force and independence of her bearing. But it was not diplomacy. He knew that on these lines no solid or permanent success was to be looked for. Mary could not afford the luxury of humiliating her formidable rival; had she been discreet she would have held her tongue, and preserved, while she went her own way, a show of amity with England. But she was a woman—an angry woman—with weak and evil counsellors at her side. It appeared only too probable that Darnley and Rizzio between them would drive Elizabeth, irresolute as she was, into active intervention. Maitland looked on anxiously; but the Queen was still cold and suspicious. It was alleged that he was well affected to the rebels. Letters came to him from Moray. So, though he continued to attend the meetings of the Privy Council, his advice was seldom asked. It was at this time that Randolph wrote,—"My old friend Lethington has leisure to make love; and in the end, I believe, as wise as he is, he will show himself a very fool and stark staring mad." (Whether it was love or politics that was to drive him out of his senses, does not clearly appear.) When Tamworth went down to Scotland at the time of the Run-about-Raid, Maitland, however, was still in close attendance upon the Queen. Mary gave him permission to see the English envoy, to whom he spoke with his usual frankness. "Upon Sunday last, at night," Tamworth wrote, "I arrived here in Edinburgh, very weary by reason of a number of evil horses that I found by the way. The next day I reposed myself, as well to consider upon those matters committed to my charge, as by the advice of Mr Randolph to talk with the Lord of Lethington, who durst not have to do with us, until such time as he knew the Queen his mistress's pleasure. Having obtained leave of her Grace, he came to us, with whom we could not have so much talk as we desired; but thus much in effect by him we did understand, that there was very little hope of any reconciliation between the Queen and the Earl of Moray. By him also do we find that so great matter of misliking hath proceeded from the Queen, the Earl of Lennox, and Lord Darnley towards the noblemen of this country, that there is entered such a hatred into their hearts, and such mistrust," that no communication was possible. "She remaineth always in mind to pursue them to the uttermost." This was in August; throughout the winter Maitland remained at his post—ill at ease, as I have said; yet it is clear from the terms of the letter he wrote to Cecil early in 1566, that he had begun to hope that more friendly relations were being established. "I was glad to understand by your letter sent to me with our herald, your good continuance in your accustomed disposition to nourish amity betwixt the two Queens and Realms. I am assured there is no amity so profitable for both; as also, if any breach come at any time (which God forbid), it shall be most dangerous to both. And therefore, happy may the Ministers be accounted, who shall have credit to do good offices betwixt them. I am sorry that any occasion to the contrary has been thought to have fallen out. Yet, praised be God, nothing is on either part so far past, but all may be reduced to the former estate if the right way be taken. Marry, I see no certain way unless we chop at the very

root; you know where it lieth, and so far as my judgment can reach, the sooner all things be packed up, the less danger there is of any inconveniences. The bearer can declare to you my opinion, whom I pray you to credit. This letter shall only serve as a gage of my correspondence to your disposition in all things that may tend to quiet the two Realms, and unite the two Queens in perfect accord. As occasion shall serve, I will make you overtures to that end, desiring you to do the like unto me; and by that means renew our old intelligence, which shall bring forth fruit when it shall please God to prosper our counsels. In the meantime let us omit no lawful means, and remit the success to Him who hath their hearts in His hand, and shall move them as pleaseth Him. Many considerations do move me to write thus earnestly, which I am assured yourself will approve. So I take my leave."

So much for Maitland. The other actors in what was rapidly becoming a strangely exciting and tragic story were widely distributed and variously occupied. Moray and his friends were in England; Morton and Ruthven, who had fallen away from them, were with the Court; so were the nobles personally and politically attached to the Queen,—Huntly, Athol, Bothwell, Sutherland, Caithness. Knox had ventured to remain in Edinburgh, and preached occasionally in St Giles'. Before the close of the year 1565 Darnley and Rizzio had ceased to be allies; and Rizzio, as the only official at Holyrood who could conduct her foreign correspondence, was becoming indispensable to the Queen. There had been rumours of contention between husband and wife,—*amantium iræ*, as Randolph said,—and the feeble and petted lad, who owed everything to Mary, was already plotting against her. It was also rumoured—before the year was out, indeed, it was widely known—that in a few months Mary would be a mother.

When Moray was driven across the Border, the revolutionary faction had been foiled for the moment. But with Moray at Newcastle, Cecil at Westminster, Morton at Holyrood, and Knox in St Giles', there was plenty of explosive material about. No experienced statesman, no friend of orderly government, could venture to hope that the clouds had been finally dispersed. The storm had failed to clear the sky; the air was still charged with electricity. The stress of the political situation indeed might not inaptly have been described in the words of the great English poet; for though "the vanward clouds of evil days had spent their malice," yet

> "The sullen rear
> Was with its storèd thunder labouring up."

Moray's *rôle* during his exile was not one that any man of spirit would have cared to play. There are scenes of broad burlesque in "Lear" and "Macbeth"; and the tragedy which was so close at hand was preceded by a farce, in which the clown's part was taken by Moray. The ambassadors of the Catholic Powers had not hesitated to accuse the English Queen to her face of fomenting civil war in Scotland. The ill success of the rebels had by this time dismayed Elizabeth; and when Moray came to London to remind her of her engagements, she induced him to declare on his knees, in the presence of the ambassadors, that she had given the Lords no encouragement. "But unto my

Lord of Moray, she said, Now you have told the truth, for neither did I, nor any in my name, stir you up against your Queen. For your abominable treason may serve for example to my own subjects to rebel against me. Therefore get you out of my presence,—you are but unworthy traitors." Elizabeth's transcendent mendacity rose at intervals into genius; and on this occasion she outshone herself. But if Elizabeth lied as was her habit—what is to be said for Moray? Elizabeth was not "a professor"; she sneered at Cecil and "his brothers in Christ"; but Moray was the leader of the "precise Protestants," and the austere propriety of his life and conversation had supplied a text for many a fervid discourse. The interview with Elizabeth was bad enough—one would have fancied that he could not have fallen further—yet, if we are to believe Melville, there was a lower depth which Moray had yet to sound. "Rizzio appeared also to have been gained. My Lord Moray had sued to him very earnestly, and more humbly than could have been believed, with the present of a fair diamond enclosed within a letter, full of repentance and fair promises from that time forth to be his friend and protector." How these "promises" were kept will appear immediately; but anything more meanly abject than Moray's bearing when overtaken by evil fortune it is surely difficult to imagine.

But though Moray was disowned in public, the English Ministers, whose hostility to Mary had not been disarmed, was in fact keener than ever, were in close and constant communication with the exiled Lords. Before the new year was far advanced, Elizabeth, recovering from her panic, had urged Mary to pardon the noblemen whose excessive zeal for religion had led them astray. Mary would probably have turned a deaf ear to these somewhat dictatorial entreaties, in so far at least as Moray was concerned; for the ingratitude of her brother had stung her to the quick. She had replied with spirit to Elizabeth's remonstrances at a far more critical period; the hypocritical pretences of the English Ministers had then been ruthlessly exposed; and we may be tolerably sure that now, when her enemies had been scattered like chaff, her answer would have been not less incisive. But the letters were never delivered; Bedford detained them at Berwick on the ground that "a matter of no small consequence was intended in Scotland," by means whereof, he explained, the banished Lords would be brought home "without further suit from Elizabeth."

The "matter of no small consequence" was the plot which ended in the murder of Rizzio and the return of Moray. Though Morton and Ruthven, who were closely related to Darnley, had fallen away from Moray when he appeared in the field against his sister, the friendly intimacy which had previously existed between them had been only temporarily suspended. The division was accidental; the differences were superficial; there was no reason, apart from Darnley, why the old allies — Knox and Moray and Morton and Ruthven—should not shake hands, and be friends again.

The earlier historians of Scotland were only permitted to call a spade a spade when no reflection on Knox and his friends was intended. A fairer estimate is now possible; and it will be admitted by not a few that Moray's conduct at this juncture was

singularly base. We have seen that he had perjured himself to satisfy Elizabeth, and had pled with Rizzio for pardon. But these were comparatively venial offences,—matters of taste, so to speak, where private inclination might be consulted. The broad Earldom of Moray, which a year before had cost him the friendship of Knox, was in jeopardy, and the temptation to retain it by any means "fair or foul" was probably irresistible. Yet what he now did, justified though it has been by those who maintain that Moray, like Arthur, was a stainless gentleman, wellnigh exceeds belief. He had risen in arms against his sister—he had shaken her throne — because she had elected to marry Darnley. He returned to make Darnley king, in fact as well as in name. The terms of the treaty between these singular allies were reduced to writing, in accordance with the fashion of an age which combined lawless violence with legal pedantry. These are the Articles of the "Band" which Moray signed:—"The Earl of Moray shall become a true subject and faithful servant to the noble and mighty Prince Henry, King of Scotland,—shall be the friend of his friends and the enemy of his enemies. He shall at the first Parliament after his return grant, give, and ordain the Matrimonial Crown to the said noble Prince all the days of his life. He shall fortify and maintain the said noble Prince in his just title to the Crown of Scotland, failing of succession of our Sovereign Lady, and shall justify and set forward the same to the uttermost. And as he has become true subject to the said noble Prince, so shall he not spare life or limb in setting forward all that may tend to the advancement of his honour." Darnley on his side undertook that Moray and his "complices" should be recalled to Scotland; that their treason should be forgiven; and that the Acts of the Estates by which their honours and estates were to be forfeited should be immediately withdrawn.

A more shameful bargain was never struck. The fanatical passion of Knox may be held to excuse his complicity. The chosen people had no scruple in putting the unpopular favourite of an idolatrous ruler to death, and Mary was the Jezebel of the Reformer's disordered imagination. For the cold and scrupulous Moray no such apology can be found. Had it not been established by indisputable evidence, the allegation that the *vir pietate gravis* of the "precise Protestants" of Scotland was ready to cement in Rizzio's blood an alliance with Darnley, would have been deemed incredible.

The assassination of Rizzio, the return of Moray, the proclamation of Darnley, were only the accidents of the conspiracy. The plot had a wider scope. It was unquestionably directed against the Queen herself. Had Mary and Darnley been captured as they hurried past Kinross during the previous summer, the Queen, it is known, would have been imprisoned in Lochleven. Since then the situation had been materially modified. Mary was now within a few months of her confinement. The probability that a violent mental or physical shock would be attended with serious consequences, might be followed by her death, cannot have been absent from the minds of the conspirators. Randolph's sinister auguries were like enough to be realised. "I know that there are

practices in hand contrived between the father and the son to come by the Crown against her will. I know that if that take effect which is intended, David shall have his throat cut within these ten days. Many things grievouser and worse than these are brought to my ears, yea, of things intended against her own person, which because I think it better to keep secret than write to Mr Secretary, I speak of them but now to your Lordship." What then would follow? Chatelherault was in exile; Darnley was incapable of governing. Cordially supported by Elizabeth, Moray was sure to become a formidable candidate for the throne. Cecil had said years before that the Lord James was like to be a king soon; and—Mary once out of the way—a parliament filled with fanatical partisans would have little difficulty in finding that he was legitimate.

These then were the confederates. Moray and his companions at Newcastle, Bedford and Randolph, the agents of Elizabeth, at Berwick, Morton, Ruthven, and Knox at Edinburgh, were leagued with the worthless Darnley and the ungrateful Lennox. There was little delay. They did not linger over their work. By the 6th of March the preliminaries had been completed. The capital was filled with the angry zealots of the Congregation. Judicial precedents selected from the bloodiest passages of Hebrew history had fanned their fanaticism into a flame. During a week of fasting and humiliation they had fed upon the atrocities recorded in the earlier books of the Bible. These grim enthusiasts streaming out into the High Street from the great church where Knox had told them how Oreb and Zeeb had been slain, how the Benjamites had been cut off, how Haman had been hanged, were in the mood for murder. On the last day of the week in the winter twilight two hundred armed men wearing the livery of Morton and Lindsay surrounded the palace. The attack being utterly unexpected, there was no resistance. The gates were closed and barred; the courtyard was occupied; while Ruthven with some score of his friends, guided by Darnley, stole noiselessly up the narrow stair which led to the private apartments of the Queen. It was about seven o'clock — Mary was at supper. Darnley entered first; but he had hardly uttered a word when the Queen looking up beheld a ghastly apparition at the open door,—Ruthven in complete armour, but pale and emaciated, for he was suffering from mortal illness, and had risen from his deathbed to direct the murder, — the man whom with a true instinct she had always loathed. "The Queen cannot abide him, and all men hate him."

Of the miserable tragedy which followed enough has been written. The outraged Queen standing undauntedly before the craven creature who clung in abject terror to the skirt of her robe, and whose worst crime had been his devotion to herself — the brief unseemly scuffle in almost absolute darkness, for the table with the lights had been overturned, and the Countess of Argyle had picked up a single taper—Mary dragged aside by Ruthven, and thrust roughly into Darnley's arms—the victim hustled across the floor—the shrill cry for mercy—the clash of arms on the stair-head;—it is a lurid picture never to be forgotten. Ruthven was the leading actor; and there are some senten-

ces in his curiously unimpassioned narrative which are yet startlingly vivid.

"Then her Majesty rose upon her feet, and stood before David, he holding her Majesty by the plates of her gown, leaning back over the window, his dagger drawn in his hand; and one of the chamber began to lay hands on the Lord Ruthven, none of the King's party being there present. Then the said Lord Ruthven pulled out his dagger, and defended himself until more came in, and said to them, Lay no hands on me, for I will not be handled. At the coming in of the others the Lord Ruthven put up his dagger; and with the rushing in of men, the board fell to the wall, meat and candles being thereon, and the Lady of Argile took one of the candles in her hand. At the same instant the Lord Ruthven took the Queen in his arms, and put her into the King's arms, beseeching her Majesty not to be afraid; and assured her that all that was done was the King's own deed." Then after David had been dragged away, "the said Lord Ruthven being sore felled with his sickness and wearied with his travel, desired her Majesty's pardon to sit down, and called for drink for God's sake; so a Frenchman brought him a cup of wine, and after he drank, her Majesty began to rail at him, saying, Is this your sickness? He answered, God forbid your Majesty had such a sickness. Then the Queen said, if she died of her child or her Commonweal perished, she would leave the revenge to her friends to be taken of the Lord Ruthven and his posterity." At last she broke down. "Then the Lord Ruthven perceiving that her Majesty was very sick, he said to the King it was best to take leave of her Majesty, that she might take her rest." So they left her with her ladies and gentlewomen. "The gates being locked, the King being in his bed, the Queen walking in her chamber, the Lord Ruthven took charge of the lower gate and the privy passages; and David was thrown down the stairs from the Palace where he was slain, and brought to the Porter's lodge, who taking off his clothes, said, This was his destiny. For upon this chest was his first bed when he came to this place, and now he lieth a very niggard and misknown knave. The King's dagger was found sticking in his side. The Queen enquired at the King where his dagger was? who answered, that he wist not well. Well, said the Queen, it will be known hereafter."

Was Maitland one of the conspirators? Was he directly or indirectly implicated in the plot? The allegation of his complicity, so far as I can judge, rests upon circumstantial evidence only. His name is included in Randolph's list of the Confederates; and Darnley assured Mary that her Secretary had taken an active part in the conduct of the plot. He was the friend of Ruthven: he was the friend of Moray. He disliked and suspected Rizzio, who was his political, if not his personal, rival. Rizzio, he knew, was doing what he could to embitter the relations between the Queens. The English alliance (his own handiwork) had been put in peril; but if the Italian secretary were removed, the danger might be averted. There is an enigmatical and ambiguous letter addressed by him to Cecil, in which, as we have seen, some radical cure is not obscurely hinted at. When he declared that there was no certain way unless they chopped at the root, had Maitland

the violent removal of Rizzio in view? It need not surprise us, in short, that grave suspicion should have attached to him. Circumstanced as he was, it was impossible that he should have escaped suspicion.

Yet when carefully considered, the evidence is not conclusive. There are several circumstances (whose cumulative value is considerable) which tend to displace the presumption. Randolph, who was at Berwick, had for some months been writing rather wildly about Scotch affairs; and Darnley's testimony is absolutely worthless. His unfriendliness to Maitland was notorious; he appears to have lost no opportunity of turning Mary against her most capable Minister. We are expressly told that the Queen was always well disposed to Maitland, and that, but for Darnley, no unkindness would have arisen between him and his mistress. He did not sign the "bands" to which Darnley, Morton, and Moray were parties. His name does not occur in the Privy Council order of 19th March, nor in the subsequent order of 8th June;—both of which were directed against the persons accessory to Rizzio's slaughter. The omission cannot have been accidental; for the lists contain upwards of one hundred names, and are obviously exhaustive. As his name was not included, the incriminating evidence, to say the least, must have been considered defective. A detailed account of the whole affair was sent by Mary on 2d April to her ambassador in France; but she makes no mention of Lethington. It may be said that these omissions go merely to show that Maitland, like Knox, was not actively engaged in the murder. But the curious narrative by Ruthven from which I have quoted, and which is unquestionably authentic, contains several allusions to "the Secretary," which could hardly have been introduced had the Secretary been engaged. Athol, Bothwell, and Huntly were in the palace; but they knew nothing of the plot; and Ruthven leads the reader to infer that Maitland, who was extremely intimate with Athol (Athol having married a Fleming), was just as ignorant. Ruthven was in the act of assuring Mary that "if anything be done this night which your Majesty mislikes, the King your husband and none of us is in the wyte," when Gray knocked at the door. "At this instant Gray knocked fast at the Queen's door, declaring that the Earls of Huntly, Athol, Bothwell, Caithness, and Sutherland, the Lords Fleming, Livingston, *the Secretary*, and Tullibardine the Comptroller, with their officers and servants, were fighting in the close against the Earl Morton and his company, being on the King's part." Ruthven hurried down to urge the loyal noblemen (who before he arrived had been driven back by Morton) to keep the peace; and after having succeeded in pacifying Huntly and Bothwell he went on to Athol's room, and "found with the said Earl, the Comptroller, *the Secretary*, James Balfour, and divers others." After a protracted interview, Athol "perceiving all to be the King's own doing, desired Ruthven to go to the King, and obtain leave for him to pass into his own country, *with them that were then in the chamber with him.*" Ruthven conveyed the message to Darnley; and Darnley, after seeing Athol, very unwillingly gave the desired permission, on the understanding that the Earl would return whenever he was required by the Queen. "And the Earl took his leave, and passed to his cham-

ber; for he made him ready, and in his company the Earls of Sutherland and Caithness, the Master of Caithness, the *Secretary* and Comptroller, with divers others." It is difficult to reconcile this narrative with guilty knowledge on Maitland's part. Ruthven was the prime mover in the plot; and if Maitland had been an accomplice Ruthven would hardly have represented him "as fighting in the close against the Earl of Morton." Another not unimportant piece of evidence is found in Robert Melville's letter written on 22d October of the same year. Darnley, it appears, had continued to accuse Maitland; and his persistency had forced Mary to make some inquiry into the truth of the accusations. "The King cannot obtain such things as he seeks; to wit, such persons as the *Secretary*, the Justice-Clerk, and Clerk-Register, to be put out of their office,—alleging that they were guilty of this last odious fact, *whereof the Queen's Majesty hath taken trial and finds them not guilty therein.*" Buchanan's testimony is to the same effect. Though "chiefest enemy to David after the King's grace," yet not being "advertisit by the Lords" of their enterprise, Maitland took no part in the murder. But he was "suspected of the Queen," and he "fled with the others." Melville adds that he was in danger of his life. "That same night the Earl of Athol, the Laird of Tullibardine, and Secretary Lethington were permitted to retire themselves out of the palace, and were in great fear of their lives."

It has been constantly assumed that Lethington was an actor in the Rizzio tragedy; but the facts to which I have called attention, and which have been hitherto overlooked, are hardly consistent with the popular impression. We know, besides, that he was busy making love to the Queen's favourite Mary at the very time when he is accused of plotting against her mistress; and on the whole, after examination of the conflicting testimony, I incline to hold that his complicity has not been established. He had not, in short, been "advertisit by the Lords."

The conspirators, foiled by Mary's brilliant promptitude, did not reap the harvest on which they had reckoned. Moray, Rothes, Ochiltree, Kirkaldy of Grange, indeed, rode into Edinburgh next day to find the Queen a virtual prisoner in Holyrood. But during the night that followed Mary convinced her foolish husband that he had chosen dangerous allies, as indeed was true enough, and persuaded him to fly with her to Dunbar. For romantic hardihood, there is nothing in her eventful life to compare with that midnight ride across the Lothians. Groping her way through the charnel-house of the Abbey, she reached the gate in the palace wall where Arthur Erskine was waiting. A single sentinel might have stopped her, but they passed unchallenged by friend or foe. Once clear of the palace park and gardens, the open country lay before her, and, mounted behind Erskine, in whose honour she had boundless confidence—"I would trust him with a thousand lives!"—she hurried on to the coast. Bothwell and Huntly, "by leaping over a window toward the little garden where the lyons were lodged," had escaped from the palace immediately after the murder, and were already in the field. In eight-and-forty hours Mary found herself at the head of an army which the Confederates did not dare to face. Retiring from Edinburgh, they dispersed in all directions, the majority seeking

the hospitality of Elizabeth, to whose Ministers, as we have seen, the details of the plot had been confidentially communicated some time before its execution. "Upon the xvii day of March, quhilk was Sunday, the hail Lords, committers of the slaughter and crimes above written, with all their complices and men of war, with dolorous hearts departit from Edinburgh toward Linlithgow, at seven hours in the morning. And upon the same day John Knox, minister of Edinburgh, in likewise departit from the said burgh at twa hours afternoon, with ane great murning of the godly of religion."

The Queen was again completely successful; and, bitterly resenting the ingratitude of her husband and the perfidy of her nobles, she might have been expected to punish the violence of which she had been the victim with extreme severity. There can be no doubt that with Athol and Bothwell and Huntly and the whole of the Border clans at her back, she could, had she chosen, have sent the insurgent Lords to prison or to the scaffold. But she did not choose. A policy of conciliation was steadily pursued. The treachery of Moray had been a bitter mortification; but Moray was forgiven. So were Rothes, and Ochiltree, and Kirkaldy. She reconciled old enemies; she pacified ancestral feuds. She scattered pardons right and left. She was eager to forget and forgive. Her politic generosity was attended with immediate and gratifying success. Her moderate policy was universally approved. James VI. was born on the 19th of June, and all over Scotland "the fires of joy" were lighted. Elizabeth wept for envy, —*she* was a barren stock, while the Queen of Scots was the mother of a fair son. "I never," Le Croc declared, "saw her Majesty so much beloved, honoured, or esteemed, nor so great a harmony among all her subjects as at present is by her wise conduct; for I cannot perceive the smallest difference or division."

Yet the prospect was not unclouded. Mary's enemies had been baffled for the moment; but the religious and political forces which Knox and Cecil represented remained persistently hostile. Melville (who acted as Secretary in Maitland's absence) had been forced to warn his mistress that "*having so many factious enemies lying in wait to make their advantage of the least appearance that can be made,*" she would require to be more than ordinarily circumspect. The slightest indiscretion would be cruelly punished. Was it probable (her friends could not but ask) that a woman like Mary, constitutionally frank, impulsive, and unconventional, would pass through the ordeal unscathed?

The general situation was sufficiently embarrassing; but there were specific difficulties—the alienation of Maitland, the folly of Darnley, the ascendancy of Bothwell, as well as her own impaired health,—which at the close of the year 1566 must have made the most sanguine loyalist regard the future with grave apprehension.

Of these embarrassments indeed one had been removed in the course of the autumn. The differences with Maitland had been composed, and the Queen and her Minister were again in friendly accord.

I have been unable to discover any entirely satisfactory explanation of the motives which induced Maitland to quit the Court. After Rizzio's death, he went to Athol, as we have seen, to the Perthshire Highlands; but though Athol must have returned to Holyrood directly on the collapse of the conspiracy,

Maitland did not accompany him. The allusions to the Secretary's movements during the next three or four months (which occur in the letters of the English agents at Berwick) are, as might be expected, somewhat vague and puzzling. In one letter the writer declares that "Lethington despairs of pardon and must fly into England." Then we learn that "he has liberty to live in Flanders;" then that he is going to Caithness, where he has been ordered to reside. Soon afterwards he is heard of in Lauderdale, and on the 28th of July he writes to Cecil from Balloch, above Dunkeld. Whatever the origin of the estrangement, however, it is tolerably clear that before many weeks had passed, Mary had come to regard the absence of her most able adviser with keen regret. She was not a good hater; and it would appear that she was only prevented from recalling him by the importunity of Darnley and the greed of Bothwell. Darnley swore that Maitland was one of the traitors; and Bothwell had always held that the lands of the Abbey of Haddington should have been reserved for a Hepburn. Bothwell and Maitland had never been friends; no love had been lost between them in the past; and Bothwell may have felt that he was now in a position to wipe off an old score. But though Darnley and Bothwell were violently hostile, the Secretary had powerful allies at Holyrood. "There was a controversy," Randolph wrote to Cecil on the 2d April, "between the Earls Bothwell and Athol for the Lord of Liddington, the one being his great friend, the other in all cases against him. That matter is quieted, and the Earl Athol a continual travailer for the Lord of Liddington." "The Lord of Liddington's friends," he added on 2d May, "make all the means they can to stay his departure out of the country, whereunto the Queen is not unwilling." Mary went to the Castle to be confined in June, and until her recovery the controversy was allowed to rest. But early in August, after a violent scene in her presence between Moray and Bothwell, she determined to recall her Secretary without further delay. "For news here, the Earls of Moray and Bothwell have been at evil words for my Lord of Ledingtoun in the Queen's presence, and since have not met together; but her Grace is earnest to agree them, and purposes to be at Stirling the 24th of this month, and to cause Ledingtoun meet her there, to end the matter." The meeting took place soon afterwards,—not at Stirling, but at a house in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh,—"a friend's house of mine nigh this town." (The friend was probably the Laird of Craigmillar, who had married the sister of Janet Menteith—Maitland's first wife.) "I think your letter," Maitland wrote to Cecil in September, "brought with it unto me *bonum omen*, or rather a good luck. For the same day it came to my hands, it pleased the Queen's Majesty to come to a friend's house of mine, nigh this town, secretly, accompanied only by the Earls of Argyll, Moray, and Bothwell, to mak aggreance betwixt the said Earl Bothwell and me, where after some conference with us both, in the hearing of the others, by one consent all differences betwixt us were accorded, and we made friends. Whereupon her Majesty was well pleased that I should resort in her company to this town, and received me to her good favour and my former place."

The Darnley entanglement was less easily dealt with. The foolish and headstrong lad had been

sinking deeper and deeper into the mire. He had in a fit of incredible folly outraged the Queen. He had with characteristic meanness and feebleness abandoned his associates in the conspiracy. With singular infelicity he had contrived to make himself obnoxious to every faction in Scotland. He was distrusted by the loyalists; he was hated by the Calvinists. He could as little look for friendship from Huntly and Bothwell as from Morton and Argyll. His own life was loose and disorderly; yet he was insanely jealous of every one who approached the Queen. "He cannot bear that the Queen should use familiarity with man or woman, and especially the ladies of Argyll, Moray, and Mar, who keep most company with her." He was utterly unqualified for the duties of government; he had neither industry nor natural aptitude; yet he bitterly resented his exclusion from the Council Chamber. The sense of the feudal relation was still strong. Buchanan's judgment of Darnley, as Knox's of Bothwell, proves that neither was uninfluenced by the sentiment of the time; yet even Buchanan — a native of the Lennox—has little to urge on behalf of Henry Stuart. Had he known it, his only safety was to have effaced himself so completely that he should have ceased to be a political embarrassment. As Elizabeth would not recognise him, he set himself to embitter the relations of the Queens; and as Mary declined to gratify his childish vindictiveness, he attempted by way of reprisal to make mischief between her and her Catholic kinsfolk. It must not be forgotten that the political relations of the country were at the time so delicate that even a fool like Darnley might have brought about a catastrophe. Though his intellect was dull his antipathies were violent, and he appears to have regarded Maitland, for one reason or another, with special animosity. We have seen that he was anxious to prevent him from returning to Court; and (especially if we attach credit to the assertion of a contemporary writer whose narrative has been recently published) there is reason to believe that he had pressed Mary to dismiss him from office. "So the King proposed that the office of Secretary should be given to the Bishop of Ross in the place of Lethington, whom he especially charged with having been a principal in the late conspiracy; and in the Queen's absence he signed a resolution to that effect which had been passed by the Council. The Queen, however, would not consent to this measure, for she was persuaded that the King had brought this charge against Lethington, in order to put into his office a man at his own devotion. She refused, therefore, to dismiss Lethington, although advised to do so by the King and the Lords; for he was a man of understanding, experienced in the ways of the country, and of whom—if the truth be told—she stood much in need. And further, as there was no proof of the charge against Lethington, she caused him to be recalled shortly afterwards, trusting more than he deserved to his good qualities and his loyalty to herself."

The Earl of Bothwell had returned to Scotland when Moray deserted his sister; and the stormy and masterful temper of the Border chief was another element of mischief, another danger to Mary and the State. James Hepburn was not a man of any true political capacity; yet the force of his character had been generally recognised; and both Moray and Mait-

land had felt that so constant an enemy of the English alliance should if possible be kept at a prudent distance from the Court. "He is as mortal an enemy to our nation," Randolph had reported, "as any man alive;" and if such a man was allowed to worm himself into Mary's confidence he might work a world of mischief. There had been, however, no noticeable intimacy between the Border Earl and the Queen. His contemporaries allege that he was ill-favoured, if not positively ugly; and at any rate, he was old enough to be her father. It was his political influence that was dreaded; and up to the day of the Darnley murder there is, so far as I know, no hint or suggestion in any contemporary writing that he was the Queen's favoured lover. Years before he had been rude and unmannerly; and Mary had resented his language: but now when the nobles in whom she had confided had proved faithless, when Moray, and Ruthven, and Morton, and Grange, and Maitland had successively deserted her, she was thrown back upon the party in which the sentiment of personal loyalty was strong; and in this party Bothwell was a power. It was an immense misfortune for Mary that in the unsettled state of the country an unprincipled ruffian like James Hepburn should have been able to force himself to the front; but his advancement can hardly be imputed to her as an offence, or even as a fault.

The stars were fighting against her: misadventure succeeded misadventure; and—to crown all—at this difficult juncture, at this crisis of her fate, Mary's health gave way. The birth of her child was followed by a period of prolonged prostration. Her constitution was somewhat peculiar,—there was in her case an unusually close connection between mind and body. Any strong or sudden emotion was certain to produce a violent physical reaction. She was naturally robust and her spirit was invincible; but there was somewhere a flaw in the organism,—vexation or displeasure being not unfrequently followed by fainting fits that would last for hours. All these constitutional symptoms were aggravated after her confinement. Melville says that though of a quick spirit, she was "something sad when solitary"; and, surrounded for the most part of her life by turbulent and treacherous nobles, the sense of isolation must have been often excessive. Hitherto she had borne herself with eminent cheerfulness and splendid intrepidity; but during 1566 she seems for the first time to have lost heart. A vivid realisation of the cruel and unscrupulous forces by which she was surrounded, and with which she had to contend, had been forced upon her by the "tragedies" she had witnessed. "I could wish to have died," she said to Le Croc after the illness at Jedburgh. There can be no doubt that Darnley's crass ingratitude and ineptitude had wounded her deeply; but we may fairly assume that had she been in her usual health she would not have allowed his misconduct to hurt her, as it did. She was morbid and spiritless,—the mental reflecting the physical depression. Those about her recognised the change. "The Queen breaketh much," Drury wrote, "and is subject to frequent fainting fits." She had been all her life at home in the saddle; and when in October she rode from Jedburgh to the Hermitage, she failed to remember that she was still unfit for a ride which a year before would have been well within her powers. Nau says expressly that she had not

then recovered from the effects of her confinement. "On the day following her ride she was seized by a pain in the side which kept her in bed. It proved to be a severe attack of the spleen, which had troubled her during the previous week, and to which pain in the side she had been more or less subject ever since her confinement." On this occasion she was at the point of death. "So severely was she handled, that every one thought she would die. The pain in her side was very sharp, and was accompanied by frequent vomiting of blood." The Jesuit father—one of the noble family of Erroll—from whose narrative these words are taken, attributes her illness to anxiety about the reception of the Papal Nuncio; but it is more probable, as Lethington suggests, that she was worried into the fever which so nearly proved fatal by the mental distress occasioned by Darnley's misconduct,—the fatigue of the ride no doubt rendering the attack more acute. "The occasion of the Queen's sickness"—Maitland wrote—"so far as I can understand, is due to thought and displeasure; and I trow by what I could wring further of her own declaration to me, the root of it is the King. For she has done him so great honour without the advice of her friends, and contrary to the advice of her subjects, and he on the other hand has recompensed her with such ingratitude, and misuses himself so far toward her, that it is a heartbreak to her to think that he should be her husband; and how to be free of him she has no outgait." This was in October; in December Le Croc wrote to Beaton:—"The Queen is at present at Craigmillar, about a league distant from this city. She is in the hands of the physicians, and I do assure you is not at all well; and I do believe the principal part of her disease to consist of a deep grief and sorrow. Nor does it seem possible to make her forget the same. Still she repeats these words,—*I could wish to be dead!*" The young prince was baptised in December, and when the French ambassador arrived at Stirling he found Mary "weeping sore," and complaining of "a grievous pain in her side."

It was when the Queen was thus morbidly nervous and sensitive—unhinged in body and mind—that the conference at Craigmillar took place. What was to be done with the King? had become a political question of extreme urgency. His misconduct at first might have been folly only; but the folly had latterly become so pronounced that insanity was the more probable explanation. Randolph had foreseen, when Darnley set foot in Scotland, that among a proud and jealous nobility the foolish lad was like to fare badly. Since then he had proved himself—as his associates had discovered to their cost—a traitor as well as a fool, and honour among thieves is an indispensable virtue. Altogether the outlook was black. He was King in name, but by his own misconduct he had become utterly contemptible. He had not a friend left in the world. The isolation of his position—so tragical as almost to provoke our pity—is attested by the fact that Huntly and Bothwell, as well as Maitland, Moray, and Argyll—the leaders of all the political parties in Scotland—were among those who met at Craigmillar.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GOLF.

I WOULD have preferred very much a title with less assumption than the above. I have cogitated a good deal about this; for I am convinced, after a considerable practical experience, that the more genuine humility one can bring to bear on the subject in hand, more especially in the practice of the art of golf, the better the result. I cannot, however, find a title which will convey an adequate impression of the idea which I have in view better than the one selected. Without, let us hope, becoming prosy, or endeavouring to lead the student of the golfing art into any abstruse labyrinth, we mean lightly to take up some points in the mental physiology and philosophy of the healthful pursuit, which is a life-long study to many, and which remains an unsolved problem to not a few. In the latter category, we refer more particularly to those who have acquired the knowledge of the game by much study and weariness of the flesh, and whose game is the outcome of a slow evolutionary process which has been going on for years.

We have, no doubt, many worthy people who, knowing nothing of "ye antient" and healthful pastime, have never considered the close relationship between the Royal Game and the sciences of physiology and philosophy. But what is the use of philosophy and physiology if they do not teach us something of the art of living a cheerful and happy life? Philosophy has been said to be understood by philosophers only. This may be true; and if so, let us map out a mode of philosophic living which will entitle us to be worthy of the honourable name. Seneca informs us that the secret of living is not to live long, but to live well. We mean the discovery of that condition of high mental and bodily health only to be acquired by a judicious combination of work and recreation. The human mind, if forced on in a single groove from day to day, will soon grow weary, and ultimately become exhausted; and although there is the greatest of all satisfaction to be derived from work well done, yet ultimately it palls, if it is not alternated with recreation. From work which is well done, as a general result, we have the recompense of the satisfaction derived from the act of doing the duty, which has a sustaining mental reflex on the individual. This naturally is a desirable and necessary end; but the majority find that even then, something more is required to satisfy the insatiable craving of the mind. We know men surrounded by every luxury, who work steadily and well, and who seek recreation as a change from their ordinary duties, not only for health's sake, but for the purpose of getting effectually rid, *pro tempore*, of self—however dear self may be, and however well he may be nurtured. They spend one week in one style, another week in another; they fish, shoot, and hunt alternately, yet they are not satisfied. This style of living may temporarily do the physical system a minimum of good; but where the mind has not a definite object in view, some point where it can heartily respond to the inner feelings all working in unison, then the object of recreation from a

mental and physical standpoint has not been gained.

But where, it may reasonably be asked, can a pastime which affords all this pleasure be found? We unhesitatingly answer — in golf. We never knew any one commence the study of this fascinating art, and cease to follow it from having tired of it. Many circumstances occur which may necessitate such an anomaly—for example, the removal from the neighbourhood of a links, or the exigencies of business. This surely is one powerful argument. The keenest curler who ever "skipped a rink," at the end of a long frost is apt to tire of his game, and wish for a thaw; but the golfer all the year round —of course at judicious intervals —goes on attempting to reach that goal of perfection, or something near it, so difficult to attain. This is certainly one of the fascinations of golf. Man is so constituted that he is constantly trying some new departure in order to test his skill or develop the latent talents which he may possess, and the mere effort of trying is a healthy effort. So with the golfer. He, day after day, pursues, with indomitable energy and unfailing interest, his health-giving pursuit, with the laudable ambition before him of reducing his odds from the "duffer's" liberal allowance, to as near the scratch as possible. During this period, while the mind is healthily engaged pursuing the object, and a definite one, too, the body is brought into the finest possible condition. The player is breathing the purest atmosphere—we refer to the kind of air to be had on a links situated, as the majority are, by the sea. The muscles both of the upper and lower limbs are equally exercised, the chest undergoes expansion; and from the active exercise and the inhalation of so much fresh ozone, considerable destruction of tissue takes place, with a corresponding degree of construction, which is a desirable aim in the maintenance of robust health.

The charm and gain of all this, too, is the fact that the party engaged in play takes his pleasure, and at the same time gains his vigour of body and mind unconsciously. He is not taking a "constitutional." No; his maxims are, according to an avowed authority on the subject, "No zeal or hurry; act upon the largest circle; have a single eye; mind and body in perfect balance and free swing; the longest leverage you can find in your favour; never take your eye off your purpose;" and the same authority adds— "These are surely as good maxims for living as any moral philosopher has yet been able to lay down." In a work recently published on 'Exercise,' by a London physician, there are recommended to the city resident, the forms of exercise most suitable for the preservation of health; and although walking, rowing, riding, &c., are recommended, unqualified praise is given to the Scottish game of golf, as suiting the system more naturally in many ways. It is a game which the vigorous youth may pursue quite as keenly as the octogenarian,— there are so many points to learn, and to which the smartest youth cannot attain proficiency without practice.

Golf by the uninitiated is sometimes called slow. Let the man who may be an adept at billiards, bowls, or cricket, try; he will find he must cross humbly the *pons asinorum*, in the same manner as one who may be totally ignorant of the elements of ath-

letics. This, though, is merely a warning to the scoffer; for with an average exercise of patience a degree of proficiency may be attained which, in a short period, may make the tyro an agreeable companion in a foursome.

Much has been written lately on the history and mode of playing the game. For some years the literature of the subject was exceptionally meagre; but able pens have recently been at work, and several handsome volumes have been published which do credit to the fascinating pastime. Not the least interesting of these have borne reference to the anecdotal part of the subject. Certainly the opportunities which the pastime gives for the study of character are many and varied. For one who has passed boyhood, to evolve his game from his inner consciousness, supplemented by close observation after he has reached manhood, is a task requiring the most faithful patience and perseverance. We are not with those who believe that the manner to acquire a fairly decent style is to keep hammer, hammering on, and have one object—"hitting the ball"; nor do we believe in a painful system of study. No; but like the acquirement of, say, the mechanical art of writing, or the allied science of freehand drawing, there are certain rudimentary lessons to learn, which, after years of practice, may result in the tyro becoming decently proficient. Of course, some men naturally draw, and write well, after having been taught. Others, even whose daily business it is, are stiff, and will remain so to the end. The mind, and the state of the brain as the organ of mind, has much to do with this. Take the man who has mastered the elementary principles and whose thought flows freely, whose motor nervous system is trained to quickness by habit and daily culture. That person acquires a readiness in mechanical manipulation which, by a daily repetition, becomes easy, and the effects are repeated unconsciously. On the other hand, the dull man with the want of readiness and elasticity of motion, remains so, and his style in either writing or golfing remains stiff. He cannot alter his nature. The preliminary "stroke" permeates his whole handwriting, and probably he passes through the golfing life with half a swing.

Of course these remarks apply particularly to the student of golf who begins late. The remark in one of the recent works on golf, that a condition approaching idiocy seems rather favourable to the development of a good game, is only partly true. The reason of the success attributed to this unenviable mental state, is the utter absence here of the golfer's *bête noir*—self-consciousness. The "idiots," with their unwashed skins peering through their broad-checked cast-offs, play a rattling game because they do so unconsciously. It is a part of themselves; they drive a ball out of sight, because they have repeated the act since one day their mothers found them imitating old Allen, or some other golfing hero, having picked up an old stick and preferred swinging this at a stone, to aimlessly chewing the end of a rattle!

The state of mind and body necessary to approximate to a free "deil-may-care" condition, when the muscles involuntarily obey the will, where the brain-function is in that moderately elevated condition that it *wills* to do anything—is only a mental state in a person

who *thinks*, which is occasional. It is an inspiration. Such a blissful state can only exist in a man's breast for a short interval; the glow on the consciousness is too invigorating to last; such a high spiritual feeling is composed of an essence which, from its very nature, is evanescent. The golfer gets from Dame Nature his fair share of earthly blessings, without this sense of power being added to his mental repertoire as a permanent thing. Probably in this way the tyro (this is a milder word than "duffer") gets a fuller share of enjoyment out of a round than the professional adept. The former, in the interval between his rounds, is boiling over with descriptive fervour to some poor victim he may have sitting next him at lunch.

He is eloquent on topped or raking drives, missed putts, or long steals, and bad or good lyes, as the case may be; and all the while the prospective improvements to be added or subtracted from his style on the next round. Unconscious Bob, in the interval of a big "mautch" for any amount of money a-side, is most probably regaling himself with some liquor not classed as a non-alcoholic, and not having sufficient excitement in merely talking of his game, will most probably have thrown off quite easily the cares of office (that being left to his backers), and be deep in the mysteries of halfpenny "nap."

We have not touched upon the question of the effects of good or bad play on the emotional part of a man's nature. But where can the character be better read than on the links? The man possessed of the "mercurial" temperament, of course, presents the extremes. By discipline, the effects on the temper of a trained mind is artfully concealed. The elation consequent on good play, especially "far and sure" driving, is depicted on the beaming countenance of the expert. This is naturally helped by the quickened circulation through the brain, of blood richly charged with ozone, the intoxicating effect of which is undoubted. As Emerson puts it in his essay on "Inspiration"—"Health is the first muse, comprising the magical benefits of air, landscape, and bodily exercise on the mind." The Arabs say that "Allah does not count from life the days spent in the chase"—that is, those are thrown in. Plato thought "exercise would almost cure a guilty conscience."

There is, however, the reverse side of the picture. When the man with the temperament designated "mercurial"—a term more suitable here, we think, than nervous—is off his game, then comes the tug-of-war between his cultured nature, and "sweerin' at lairge," in presence of his grinning caddie. He may conceal his delight within his breast, and this only be evident in the joyous radiance of his countenance; but the strongest moral nature that ever handled a club must have subjected that moral nature to the severest temptation if, when within a wrist-shot of the hole, his adversary lying dead in the odd, and he dormy on the match, he should foozle his favourite shot and topple into a sand-bunker between himself and the hole.

The latest move made by some good men of our acquaintance is a *sotto voce* abbreviation of the real thing; and, virtuous as we may try to be, we would assuredly give the man a clean bill of moral

health who, under the circumstances just related, looked very flushed, who had a quivering lip, and who bore the outward signs of much suppressed emotion—and this the more readily if we happened to be the adversary "lying dead." But, joking aside, we know not a larger field for the thorough discipline and schooling of a temper somewhat touchy and apt to go off, than a studious pursuit of the mysteries of this regal and very ancient game.

There are so many opportunities. Suppose a man has acquired perfect confidence in what he does, and that in driving he has reached a uniform and free style, and knows by incessant practice what he is about to do. In fact, the time comes in every golfer's career when, through much tribulation, after many years, he can do the eighteen holes under the 100 on any green, or he cannot. The youth passes from the stroke to the formation of letters, then the union of these letters into words, and so on, till after incessant labour, modified much by his natural adaptability to the art, he can either write unconsciously a good hand, or he never will. It is not his forte; the thing is not naturally in him, and from his signature you may approximately judge the general style of penmanship.

With our golfing novice it is the same experience. After much angularity, cutting, heeling, toeing, lifting up too straight, and a small fortune spent in clubs—with the numerous scars, too, left on his moral nature from fearful temptations; much expenditure also of muscular energy and nervous force in all the sand-bunkers round the links — he must now have reached a stage when the tide of his golfing affairs leads on to a good free style, and an openness for a match at all times. Or perhaps with a natural incapacity, or, more probably, through neglected opportunities and the absence of the keen edge to pick up all that is worth knowing in his journey through the golfing life, he may with much sorrow be forced to exclaim—

> "Must it ever, then, be thus—
> Failure most mysterious?
> Shall we never fairly stand
> Eye on ball, as club in hand?
> Are the bounds eternal set
> To retain us duffers yet?"
> (*With head down*) "Duffers yet!"

But given one who in his normal state plays a good game, the trying thing, especially on the emotional part of a man's nature, is the variability displayed by even the most finished adept. The commonest organ to receive censure is the liver. This much-abused and hard-working part of a man has, with the stomach, to undergo an amount of abuse out of all proportion to the duty which it was originally understood to perform, when emerging from cell-life in a very early stage of the subsequent evolutionary process. Truly it is overworked, and apt to be disordered; and in consequence the eye is sympathetically "out," to use a commonly expressed phrase; but we incline strongly to assert that it is not so often the functional derangement of this all-suffering one, that is the cause of a man being off his game, as his nervous organisation. We see this readily illustrated, as has often been pointed out in the finish of an important match, especially with first-class amateurs, who are generally understood to be possessed of a more highly developed nervous system than the professional. The match has gone on splendidly all

through, till the players (let us suppose) are "dormy"[1] three. Then the brain begins to act. Self-consciousness is the consequence. The studious care of how to do it reacts on the muscles through the nervous system. "A quieter swing," whispers the evil one within; consciously this is tried, and has the effect of directing the attention perhaps to the right shoulder or somewhere, and the result is a bad baff.[2] Partner will improve on this; the same mental process is repeated, but in his case the imp suggests an ounce or two more pith, the effect of which here is a topped ball. And so on to the home-hole. The mental concentration on the ball, and nothing but the ball, has gone; and the beautiful unconscious obedience of united nerve and muscle, working in unison to the order of a firm will, is a physiological process seen only during the first three-fourths of the match, or in those who have the enviable apology for a nervous system such as is possessed by the "idiots."

As for our amateur experts, the nerves and muscles have run riot, the "men have gone to pieces"; they are utterly off their game. Anything, anything to run the gutta down.

On the fine green the orthodox wooden putter is discarded, science is set at defiance, and "give me my iron till I hole out," is the demoralising cry of the golfing wreck. After an exhibition of this kind, there must necessarily be reaction. The irritable man tries to explain it all away, and blames the state of the green, the brilliant sunshine, or want of the same, as it suits his purpose. "Or some one winked or coughed quite distinctly as he was about to putt." The wise man, and he with an extended experience, simply "sings dumb," and awaits till he has had his bath and a good dinner, when, as sure as fate, after the soup, exhilaration is felt, the energy lying *latent* is stirred up, and however dark the outlook has been, the roseate tints of hope supplant all these, and again he secretly longs for the morrow. Being "off his game" is a common phrase; and we have endeavoured to show that the nervous system is more frequently at fault than the liver.

We do not intend to enter into the physiology of mind which prompts a man to shy his niblick away from him, after he has hopelessly failed to extricate the ball from its sandy bed, and has so hammered the once beautiful globe that now it is past recognition, being piebald in colour, and rectangular in shape. The latter part of this man's game shall be more rotten than the first. The primary duty of every novice who desires to ascend the ladder of golf, is self-command. The *sotto voce* exclamations are wrong, even on physiological grounds. Better to conserve the energy noiselessly and within, and concentrate it in the form of steady determination of will to the next tee, or spoon-shot. This is sure to be effectual with even a novice now and again; and the potent immediate temporary relief, from a raking shot amongst many bad ones, is only equalled by a glass of good social whisky to the troubled soul of the confirmed toper. The effects of

[1] Dormy means when one party is as many holes ahead as there remain holes to play.

[2] *Baff*, to strike the ground with the sole of the club-head in playing.

both are directly felt at the seat of injury (the heart), and both are, unfortunately, equally evanescent, although not harmless in the same degree.

We hope the foregoing descriptive sketch, not handled in the manner which so great a subject deserves, may induce many a man who requires exercise, whose mind needs an alterative, and which cannot be had in an aimless walk, perhaps frequently interrupted by some prosy one, who bothers about the tweedledum or tweedledee of the day, or of the little world in which he moves, to take to golf.

He, by perseverance, may yet come to think, and very possibly feel inclined to apply the words of the Ayrshire bard more worthily to the praise of his art than of usquebaugh, and exclaim—

"When heavy dragg'd wi' pain an' grievin',
But oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae doon-hill scrievin'
Wi' rattlin' glee."

The old adage of *mens sana in corpore sano* may be fulfilled by many a weary one, wearing the machinery down before the stipulated time, and who may find, as many true-hearted enthusiastic golfers have done before, that the art of golf is "the best preparation for the highest thinking, for that which is not to be attained by importunity and *improbus labor*, but which comes, if it comes at all, as a Heaven-sent gift."

ENGLISH SLANG AND FRENCH ARGOT: FASHIONABLE AND UNFASHIONABLE.

THE English language, with all its faults, deficiencies, and imperfections, is perhaps the noblest, as it is certainly the most copious, now spoken in the world. Within the last three hundred years it has added many thousands of words to the vocabulary of its literature, to say nothing of its accretions in the shape of fashionable and unfashionable slang words, which have not yet been admitted to a place in the dictionaries. The rural population, or at least its adult members — whom the influence of the School Board has not reached, and who do not read the penny newspapers, or who, if they are able to read at all, only read for the sake of making themselves acquainted with the murders, the robberies, "the moving accidents by flood and field," and all the details of the crimes and vices of the civilisation of the time—are contented to use in their daily intercourse with one another the simple vernacular that sufficed for their ancestors in the pre-Wickliffian era, before the Bible was translated into clear and forcible English, and fail to comprehend half of the words employed by Shakespeare, and more than one-third of the classical and too much latinised English of the days of Queen Anne, and the still more greatly diluted English of the principal writers of the present day. The noble and plain language of Holy Writ satisfies all the needs of the illiterate portion of the people, and might have satisfied, without any preponderating accretions from foreign sources, the conversational and literary wants of our time, had our principal writers set the fashion of being content with the pristine force and elegance of the speech of their forefathers, with only such additions as the progress of art and science demanded. But language, being a living thing, must, like other living things, pass through its infancy, maturity, and decay. The sturdy English has passed with honour through the first two of these stages, and gives premonitory symptoms of the inevitable approach of the last. From the early days of Wickliffe and the author of "Piers Ploughman," and more especially since the days of Shakespeare, the English language has undergone a continuous, and, for the most part, necessary and wholesome expansion, losing sometimes in pristine vigour and simplicity, but gaining in copiousness, elegance, and precision. Its expansion, however, has been mainly effected by the aid of Greek and Latin, often to the disparagement and utter neglect of its own inherent capability, and partly by the evil influence of a literary fashion that despised the strong and massive vernacular, and preferred to import exotic synonyms when the native growth would have been sufficient for use and beauty, and thus set the bad example of ignoring or despising words that had been sanctified by such writers as Gower, Chaucer, and Spenser. Even the all but idolised and apotheosised Shakespeare himself has become obsolete to the extent of more than a thousand words and phrases, which he employed in a sense not now attributed to them, and which have become

more or less unintelligible to ordinary readers and speakers.

The additions that literary men have made to the language have not always been improvements. Nor have they been invariably necessary. The vile phrase, a "post-prandial perambulation," which was used by Dr Samuel Johnson, would have been far better and more elegantly expressed by an "after-dinner walk." "Extinguish the luminary" is not such thoroughly good English as "put out the light"; or "lave your digits" so intelligible as "wash your fingers." It is not surprising that the notification once painted on a board by the side of a piece of water on which boys were accustomed to bathe, to the effect that the pond was "replete with vitreous fragments," should have conveyed no information to the bathers that the bottom was "full of broken bottles." And while such accretions from the Greek and Latin are no real gains, such omissions from the ancient speech as the past tenses of many verbs in daily use are a serious loss. "Let" has lost the past tense in "loot,"—which survives, however, in Scottish, though not in English poetry, as in Sir Walter Scott's ballad—

> "But aye she *loot* the tears doun fa'
> For Jock o' Hazeldean."

English-speaking people say, "I *let* him do it now," and "I *let* him do it yesterday," when the men of past ages would have said, "I *loot* him do it yesterday." "Cast," to throw, has in like manner lost "coost"; "put" has lost "putted" or "pat"; "bet," to wager, has lost "betted"; "wet" has lost "wetted"—all of which are as legitimate and as conformable to the genius and structure of the language as "throw" and "threw," "weep" and "wept," "creep" and "crept," "blow" and "blew," "fly" and "flew," and scores of others that are familiar to every one. It is the neglect and disuse of such inflections by writers, fashionable and unfashionable, that has led to their disappearance at first from books, and afterwards from newspapers, and from the conversation of educated people, though not wholly from the speech of the illiterate multitude, and that will lead, in a possibly not remote hereafter, to their disappearance altogether from spoken language. The Greek and Latin languages, as we see them now in the still extant works of their poets and historians, were unfamiliar to, or perhaps never widely spoken by, the people of Greece and Rome,—just as the English of Dryden, Pope, Addison, Johnson, Gibbon, and Macaulay, is not spoken by the hard-working and swarming multitudes of the British Isles and their colonies and dependencies.

Of late years, however, literature and society have shown an unmistakable tendency to disinter from the unliterary depths of the still current speech of the very lowest classes of the people, many hundreds of words that are not to be found in the dictionaries. These words, or most of them, were formerly known as "cant," "flash," "pedlars' Greek," "jargon," and "gibberish," but are now included under the generic name of "slang." But the "slang" of our time is by no means confined to these anachronisms, and includes many legitimate words, perverted from their legitimate meanings, and used in a sense sometimes ludicrous, and always offensive to a refined ear and a correct taste; such as the substitution of "dreadfully," "awfully," and other expletives of similarly "forcible

feebleness," for the good old word "very"; as in such common phrases as an "*awfully* pretty girl," an "*awfully* funny joke," a "*dreadfully* fine woman," a "*screaming* farce," a "*marrow-freezing* tragedy"—all of which expressions are slang of the worst kind. "Slang" that was formerly confined to tramps, beggars, gipsies, and thieves, and in a modified degree, and of a somewhat different origin and species, to trades and professional people, when confidentially speaking to one another of the practices and mysteries of their various callings, has in our day—and more especially within the last half-century—invaded the educated and semi-educated classes in England, America, and France, and all free countries, although it has not yet, to anything like the same extent, permeated the literature and conversation of the European nations, other than the two named, where Liberty has more or less degenerated into Licence, both in speech and action. Democracy, that is rampant in these three great nations, is the real parent of vulgar slang, as it threatens to be of many other anomalies and abuses, until a time, perhaps rapidly approaching for all three, when public calamity, perplexity, war, and revolution, shall turn the thoughts and language of men and women into a more elevated channel than that in which peace, prosperity, and concomitant luxury and corruption have caused them to flow.

English, as now written and spoken, is mainly compounded of three elements,—the Dutch or Teutonic, from which it derives its principal strength and idiomatic expression; the Celtic, from which it derives the greater part of its unliterary vernacular; and the Latin and Greek, from which it derives much of its lucidity and scientific accuracy. The slang of recent years, fashionable and unfashionable—since the establishment of school boards that teach children to read and little else, and since the cheapening of newspapers has let loose a deluge of print upon the land—is mostly, though not wholly, derived from the common speech of illiterate people, which in many of its components is of greater antiquity than Anglo-Saxon and literary English. This peculiar substratum of the vernacular is traceable for the most part to the original British words which formed the language spoken by the inhabitants of the country before the Roman, Teutonic, and Norman conquests, and that retained its vitality in spite of the efforts of the invaders to eradicate the language of the conquered, who still retained their numerical preponderance. The native words current among the lower and unprivileged classes were of identically the same origin as the Kymric, and more especially of the Gaelic, commonly called Erse, spoken by the very large immigration of Irish labourers that had commenced long before the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The majority of these labouring immigrants were mostly unacquainted with the Teutonic English, commonly known as "Anglo-Saxon," which had become the literary and accepted language of the country, and found little or no difficulty in making themselves understood by the native English with whom they associated in the work of the field or the stables, or with whom they competed in the lowest kinds of unskilled labour, and with whom they associated as tramps, pedlars, travelling tinkers, and professional mendicants. Many of the slang

words of the times of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Elizabeth, are to be found in Shakespeare and his contemporary dramatists; and one of the earliest collections of English cant and slang words and phrases was made by Harman, who published in 1567 his 'Caveat for Cursitors.' This little collection, which has been often reprinted, included not only British but gipsy words, used by the gipsy hordes that first commenced to invade the British Isles and all the west of Europe in the fifteenth century. The literary class, ignorant of the British element in the speech of the common people, were unable to explain from what source was derived the word "cant," then the generic term for the secret jargon of the dangerous classes. Led astray by one of the meanings attached to it, they had, upon the supposition which was duly set forth in the classical pages of the 'Spectator,' No. 147, written by Tickell, one of the coadjutors of Addison in that celebrated periodical, come to the erroneous conclusion that the word was derived from the name and practice of a Scottish preacher called Andrew Kant or Cant. This Andrew Cant, according to Tickell, "was a Presbyterian minister in some illiterate part of Scotland, who by exercise and use had obtained the faculty, *alias* gift, of talking in the pulpit in such a dialect, that it is said he was understood by none but his own congregation, and not by all of them." Probably — though this is mere matter of conjecture — Mr Cant preached Gaelic to a Gaelic congregation in the Highlands. The fact was not suspected by the Cockney Mr Tickell, who goes on to state that "since Master Cant's time the word 'cant' has been understood in a larger sense, and signifies all sudden exclamations, whinings, unusual tones, and, in fine, all praying and preaching like the unlearned of the Presbyterians." In this sense the word is still employed occasionally to signify hypocrisy in religion, but has been for the most part superseded by the modern and more correct designation of "slang." The 'Spectator' did not know, nor were any of his contemporaries wiser than himself, that "cant" was the Gaelic or British word *cainnt*, signifying language—*the* language, *par excellence*, of the common people in the olden time, before the prevalence of the Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon. From that language the now common slang of the streets, and of the very lowest classes of the population, imitated too extensively in our day by the class immediately above them, and even by those of a still higher grade, is in great part derived. If proof be needed of the fact, it will be only necessary to cite such words and phrases as "cove," "bloke," "beak," "hook it," "do you twig," "masher," "brick," "cut your stick," and scores of others that are but too familiar among the millions both of low and high life. "Cove," a fellow, a man, a person, is from the Celtic or Keltic *caobh*—*bh* pronounced as *v*—which signifies courteous, and is synonymous with the vulgar abbreviation of "gent" for gentleman. "Bloke," a term of disrespect and not of courtesy, is from *ploc*, a large or bull-headed person, and *plocach*, a big, strong, coarse person. "Hook it," to be off, to run away, to decamp, is from *thugad* — the *th* silent — a command to be gone! to go away! "Beak," a magistrate, is from *beachd*, judgment, or a judge. "Do you twig?" do you understand? is from *tuig*, to under-

stand, and *tuigsin*, comprehension. "Masher," a beau, a dandy, a swell, an exquisite, is probably, though not certainly, from *meas*, pronounced *mash*, elegant. "Brick," the highest encomium paid to a good fellow, is from *brigh*, spirit, energy, courage, and right feeling, and *brigheil*, high-spirited and magnanimous. "Cut your stick," to disappear, to run away, to decamp, is a ludicrous corruption of *cuit as teach*, or "leave the house."

The secret tricks and observances of trades and professions of all kinds which are spoken of among themselves by their adepts and practitioners are, to a great extent, derived from the same ancient sources; although, as these tricks and mysteries were less widely practised and known in the comparatively primitive times of the middle ages than they have become in the keener and less scrupulous age of unlimited and almost desperate competition in which society now grovels and wallows—when it does not growl and fight—slang and cant words were less numerous than they have since become. The trades and professions of the present day, while preserving many of the old Celtic shibboleths and pass-words, have invented or compounded new ones from the Teutonic and latinised English as it has been extended within the last two centuries. As new and more ingenious frauds have been practised by unscrupulous traders, they have discovered or coined new words and phrases to designate their knaveries. In the days when milk was sold pure and unadulterated as it came from the cow, there was no necessity to talk of "the cow with the iron tail," or the pump; or of a fabulous "Simson" or "Simpson," whose aid was required to convert milk into milk-and-water; or for beer, when similarly treated, to be described as "stretched."

It must be said, in common justice to the vulgar and illiterate cynics who make use of slang words, that they are by no means deficient in a certain low species of wit and humour, and are sparing of any attempts to disparage or even to caricature the virtues of humanity, but confine themselves for the most part to its vices, its eccentricities, its immoralities, and its dishonesties. Slang has few, and indeed no words to designate bravery, chastity, sobriety, probity, and religion; and though the people who indulge in the jargon of the gutter, and frequent the haunts of the disreputable, may hold these noble qualities in slight or no respect, they reserve their choicest descriptive epithets for their opposites — for cowardice, lewdness, drunkenness, madness, meanness, immorality, and crime of every kind. This is remarkable. The slang terms for a brave man are hard to discover, unless a "brick" be one of them. Those for a coward are many and forcible. Those for the lewd and licentious of either sex, and the practices in which they indulge, might fill many pages of a book if they were all duly collected and set forth. The slang words for drunkards, and for drunkenness in all its various stages, may be counted by the score; and those for the gradations of professional mendicancy, and its tricks, wiles, dodges, subterfuges, and false pretences, are even more copious. The offences against the laws of *meum* and *tuum* which spring out of hunger, idleness, rapacity, covetousness, or the total absence of moral principle in professional thieves, are designated by a whole wilderness of words—

some of them forcible, many cynical, and by far the greater number comical. All of them, however, are fairly descriptive — either in plain or metaphorical terms—of the fierce struggle for existence in an over-crowded community, where "the devil take the hindmost" is the rule of action, and where the weakest are driven to the wall. But possibly the reticence of the lower classes, who were the first to use slang in their intercourse with one another, is not due to their respect for the virtues which they do not practise, and which they refrain from naming in their habitual jargon, but to their ignorance of the existence of any modes of life superior to and purer than their own.

But the object of this paper is not to disinter from the obscure and foul depths in which they may be safely left to the curious researches of the philological antiquarian, the ancient slang of mendicants and thieves, but to note only such of the words of these classes and their congeners as have obtained favour and currency among the imperfectly educated vulgar of the middle and upper classes, and have lately been raised to the distinction of print and publicity in newspapers and inferior novels that assume to depict the manners and talk of modern society. Such words are numerous, and threaten to become still more fashionably and extensively employed, as the levelling tendencies of the age acquire additional force, from the extension to the very lowest strata of the population of that merely elemental form of education called "reading," which is not education, though often considered to be so, but simply the tool by which education may be wrought, if he and she who have the tool bestowed upon them know how to use it to mental advantage. It is not too much to assert that fully one-half, or even more, of those to whom the tool is presented, do not know what an implement for good is put into their hands; or who, knowing only imperfectly that it is an implement, blindly pervert it to ignoble uses, or still oftener permit it to remain unproductive of all results except the gratification of an idle or a base curiosity with regard to the daily life of the little world in which they move, or the prurient scandals that they find in those newspapers which enjoy the largest and most profitable circulation by purveying information of accidents, murders, fires, shipwrecks, and breaches of the seventh and eighth commandments, to the multitudes who are more interested in hearing of them than to be instructed in the progress of science and philosophy and the government of great nations. The reading of such ephemeral literature, and of the almost equally ephemeral novels and romances which are written down to the capacity of servant-girls, is not conducive to the prolonged purity of the "well of English undefiled" which the generation has received from the great writers of the past and of present times. The people who talk slang and think slang, and who, if they perpetrate books that they call "realistic," take a pleasure in writing "slang," do not care to remember that "realism" in art or literature is not necessarily either a merit or a beauty, but may be a defect and an offence. Ralph Waldo Emerson, in one of his admirable essays, affirms incorrectly that every "natural action is graceful," forgetting that many natural actions which it would be indecent or obscene to specify are most certainly not graceful, but very much the re-

verse, and which, if represented in painting or in sculpture, or even in literature, would produce disgust and reprobation. As yet, writers of the realistic school, with the exception of M. Zola and one or two other French writers, draw the line at bestiality and positive obscenity, but take a wide range of vulgar nastiness, within the circumference of which they revel and wallow, and think that because they are true to nature in its lowest manifestations, and describe life as they see it, they are men of truth and genius. The great art may be to hide art, as it is said in the Latin adage; but the highest art is that which dignifies nature without transcending it, and neither seeks to degrade nature nor to represent it at its worst, even if it do so truthfully. The Apollo Belvidere would cease to be an Apollo worthy of the world's applause and wonder, if the sculptor had represented the divine personality engaged in the performance of any of the physical necessities which men share with the brutes; and the poet, novelist, essayist, and philosopher, if worthy of a place in what should be the sacred calling of literature, should be bound by the same high rules of art as those which are prescribed to the painter and the sculptor.

The slang words that have lately become more than usually popular in literature and the press are of two kinds. The first is derived from the workshop, the servants'-hall, the kitchen, and the stable; the second from the usage of the careless and semi-educated writers of the inferior English and American press, and of the local legislators of the several States of the Union, whose English ancestors, two or three centuries ago, took with them many old words in common use among the multitude that afterwards became all but obsolete in their original home, but survived in America, and are now coming back to us in their second childhood. Among the first may be cited such words as "cove," "bloke" and others of which mention has already been made. Among the second are "boss," "bogus," "rile," "cuss," "skedaddle," "muss," "platform," "tote up," "balance," &c., and such shallow semblances of the broader oaths of a bygone age as "darn" for "damn," "so help me Scott" for "so help me God," and "blooming" for "bloody." The last-mentioned word — which is much more common in England than it is in America, and which is seldom long absent from the conversation of the vilest classes of low Englishmen—is not really synonymous with "sanguinary" in its etymological origin, though it is usually held to be so, but proceeds from a British root of quite a different and altogether inoffensive meaning—from *bloidhe*, "rather"; as when Dean Swift wrote to a friend in England that it was "bloody hot in Dublin," he simply meant in Irish-Gaelic phrase that it was *rather* hot. But the English lower classes, who employ the word so frequently, though they sometimes substitute "blooming," would not perhaps interlard their talk with it so persistently and offensively if they knew that no greater force attached to it than the very meek and colourless sense of "rather" which etymologically belongs to it.

Phrases that, when used for the first time, may be unobjectionable, and even admirable in their picturesqueness and appropriateness, and do not partake of slang in the slightest degree, become slang

when iterated and reiterated, from want of thought or imitative indolence, by rapid and inexperienced writers and speakers. Among such phrases that make their almost daily appearance in newspapers and periodicals are, that such a person or thing or line of argument is "conspicuous by its absence"; that such or such a result is "within measurable distance"; that any remarkable occurrence is another instance of "the irony of fate"; that a prosperous person is "in the swim"; that the cause of anything, or of the existence of any person, is its or his "*raison d'être*"; that a mutual accommodation or agreement between antagonists or rivals is a "*modus vivendi*"; that any less obvious affirmation of a well-known truth "goes without saying"; that a grievance or complaint ought to be "ventilated"; and that all complaints, difficulties, problems, and events whatsoever, are to be explained or solved by a proper study of their "factors." A London journal of high pretensions declared in its editorial columns that a residence in the Highlands of Scotland was "a necessary and indeed an essential *factor* in her Majesty's health and happiness"!

Among common slang words which are highly favoured by people of more or less education are those to which they affix the syllable "dom," on the supposition that, as "wisdom," "kingdom," "martyrdom," "christendom," &c., are legitimate English, "dom" may be added *ad libitum* to any adjective or substantive in the language. Such persons think they show their wit, their cleverness, or their mastery of familiar style, if they coin such abominably spurious nouns of number as "rascaldom," "swelldom," "authordom," "grundydom," and even of "womandom." The use of words in a sense which does not properly belong to them—such, for instance, as "persuasion" with any other meaning than that of a difference of belief, the result of thought and free inquiry—becomes slang of a very offensive kind to all who prize the grammatical and etymological purity of the language. To say of a man or woman that he or she is of such or such a religious persuasion, is to use a correct phrase and expression; but to say of a woman that she is of the "feminine *persuasion*," of a newspaper reporter or editor that he is of the "literary *persuasion*," of an actor that he is of the "dramatic *persuasion*," or of a trader or shopkeeper that he is of the "mercantile *persuasion*," is a pollution of what should be the well of pure English; but such phrases used by penny-a-liners, or by the class next but not far above them in literary standing, are of constant occurrence in the English and American press. Another word that has become a favourite with this much-to-be-deprecated class of writers is "function" instead of "ceremony," and the Scottish "ilk," which signifies "the same," or "that same." The latter word is correctly employed in Scotland to designate a landed proprietor whose name is identical with that of his estate, as "Mackintosh of Mackintosh" is called "Mackintosh of that *ilk*"; but when a superfine sciolist who writes for the London press discourses of "Kensington and places of that *ilk*," he not only displays his ignorance of the meaning of the word he uses, but adds his little mite to the already too large vocabulary of current slang.

But the slang of ordinary newspaper writers who discuss events and politics, however disagreeable it may sometimes be to the lovers of correctness in speech, is of less importance than that of the pretentious literary Reviews, whose editors assume to be the arbiters of taste and style. When these immaculate and infallible persons —such in their own conceit, but not always such in the estimation of their readers—sit in judgment in the pulpits of their chapels, conventicles, churches, or cathedrals, from which they believe themselves, or are believed by others, to preach the only true gospel of literature to the inferior multitude that is supposed to need their guidance, and boast among one another that they have received a university education, and are able to read Cicero, Cæsar, Tacitus, Lucretius, Plato, and Æschylus in the original Latin and Greek; the least that the outside world ought to expect of them is, that they should write their own language not only worthily and decently, but in a manner that should set a good example to the authors whom, as a rule, they do their utmost to disparage. In an article entitled "Self-Defence for Woman," in a weekly journal that aspires — or did at one time aspire—to set the fashion in literature, the writer treats the subject as it might be treated by a professional pugilist, and uses the very language of the prize-ring and the gutter. The following passage, which is extracted here in spite of its length and offensiveness, is a specimen of the style which is thought to be worthy of one who possibly thinks himself a wit. The text on which the writer discourses is that a woman, when struck by her husband, should strike in return, and subdue him by her physical force, if such a result be possible.

"The women of France," says this writer, "are being taught by an old soldier, that she who would be free herself must *pitch into* her husband. *This old soldier gives object-lessons, in which woman's objective is the nose of her lord.* Little idyls of domestic life are acted—with the gloves, we hope. *Man comes home from his labour, and aims a smack at woman, who dodges, feints, and lands heavily with her left on his dexter peeper, causing him to put up the shutters and adopt the early closing movement.* When once woman has learned to *get her lord's head in chancery, fibbing* severely with her right, and visiting his *kissing-trap* so that the *claret* flows freely, man will think twice before lifting his hand or foot against woman. The old soldier *appears to calculate that the man who strikes a woman is usually groggy and a little unsteady on his pins*, so that, by in-fighting, his partner may have the better of him. But, in any combat of this kind, who is to see that the Queensberry rules are enforced? If the husband takes to hugging at the ropes, his weight is almost sure to tell, and his wife may not answer to the call of Time. We are amazed that the old soldier advises pricking the husband with a needle. When paraffin-lamps are so cheap, handy, and efficacious as missiles, why stoop to a mere vulgar brawl?"

This kind of writing finds many admirers — not perhaps quite so many as readers; but that the editor of any paper except 'Bell's Life in London,' or its modern rival known as the 'Pink One,' should give it a leading place in his columns, is a matter both for surprise and regret.

But copious as modern English and American slang may be, French slang or *argot* is still more abundant and prolific, if any opinion of it can be formed from the contents of the elegant volume of M. Albert Barrère,

Professor of French at the Royal Military Academy of Woolwich. The volume has been edited with great care, and is the result of many years of patient research and labour, and may fairly claim to be exhaustive of the subject up to date, from the days of Rabelais to those of Zola and Daudet; and has the peculiar advantage of being both a dictionary of English slang and of French *argot*,—the *argot* being rendered, wherever it is possible, by the corresponding *argot* or slang of still more abounding English. If the amazing fertility of *argot* in Paris and the other great cities of France increases during the next twenty years in the same ratio as that in which its progress may be marked during the last two decades—aided and fomented by such unhappily prolific panderers to the vilest tastes and most degrading vices of the lowest dregs of the Parisian mob as some of the most popular writers of fiction, whose works have reached as many as a hundred editions in an almost incredibly short period of time—another volume of equal extent to that of Professor Barrère will be required, to keep pace with the growth of the malodorous and poisonous weeds that are gradually choking up the once fair garden of French literature.

The etymology of *argot* has excited quite as much discussion and controversy as that of its English synonym. The most important of the prevalent opinion on the subject has been summarised in the following lines:—

"J'ai lu quelque part, dans un certain bouquin
D'argot traduit en grec, de grec mis en latin,
Et depuis en françois, que Jason et Thésée,
Hercule, Philoctète, Admète, Hylas, Lyncée,
Castor, Pollux, Orphée et tant d'autres héros
Qui *trimèrent* pincer la toison à Colchos,
Dans le navire Argo, pendant leur long voyage,
Inventèrent entre eux ce sublime langage
Afin de mieux tromper le roi Colchidien
Et que de leur projet il ne soupçonnât rien.
Après que la toison fut par eux embondée,
Jason, à son retour, l'apprit à sa Médée,
Qui depuis s'en servoit dans ses enchantements,
Hercule en ses travaux l'employa fort longtems:
Thésée en ses exploits, Orphée en sa musique
Avec utilité le mirent en pratique.
Enfin tous les doubleurs de la riche toison,
De leur navire Argo lui donnèrent le nom.
Amis, voici quelle est son étymologie.'

But notwithstanding the desperate ingenuity displayed in these lines, and the seeming perspicuity that has discovered the word in the Greek, the true origin is probably to be found in the Celtic, Gallic, and Gaelic *iarr*, supplication or entreaty, and *gaoth*, voice or language; whence *iarr-gaoth* (the *th* silent), softened and corrupted into *argot*, the voice of beggary or supplication—a secret speech, known only to the initiated, rogues, mendicants, and vagabonds, who were privileged to make use of it. In the most ancient French *argot*, as in the most ancient English slang, vast numbers of the words employed by the dangerous classes are of purely Celtic origin. The book of Professor Barrère affords numerous examples of the fact; but that gentleman is unfortunately a stranger to the language of the Gauls, the ancestors of the

French nation, and cannot therefore trace any of these words to their etymological sources. He quotes, in his Introduction to his work, a song, in choice *argot*, preserved by Vidocq, who began life as a noted thief and ended it as a noted thief-catcher. One verse will suffice to show its value to the student of *argot*:—

"En roulant de *vergne* en *vergne*
Pour apprendre à *goupiner*,
J'ai rencontré la mercandière,
Lonfa, malura, dondaine,
Qui du prosis solisait,
Lonfa, malura, dondé."

The whole song, which consists of fourteen stanzas, with the burden of "*Lonfa, malura, dondaine*" running through the whole of them, was translated into English about fifty years ago, by Dr Maginn. The following is the first verse of Dr Maginn's version, which is far more of a paraphrase than a translation:—

"As from ken to ken I was going,
Doing a bit on the prigging lay,
Who should I meet but a jolly blowen—
Tol-lol! lol-lol! folderol-lay!
Who should I meet but a jolly blowen,
Who was fly to the time o' day!"

Literally translating the French *argot* as preserved by Vidocq, the stanza would run as follows: "In tramping from town to town, to learn how to plunder, I met a trades-woman—*Lonfa, malura, dondaine*—who sold wine—*Lonfa, malura, dondé*." The unintelligible burden or refrain of the song, rendered by Maginn by "Tol-lol," &c., is pure Celtic or Gaulish, and signifies *lom*, bare or naked; *fa* or *fadh*, weary; *mal* or *maill*, delayed; *uaire*, weather or storm; *don*, spoil or mischief; and *daine*, eager: so that *Lonfa, malura, dondaine*, becomes no longer unmeaning gibberish, as Dr Maginn supposed when he translated it by "Tol-lol," but the intelligible description of a tramp as one who was naked, weary, weather-beaten, and ready and eager for spoil or plunder.

Among the ancient Celtic words dug out of the obscure depths of the vernacular, and duly catalogued in Professor Barrère's volume, without any explanation of their source, though with abundant examples of their employment in the *argot* of past and present times, both in low and high life, are *rigolboche*, *rigolbocher*, *rigoler*, and several derivatives, all signifying riotous merriment or drunken jollification, the outcome of high spirits and low tastes and propensities; *riper*, to seduce or have immoral intercourse with a woman; *trimard*, the highroad, and *trimarder*, to tramp or travel; *largue*, a disrespectful epithet for a woman; *quaille*, a girl; *loufe*, indolence, and *lougher*, to dawdle, to lounge, to walk idly about (American, to *loaf*); *roturier*, a plebeian (once a slang word, but now recognised by the dictionaries of the Académie, M. Becherelle, and M. Littré); *toc*, ridiculous, crazy, demented, inflated with unwholesome vanity and conceit,—and many others, the enumeration of which would occupy more space than is at our command. *Rigolboche* is the Celtic *rioghal*, royal; and *boche* is *baois*, a debauch, a spree, a drunken bout; and *rigolbocher* is the verb formed from the noun with the same meanings, as in the phrase quoted by M. Barrère, "Après la représentation nous *rigolbocherons*"—"after the close of the performance at the theatre we will go on the spree." *Riper* is from the Celtic *riob*, to ensnare, to seduce, to entangle. *Trimard* is the Celtic *druim*, a ridge of land or road, and *ard* is high—whence *trimard*,

the highroad; *trimarder*, to travel on the highroad; *trimardière*, a street-walker; and *trimandeur*, a highway robber. *Largue*, a coarse or disagreeable woman, is the Celtic *larach*, a female horse. *Loupe* and *louper* are from *lub* or *lob*, a twist, a bend, a crook, and signify a person with an evil twist in his disposition and conduct, a deceitful man, an idle or worthless man —synonymous with the English *lubber* and the American *loafer*. *Quaille*, a vulgar wench—the old English *quail*, with the same meaning—is from the Celtic *caile* and *cailin*, a young woman, and *cailleach*, an old woman. *Roturier* is the Celtic *rotaire* and *rotach*, a man in rags or in filthy or disreputable apparel, and unfit to associate with better-dressed people. M. Barrère does not include in his vocabulary the old and not yet obsolete phrase, "*rotir le balai*"—"roast the broomstick"—which is explained by M. Genin, in his 'Récréations philologiques,' as signifying to pass one's life, or a large portion of it, in pursuits and occupations from which no advantage is to be obtained. M. Genin thinks it is derived from the idea that the witches, who were supposed to ride upon broomsticks to the nocturnal meetings of the fiends on the Brocken or elsewhere, gained nothing by their ride but the worthless gratification of indulgence in their wicked propensities. But he can only account for the phrase of "roasting" by the supposition that the broomstick on which the witches were mounted burned and glowed in its rapid progress through the air with its uncanny burden astride of it! But *rotir*, translated by *roast*, is nothing but the Celtic *rod* or *roid*, to ride; and *balai*, a broom or broomstick, is the Celtic *balaidh* (*dh* silent), which has the same meaning. From *rod*, to ride, comes the recognised French word *roder*, to wander; and from the same root the English *road* and the French *route*.

But a thorough examination and explanation of the words and phrases in French *argot*, derivable from the vernacular of the ancient Gauls, would extend far beyond the limits of this paper, and swell into a goodly volume. The *argot* now more than ever in vogue in Paris among the dangerous classes of low life, and the immoral classes of high life, is more modern than ancient, and springs from the follies and vices of a civilisation in an advanced stage of rottenness. It has more than a hundred words to describe prostitutes of every grade, from the meanest drab that prowls in the streets to the most luxurious dames that live in sumptuous apartments, and flaunt with pearls or diamonds, or rustle in *frou-frou* in places of aristocratic resort. All of these are duly chronicled in M. Barrère's pages, as well as the slang names given to the rakes, the *roués*, and the immoral or extravagant fools upon whose vices these women live. The slang names for the various descriptions of fraud and swindling, and the multifarious forms of secret dishonesty, or open and barefaced robbery, which exist in all great cities, and in Paris to a greater extent than in any other city of the Continent, are even more numerous than the words in the *argot* of prostitution. The slang words for murder and murderers are voluminous in their multitude, and some of them are even pathetic and poetic in the metaphorical sense in which they are employed—if there can be anything pathetic or poetical

either in the sordid covetousness or the brutal jealousy or revenge which prompts assassination. The grimly grotesque humour of *messieurs les assassins*, as M. Théophile Gautier calls them, finds singular expression in the title of *seigneurs à musique*, in which the word *seigneur* conceals a pun upon *saigneurs*, bleeders or blood-letters. The addendum of *à musique* is intended to describe the cries or shrieks of the victim who is bled and murdered! The name given by these humorous villains to the guillotine, the instrument of their doom, is the "red theatre," and sometimes the *monte à regret*—a phrase in which the regret they naturally feel is as naturally not shared by the public. Another epithet which, with hideous jocosity, they apply to the act of murder, is *crever la paillasse*, to "rip up the mattress"—*i.e.*, the body or the stomach. They also talk of cutting a man's throat as cutting his whistle or his breath—*couper son sifflet* or *son souffle*. When the head of a murderer falls under the fatal knife of the guillotine into the basket prepared either with sawdust or with sand to receive it, they jestingly say that it sneezes, or that it spits into the sawdust or the sand—*éternuer*, or *cracher dans le sable*.

The slang words or *argot* for "death" and "dying," numerous and grotesque enough in English, are still more numerous and ludicrously familiar in French. They are sometimes comical, but oftener absolutely brutal in their coarseness. In M. Barrère's long list occur, among other phrases designatory of the last act of life, "to swallow one's tongue," "to extinguish the gas," "to close one's account with the baker," "to drink one's last drop of absinthe," "to throw away the pipe," "to smoke one's last whiff," and "to snuff out the wick," or *couper la mèche*. The latter suggests a curious coincidence with the vulgar English, "kick the bucket." The ordinary explanation given in the English slang dictionaries of this apparently stupid phrase is that it originated in the circumstance that a man who committed suicide by hanging himself, stood upon a *bucket* to affix the noose to his neck from a nail in the wall or roof, and *kicked* the bucket away afterwards in order to provide a more effectual fall. The words—unmeaning in the English garb without the fabricated explanation attached to them—resolve themselves into the old Celtic or Gaelic, *caoch* or *caochail*, to expire or be extinguished, like a flame; and *buaichd*, the wick of a lamp or candle: so that the English "kick the bucket," and the French *couper la mèche*," are identical in metaphorical meaning, and akin to the well-known passage in "Macbeth," "Put out the light—and then put out *the* light,"—*i.e.*, by the commission of a murder.

The words for drunkenness in all its stages, from its first incipient state of pleasant excitement, through all its successive developments until it reaches the climax of *delirium tremens*, number close upon ninety in M. Barrère's list, beginning with *être poupette*, and ending with *saoul comme trente mille hommes*, or drunk as thirty thousand men. In this respect the English vocabulary is quite as copious as the French, and as full of unsavoury metaphors.

Did either space or decency permit, a very curious list might be made of the *argot* in common use among the French in daily life to designate the purely animal func-

tions which are never mentioned in respectable company, or put into print except by Rabelais, and, *à longo intervallo*, by M. Zola and the nasty school of which he is the head-master. The list is voluminous, and includes many words which, in the infancy of society, were not considered indecent, but have become so in the progress of civilisation, which, though it has not ceased to think of indecencies and obscenities, has ceased, except among the lowest of the vulgar, to talk of them. An exception may, however, be made in favour of the *podex*, if the mention of that part of the beautiful human frame can be really considered indecent, or even improper, to which the *argot* of the French has long affixed the derogatory epithet of "le Prussien." The word has acquired additional popularity since the day of the fatal battle of Sedan, and the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine to the German empire. With less malice, and with a feebler attempt at wit, the same portion of the body which sculptors and painters from the nude hold in as much reverence as the ancient Greeks, who bestowed upon the lovely Aphrodite the complimentary epithet of "Kalapyge," has been named by Frenchmen "le Schaffhause," because at Schaffhausen occurs the "Chute du Rhin," or *la chute du rein*—the fall of the back! Such is the wit of the *bas peuple* of Paris, and of many of their superiors in life who would be offended if they were included in the category of the vulgar.

For the class which in England was long known as that of the "swells," and to which more recently the epithet of "mashers" has been applied, French *argot* has a very long list of names. In the time of Louis Quatorze these persons were called *mouchards*, *muguets*, *petits maîtres*, and *talons rouges*. Under the Directory and the Revolution, from 1793 to 1799, they were designated as *incroyables* and *merveilleux;* and during the Empire and the Restoration, *les mirliflores*, *les élégans*, *les dandys*, *les lions*, *les fashionables*, and *les gaudins*. In the time of Napoleon III. they were called *cocodes*, *crevés*, *petits crevés*, and *cols cassés;* and at the present time they are known as *gommeux*, *luisants*, *poisseux*, *boudinés*, *pschutteux*, *faucheurs*, *exhumés*, *gratinés*, *bécarres*, and *copurchics*.

M. Barrère is of opinion that the word *chic* has almost ceased to be slang, because it has been tacitly and very generally accepted as legitimate French. This, however, is very doubtful. Such phrases as *une femme qui a du chic* and *une robe qui a du chic*, meaning severally that a woman is stylish, or that the dress is elegant and striking; *cet acteur joue avec chic*—this actor plays in a spirited manner; *pourri de chic*, for the *ne plus ultra* of style and manner,—cannot be considered other than *argot* of the most indubitable kind. *Chic* is a comparatively new word, of which the origin remains unknown, though many philologists of more or less learning, and more or less unscrupulous ingenuity of conjecture, have tried to discover it. M. Barrère thinks the word is English. If so, it must be a French orthographical and phonetic rendering of "cheek," the English slang for impudence, and "cheeky," impudent. This is probably the source of the French word, as the fashion of late among the Parisians has been to borrow largely from the English vocabulary, as such words as "jockey," "shocking,"

"high life"—or as they write and print it, "hig-lif"—"five o' clocquer" for "five o'clock tea," and some score of others, are sufficient to testify. Possibly "cheek"—not in the sense of a side of the face, and of the French *chic*—is not of modern invention, but of an ancient origin in the Celtic and Gallic *sic*, pronounced *shick*. This word signifies a protuberance or a swelling, more particularly applied to the protuberance of the stomach in a portly person, and may have come to mean, in the parlance of the lower classes in England and Ireland, an important-looking person, well fed and well to do, and have thus been adopted to describe metaphorically (to use a slang synonym) any "swell" thing or person. But this is a suggestion merely, for the study, or it may be the refutation, of etymologists and philologists who think the matter worth inquiry.

But sordid, mean, and disreputable as they may be considered, whether used by the dregs or the scum of the population, the lower and the upper strata of Society, slang and *argot* in England and France, or any other nation, are not to be wholly despised or neglected either by the student of language or of history. If we had correct and copious vocabularies of the slang of the Greeks, the Romans, and the Phœnicians three thousand years ago, what floods of light might be thrown for us on the inner life and manners of the people of those remote ages! As it is, we have but faint and possibly misleading glimmerings of the truth in the works of the classical authors that time has spared us.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

How do we measure life? How "shape our ends"
To judge the flight of time, and our decay?
The rapid passage of our little day.
By growth of children, and by death of friends!
Pushed from our places, as the first extends,
We smile to see our offspring at their play,
And willingly for those we love, make way,
Trusting their lives, for ours, may make amends!
But for the tell-tale sorrows that surround
The agéd! nay, the middle-aged—who see
Still younger friends cut down, as leaves are shed
In some spring gale and cumber the damp ground—
There are no words of comfort; if there be,
Go seek them in the Service for the Dead.

ROSSLYN.

THE ENGLISH GENTRY.

When Sir Robert Peel told his party that he would rather be the leader of the country gentlemen of England than enjoy the confidence of princes, he probably meant what he said. It was not merely because he was the leader of the Tory party that he was the leader of the country gentlemen of England. Mr Pitt had been the leader of the Tory party, yet it would hardly have been correct to describe Pitt as the leader of the English gentry. He was that and a great deal more. But the essential point of difference between the respective situations of Mr Pitt and Sir Robert Peel was, that in the lifetime of the former the position of the gentry was unchallenged. Their local and political authority, their administrative functions, their social relations with their tenantry and the peasantry on their estates, were untouched, and they stood in need of no championship beyond what was equally extended over the whole constitution of the country. But after 1832, when our old territorial system received its first stab, the country gentlemen must have soon begun to feel that their own order was specially singled out for attack. The aristocracy, the great nobles with their thirty and forty thousand a-year, who moved in a wider orbit, and stood upon loftier eminences, and whose combined wealth and birth necessarily gave them an advantage over the claims of wealth alone—these for the present were secure. But the country gentlemen, the knightly order, whose importance depended on their local power, and the influence which they derived from the exercise of immemorial authority among their rural neighbours, were more immediately affected by the great democratic tidal wave. The new Poor Law struck a blow at the old parochial system and those who administered it, which was not dictated solely by economic reasons, as it is now very commonly believed that the repeal of the Act of 1796 would have done all that was necessary at the time. The Poor Law was followed up by the agitation against the Corn Laws, avowedly conducted by its prime leader and instigator for the purpose of changing the aristocracies, and placing the mercantile in the place of the patrician order. The nobility were divided against themselves. But the country gentlemen found it necessary to draw together, and from that time dates what may be called the consolidated Toryism of the whole untitled aristocracy.

It was about this time that Sir Robert Peel made the memorable declaration to which we have referred; and if he had any sentiment in his composition, it may well have been evoked in favour of a class of men whose generous traditions and romantic history appeal so strongly to the imagination, who form a link of such inestimable value in our social system, who followed their leader at that time with so much confidence and loyalty, and of whom he himself was, if a recent, at least a most distinguished, ornament. What might have happened had Sir Robert Peel and the country gentlemen never quarrelled is a question which is often asked. Whether the prolongation of his life as the head of the Con-

servative party for another ten years would have permanently affected the tide of events, and have appreciably diminished the force of that hostile wave which has been beating against his former friends ever since his death, it is impossible to say. All we have to remember now is, that the great nineteenth-century Minister, the man whom so many good Liberals believe to have been the greatest English Minister since Pitt, thought in such and such a manner of the country gentlemen of England; that he preferred their allegiance to the confidence of princes; and that to be their leader—not the leader of the Tory party, or the leader of the middle classes, but the leader of the English rural proprietors—was the proudest position he could occupy.

This is one testimony to the character of the English country gentleman. Another may be quoted from Sir Robert Peel's favourite pupil, Mr Gladstone. Speaking on the Irish Land Bill, on the 17th of February 1870, Mr Gladstone said:—

"In Ireland, from the unhappy circumstances of the country, . . . there has not rested in the hands of the landlords the discharge of that immense mass of public duties, bearing upon every subject of political, social, and moral interest, without fee or reward, which has honourably distinguished for so many generations the landlords of England. This fixed and happy usage I take to be a just relic and true descendant of the feudal system, which never took a real or genuine root in Ireland. . . . Are you prepared to denude them (the Irish landlords) of their interest in the land? and, what is more, are you prepared to absolve them from their duties with regard to the land? I, for one, confess that I am not; nor is that the sentiment of my colleagues. We think, on the contrary, that we ought to look forward with hope and expectation to bringing about a state of things in which the landlords of Ireland may assume, or may more generally assume, the position which is happily held, as a class, by landlords in this country: a position marked by residence, by personal familiarity, and by sympathy with the people among whom they live; by long traditional connection handed on from generation to generation, and marked by a constant discharge of duty in every form that can be suggested—be it as to the administration of justice, be it as to the defence of the country, be it as to the supply of social, or spiritual, or moral, or educational wants, be it for any purpose whatever that is recognised as good or beneficial in a civilised society."

Since Sir Robert Peel was the leader of the country gentlemen of England, and since Mr Gladstone paid this well-deserved tribute to their services, many things have happened to impair their influence and their authority. And now we have a plan of county government proposed, by means of which one party in the country hope to deprive them altogether of their ancient rural jurisdiction. In this we believe they will be disappointed. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that Government is engaged in a very difficult and delicate operation, and that any want of firmness or self-possession on their part, or of confidence and steadiness in their followers, might give fatal advantages to their opponents, and even still enable them to turn the measure to their own account.

In the meantime, while the country gentleman is still spared to us, let us take a glance at him as he now is, bating perhaps some slight change in his position brought about by agricultural depression; and consider very briefly how he stands affected by the new

Bill which it is thought by some will be his ruin.

There are, of course, several degrees of country gentlemen, as regards both fortune and family. There are men with more than ten thousand a-year, and men with less than three. And between these two comes the largest class of all —those who can afford to keep up large establishments in the country, with extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds, with six or seven hunters in their stables, and plenty of pheasants in their covers; but who do not regularly come to London for the season, or form a part of the fashionable world. They differ among themselves in point of birth, even more widely than in point of fortune. There is the squire or the baronet whose ancestor came in with the Conqueror, and there is the squire or the baronet whose grandfather was in trade, and who "bought out" some impoverished descendant of the Cavaliers. The *novi homines* are, as might be expected, numerous. But in England generally, the majority of the "county families" can boast of a respectable antiquity, reaching back, at all events, to Naseby and Edgehill, if not to Agincourt and Bannockburn. They are often, of course, the lineal descendants of the gentlemen who, under the Edwards and the Henrys, were the holders of knights' fees, and formed the flower of the feudal armies. As the tall barons were cut down by the Wars of the Roses, the knights whom they had overshadowed assumed a more prominent position, and became the founders of that order of country gentlemen which is often said to date from Queen Elizabeth. In process of time there came to be no distinction between the squires, or gentlemen who had not been knighted, and those who had; and after the institution of the order of baronets, knighthood lost its ancient military character and feudal meaning, and became gradually what it is at present.

Another source from which the order of country gentlemen was largely recruited lay in the numerous class of landowners who were not gentlemen of coat-armour at all, or even designated as squires. These were the "crestless yeomen" of Shakespeare; and it seems probable that between the accession of Henry VII. and the accession of Charles I., many of this class had acquired sufficient property and importance to become absorbed into the ranks of the gentry, and some of them, we fancy, held positions of high trust and authority among the English Cavaliers.

Of the estates of the Church confiscated at the Reformation, a considerable share, no doubt, passed into the hands of the gentry, and in some cases the property so acquired formed the basis on which new families were reared. By the dissolution of the monasteries the lesser aristocracy, as well as the greater, was both extended and enriched.

The fourth tributary which went to feed the main stream was, as we have already mentioned, composed of successful traders, merchants, and professional men, who made fortunes and bought estates as they do now, and became after a generation or two as good country gentlemen as the Musgraves, the Knightleys, and the Bedingfields.

But whatever differences of birth or fortune may exist among themselves, the country gentlemen as a body agree in all essential particulars, receive the same education and breeding, possess the same

tastes and habits, and to a certain extent exhibit much similarity of character. The boys go to Eton or some other of our leading public schools. In the holidays they learn to ride and shoot, and as soon as they can knock over eleven rabbits out of twelve, and jump their ponies over anything their own size, they are entered with the partridges, and make their appearance with the hounds. During their novitiate they make acquaintance with the farmers and their sons, who think it a great day when the young squire, at eleven or twelve years of age, first comes out coursing on his Shetland pony, which any one of them is proud to lift over the gaps, rider and all, though the little gentlemen's dignity sometimes suffers in the process. In the summer evenings he plays cricket with the village club; and in these various ways becomes familiarly known to both the tenants and the labourers in the immediate vicinity of the Hall. He thus acquires an insight into the character of the whole class, and a knowledge of their wants, wishes, and prejudices, which can be obtained by no other kind of teaching. He comes to understand their language, and their peculiar modes of expressing themselves. He grows up in real sympathy with them; and in after-life his charities and his benignities lose somewhat of their purely eleemosynary or patronising character, in the savour of personal affection and "auld lang syne" which still clings to them.

If the heir does not go abroad with his regiment, he probably travels for a year or two after leaving college, and comes back to the old home to find his boyish friends sprung up into stalwart young farmers setting up in life for themselves, but still looking forward to settle where their fathers and forefathers have dwelt so long, at the first convenient opportunity. No sophistry can convince us that the relations so established between the owners and cultivators of the soil are not far more conducive to the public good than any which can possibly exist between capital and labour in our great cities. They prevent the irritation which is elsewhere excited by strong social contrasts unrelieved by the mellowing influences of hereditary connection and early personal intercourse; and they show the rich and the poor, the lord and the tenant, the superior and the inferior, living side by side, not only without any of the friction which the juxtaposition generates elsewhere, but in a condition of great social contentment, in which the virtues of loyalty and respect on one side, and liberality, confidence, and kindness on the other, grow naturally and flourish, till the Radical demagogue appears, like the wild boar out of the woods, to root them up. We say that the spectacle presented by a well-ordered English village, with a resident squire and clergyman, such as was all but universal thirty years ago, and is still rather the rule than the exception, is the best rebuke to agrarian agitation and Cockney ignorance that can possibly be administered.

When "landlordism" is talked about in England, do those who abuse it know anything of the real truth? Do they know of the social privations and even hardships which, all over England, have accompanied the reduction of rent and the remission of arrears? They have still, it seems, to learn how largely the peaceable and uncomplaining attitude of the English farmers under their almost unparalleled misfortunes is due to the present consideration and sym-

pathy of their landlords, and the influence of old associations handed down from generation to generation. And shall not the men who, in an age of revolution and lawlessness, contribute so largely to the maintenance of a better class of feelings among the people, be rightly styled public benefactors? And what shall we say to those who, either from a desire to curry favour with the mob, as the shortest road to political success, or, what is even worse, from social jealousy, vilify, deride, and calumniate the English country gentleman from year's end to year's end, though he is all the time engaged in fulfilling some of the highest duties of a citizen, and in preserving those moral relations between the higher and the lower orders without which no society can long prosper, and which really lies at the foundation of all national happiness?

If we follow the English gentleman from his home to the bench of magistrates, we shall find him in the discharge of functions for which his intimate knowledge of the habits and customs of the people peculiarly qualify him, which he and his forefathers have fulfilled for centuries with recognised efficiency and integrity, and with a stricter regard for the pecuniary interests of their neighbours than any public board is likely to exhibit. "The county magistrates," said the present Lord Derby, a man not given to the indiscriminate effusion of sentimental eulogies, "have never been guilty of a job;" and undoubtedly if the counties, like the nation at large, desire to be governed cheaply, they are not going the best way to work for the attainment of that object by cashiering their present public servants.

As the criminal business at quarter sessions is still to be left with the magistrates, the rural public will not be deprived so far of the benefit of their local experience—a kind of knowledge which is far more necessary in dealing with the class of cases usually brought before the magistrates than it is in the superior courts. One great advantage of the present system is, that country gentlemen are not obliged to depend so exclusively on the police for the information they require about prisoners as those magistrates necessarily are who do not possess the same knowledge of the rural population. When a prisoner is brought up before the bench, the squire or the parson can tell at a glance to what section of the country people he belongs, and calculate the antecedent probabilities of his guilt or innocence with considerable accuracy. They will understand the full significance of many apparent trifles which would escape less experienced observers, and the triviality of many incidents which to others might appear to be important. More than this, they can tell better than anybody else could whether the offence committed by any particular prisoner is a specially bad one of its class, and bespeaks criminal propensities in the perpetrator, or whether the extenuating circumstances which may be alleged in mitigation of it are really deserving of consideration. No criminal judge, a stranger to the people, could tell this so easily as a country gentleman; and the importance of being able to do so is in proportion to the petty character of the offences which are commonly brought before the bench. The magistrates, as the administrators of justice, of course possess full control over the county police; and the proposal to transfer it to a joint committee of quarter sessions and the county council, dividing authority and weakening dis-

cipline at the same time, scarcely shows the same knowledge of the subject as the rest of this popular and comprehensive measure.

The purely civil duties now discharged by the country gentlemen embrace more particulars than it is necessary to enumerate in these pages. The county magistrates are *ex officio* Guardians of the Poor, and being so, are also members of the "Rural Sanitary Authority" in each Union, and of the Highway Board in each highway district. They assess and levy the county rate; they are intrusted with the execution of various Acts of Parliament; they grant liquor licences; they are visitors of prisons and lunatic asylums; and, in short, superintend and set in motion, either in whole or in part, the entire administrative machinery established in the English counties—that "immense mass of public business," as Mr Gladstone calls it, "without fee or reward," and in a manner which has "honourably distinguished them for many generations." It ought, one would think, to be some very grave and pressing necessity that should dictate even the partial abolition of such a system as this. The analogy which it is sometimes attempted to set up between county councils and town councils is entirely fallacious. Town councils, to begin with, sprang out of the necessity of filling up a vacant space. The abolition of the old corporations was not due to any uncontrollable thirst for representative government on the part of the Ministry of the day. They were described —rightly or wrongly is nothing to the purpose—they were described as hotbeds of jobbery and corruption, such as public opinion could no longer tolerate, and *therefore* they were condemned to death. These being abolished, it was necessary to put something in their place, and a representative council was most in accordance with the prevailing sentiment of the period. But had the old corporations been then what quarter sessions are allowed to be now, even by the Radicals themselves, they might have existed down to the present moment. In fact, the history of the Municipal Reform Bill is only a repetition of the history of the Parliamentary Reform Bill which preceded it. This, too, was primarily intended to put an end to what was thought a bad system, and only secondarily to establish a new one. It was a disfranchising Bill first and an enfranchising Bill afterwards; and when Lord Lyndhurst carried an amendment reversing this order of ideas, the Ministry held it fatal to the Bill, and resigned at once.

In the second place, county councils will be called into being under very different circumstances from those which attend the birth of town councils, and invested with powers capable of being used for purposes of a very different character. To the agrarian agitation which has been carried on for many years in the English counties there was never any counterpart in the towns. Class has not been set against class in Birmingham and Ipswich as they have been in Warwickshire and Suffolk — and for this reason indeed, if for no other, that the particular kind of differences which exist in the rural districts do not exist in the towns. In the latter, there has been no doubt a sharp struggle between capital and labour. But the squire has not been assailed mainly, if at all, as a capitalist. He has been represented as a survival of feudalism, a social tyrant, a privileged and exclusive aristocrat, a cock whose comb must be cut without further delay if the people were

ever to hold their heads up;—which simply means, if Mr Labouchere, Mr Bradlaugh, Mr Arch, and a few more are ever to be allowed the pleasure of seeing nobody better than themselves. Class jealousies, we repeat, are at work in the counties on a much larger scale than in the towns; and we must remember that, in virtue of the very functions which the new councils are to exercise, they will be armed with the necessary weapons for gratifying these class jealousies. For instance, the administration of the Allotments Act will be placed in their hands, affording them the opportunity of interfering with the rights of property and the estates of country gentlemen to an extent provocative of infinite friction and irritation, and altogether beyond anything which has ever been within the powers of our existing municipal institutions. Mr Bradlaugh's recent proposal for investing the "Local Authority" with the power of acquiring by compulsory purchase the ownership of uncultivated land is another straw which shows which way the wind blows. The district councils, as the Bill stands, are also to exercise jurisdiction over footpaths; and it has been pointed out by a journal not at all likely either to misconstrue the intentions or exaggerate the malignity of Radicalism—the London 'Spectator'[1]—that in this jurisdiction alone the local Radical busybody, if he gets the upper hand, will have a potent instrument provided for annoying and injuring the country gentlemen.

That it will be the fault of the latter if they ever allow him to get the upper hand, we may believe. But that does not absolve us from the duty of keeping his purposes steadily before us. It may be in the power of the gentry, if they choose to exert themselves, so to demonstrate their superior fitness for the work of local government, and their readiness to administer it with due regard to the rights of all classes, as not only to cut the ground from under the agrarian demagogue, but to check the progress of democracy, and even make their own position stronger than it was before. We may fairly suppose that some part of the confidence with which the Government has introduced this measure is due to their reliance on the good sense, fairness, and moderation of the country gentlemen, and the assurance that if, under the new system, they take the lead in county business to which they are entitled, these qualities will enable them to keep it. There is a bright side to the picture as well as a dark one. We have met with English county members who say that here is a great opportunity for the country gentlemen; that they have now the chance offered them of showing what stuff they are made of, and of taking the lead in their respective counties more decidedly than they have ever done before. It is urged by such persons that the rural voters will be under the influence of the same class of feelings in choosing a county councillor as in choosing a county member; that if they

[1] "If he [the squire] stood for election, he would be catechised, criticised, and ridiculed throughout his own domain; and if he did not stand, he would be left stranded with no means of influence, and no rights except that of obeying orders, which, if the control of pathways is handed over to the parish councils, will often be dictated by pure malice and a desire to humiliate the local king."—Spectator, April 14. This is said of the proposed parish council, not of the district council; but we quote it as evidence of design.

prefer to take the latter from among the provincial aristocracy so they will the former; and that parliamentary elections as yet afford no evidence of any tendency on their part to be led astray by local demagogues or Radical socialists. We are very far from saying that there is nothing whatever to justify these more hopeful anticipations. On the contrary, we should be surprised to find that long habits of hereditary respect and well-deserved affection had disappeared in a day. The strength and tenacity of these very sympathies are part of our present thesis. But at the same time we must not allow ourselves to forget that they will now have quite a new class of adversaries and a new kind of influence to contend against. It is unsafe to argue from the results of parliamentary elections to the probable results of municipal elections. The Radical candidates for the county and district councils will not be the same class of men as the Radical candidates for the House of Commons. They will *not* be carpet-bag politicians. They will be well-known local men, small shopkeepers, Radical farmers, low attorneys, who do not dream of a seat in Parliament, but who know quite enough of local business to be able to impose upon the ratepayers: to persuade them that county government has hitherto been an Augean stable which it is their special province to cleanse, and that they are the heroes for whom is reserved the honour of slaying all the local tyrants represented by "squires and spires."

In the second place, it will be in the power of the Radicals to misrepresent their adversaries in a municipal contest much more effectively than they can in a parliamentary contest. The House of Commons is a long way off. The knowledge of what is done there only reaches the agricultural labourer by slow degrees and circuitous processes, and then only in a comparatively abstract form. Whatever evil consequences can be imputed to the presence of the country gentlemen in Parliament are remote, indirect, and general. The ill designs that might be imputed to them in a local contest would relate to matters close at hand, immediate, and particular. The old cry of three acres and a cow has been made to look ridiculous, no doubt, and the English peasantry in general are ashamed of having allowed themselves to believe in it. But for all that, it is capable of being revived in a more plausible shape, and used as an instrument for dividing the rural voters into two parties, which is all that the Radicals desire. The same may be said of such schemes as that recently propounded by Mr Bradlaugh, to which we have already referred. Here it would be comparatively easy to represent the interests of the gentry and the interests of the peasantry as directly antagonistic to each other; and though the gross absurdity of such statements could, of course, easily be exposed, yet we all know the effect of pertinacity, and that, on the whole, lies can be repeated oftener than they can be overthrown.

It is just in this kind of controversy that we doubt the power of the country gentlemen to contend with the petty agitators, the Radical tailors, and Dissenting cheesemongers of the larger villages and small country towns in each district. We trust we are wrong. Lord Salisbury is not the statesman to take a leap in the dark. We ought to put every confidence in his sound judgment, tried principles, and familiar knowledge of rural life and its requirements. We are willing, therefore, to hope

for the best. And we are aware, of course, that the one concession for the sake of which alone the gentry and farmers have ever demanded county boards, was entirely dependent on the creation of some new authority in the counties, with a large infusion of the representative element in its composition: we mean, of course, the contributions in aid of local taxation. This seems very often to be forgotten. It is true that what is an act of justice ought not to be made the subject of a bargain. But we must look at facts as they are; and it is certain that the desired relief could have been granted on no other terms. This was not the fault of Lord Salisbury or the Conservative Government, but of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, and of the state of public opinion in general.

At all events, before we quit the subject we would once more impress upon the country gentlemen the duty of making a great effort to overrule this measure for good. A concession to the spirit of revolution it undoubtedly is, of which the real character and tendency are not to be explained away by the fact that past mistakes have made it necessary. But anything less would have ended in something worse; and, starting from this conviction, the country gentlemen, if they deserve what has been said of them by their panegyrists, will strain every nerve, in justice to themselves, their ancestors, and their posterity, to bring good out of evil, and so to associate themselves with the new county administration as to make it the means of allaying agitation in the rural districts instead of provoking or inflaming it. Mr Chaplin, speaking in the House of Commons on the 16th of last month, expressed a doubt whether the country gentlemen would care to contend for the mastery with the new forces arrayed against them. Our answer is, *noblesse oblige*. They are bound by a thousand traditions, and by every dictate of honour and patriotism, not to shrink from such a conflict, however mean and vulgar its accessories. They have to save the country they have helped to make, and to save democracy from itself. The end should dignify the means. It has been the evil destiny of all democracies to drive the best men out of political life. But to many of the general rules which historians and philosophers have deduced from their observation of popular government in the world at large, England has shown herself an exception. Let it be the ambition of her country gentlemen to keep her in the same path, and add another exception to the number.

"Hac ego sum tantis dignus majoribus, auctam
Hac trado natis nobilitate domum."

The Bill will have to be narrowly watched in Committee, and all provisions touching the interests of a governing class which has proved itself competent to govern by the testimony of five centuries, must if possible be eliminated or amended. All we urge is, that the gentlemen must not abandon their posts because their task is disagreeable to them. The path of duty lies through worse things sometimes than thorns and flints—through dreary wastes or noisome swamps, and among creeping things innumerable. But it may be the path of glory for all that.

We hope in this case, however, that the anticipation may be worse than the reality. The country gentlemen have large claims on the confidence of the peasantry. They have been foremost in all

good works undertaken for their benefit—in allotments, in co-operative farms, in improved cottages, in school charities, and recreations. They have had little or nothing to do with the wages question. And the labourers, it is needless to say, know quite enough of the subject to be well aware that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the squire has pared his rent-roll to the quick. What with reduced rents here, and farms unlet there, they know that it is out of his power to make any further reductions, such as would enable the farmers to pay higher wages, without shutting up his house altogether, —a result for which another sixpence a-week would be no adequate compensation. A glance at the country gentleman at home, and his relations with his poorer neighbours, compels us to admit that, in spite of the odds which seem to be against him in the approaching struggle for power and authority in the counties, it is possible that the peasantry may still be true to their traditions, and that even where sentiment fails, self-interest may teach them the wisdom of keeping the country gentlemen where they are, and doing nothing to disgust them with country life, or drive them away from their estates.

Take the Hall, or the House, or the Park in any English county where agricultural depression has not yet done its dismal work, and a walk through the gardens, the plantations, the stable-yard, and the out-buildings will show to what an extent it contributes to the employment of labour in the neighbourhood. The head-gardener must have his three or four assistants in the kitchen-garden, and as many more in the pleasure-grounds,—men who live in the adjoining village, and are employed all the year round at good wages. In the woods and plantings trees are being felled, underwood thinned, and fagots tied up. In the stables we find five or six hunters, besides hacks and carriage-horses, requiring the services of helpers, stable-boys, and blacksmiths, in addition to the regular grooms and coachman who live on the premises. Behind the stable-yard is the sawpit and the carpenter's shop, affording regular work to another group of the village population. The wives and daughters of these men will often be engaged by the housekeepers as laundry-women and needle-women. Take it all in all, will any practical man who knows what he is talking about pretend to say for one moment that the same amount of work, with the same degree of regularity, would be forthcoming for the peasantry and their families if the Hall were converted into a farmhouse, and the gardens and pleasure-grounds turned into grass or turnip fields? The notion is absurd.

We have taken the very lowest estimate of the number of men likely to be employed about the house of a country gentleman of moderate fortune. One who had a real, and not merely a nominal, income of nine or ten thousand a-year, would employ nearer double. But the stimulus to labour supplied by the House or the Hall does not end here. It extends to the neighbouring towns, where saddlers, cutlers, ironmongers, builders, brewers, and many other tradesmen would have to turn off half their hands if the country were emptied of all the squires and baronets who now occupy the manor-houses, and in well-known provincial phrase "keep up the county." It is true, unfortunately, that "progress" has made great

inroads upon the influence once exercised by the gentry in the class of towns above referred to. Before the days of railroads and stores the local aristocracy were among the best customers and patrons of the local tradesmen. On market-day the streets and inn-yards were full of carriages, bearing on their panels many an honoured crest and coat-of-arms. The shops were thronged with ladies whose household supplies were drawn exclusively from the linen-drapers, grocers, and chandlers of their own county. The gentlemen, and very often the ladies too, lunched at the Bell, or the George, or the Swan: the smiling and prosperous landlord—there were no managers or companies then—standing in the porch to receive them with dutiful bow and frank civility, knowing them to be the mainstay of his fortunes. Those were the days of posting; and in the full tide of county gaieties, where distances were too great for a gentleman's own horses, the postboys were in regular demand, and another source of constant profit to the innkeepers. Now all this is changed. The ladies deal with the stores, and the gentlemen go in to their magisterial business by railway. Where twenty or forty pairs of post-horses were kept sixty years ago, not more than two or three remain, and often not so many as that. The well-known equipages which had travelled the same road and stopped at the same houses for years, have vanished, and that tie, at all events, between the upper and middle classes, is now broken. If the Duke of Wellington really did say, when first he saw a train in motion, "There goes the English aristocracy," the sentiment, though exaggerated—as such *obiter dicta* generally are—did not altogether belie his proverbial sagacity.

If we think of the time when these words were uttered, we are carried back to a condition of society in which the government of the country by the landed interest still seemed to be in harmony with the constitution of things; and for a quarter of a century afterwards nooks and corners might be found, as perhaps they may be now, in which the feudal feeling still lingered, and the lord of the soil was an object of as deep reverence as Sir Everard Waverley or Sir Christopher Cheveril. One such we can remember ourselves. He was the head of a very ancient family originally settled in the north of England, and transplanted to one of the midland counties in the fourteenth century, where they had held the same estate in an unbroken line from father to son ever since. His property was in an exclusively agricultural and pastoral district, and must have been ten or twelve miles distant from any place that could be called a town. There was no other resident proprietor in the neighbourhood, and here he reigned supreme. He was a tall and very handsome man, with fine open features and curly auburn hair, the very model of a modern aristocrat as drawn by Mr Matthew Arnold, in whom, though light is not deficient, sweetness is the predominant characteristic. His dependants had all the benefit of this latter quality, and assuredly did not miss the former. The little grey village church lay close to the Hall, and the avenue by which Sir Richard and his beautiful wife and children walked down to it was visible from the porch. The parish clerk, when we knew him, had held that office more than a dozen years, but he still trembled at the great man's approach. "He's coming," he would inform the curate in an agitated whisper, as

he discerned the stately figure of the baronet advancing slowly through the trees, and then hurry off to ring the congregation in—a ceremony always deferred till the appearance of Sir Richard gave the signal for it. The tenants and labourers on this gentleman's estate would probably in those days have done anything he told them to do. But he never abused his power over them, was, though poor, an indulgent landlord, and, what perhaps was the great secret of all, lived and died among his people. All his pleasures, all his cares, all his ambition were centred in that one spot; and he never left it from one year's end to another. Such a man as this had no difficulties, and would have none now, about game-preserving or hunting, or any of the privileges or amusements of his order, which his tenantry were glad that he should enjoy, and did their utmost to promote. In the eighteenth century, and during the first quarter of the nineteenth, such as this man was, the bulk of the English gentry were. And such, in the opinion of some competent judges, they might again become, would they only return to simpler habits, live entirely on their estates, and for weal or for woe throw in their lot with their dependants.

The only remark to be made on this view of the case is, that the gentry are doing so already under the force of circumstances; and hence, after all, may ensue the very curious result that the agricultural depression, which threatened at one time to estrange the tenantry from the landlords, may only end by bringing them closer together.

> "Though much is taken, much remains;"

and if the English gentry are not all they once were, they may, nevertheless, be strong enough to keep what they have got, and the very considerable share of power, respect, and popularity which still remains to them. We must all wish that it should be so, except those to whom the word "gentleman" is hateful. It is surely for the public interest that, scattered all over the country, should be little centres of culture, refinement, and the gentleness that comes of gentle birth; that there should be a class of proprietors in whose hands property assumes a less invidious aspect than it wears in large cities; and that the harsher intercourse of life should be softened, wherever it is possible, by the sympathies arising out of that "long traditional connection" which Mr Gladstone so cordially appreciates. We know that in our great towns it is impossible. What does a Londoner know of the work-people who minister to his various wants? of the glazier who mends his windows, of the blacksmith who shoes his horses, of the carpenter who makes his dog-kennel, of the bricklayer who repairs his garden-wall? Nothing—absolutely nothing. The country gentleman would know them all; would have a word or a joke for each, mingled with friendly inquiries after their wives and children, and an invitation to send to the Hall for something good if there were sickness in the household. The lady of the house and her daughters would all be frequent and welcome visitors at their cottages; the matrons of the village remembering the young ladies as little girls whom they have often carried in their arms, and taking as much pride in them as if they were their own children. Within a quarter of a mile of a house in Belgrave Square there may be families of labouring men huddled together

in miserable lodgings of whom the rich man knows no more than if they were at Timbuctoo. But they know *him;* and look at him curiously across a wide gulf which is nowhere bridged over by the kindly charities and courtesies of country life. If this gulf is rightly considered one of the most threatening features of our present social state, surely that system is entitled to some degree of credit which helps to confine it within certain limits, and to keep one great division of English society free from its injurious effects.

We may be thought, perhaps, to be verging on more debatable ground when we approach the subject of field-sports. Yet we challenge contradiction when we say that had a plebiscite been taken in the English counties a dozen years ago, hunting and shooting would have been supported by overwhelming majorities. The noisy ones who complained in the newspapers or at public meetings, were a very small minority indeed; and nineteen-twentieths of the farmers would have readily allowed that they owed a debt of gratitude to the country gentlemen for keeping up the hunt, rather than any grudge for riding over their fields or preserving too many foxes. See them even now by the cover-side together. The squire in pink, with faultless boots and buckskins; the farmer in black, with well-cleaned cords and workman-like-looking tops or jacks, if less neat and brilliant than his landlord's. They are talking not of rents and prices, but of their respective mounts, the last good run they were in together, and the chances of finding the fox which, according to the gamekeepers, lies in the neighbouring osier-bed. Before they are off, perhaps a parson trots up, one of the old muscular-Christianity school, a doctor from the nearest small town, a lawyer, and a banker who is in a position to wear a red coat, and likes to meet his customers in the hunting-field. Hanging on the skirts of the hunt are a body of foot-people—the tailor, the cobbler, the stockinger—from the adjoining villages; men prepared to run with the hounds all day, and enjoying the sport as much as my Lord or Sir Richard. Now, if it were not for the country gentlemen all this would be impossible. They it is who, far more than the nobility, support the hounds, look after the covers, and protect the foxes. They it is who bring all classes together, rich and poor, in the pursuit of a common amusement, in which all distinctions of rank are forgotten, and the best and boldest rider is the most honoured. Hear the foot-people, as they walk home, or take their beer at the public-house in the evening, discussing the run, and you will soon know whether the English villagers are hostile to fox-hunting or not.

The peasantry themselves nourish no antipathy to shooting. They are not very logical; and though they have no objection to a system which gives them two or three couples of rabbits in the winter, and congenial employment as beaters when the woods are shot, they grumble at being punished for poaching, though, unless the game were preserved, there would be nothing either for themselves to poach or for the gentry to shoot. But they would most decidedly be opposed to any legislation of which they saw clearly that it would put an end to shooting, with all its incidental "extras." No gentleman makes himself unpopular by keeping up his shooting for himself and his friends, provided he can wink at an occasional delinquent, and takes good care not to have a bully

in his gamekeeper. With the farmers the case is somewhat different. Now that the Ground Game Act has been passed, and they can kill the hares and rabbits as they please, they have no grievance against the game laws. Their only grievance in connection with the subject is against the rights of property, which give the owner the game on his estate before the occupier. What the farmers want is not to get rid of the game, but to get possession of the shooting. But these, again, are a very small percentage of the whole number; and the feeling itself is one of such very recent date, and so utterly irrational at the same time, that if it were not made use of by the Radicals for ulterior purposes, it would soon die out. Farmers should remember, whenever the question of property comes to be at issue between themselves and their landlords, that possession is nine points of the law; and that if either of the two parties is compelled to give way to the other, it will not be the proprietors, as long as they can still fall back on the alternative of cultivating their land themselves, and putting an end at once to all squabbles about tenant rights, rent, or sport.

It may be noted here, that at the reform of the game laws in 1831, no prejudice at all existed against game-preserving in the minds of the Liberal party. Their object was to enable the gentry to sell their game, so that they might drive the poacher out of the market.

We have spoken of the value of the country gentlemen as provincial administrators and magistrates, and as exhibiting before the eyes of the people the principle of property in a more amiable and attractive form than it presents elsewhere. We have yet to say a few words on the element which they contribute to the national character as a whole, in which we do not know that their highest value, after all, is not really to be found. There have been good and bad, wise and foolish country gentlemen, as there have been good and bad, wise and foolish merchants, lawyers, and doctors, ever since the order existed. And in former times, when travelling was difficult, and even dangerous, when books were scarce, and education what the pupil chose to make it, and when there was nothing to take a country gentleman to London unless he was a member of Parliament, it was only natural that his habits and his language should occasionally correspond more nearly than they have done since with those of the classes just below him. Macaulay's country gentleman, like Macaulay's country clergyman, is of course a gross caricature; but still of necessity with some elements of truth in it. The more good-natured Addison, who drew his Roger de Coverley, also drew the Tory fox-hunter. But we have only to look through the comedies of the eighteenth century to see that the vices, follies, and ignorance imputed to the rural aristocracy were at least equalled by the tradesmen and citizens of London; and that the line which separated society in respect of culture and elegance—excepting, of course, those who made literature their profession—was drawn, not between the town and the country, but between the higher ranks of the aristocracy, combined with a few merchant princes, and all the rest of the community. The higher aristocracy are what they ever were; and both Mr Lecky and Mr Leslie Stephen have borne testimony to their great social and literary utility. But they are too few in number to exercise that particular influ-

ence on the national character which we claim for the country gentleman.

In the present day, then, when he can rush from London to Cairo in the time which it formerly occupied him to ride from London to Newcastle; when the best literature of the day is to be found on his library table, and he is no stranger either to the beauties of art or the discoveries of science; when he has travelled, seen the world, and mingled in the best society,—the country gentleman of £5000 a-year is intellectually as different from his ancestor in the reign of George I. as that ancestor was from Oxford, Halifax, or Queensberry. With these mental and social accomplishments, however, he retains the love of country life and the more simple and masculine habits which belonged to his forefathers: and it is this combination of hardihood and refinement, this happy admixture of sylvan tastes with urban culture, that imparts its distinctive and differential feature to the character of the present race of country gentlemen. This character is something to be preserved and cherished. We know not whether any higher type of manhood can be shown than a good specimen of the country gentleman of the nineteenth century, with his physical and intellectual faculties so equally developed, his high sense of honour, and his general liberality and integrity. But as an ingredient for leavening the national character as a whole, we esteem it to be simply invaluable; and should consider the extinction of it as nothing short of a national calamity. Whether so deplorable a result is likely to be accelerated by the legislation to which we have here briefly called attention—by that "disestablishment of the squirearchy," as Mr Caine calls it, and of which the Radicals are now boasting with a light heart—remains to be seen. It is not all at once that a system so deeply rooted in a nation's life as is the social system which prevails in rural England, begins to show signs of yielding to the destructive agencies which are at work upon it. But it would be contrary to all experience if the provincial aristocracy — excluded from the public duties which it was once their privilege to fulfil, and deprived of that authority over the people which the discharge of them naturally confers, living only for themselves, and caring less and less for the hereditary domains which would have thus been robbed of half their value—were able long to maintain either their social or territorial position. We are not, however, precluded from hoping that the country gentry may yet survive to disappoint those ingenious schemers who, under cover of reforming an administrative system, are bent on overthrowing a social one, and behind their affected enthusiasm for a principle, are concealing their jealousy of a class. We believe that the catastrophe may be averted, if the gentry take that view of their obligations which we can hardly doubt that they will take. "We have all lived long enough when we die with honour," says the old cavalier; and if further resistance to the forces of anarchy shall ultimately prove in vain, let it not be said of English gentlemen that they resigned the field to their enemies in any fit of petulance or despondency, or till every effort had been made, for the sake of the entire nation, to preserve that ancient social fabric which has been to the people of this country "the giver of ten thousand blessings."

THE PROGRESS OF THE SESSION.

WHILST the work of the session is still in progress, it is useful and instructive to pause now and again, in order to take such a retrospective view as may enable us to contrast the present condition of political affairs with that which we might have anticipated from the events and promises of the last autumn and winter. During the whole of that period a furious elocutionary war had been waged between Unionist and Separatist orators of all ranks and degrees; party spirit ran high, the "burning question" of Ireland burned more fiercely than ever, and everything seemed to prognosticate, on the part of the Opposition, a furious and continual attack upon the policy and practice of the Government, so soon as the opening of Parliament should permit that attack to be made in the only place and by the only method available for the destruction of an Administration. Up to the last moment the Opposition appeared "full of fight"; Mr Gladstone returned from his holiday in Italy, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" against the "coercionist policy" and its promoters; and the few words which, according to his favourite habit, he addressed to the admirers who met him at the Shornecliffe railway station, were as full of fire and fury as could have been desired by the most warlike of his followers. It is true that the unexpected and somewhat inconsistent moderation of his first speech after the reassembling of Parliament induced a belief that his furious denunciations of the Government would, for reasons doubtless of a cogent character, be temporarily postponed; but no one doubted that the well-charged vials of his wrath would, without undue delay, be poured upon the head of his enemies, and that a difficult and stormy session lay before Lord Salisbury and his colleagues.

During the debate upon the address, indeed, the leader of the Opposition delivered a speech which proved to demonstration that whatever moderation he might display for strategical reasons, there was no feeling of the kind within his breast as regarded his judgment upon the policy of her Majesty's Government. Speaking to Mr Parnell's amendment condemnatory of the "repressive legislation" of last session, Mr Gladstone endorsed and repeated most of the errors of the recess. In spite of Lord Carnarvon's repeated and deliberate denial, he once more declared that the late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland had been "in substantial agreement with Mr Parnell" upon the Home Rule question; he admitted and repeated his denunciation of the conduct of the Irish police; defended and justified his now notorious telegram, "Remember Mitchelstown"; and, attributing complete success to the "Plan of Campaign," not only forbore to condemn that illegal and nefarious conspiracy, but spoke of it in terms very near akin to justification and approval. This speech, delivered on 17th February, certainly gave but little hope that the Government would be allowed to utilise the session for the legislation required for Great Britain, or that they

would be permitted to escape from the incubus of Irish and Gladstonian obstruction. It is all the more gratifying to look back upon the two months which have followed the delivery of the inflammatory harangue to which we have alluded, and to observe the good work which has actually been done, and the legislative progress which has been successfully accomplished. The week, indeed, which included that 17th of February, was one of remarkable importance. At its commencement five contests were pending, upon which the eyes of politicians of all parties were eagerly fixed. Since the general election of 1886, several seats had been won by Gladstonian candidates, and it had been constantly and loudly asserted that the Government had reason to dread a dissolution of Parliament, which would certainly drive them from office. This boast, indeed, on the part of leading members of the Separatist party, was singularly foolish, inasmuch as a Government with a majority of eighty or ninety in one House of Parliament, and a still larger one in the other, would be unlikely to "dread" a dissolution, which in all probability would not occur for some four or five years, when issues might be before the country of a totally different nature from those now under the consideration of Parliament. Nevertheless it was a boast constantly in the mouth of Opposition orators, and one which would have received a certain amount of justification, if they could have carried the five seats vacant last February by substantial majorities. This, however, was not to be.

The reduction of the Gladstonian poll in Dundee was, indeed, explained away in a manner sufficiently satisfactory to the party; and the unexpectedly large majority obtained by their candidate in Southwark roused the enthusiasm of the Gladstonian-Parnellite members of the House of Commons to a pitch which impelled them to convert that time-honoured House into something approximating to a bear-garden, and to indulge in rude and unmannerly interruptions to the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, such as have seldom been witnessed in any legislative assembly worthy of the name. The week closed, moreover, by the narrow victory gained in West Edinburgh by Mr Buchanan, whose honourable course in resigning his seat when he felt unable to act as thitherto with the Unionist party, had doubtless more to do with his success than any especial approval of his Separatist views by his constituents. Here, however, the tide of Gladstonian success was destined to be stayed. In close succession came the glorious Unionist victories at Doncaster and Deptford; whilst the subsequent "walks-over" for Hampstead, Melton, and Chichester, proved that in England, at least, the Government need have little dread of a dissolution—but that, on the contrary, the alliance between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists was becoming firmer, more durable, and more powerful, as the real nature of the principles involved in the struggle had become better understood by the electorate. This, indeed, has been further shown by the Glamorganshire election, in which the Gladstonian majority of near 3500 in 1885 was reduced to 606, a sad falling-off in a part of the country where Gladstonians are or were especially strong. Since that eventful week in February, the tone of the Gladstonian party has been

lowered; a change has come over "the spirit of their dream," and a sensible alteration has taken place in their parliamentary policy and behaviour. It is unnecessary to inquire whether this change may have been to any extent due to the hope and expectation that the legislation upon British questions which the Government would propose might lead to a breach between Conservatives and Liberal Unionists calculated to result in a political advantage to their opponents. Such an idea may or may not have entered into the minds and affected the action of the Gladstonian party; but it must be frankly admitted that, from whatever cause it may have arisen, there has been a marked improvement in their conduct during the earlier part of the present session, and the House of Commons has not been so frequently disgraced by the scenes of disorder which were but too noticeable in the session of 1887. It is, however, to be remarked, that the short time which has elapsed since the Easter recess has thrown some doubt upon the continuance of the improvement which we have noticed in the conduct and bearing of the Opposition. The reception given to the Budget and the Local Government Bill by the press and the country at large, and the evident strength of the Unionists in the House of Commons, have probably had something to do with that improvement; but it would appear from recent events that the counsels of the more rash and violent of his friends have had their weight with Mr Gladstone; and in his speech at the Liberal Club upon the 11th inst., the character of the impartial and patriotic statesman was again abandoned, and the spirit of the "old parliamentary hand" once more displayed. The Local Government Bill contains "a great deal to criticise and a great deal to scrutinise;" the Budget "does not improve upon acquaintance;" and as to Ireland, the action of the Government is "an utter and absolute shattering and smashing of every pledge in which the Tory majority and in which the Liberal dissentients acquiesced, and which they accepted at the time of the general election." In other words, Mr Gladstone, although too clever to incur the unpopularity of objecting to the legislation of the Government by downright and open opposition, is quite prepared to destroy it in detail if he can accomplish that end; and as to the peace of Ireland and the enforcement of the Queen's authority in that country, these are to him matters of no moment compared with the detection of his political opponents in some fancied inconsistency. The tone taken by Mr Gladstone upon the question of the recent affray at Ennis, forms an additional proof that the upholders and vindicators of the law can expect no aid from the leader of the Opposition; and that it is the Nationalists in Ireland, and not "the National party" in the three countries, which commands his sympathy, and may expect his support.

But whatever may have been the action of the Gladstonians, and to whatever causes that action is to be attributed, the first four months of the present year have incontestably added to the strength of the Government and the consolidation of the Unionist party. Several things which appeared doubtful at and immediately after the general election of 1886, have become accepted facts, which cannot be controverted by the denial

of political opponents, or altered by the machinations of party strategy. In the first place, it has been proved beyond doubt that the principle which binds Unionists together is something sufficiently important and sufficiently strong to stand the strain to which it has been subjected, and sufficiently clear and definite to prevent its supporters from being mystified by elocutionary legerdemain, or confused by the ingenuity of political charlatans. This proof has been afforded to the public not only by the professions of faith made by Unionist speakers, and by their explanation of the questions really involved in the issues before the country, but even in a greater degree by the language and tactics of their opponents. The latter, whilst deprecating the title of "Separatist" as applied to themselves, and imputing to the Unionist party the advocacy of a "paper" union, as opposed to a "union of hearts," have utterly failed to convince the country that they are prepared with any policy by which the latter could be secured.

The proposals of Mr Gladstone in the two Bills which purported to develop his policy of Home Rule for Ireland, were rejected by Parliament, and that rejection was emphatically endorsed by the country at the ensuing general election. Certain Liberals who at that time rallied round the Unionist standard have, it is true, become convinced that Mr Gladstone has made such concessions and modifications in his policy as to remove its most objectionable features. But up to the present moment, these alterations have been presented to the public in no tangible form, and the leader of the Separatists has met every attempt to obtain an explanation in the spirit of an "old parliamentary hand," and with a protest against being "led into a trap." He and his colleagues, therefore, stand in the position of men who, having declared their adoption of a certain principle, and utterly failed in their attempt to give that principle a legislative application, desire that the nation should allow them to try their hands once more, not only without any security against a worse and more disastrous failure, but without any guarantee that the most objectionable provisions in the former proposal will not be repeated and aggravated in the repetition.

This treatment of the British people is neither fair upon the part of Mr Gladstone and his associates, nor one that is likely to succeed with those upon whom it is attempted to be practised. The nation which inhabits these islands prefers a clear and definite policy to the sleights of hand of political necromancy, and the crafty practices of party strategy. The electors do not understand how a united Parliament can be strengthened by disuniting it, how the creation of separate legislatures can be likely to tend to greater unanimity of legislation, or by what process the authority of the Queen and the majesty of the law can be vindicated by placing power in the hands of those who have spent much of their time in practically defying both the one and the other. Therefore it is that until Mr Gladstone and his friends descend from the empty platitudes with regard to "the rights of mankind to self-government" and the "legitimate wishes of the Irish people," in which their speeches abound, and explain to the British electorate the prac-

tical application of Home Rule which they have made up their minds to submit to the country, they will not succeed in hoodwinking the public, or in inducing the constituencies to bestow a new lease of power upon those who have shown themselves so unworthy of its possession.

There are, however, other considerations to be borne in mind when we are engaged in taking stock of our present position and of the prospects of Lord Salisbury's Government. The better knowledge and recognition of the great principle which has welded together Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, has had a greater result than the mere political victory of the moment. The advantages and disadvantages of party Government have been often discussed in these columns and elsewhere. One of the principal drawbacks in our political system has been the separation of men upon many questions according to the lines of party, when, if party could have been forgotten, such separation would have been avoided, and those questions might and would have received a solution in more direct accordance with the public interests. It cannot be denied that the alliance between Lord Hartington's followers and the Conservative supporters of the Government has tended directly and largely to such a result. The discovery and acceptance of one great point of agreement has led to the recognition of others, and to a reciprocal interchange of views and ideas tending greatly to the progress of practical and useful legislation. Once brought into close and amicable contact by their union upon one common principle of vital importance, Liberals have discovered that modern Conservatism is something very different from the antiquated Toryism of the earlier part of the century; and Conservatives have learned on their part that Liberalism, in its reasonable and constitutional form, is more worthy the acceptance of sensible men than the blatant Radicalism which adopts wild theories and aims at impossible results. All that is moderate in either of the two great political parties has been brought together by the appeal to unconstitutional and dangerous doctrines by which Mr Gladstone has rent asunder the Liberal party, which no one else could have so completely destroyed, and the result has been—as is daily rendered more and more apparent—the possibility of the formation of a really National party, in which the interests and welfare of the country at large will outweigh and cast into the background all the petty considerations of individual predominance and personal authority. Nor is it upon their necessity to the creation and success of such a party that Lord Salisbury's Government can alone rest their claim to the support of their countrymen. It cannot be denied that this claim is justly based upon two distinct grounds, each equally valid, and such as will be cheerfully acknowledged by all good citizens and loyal men.

In the first place, the Government has steadily and resolutely performed the mandate of the country in enforcing obedience to the law in every part of her Majesty's dominions. It is in vain that the vindication of the law in Ireland has been denounced as "coercion"—not only by frantic Irish Nationalists, but by Gladstonian placemen who have been the authors of measures of a still more co-

ercive character than those of the present Government, have themselves "vindicated the law" when responsible for its vindication, and who, if again vested with a similar responsibility, would undoubtedly find themselves compelled to do the same thing in the necessary discharge of their duties to the State. Their denunciations have proved their own disloyalty to constitutional principles and to the best traditions of parliamentary opposition, and have only damaged their own reputation without inflicting the slightest injury upon the Government, or in any degree affecting the determination of the British people that the law shall be obeyed and the Queen's authority upheld against the conspiracy which has succeeded in making tools of Mr Gladstone and his associates.

If, however, the Government may confidently claim the support of the country on the ground of their faithful obedience to the mandate upon this especial point received from the constituencies at the last general election, there is another ground upon which the same claim may with equal justice be advanced. Before the commencement of the present session there were not wanting indications of the impatience with which England and Scotland had begun to regard the postponement of all legislation required for Great Britain, and the total absorption of the time of Parliament in the prolonged discussion of Irish affairs. The announcement, therefore, by the Government that the present session should tell a different tale, and should witness the introduction of other than Irish legislation, was received with general satisfaction. That satisfaction has been materially increased by the nature and character of the measures which have already been introduced, and the conspicuous ability displayed in their introduction. The ground had to be cleared, in the first instance, by the amendment of the Rules of Procedure in the House of Commons, which had been rendered necessary by the Gladstonian-Parnellite obstruction in the last session; but when this had been successfully accomplished, not without the display of much tact and good-humour on the part of the Conservative leader of the House, the Government lost no time in introducing their promised legislation.

The Conversion scheme of Mr Goschen, which from the moment of its first announcement seems to have met with general acceptance on all hands and from all quarters, has at once raised the political and parliamentary position of its author in a remarkable degree, conferred a benefit upon the nation which cannot be denied or discredited even by political opponents, and largely tended towards the stability of the Government. To have succeeded so well and so thoroughly in a task of such magnitude, and to have so conducted a vast financial scheme as to leave no weak point to be discovered by the acute criticism of men to whom his failure would have been a triumph, and who had themselves failed to accomplish a similar undertaking, has been a success upon which Mr Goschen will be warmly congratulated by his numerous friends, and a proof of ability, never indeed doubtful before, but rendered still more certain by so conspicuous an instance of financial and political skill.

Mr Goschen's measure, however, was not that to which the Opposition had principally looked with

hope, as likely to create a schism in the Government ranks. It was the Local Government Bill upon which their expectations had mainly rested, and many had been the prophecies of failure by those whose "wish was father to the thought." It was widely and confidently asserted that, whilst the Liberal Unionists would be found generally in accord with the Gladstonian Liberals upon the question of county government, the Tory Unionists would never "throw over" the "squirearchy,"—or, in other words, that the introduction of a "nominated" element into the new administrative body to which the management of county affairs and county finance would probably be intrusted, would certainly be proposed by the Government, and as certainly prove the "little rift within the lute" which would eventually wreck both their measure and themselves. All such prognostications, however, were doomed to disappointment. In a speech of singularly clear and comprehensive character, Mr Ritchie introduced the Local Government Bill, based upon the broad principles of popular representation, and, in its general scope and character, recommending itself to every unprejudiced mind as a fair and honest attempt to settle a great social question in a satisfactory manner, and upon a basis the soundness of which could not be disputed by the most ardent advocates of change. Indeed it is difficult to discover either the reason upon which the hope of disunion had rested, or that which could have been likely to induce the Government to take any other course than that which they have adopted in their Bill.

It is true that no great complaints have been made either against the individuals who have hitherto controlled the management of county affairs, or of the manner in which those affairs have been conducted. Whilst, however, it has been felt that the management of county business contrasted rudely with that prevailing in municipal boroughs, and could not be defended upon any principle of representative government, it was also beyond doubt that the number of existing areas, and the different authorities charged with the supervision or performance of various important duties within the same area, constituted a difficulty which could only be removed by the vigorous application of well-considered reform to the whole system. When once this was admitted, the introduction of the representative principle into county management became a practical necessity, and it was impossible to apply that principle in any less extended form than that in which it had already for many years been applied to cities and boroughs. No "nominated" element has been found necessary in the latter, nor could such an element have been safely established in the former. Nor are those critics either reasonable or wise who consider the present measure as one in any degree reflecting upon the "country gentlemen" of Great Britain, or injuriously affecting their position. They are not wise, because nothing could so injure the position of the "country gentlemen" as to set them down as obstacles or counterpoises to a popular representative body: they are not reasonable, because nothing is more certain than that, with scarcely an exception throughout the whole country, any "country gentleman" who has done his duty under the old sys-

tem and attended to the performance of county business will, if he desires it, be elected as a member of the new "county councils." It would be out of the question to discuss at present the details of a Bill still before Parliament, and in those details there will doubtless be alterations suggested and accepted before it is placed upon the statute-book. That such, however, will be its ultimate fate can hardly be doubtful. Men of all political parties will be apt to recognise the large and comprehensive spirit in which the measure has been framed, and the country will watch with a jealous eye any attempt to wrest political advantage or damage political adversaries by thwarting or arresting the progress of a scheme essentially popular in its conception and construction. That such an attempt may probably be made was shown by Lord Salisbury in his admirable speech at Carnarvon, wherein he pointed out that it was a mistake to suppose that the Bill had no enemies, and that watchful vigilance and perseverance would be required in order to carry it through Parliament. Indeed, the measure is necessarily one of such detail, and surrounded by so much complication, that it would be easy to delay it, and not difficult to damage it by insidious attacks and the crafty combination of particular interests which may deem themselves injuriously affected by its provisions. But inasmuch as the main principle of the measure has been undoubtedly accepted by the country, it is to be hoped that, whilst every opportunity will be given for fair and full discussion upon the more important points in the Bill, there will be no scruple on the part of the Government to restrain undue loquacity and defeat obstructive tactics, should such be attempted, by a judicious application of the powers given for such purposes under the new rules of procedure.

The questions of financial arrangement which were necessarily interwoven with a measure which purported to remodel and recast the whole system of local finance throughout the country, could not but clash with the proposals which the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have been enabled to embody in his Budget, if no such measure had formed part of the legislation of the session. So general, indeed, was the feeling that such must be the case, that both Parliament and the country would probably have been content to forego any considerable remission of taxation, as the price of the settlement of the great social problem which was before them for solution. But the financial ability of Mr Goschen, ably seconded by the careful administration of the great "spending departments" by his colleagues, in the interests of economy, enabled the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whilst dealing liberally with the claims of the ratepayers for assistance from the imperial exchequer, to satisfy the hopes of the general taxpayers by the remission of 1d. in the income-tax, and to supply the deficiency created by recasting and readjusting taxation rather than by any additional tax which should fall upon the general public. To some of the proposed readjustments objections were certain to be raised, nor would it be easy to find any tax which could entirely escape objection; but, as a whole, Mr Goschen's proposals evidently recommended themselves to the judgment alike of Parliament and of the public.

Apart from the regions of finance and the great measure of the year to which allusion has been made, the other legislative proposals of the Government have been such as to bear testimony to the capacity as well as the energy of their authors.

The Railway Rates Bill and the measures proposed with a view to the settlement of the vexed question of tithes, are proposals upon which there is room for great variety of opinion, but which are at least honest efforts to deal with questions upon which the attention of the public has been aroused, and which could not have been left untouched. It remains to be seen whether the House of Commons will indorse the views of the Upper House upon those two questions; but at any rate they will be subjected to a full and careful scrutiny by the representatives of the people, and it will be no small credit to the Government if a satisfactory settlement should be reached during the present session.

Meanwhile their resolution to deal with the questions to which reference has already been made has not prevented the Government from bringing other matters under the consideration of Parliament. The Land Transfer Bill, the Merchant Shipping Bill, dealing with the subject of life-saving appliances, the Criminal Evidence Bill, the Westminster Abbey Bill, are all measures of a practical rather than a contentious character, bearing witness to the determination of her Majesty's Ministers to push forward those simple and useful matters which have of late years been too often forgotten in the heat of party controversy, and the mischievous desire of certain statesmen to achieve political popularity and personal advantage rather than to consider the real wants of the people, and the quiet improvements which are outside and beyond the regions of party strife.

Nor have private members, in either House of Parliament, any just reason to complain of a lack of opportunities to air their particular crotchets. Mr Bradlaugh has progressed with his Oaths Bill, and has made his assault upon Perpetual Pensions. Every view of the Irish land and Irish arrears question has been already ventilated in the one House, whilst the reform of the other has occupied the attention of both Houses, and the discussions upon this important subject have at once proved the readiness of both the great political parties to reform where reform can be proved to be improvement, and the difficulty of reducing such proof to the shape of a tangible and practical proposal. In contemplating the legislative work of the session, so far as it has advanced, it is impossible not to remark the gratifying contrast presented to the performances of sessions past and gone, and to congratulate the Government under whose auspices so favourable a result has been accomplished.

Outside the scope of legislation in Parliament there are other occurrences which have tended to strengthen the position of Government and to satisfy the country. The mission of Mr Chamberlain was undertaken amid a storm of scoffs and reproaches from the Gladstonian Liberals, and prognostications of failure, which their utterers devoutly desired to be fulfilled, but which have happily one and all been falsified by the event. We were told that Mr Chamberlain was a *persona grata*

neither to Canadians nor Americans, and that his participation in the Commission would of itself not improbably preclude the possibility of success. The result, however, has been entirely different. Mr Chamberlain's reception in America must have been most gratifying to himself, whilst it afforded an additional proof of the good feeling towards Great Britain entertained by the American people, heartily reciprocated as it is upon this side of the Atlantic. There can be no denial of the fact, that whilst in his acceptance of the office of commissioner at the hands of Lord Salisbury's Government Mr Chamberlain evinced a wise and patriotic spirit, so in his conduct of the negotiations, and the tone in which his speeches on the other side of the water were couched, he displayed a discretion and ability which have materially contributed to elevate his position among British statesmen. It is satisfactory to note that, in his Carnarvon speech, Lord Salisbury did ample justice to Mr Chamberlain's motives "in stepping outside the bounds of political party," and undertaking a difficult and unpromising task at a critical moment, and declared that "the result had amply justified the trust" reposed in Mr Chamberlain by her Majesty's Government.

There is another statesman, however, whose reputation has been raised by the events of the last few months in a still more remarkable degree. When Mr Balfour was moved to the position of Secretary for Ireland, he was at once exposed to the attacks of the unscrupulous body of men to whom the representative of the connection between Great Britain and Ireland is from his very office an object of the direst hatred. From the first moment, however, of his accession to that office, Mr Balfour evinced qualities of head and heart which stamped him at once as the right man in the right place. Attacks in and out of Parliament, abuse, misrepresentations, all the weapons which could be furnished from the armoury of the anti-British faction in Ireland and their allies on this side of the Channel, have been aimed in vain at Mr Balfour. Calm, cool, and collected, he has stood firmly to his guns from the first, vigorously repelling attacks, contemptuously defying abuse, clearly and fully exposing misrepresentations, and defending himself and the Government with an ability and energy which have deserved the success which they have achieved. And when we regard the state of Ireland, through the smoke and dust with which the rebellious party and their allies have clouded it, what is the result which we are able to contemplate? The law better observed and respected, because boldly upheld by the executive, and firmly administered in the interests of the loyal and peaceable part of the people. Juries no longer afraid to convict; the abominable system of "boycotting" in process of being checked; the power of the National League so far broken that its promoters are bound to attempt to uphold it by the publication of accounts of meetings which have never taken place, and of speeches which have never been made,—in a word, the weakening of the powers of lawlessness which have of late years tyrannised over the country, and the initiation of a feeling of security which had been unhappily banished from Ireland since the adoption of Mr Gladstone's fatal

policy of truckling to violence and legislating under the guidance of agitation. This improvement in the state of Ireland is, of course, due to the determination of the present Government to uphold the law; but in carrying that determination into effect Mr Balfour has been the principal agent, and too much praise can hardly be awarded to the skill, courage, and ability which he has brought to the performance of his duties.

Nor must it be forgotten that both Mr Balfour and the Government have had to deal with greater difficulties than have ever hitherto beset a British Government charged with the administration of Irish affairs. For the first time in the history of this country, "her Majesty's Opposition" have ceased to feel it their duty to support the executive in the upholding of the authority of the law and in the suppression of crime. On the contrary, the sympathy of the Gladstonian Liberals has been and is openly and avowedly with those who have initiated and carried out in Ireland a system of landlord-robbery which has been pronounced illegal by the highest authority; and even members of Mr Gladstone's late Government have not scrupled to identify themselves with proceedings calculated to embarrass the executive in the maintenance of law and order, and to encourage those who have openly defied the law. The truth must be confessed that the true interests of Ireland and the interests of Gladstonian ex-officials are entirely opposed. Peace, rest, the maintenance of order and obedience to the law, are imperatively demanded by the former; whilst it is from the absence of those things that the latter can best hope to reap the political advantage which they have been taught to regard as the main end and object of statesmanship. When the tone of the leaders is such, the rank and file can hardly be expected to take a more patriotic line; and we must not be too indignant with the harebrained enthusiasts who from time to time have gone over to Ireland from this side of the water, eager candidates for that jail through the portals of which they might hereafter find their way into the House of Commons, to which their own ability and eloquence would otherwise be insufficient to obtain their admission. The conduct of these men, and the necessity to certain Irish members and ex-members that they should keep themselves before the public of Ireland by occasional defiance of the law and possible imprisonment, have of course added to Mr Balfour's difficulties; but he has hitherto proved himself equal to every emergency, and his management of the arduous office intrusted to his care has earned the respect and admiration of his countrymen. The two recent speeches delivered by Mr Balfour at Stalybridge and St James's Hall have clearly shown that he has not been turned from his course, either by the malignant abuse of the Nationalists, or the silly attempts of Mr Wilfrid Blunt to raise himself to the rank of a "serious politician" by distorted reports of private conversations in private houses, which, if their owners are wise, will know Mr Blunt no more. Mr Balfour brushes away these cobwebs of political animosity with a calm scorn and dignified contempt which should make his adversaries ashamed of their unworthy weapons, and

which at the same time proves to loyal and honest men that they have in the Irish Secretary a man of determined will and steadfast purpose, upon whom they may continue to rely for the vigorous enforcement of the law, and the protection of the Irish peasant from those whose agitation and illegal conspiracy has been his greatest curse, and whose suppression by the strong arm of the law is the only hope for unhappy Ireland.

In short, from whatever point of view we may regard our present position, it cannot be contested that the prospects both of the Government and the country have materially improved since the commencement of the year. There is a more healthy feeling in the air —a feeling that, after all, law and order are things which this nation cares to preserve, and which are worth preserving even more than the integrity of a political party, or the authority of an individual leader. There is, moreover, another feeling abroad, which may be regarded as a corollary or consequence of the first—namely, that men who have the courage to act upon their convictions, and to introduce legislation, not because it has been the object of popular agitation, but because it is required for the good of the country, are worthy of appreciation and support; and equally so when they refuse to acknowledge the right of Irishmen to disobey or defy the law any more than Englishmen or Scotchmen would be permitted to do so. It is strange that those who prate about Irish capability for self-government, and the right of Ireland to take her place among the nations of the world, seem to ignore or forget the fact that the first proof of either one position or the other must be sought in the exhibition on the part of Irishmen of a capacity to understand that obedience to the fundamental laws by which society is preserved and order maintained, is a necessity to social and civilised existence, and that to refuse that obedience, and to indulge in reckless defiance of such fundamental laws, is to disprove, in the most emphatic manner, the truth of the position which they desire to assert.

Against the reign of lawlessness and disorder in Ireland, the Government of Lord Salisbury is a standing protest, whilst at the same time it unmistakably represents the determination of the loyal majority in England, Scotland, and Ireland to maintain the Union of the three countries, and to preserve unimpaired the empire which our fathers have fought to establish, and which we are resolved to hand down to our children's children. These facts are now well understood throughout the length and breadth of the country; and hence it is that, whilst the Government have held and improved their position in Parliament during the first half of the session, there is every hope that the gradual growth of public opinion in their favour will still strengthen that position in a greater degree, and that at the close of the session we shall be able to look back not only upon good legislative work accomplished, but upon a well-founded and general increase of confidence in the stability of an Administration based upon the sound and reasonable principle of progressive improvement within the limits of the constitution which we have the happiness to possess. In that constitution an ideal perfection may indeed be wanting, because such is impos-

sible in human institutions; but, without aiming at the impossible, improvements may doubtless be made from time to time, in accordance with the ever-varying requirements of the age, and, as the knowledge and intelligence of mankind advance, blots and imperfections may be discovered and removed. But, whilst it is necessary to preserve that freedom of language and action which are the very essence and spirit of our constitution, it is equally essential to prevent liberty from degenerating into licence, and to enforce obedience to the laws in each and every part of her Majesty's dominions. This is part of the mission of Lord Salisbury's Government; and the wise, bold, and resolute action which they have already taken has done much to preserve the country from the mischievous spirit of anarchy which the laxity of previous Administrations had encouraged, and to establish themselves more and more securely in the affections of an order-loving and loyal people.

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CONTENTS.

A Stiff-necked Generation. Chaps. X.–XIII., . . 733
Among the Islands of the South Pacific: Tonga and Samoa. By Coutts Trotter, ... 759
What is Technical Instruction in Agriculture? By Colonel T. Innes of Learney, 777
Mary Somerville, ... 783
The Sunken French Fleet at Aboukir Bay (with Chart). By Henry G. Fitzgerald, 805
The Pictures of the Year, ... 813
Tyrolean Sonnets. By the Earl of Rosslyn, . . 827
The Old Saloon, ... 831
Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor. — Partial Portraits, etc.
Ireland and the Roman Catholic Church. By Philip H. Bagenal, 853
Military Balance of Power in Asia, . . . 877
Note to "The Central African Question," . . 893
Index, ... 894

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A STIFF-NECKED GENERATION.

CHAPTER X.—UNSKILFUL TACTICS.

"Ne'er with your children act the tyrant's part,
'Tis yours to guide, not violate the heart."
—Thomson.

The amiable Waterfields were only second to Lady Caroline herself in their perturbation and distress at Rosamund's indiscretion. Gilbert had been introduced to the Liscards by them, and it had been on their recommendation — their somewhat over-warm recommendation, as they were fain to call it afterwards—that he had been admitted within the sacred precincts of King's Common.

We know how happily had been timed his first appearance at the Grange, but it is due to the ladies then assembled to state that, with the exception of the youthful and inexperienced Rosamund, the impression then made had been lessened by after-acquaintance. Very soon had each and all discovered how slight were his claims to anything beyond a passing notice; for, not having been blinded by themselves being objects of his bold attentions, and further, having had some experience of the world whereof poor Rosamund had seen literally nothing, the sisters had ended by being disgusted not only with the coarse jocularity and forward pretensions of the roistering soldier, but with themselves for having given him a moment's encouragement.

"It shows one cannot be too careful," had been Mrs Waterfield's conclusion; and she and Lady Caroline had shaken their heads very comfortably over the subject, so long as Lady Caroline, looking upon Gilbert as the sole offender, had been able to ease herself of a grievance that, in truth, gave her no uneasiness.

Assuming, vulgar upstart as

this man was, he was still at the head of the neighbouring military quarter; and his running after her daughter in season and out of season, though it was a piece of unbounded presumption, and could not be loudly enough denounced, was something to be secretly rather proud of than otherwise. She triumphantly informed Julia of Rosamund's conquest.

"As for Beatrice Waterfield's girls, my dear, he passed them over without giving them a second glance. It was at their house, you know, he met Rosamund, and no doubt any one of them would have been happy enough to have been distinguished by him. Oh, I mean no harm; Beatrice's daughters are all well behaved,—but, at any rate, he had been asked there, and there he met Rosamund. I do not altogether blame him—that is to say, I should not have blamed him, if he had not made her so conspicuous. It is tiresome for her to be marked out in the way Major Gilbert does it. She, poor child, is quite unconscious"—(which was all Lady Caroline knew about it)—"and my hope is that when he finds he makes no way with her, and receives no encouragement from me, he will give over coming to the house."

To make assurance doubly sure, she had soon after this begun the line of conduct which had roused to opposition the self-willed young lady. She had omitted no opportunity of throwing out innuendoes and conveying insinuations; and worst mistake of all, had ceased not on any and every possible opportunity to draw comparisons between Gilbert and the favoured Hartland.

With her, Hartland could do no wrong, Gilbert no right.

Now when this is the case with an undisciplined and uncontrolled nature, prone to force its own opinions, aversions, and predilections upon all around, it may well be seen that nothing can be more injurious to the end in view than such unskilful tactics.

The partial light in which the young peer was viewed by his elderly relation served indeed to make the servants doubly obsequious and obliging, and Mr Liscard easy about inviting Hartland to stop dinner whenever he found him on the premises of an afternoon; but it did him harm rather than good with the member of the family whom it was most desirable to conciliate. Rosamund's sense of justice was revolted: she could not endure to hear Hartland praised for what would have been not only a *faux pas*, but a positive social crime in any other person: Hartland would come over in the twilight, ask to stop on, and excuse himself for sitting down to table in his shooting-clothes, because he had let the time slip by till it was too late to go back and change—and Lady Caroline would only find it friendly and relationly of him to do so. But woe betide any other youth who had ventured on such a liberty! What would have been thought of the Liscard boys, for instance, nearer by far in point of blood than this new-comer, if they had treated their aunt in so casual a fashion? No one was more nice about the trifling proprieties, and less likely to overlook what she would have termed a slovenly disregard for them, than Lady Caroline. The poor young Liscards shook in their shoes every time they entered her august presence: the poor lads could hardly be induced to go to the house; and as for offering themselves for any mortal thing, and purposely letting the time pass till it was inconvenient to make ready for it,

they would as soon have thought of intruding *en déshabille* into the presence of their sovereign.

Sometimes Rosamund longed to shake Hartland on his throne. She would have rejoiced to behold him topple over, and mark what would follow; but it was an event she could not but own was little likely to happen with one so unconscious and unassuming.

In amends possibly for his earlier uncharitable feelings towards the two ladies, he had, as we know, yielded at once to Lady Julia a very real affection, and to Lady Caroline a more dubious goodwill, but he had not the slightest desire to find himself upon the pedestal to which they had simultaneously exalted him; and it intensified Rosamund's sense of Gilbert's wrongs more than anything else could have done, that while the one did not hold up so much as his little finger to maintain himself in his high position, all the efforts put forth by the latter to procure Lady Caroline's bare toleration, only served to plunge him deeper and deeper in the slough of her ill-will.

Matters stood thus when all eyes were opened by Rosamund's burst of tears.

All eyes were opened, including Rosamund's own. She had been altogether unaware of having felt so much: vexatious wounded feeling, and a smouldering sense of injustice on his behalf, had all been working secretly for the absent and oppressed during some weeks past; but had it not been for this new attack upon him called forth by his very harmless and respectful offer of hospitality, it is probable that all might have gone on as before, for some time longer at any rate.

The principal point now in Lady Caroline's mind was, what did Hartland say to it? She could control her daughter, and extinguish Gilbert; but if Hartland were to look on Rosamund's folly in a serious light, who could estimate the damage it would do her?

As it happened, Hartland himself gave his cousin the benefit of his opinion within a few days; but it is difficult to tell whether Lady Caroline would have been more relieved or mortified had she played eavesdropper on the occasion.

The two met in the shrubbery, and there was no escape for either, when, between the giant laurel hedges, hard, close-clipped, and unyielding, they found themselves face to face. He had been at the farm, she had just come down from the house, and both were bound for the lower garden; yet, perhaps, they would sooner have given up their errand there, rather than have had to do it in company.

There was, however, no help for it.

"I was desired to remind Netley about the geranium-cuttings," said Hartland, explaining his presence. "Are you coming to the garden?"

She had her basket and scissors on her arm, and could not deny it. The morning was lovely, and she was going to cut some late roses for the drawing-room. They walked on together, and he opened a gate for her; then, with a sudden resolution to get over an awkwardness, took the bull by the horns as soon as he had again fastened the latch. "I think you are right to stand up for the absent, Rosamund. There is no need to be ashamed of—of—having been a little bit excited, you know, the other day. I daresay they have been telling you it is bad form, and all that, — but never you mind. There was no harm in it at all."

"It was all true what I said," murmured she.

"I daresay it was, and it was very plucky of you to say it."

"Mamma is so angry with me."

"Is she?"

"Oh, Hartland, you do not know; you have no idea. Mamma is so fond of you, that your only being by makes her gentler and kinder, at least less unkind to those she hates," cried the young girl, suddenly overflowing with her wrongs again. "I could not help it the other day. I really could not, though it was so silly of me, and though, of course, it was not Major Gilbert I cared about, not *one bit*."

"Of course not."

"It was the whole thing. And it has gone on so long, almost ever since he came here. If mamma does not take to any one at the outset, she sees nothing good, or kind, or pleasant in them. You cannot think how dreadful it is to have a—a friend come in to the room all unsuspecting, and thinking you will be glad to see him; and perhaps he has taken a great deal of trouble, and worked hard to be able to get away, and does not mean to make a mere call, but to stay a little,—and then he is never asked to stay, and hardly allowed to sit down! It is—it does — I cannot bear it sometimes. But it is not Major Gilbert I am thinking of; at least, there are—others," she added anxiously, and stole a glance at her companion.

"Oh, of course; you don't like to do any one a shabby turn," said Hartland, with cheerful unconsciousness; "and I have no doubt Lady Caroline has not thought it out as you have—that's all. She finds afternoon visitors a bore."

"But is it not very wrong, and very unjust, to pronounce upon—upon people of whom you know nothing, just because they like afternoon visiting?"

Hartland laughed. He did not wish to give an opinion.

"I know I ought not to speak so of mamma," sighed Rosamund; "but——."

She stopped.

"Well, no. I suppose not. I think I shouldn't, if I were you."

"I often try not to do it; but——."

Another sigh.

"Try again; there's no harm in trying."

"But——."

"Well?"

"I never succeed."

She was burning to pour forth afresh, to inflame the passionless young man with fuel from her own fire, to get him on her side in the struggle; but insensibly she was herself feeling the influence of his moderation.

"I know you like mamma," she said, slowly.

"Certainly I do."

And who could have helped laughing? For in Rosamund's tone there was an unmistakable suggestion of "Strange as it may seem." Lady Caroline being her mother, she loved her mother, of course; but that any one who *had* not to love should be able to like, was curious.

Her companion, however, laughed good-humouredly, not as if there were anything very particular to laugh at; and she had no fears of having amused him too much. "Certainly I do," he said, with promptitude, and a happy ignorance that there were not a dozen people in the world who could have said as much. "But, look here, Rosamund; here's a piece of profound wisdom for you, profit or not by it as you think fit: even if I did not like Lady Caroline, sup-

posing I had to live with her, I should be at pains to live peaceably with her; and if I were her son, or her daughter——"

"You would not have spoken to her as I did the other day?"

That was it. She had hit the mark. No one could have done the fraternal part better; and who would have dreamed that within a traitor voice was saying loudly, "Yet I could almost love you for it, Rosamund? Rosamund, Rosamund, had I been the defended absent one, I could *quite* have loved you for those very rebel words!"

"We are not to go to the luncheon-party," announced she, presently.

"That's a matter of course."

"I don't know how mamma wrote, or what excuse she gave; but he, Major Gilbert, has not been here since."

"His absence has nothing to do with any offence taken, however," said Hartland. "I can relieve your mind about that. I hear he is gone off for two or three days; and he was away when that invitation was sent."

"Was he? I did wonder that he did not bring it himself. It was only sent by two of the men, you know. I thought something must have kept him back that day."

"Oh yes; he had gone on leave for a day or two," said Hartland, smiling to himself at her innocent revelation. "I could have told you that at the time, if I had known you expected him."

"Oh—hardly 'expected.'"

"You thought he would have looked in for a game of lawn-tennis?" For the new game—yclept lawn-tennis—familiar now to all, was just beginning to take infantile hold in England at that time.

"Yes."

"He had left the night before. I sent that morning to ask him to shoot, and my letter was returned."

("If I had only known that," thought she, bitterly, "I might have been saved all this. It was thinking every moment that he might walk in, and find mamma denouncing him, and all of us listening round, that made me give way. Why, oh why was I so foolish? Now we might have been going to this delightful party like everybody else — for I saw mamma was not at all set against it when she first began—if I had but held my tongue! And it is not only losing that—it is what he will think, and how he will mind, and how he will feel about it, that I care for. He will never know how I fought for him; he will only get mamma's stony cold rejection. It *is* hard." And though she did not say it even to herself, what she really meant was —"It is hard that while my tears put me to shame before all the rest, the only person who might have profited by them was not by.")

"Don't you take all this to heart," continued Hartland, taking up the main thread after a further pause. "I mean about your mother's objection to Gilbert; it does him no harm, you know," switching off a thistle-head which obtruded across his path—for involuntarily they had wandered on and on, till they had reached a wild and overgrown region somewhere at the back of the potting-sheds and cucumber and melon frames.

"Do you call it no harm to be slandered and maligned behind your back, and before those Waterfield girls too?"

"They know Gilbert for them-

selves. Your mother's opinion cannot affect them."

"Why, of course it can," exclaimed Rosamund, who, brought up under the shadow of Lady Caroline, could not but feel surprised to think that any one should not be oppressed by its weight. "Mamma's good word is thought so much of that every one is anxious to get it; and the Waterfields go by mamma in everything. I know they were pleased with Major Gilbert at the first, but lately I have seen them growing stiffer and stiffer to him; and now, after what mamma said of him on Wednesday, they will have gone home and told every one there that he is——"

"What?"

"Vulgar," said Rosamund, in a low, sad tone; "and it will have been mamma's doing. She showed she thought him so herself,"—drawing a breath, as though the shameful aspersion might have been supposed to have been beyond even Lady Caroline.

Hartland looked straight in front of him, meriting further confidence.

"Aunt Julia would never have found it out—I mean imagined it," proceeded Rosamund, with unconscious truth. "As long as ever she possibly can, Aunt Julia thinks mamma must be right; and it is only when mamma is too—severe, that the poor little auntie sits by with a disapproving face on. That was the worst of all on Wednesday; she said one or two kind things, but she had not on her disapproving face."

"That meant a great deal."

"It meant that, on the whole, she was on mamma's side. She always thinks mamma goes too far; but I could tell she was with mamma—at least more with her than with me—and that was, oh yes, a great deal for Aunt Julia."

"She is generally benevolence itself."

"Yes, indeed."

"You never hear her speak evil of any one."

"No."

"And I believe she makes them better by the mere thinking well of them," continued Hartland. "I never see my friends to greater advantage than when they 'pal up' to Aunt Julia. You know what to 'pal up' is, don't you, Rosamund? I think you and I 'pal up' very well when——" he stopped short; he could not well say "when we are let alone."

But Rosamund heard nothing; she was pondering on how to bring him back to Gilbert. Aunt Julia was all very well, but it must be confessed that as a topic the new one was insipid, inferior in flavour to the old, and, eager as she was to return to the latter, she was yet maidenly enough to resist doing so too openly. Over her vehement partisanship, she would still throw the semblance of a purely general sentiment.

Bashfulness, delicacy, or indifference—some sentiment or other must have held Hartland back at the same time, for he also let Aunt Julia drop, and hesitated before reverting to the subject which had previously occupied them.

Conversation was thus at a momentary standstill, when, on a sudden, a loud "Halloo!" rang through the fragrant air, causing both to turn their heads and halt on the instant.

It must be reserved for another chapter to tell whom they saw advancing swiftly through the young plantations.

CHAPTER XI.—"IN YOUR PLACE I SHOULD NOT HAVE PRESUMED."

> "I would not have you invade each place,
> Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
> Till men's affections, or your own desert,
> Should worthily invite you to your rank."
>
> —BEN JONSON.

Of course it was Gilbert.

"Talk of the ——," said Hartland, with a glance of guilt at his companion; and leaving her to apply the quotation or not as she chose, he stepped forward, shook his stick in welcome, and hallooed a response.

Neither he nor Rosamund looked at all disturbed. Of the three, Gilbert was the only one who showed himself in any way put out or uneasy. He did not know whether he were not interrupting; he would have liked to be sure that the cousins did not feel caught in spite of their coolness; and satisfied as he had hitherto been on the point, like a true soldier he was always ready to allow that he might be taken in the flank. Lord Hartland, although he had never yet shown himself a rival, might for all that be stealing a march in the dark. He shot a scrutinising glance, and twisted his moustache as he approached the pair.

"I thought it very likely that I should meet some one," he observed, shaking hands; "my only hope was that it might be some one who would not have me up for trespassing; it would have been rather appalling to have been set upon by all your gardeners, and bundled over the hedge;" and he tried to laugh easily. "The fact is, I came up the side path, by which you were once good enough to show me out,"—to Rosamund.

She coloured, and Hartland understood. It was a pleasant memory, and both liked to recall it.

("But being shown out is a different thing from showing one's self in," commented the third person, internally. "I should not have presumed had I been in your place, Major Gilbert.")

No one, however, asked for his opinion. Frank approval only beamed from Rosamund's sparkling eyes; and if the idea that her lover had been presumptuous did cross her mind, it was only to thank her good fortune that she and no one else had stumbled across him in the act.

"I had no very clear idea of my whereabouts," continued Gilbert; "but I made sure, from the smoke rising, that I was near the vineries, and supposed there would be an entrance not far off. It cuts off a long round, coming through the woods. I walked over. I did not bring the trap, as I was in hopes Lady Caroline might ask me to stop luncheon, and we could have our very last match at lawn-tennis for this season, afterwards. Do you think she will? Shall I have to beg it very humbly? I'll say anything, you know."

"Yes. Oh, I am sure," murmured Rosamund, with a troubled look that went to her cousin's heart in spite of his diversion at the ludicrous dilemma thus opened. "I think—I am sure—that is——"

("That is, if you would go round by the front door, and keep quiet about this side path, and meeting us, and lawn-tennis, and everything you ought not to mention," was what she wanted to say; but how make this understood?)

"I am sure mamma is — at

home," continued the speaker, hurriedly; "and though we have taken in our nets, as the weather has been so bad lately, they can be put up again in half a minute. I will tell the men on our way back."

"Just the day for a game, isn't it?" said Gilbert, looking round. "What a lot of glass you have here! It must require a tidy lot of men to keep it all in working order. A fine show of grapes too," peering in, as he passed a house. "The door is locked, I'll wager," trying the handle. "That's always the way. They never let you touch one on the vine. At my father's I always make 'em bring the key——"

"We have forgotten the roses, Hartland," said Rosamund, suddenly stopping short.

"And the geranium-cuttings," added he.

"Roses? Geranium-cuttings?" interrogated Gilbert.

"I came down on purpose to gather some of the late roses for mamma, and Hartland had commands for geranium-cuttings for Aunt Julia," said Rosamund, laughing; "and here we have never once thought of either, and it is too late to go now. We are bad messengers, Hartland."

"You had forgotten all about them?" demanded the new-comer, as though struck by the idea. "Were you going for them, by any chance, when you met me?"

That, he thought, might reasonably account for forgetfulness on her part, if not on Hartland's. But to his dismay, it did not appear that his appearance on the scene had had anything to do with it.

"We — where were we going, Hartland?" said Rosamund.

Hartland knew as little as she. He looked at her, looked about him, and confessed his blank ignorance.

"Lord!" ejaculated Gilbert with an angry laugh, for he did not like this. "I never heard such a joke in my life. Not know where you were going! Lord! It is as well that neither of you is in her Majesty's service, that's all I have to say. Come then, Miss Rosamund, let me help you to get the roses——"

"Oh no, it is too late."

"Too late? Not at all. It is only——"

"Luncheon-time, by my internal clock," said Hartland, divining her feelings. "So I am off, whoever else stays. Geranium-cuttings must bide their time. Goodbye, Rosamund."

("Off, is he," thought Gilbert. "I did him wrong then. But if so, why in the name of wonder did he look so plaguey odd? Be hanged if I didn't think for more than a minute that there was something between them!")

He could not, however, think it longer.

"Oh, don't go, Hartland, pray, *pray* don't go," cried Rosamund, so frankly, so imploringly, nay, so despairingly, that no girl could so have spoken to a possible lover. "You must come in with us,— with me — indeed, indeed you must," she continued, catching hold of his arm; then with a sudden recollection, "I must tell you, Major Gilbert, that mamma and I had a little difference this morning, — lately, — and — and, if Hartland would come back with me, he is such a favourite with mamma——"

"Lord! yes, we all know that," cried Gilbert, sticking out his chin, as was his wont when more than ordinarily self-assertive. "We can all see *that* with half an eye."

"Please do, Hartland; please do come," whispered the fair petitioner, still holding him fast, as though fearing that at any moment he would slip from her grasp. "You know," in a lower aside; "you know how it will be if you do not."

"Oh, I'll come if you like, Rosamund. I say, do you not think I had better take Major Gilbert round by the stable-yard, and show him your pony's foot? He will judge whether we are treating it properly. If you go in by the terrace we will follow directly, and perhaps—ahem!—perhaps you had better just tell your mother—she might like to know that I am bringing Major Gilbert in to luncheon."

Bringing Gilbert! If it were not the truth to a hair's-breadth, it was at least a kindly intentioned and adroit adaptation of it to the necessity of the moment—and well did the giver of the message comprehend all that it would accomplish. With Lady Caroline such a mantle of protection would cover even Gilbert's sins.

Further protection and relief was also in store. In the drawing-room sat Amy and Violet Waterfield, who had come to invite her to the Grange, but who, instead, had been themselves detained by Lady Caroline, who by some means or other had known Hartland was about, and suspected he had fallen in with his cousin. "Even yet she may be saved if we can but keep her from ever meeting that odious man again," she had thought in allusion to Gilbert, and had pressed the Waterfield girls to stay. In her heart, moreover, she knew that she was afraid of her daughter, afraid of irritating her further, unwilling to stir the smouldering embers. There had been something of an explanation between the two stubborn, self-willed women behind the scenes, and Rosamund had been sufficiently humbled to profess a vague regret for having "forgotten herself" in public, while Lady Caroline had gone so far as to allow that she might also have said a little more than she had intended on the other hand,—and each had carefully kept aloof from the subject thereafter. The company of others was in consequence rather welcome than otherwise even to the unsociable mistress of the mansion, and she was talking with a fair show of amiability to her young visitors, when her daughter entered with Hartland's message, followed almost immediately by Hartland himself. Gilbert was behind him.

Lady Caroline's feelings may be imagined; we may therefore turn to those of the love-sick major.

He was in luck, he thought; he had not to encounter that frigid back in the blue gown all by himself. The gown was there, it is true, but other gowns were there also; and after quitting Lady Caroline's cold fingers, he could grasp nimbly two other hands, which, if they did not respond to his pressure, at least did not feel like dead fish in his own.

To say that the Waterfields did not recognise the value of their position at the moment would be to do them injustice; they were neither clever nor brilliant, nor by any means humorous young ladies, but they did see the fun of this. Gilbert, as he looked gratefully into one gentle and seemingly unconscious face after the other, thinking, "Ay, ay, you are the right sort of tip for me, with your stupid good-nature; you will neither see anything nor tell it again," would have dropped down in amazement had he beheld what was in their breasts. "No, no;

they are no count," he decided, "and they will serve to amuse the other fellow by-and-by; so once we are out of the way of old Bluegown"—and even in old Bluegown's presence the handsome soldier looked jubilantly round.

"Everybody is about this jolly fine morning," he observed; "the road is full of carriages and gigs. I met lots of people tooling about."

The same observation, differently expressed, had gone the round, it may be remembered, on the previous Wednesday, and if anything had been wanting to recall the meeting of that day, it would have been this opening remark.

"It was too fine not to tempt us out," replied Violet Waterfield, as no one else spoke. "Lady Caroline, you are never idle; you never put by your work for a morning ramble."

"Correspondence accumulates so rapidly, that I have been at my desk ever since breakfast, Violet, because I had to leave it yesterday."

"You were in town yesterday?"

"I ran up for the day, yes."

("Dash it! if I had only known!" reflected Gilbert.)

"We saw you at the station," said Miss Waterfield; "and knowing you as we do, we ought to have recollected you would be especially busy to-day in consequence. But you see, even if we had left you in peace, here would have been Lord Hartland."

"Failing me, Major Gilbert," said Hartland; and the general smile a little faded.

"I am always happy to see my friends," affirmed Lady Caroline, with ever so slight an emphasis on the last word; "but now that I have a grown-up daughter, she must help to entertain them, and —there is the gong!—now, Violet, now, Amy; Hartland, I want to speak to you about the new farm-buildings;" and she fell back to keep pace with him, but swept past Gilbert, who officiously whirled a basket-chair out of her path, as though he had been the footman. She had never once addressed him since his entrance.

Luncheon at King's Common was something of a function.

Lady Caroline liked solemnity, state, and silver covers; Mr Liscard liked, for dyspeptic reasons, to make the meal his early dinner. Both were fairly early risers and brain-workers after their own fashion, consequently both had good appetites, and made the most of them.

"You can always count on a rattling good lunch there," Gilbert had informed his sisters, he having more than once made good his resolve to stay for it. "Whether any one is expected or not, it is always the same — lots of good things."

Up and down the table there would be a variety of nice little hot dishes, curry, cutlets, pork griskins, lamb's fry, and the like; savoury but hideously indigestible viands, as every one but Mr Liscard allowed, and as he better than any one else knew. Still, he would have them, liked them, ate them, and suffered for them; and nothing annoyed him more than to be begged to confine himself to the plain joint.

The plain joint would be there, one at each end of the table, presently to disappear to the servants' hall; and there would further be a goodly array of roast and boiled cold meats, raised pies, and stout cut-and-come-again game jellies on the sideboard.

No little silver mugs nor high perch chairs were visible, however. No round, rosy faces, surmounting clean pinafores, beamed expect-

antly up and down the board. The children in their distant schoolroom were invisible and inaudible, and never had the luckless Gilbert more regretted their absence than on the present occasion.

He was fond of children—the more the merrier, and the noisier the better. Had the little troop, known to be not far off, now filed in, he would have fitted them into their seats, tied on their feeders, cut up their portions, and with jest and chaff have got through the meal hilariously. Every minute he would have found something fresh to say, something funny, wherewith to elicit the shy chuckle or saucy rejoinder —added to which, a series of pleasing feats connected with oranges, forks, and table-napkins, would have made him the centre for every young one's eye, and the momentary idol of their imagination.

But here, as usual, he was balked by Lady Caroline's austere rules. A man can hardly attitudinise with an orange, and catch it on a lively fork, for the benefit of grown-up people, sitting solemnly round, conversing in serious, ceremonious tones—people content to be dull, and without either desire to be or intention of being otherwise; and although the ill-starred major did finally create a diversion which suspended for a full minute the murmuring of undertones and the noiseless circling round of the servants, it was by an involuntary and a not altogether successful performance.

His neighbour asked for water, —asked a footman, not him,—but seeing a bottle near, and anxious to be attentive, he stretched forward to reach it, and upset his claret-glass. A claret-glass just filled contains a fair amount of wine, and Gilbert's plate was the receptacle for nearly two-thirds of the ruby liquid.

Tablecloth and napkin had their share, however, and his own coat-sleeve did not escape. The mess was a complete one.

Had Hartland done it, had any one else at table done it, nobody, not even Lady Caroline, would have cared two straws; it was hard that such a thing should have happened to the only person present whom it could render uncomfortable.

For the moment Gilbert's courage failed him; he looked piteously round, and for the first time in his life had neither apology nor laugh at command.

It took but a few minutes ere plate and glass had been removed, clean damask spread over the soiled, sleeve wiped, and the misdemeanant, rather red in the face, started upon a fresh supply of roast mutton; but in that brief interval he had almost lost all appetite.

The time had seemed long, and no one had done anything to shorten it.

Rosamund was far from him, and while writhing beneath the rigid unconsciousness of a hostess whose marble visage absolutely ignored the accident, its effects, and the subsequent restoration to order, he had not met a single eye of sympathy.

Had he not been so very hungry he could not have allowed another plate to be set before him. But he had only just begun, and the mutton was excellent. He could not decline it, nor the late peas, and tomatoes, and succulent French beans, of all which he had before laid in an untasted supply, and to which it did seem cruel that he should have again to help himself beneath Lady Caroline's very nose.

The result was that he ate more inelegantly than ever in his haste to catch up with the rest of the party, and fright lest he should at any moment find himself plying knife and fork alone.

The hurry was needless. Hartland sent for some more cold beef.

"Are you going to do great things at the flower-show, Lady Caroline?" he inquired, at the same time.

"I am afraid not, Hartland. Netley tells me he has nothing worth showing this year."

"Nothing worth showing!" exclaimed Gilbert, thinking he saw an opportunity. "In your beautiful garden! Well, if he has nothing worth showing, he has plenty worth looking at, that's all I can say."

"The flowers for competition are not the same as those ordinarily put out in the garden," observed Lady Caroline coldly,—but still it was something to have won so much. Her garden was a weak point.

"No one hereabouts can compete with you, I suppose?"

"Oh dear, yes." Not that she thought for a moment any one could, but the rejoinder could contain an inflection of "Much you know about it" which could not be let pass.

"The gardeners nowadays are such awful swells," proceeded Gilbert, turning for relief to Amy Waterfield. "A gardener is like a doctor—or a painter—he'll grow his one thing, his speciality, and he'll do nothing else. Have you ever noticed——" and then just as he fancied he was going to lean back in his chair and be a little mildly entertaining, and show that he was quite at home and at his ease, he found himself upon his feet, every one else the same, and the ladies about to leave the room. The meal was over, but he could hardly be said to have shone at it.

Now, however, things must inevitably brighten.

Mr Liscard, who liked his cigarette after luncheon, was approachable, if nothing else; and though he invariably talked over Gilbert's head and assumed his acquaintance with the most recondite authors, of whose very existence the unfortunate soldier had hitherto been ignorant, yet it was something to be talked to at all.

"If I could only come up now to the scratch," thought he, as Hartland rose to go home and get himself into flannels for the proposed lawn-tennis, "if I could just get it out now;" but on the whole he decided to wait.

"Curious that idea of Kant about his digestion," began the scholar, crossing his knees placidly and opening the conversation with as familiar an intonation as if he had said Bobby or Jack; rather more so, indeed, since the internal organs of the latter couple were not interesting to him as a parent.

"Indeed?" ("Who the plague was Kant?" demanded Gilbert of himself. "I know the name of course, but—well, all I can do is to lie low and wait for a lead.") "And so he had a queer digestion, did you say?" he continued, interrogatively.

"Or he thought he had, and took all sorts of fancies into his head to remedy it. Never read his life?"

"N—no, no, I can't say I have. I—we military men don't have much time for reading, you see. I'm afraid books are not much in our line."

"True. You leave them to us," replied Mr Liscard, feeling complimented, in a vague delicate fashion, by the apologetic air

with which the avowal was made. "And between ourselves, Kant is deep, certainly deep. His 'Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysic of Morals,' for instance."

"His *what?*" ejaculated Gilbert, both eyes opening.

"His 'Theory of Ethics,' likewise," proceeded Mr Liscard, as though unconscious of the effect produced,—"both are undeniably tough. Fine, but profound. It does not do to touch them on the surface. I have him all in there," with a wave of his hand towards the library, "and I look forward to studying him thoroughly in my first leisure time; but at present I must confess," with a glance towards his companion, for he wondered how much of the confession Gilbert would comprehend, "I must own I have contented myself with the memoir. The memoir is exceedingly interesting: especially in the account it gives of the quaint old fellow's habits and mode of life. He only ate one meal a-day, you know."

"Really? But surely that was —was——" (now what was it? cogitated the speaker, internally. "What am I to say it was? A good or a bad notion? Sensible, or the reverse? If the old gentleman would only look a little less like a sphinx, and give me *some* sort of idea of what he wants me to say, I should say it like a shot. But when all he does is to look at me like that—however, here goes.") "That was a strange thing to do, certainly," he observed, with wise reticence.

"He made the most of it, however," rejoined the other, well satisfied to be so excellently listened to, and not sorry in his heart to perceive that little as he really knew, and poorly as he would have shone had he been among sages, he could fearlessly prattle in his present company. "We are told that he often sat over this solitary meal for three or four hours——"

"Bless my soul!"

"He did indeed, during which his conversation is said to have been most brilliant. I own, however, that this I, for one, can hardly reconcile with his other whim concerning the digestion——"

—— "Oh, ah!—yes—the digestion. What was it about the digestion? You were just going to tell me."

"Considering it undesirable for the brain and stomach to be working at the same time, he always preferred to walk alone after dinner, for fear of being tempted to talk. He went so far as to consider it a bad thing even to open his mouth," continued Mr Liscard, solemnly.

"Good gracious!"

"This, however, it seems, was only in later life."

"Well, I should hope so."

"And it is in curious contradiction of another German philosopher's ideas on the same subject."

"Is it, indeed?"

"The one——but upon my word, I forget who it was,—dear me, how stupid I am! Why, I know his name as well as my own, and yet it has escaped me at this moment,"—bending his brows in cogitation. "Now, what can his name be?"

"Perhaps if you would recall the—the anecdote," hinted Gilbert.

"Yes; well, I can do that. And you may be able to help me to recollect—though how I ever came to forget—however, this is the story. One of these thinking men —these whimsical students, full of fancies—took it into his sage head that cold air—the colder the better

—was a famous tonic for the inside. It may be—I don't pretend to know; but one thing I am very sure of, I don't intend to chance it, at least in his way. His way was this. Directly he had swallowed his food, instead of sitting quiet, smoking, and chatting, as we are doing now, he would dart out-of-doors, and race up and down like a steam-engine —against the wind—if there were any—mouth wide open, gulping it down wholesale, as if he were filling an air-cushion. Peculiar, that, eh?"

"Very," assented Gilbert,—and the sudden speculation as to what would be Lady Caroline's sensations should he appear in front of her ladyship's windows, running open-mouthed against the wind, with a view to swallowing cold air, caused him to laugh in spite of himself.

Mr Liscard, who never laughed, was nevertheless content to have been amusing.

"Cicero used to lie down flat upon his stomach," continued he, after a few puffs.

"And the fellow who devoured oysters and figs by the ton, I should like to know what remedy he adopted?" said Gilbert. "Worth knowing, that. To be able to lay in such a cargo every day without damaging the concern must be fine."

"Of whom are you thinking, I wonder?"

"Of an emperor—a Roman emperor—but be hanged if I know which. I am not up in them, I own. But this fellow was a notorious glutton——"

——"The epithet would apply —ahem!— pretty generally," and Mr Liscard smiled approvingly, for the conversation was quite to his mind, and he did not find his companion more ignorant than many others. "I suspect you mean Tertullus. If anything, he exceeded the others in the proportions of his appetite. Yes, it certainly is amazing what an amount can be consumed by a single individual, given time and appetite. Time is the chief thing. That is the principal reason why the French have such a much greater capacity for taking in supplies at once, and also for digesting them afterwards, than we have; they sit a long time at table, and allow a reasonable period to elapse between each course. Here we hurry and scramble. I tell Lady Caroline every day I wish the servants would not sweep my plate out of sight the moment I have finished, and have something else at my elbow before I know that it is gone. Servants are all alike, you may do what you will. Literally, I have sometimes to hold on to my plate while I am talking, or else it will have vanished before I have done saying what I have to say!"

"Hard lines, indeed."

"And afterwards one should sit peacefully awhile; not bolt off as Lord Hartland has done, directly the food is down."

"You like to sit still for a bit?" said Gilbert, concealing the chagrin he dared not show, for he was himself now eager to be off, and not having eaten nor drunk enough to require inactivity such as his host advocated, thought the worthy gentleman might very well have now made a move.

At all events he might have permitted him to do so.

But a companion was just what suited Mr Liscard at this hour.

"I do not consider reading can be good," proceeded he ponderously, "unless the book be the very lightest of novels, and of those I, personally, am not fond. Solid

reading is certainly to be avoided. Sleep, they tell me, is not to be recommended; and exertion of any kind, it goes without saying, must be injurious. In fact, all medical men, I believe, are agreed in considering easy conversation as the desideratum. Easy conversation," lifting his glass to his lips, "without any exciting ingredients."

"Such as a proposal," reflected Gilbert. "Well, another time will do for me, old gentleman; and if easy conversation means another bumper of this very respectable liquor," and he helped himself with an air of satisfaction not unpleasing to a host in the proper humour for it.

"What tortures poor Carlyle endured!" It appeared that the topic was not exhausted, as one of the pair had half hoped it might have been.

"I suppose so. His health was —was very bad, I suppose." He could certainly cope better with Carlyle than with Kant, but would have to be prudent even with the sage of Chelsea.

"Chronic dyspepsia. Foolish habits; no exercise; and probably a wretched cook."

"People are such fools about exercise," observed Gilbert, who at last knew something of what he was talking about. "I am sure I don't understand how they get on at all without it. I could never do without my three or four hours a-day of walking, or riding, or fencing — it don't matter what: keep the muscles going, say I; and when I have had my five miles' row up-stream, and a tub and a change after it, I am fit for anything."

"So I should imagine. You are young and strong. When you are my age you won't want to row five miles either up or down stream; but I can still walk my four or five along the road, and that is something, when formed into a regular habit. The regularity is the great thing. Many people will saunter about the doors for six days in the week, and take a great burst on the seventh, just as if that would do them any sort of good. It is taking every day a little, and a little, and a little; but I need not speak to you—you are an active man and know what I mean."

"Well, yes, that's just what I am, Mr Liscard." Health was Gilbert's hobby as well as his host's, and he piqued himself on the sturdiness with which he flourished the dumb-bells every morning. "No, indeed, I keep 'em all pretty brisk down at the barracks, I can tell you. Most of us go in for something. I encourage games and competitions and gymnastics, you know; they do a lot of good if they only keep the youngsters out of mischief. We are getting up a cricket-match with the townsfolk next week. I don't go in for cricket as much as I did; a man has no business with cricket at five-and-thirty, but, hang it all! I can handle the willow yet when I'm wanted. I tell them they have always me to fall back upon; and somehow or other it always seems they *do* have to fall back on me. We have an excellent fives court too; and some of us are racket men. Rackets is about as good a game as any going, to my mind. But after all, lawn-tennis is my game now; there is an open-air cheery feeling about it, on a fine bright summer day, that is equalled by nothing but the ring of the ice on a frosty December afternoon when you have your skates on for the first skate of the season."

To all of this Mr Liscard listened with a certain appreciation. It was impossible not to be in a

measure carried away by the overflowing vitality of the speaker, to note the clear eye and ruddy cheek, the broad chest and straight back, and to feel that these offered themselves, as it were, as samples of the sentiments above expressed.

No fault could be found with the samples. Gilbert was an excellent specimen of his code; and of the code itself he nodded his approval.

Personally he did not find the glib soldier jar upon his sensibilities, and he knew enough of the world to perceive that, gentleman or not, the man was probably a better man, more respectable, more to be respected, than the majority of those who came to his house.

He had already heard Major Gilbert spoken of as a first-rate military man, likely to rise in the service; and also as a sensible fellow, under whom a subaltern did well to be placed; he really did not see why he should be so persistently pooh-poohed by Lady Caroline.

He had been informed by her ladyship of what she termed the absurd pretensions of an impossible suitor; but, left to himself, he should not in honesty have seen, nor did he now see, the impossible part of the position.

He had twelve children. Twelve children might grow to be twelve burdens. It was worth while inquiring into whom and what this Major Gilbert was.

If it should turn out that he could maintain a wife suitably (and there was no reason to suppose he could not), what was there to prevent the match?

Rosamund was for it, he supposed. If she had not been, the impatience and fretfulness of his wife over the subject was unaccountable, since he knew Lady Caroline well enough to be tolerably sure she would not have bestirred herself to worry about a lover whose rejection was resolved upon.

So then his daughter fancied Gilbert? He would think the matter over.

Our readers will remember that, subject to conjugal sway as the submissive husband ordinarily was, there were occasions when he could prove as unmanageable as anybody, and the present seemed to offer as favourable an opportunity for being so as he could ever hope to have.

Even alone and single-handed he had now and again settled her ladyship in a way that had told for some time afterwards; so that now, with an ally, dauntless and determined as Lady Caroline herself, was he likely to quail?

Not he. Rosamund needed not to have feared for him.

CHAPTER XII.—GILBERT IN A NEW LIGHT.

"The fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck."
—*Timon of Athens.*

Gilbert on the lawn-tennis ground was perhaps rather worse than Gilbert anywhere else.

It was, as he said, his great game. It was, moreover, his chiefest opportunity; for although sea-songs, with a rattling bass accompaniment, and round-dances to the strains of his own band, were neither of them to be despised as occasions for showing to advantage, they were as nothing compared to the

smooth grass on which he could dart and swoop, twist and screw, shout directions to his partner, chaff his opponents, cringe with eagle eye before the swift-coming ball, and send it back with the smash which won the stroke.

Even when not actively engaged, the discussing, arranging, marching to and fro in his pretty striped cap and jacket, measuring the net, and tightening or loosening it as required—anything and everything connected with the sport was delightful to him—and his mere walk across the court was an offence to any one not prejudiced in his favour.

Rosamund, however, was resolved to see nothing amiss. She had, at what cost to herself she alone knew, stood to her guns in defence of a maligned and injured man, and that he was what she had affirmed him to be had now become with her a dogma.

Why should he not be merry, talk, jest, and banter? Why should he not back his side to win, and crow loudly over the victory she also shared? Why should those ridiculous prudes of Waterfields be so clearly, palpably, chillingly unresponsive, and even Hartland seem quieter than usual?

Provoked and stimulated on every side, she affected spirits she hardly felt; and there was now and then a sting in her gay rallying of the others, which all but Gilbert understood only too well. Already she was ranging herself to do battle by his side.

Towards him she was inexpressibly, anxiously kind; his wishes were anticipated, and his wants provided for, almost ere he knew them himself; he was looked to for counsel, for applause, or for sympathy, and handed his balls when it was his turn for serving.

Their adversaries, Lord Hartland and Amy, were no match for them; Rosamund could give points to any one of the Waterfield girls, and Hartland had never taken particular pains to be a player: ere he had returned to England the game had taken hold, and he had felt himself behind the rest of the world at it. Almost from the first, therefore, the victory in every set was a foregone conclusion, and every one knew why a change of partners was not resorted to.

"*You* ought to be over there of course," said Gilbert, aside to Rosamund, "and I wonder your cousin does not propose it; but as he is content, I for one shall make no such suggestion."

"You think we are too strong for them?"

"To be sure we are. You can see it for yourself. If I ever miss a stroke, you are safe to pound it over from behind,—I cannot help laughing when I see it fly over my head; we seem as if we must carry all before us, you and I."

She felt what he meant, and to a look and tone so full of significance there could be no answer.

Play was resumed.

Then Lady Caroline came out on the lawn. For a time she had left the young people without supervision, aware that there could not be many openings for sentiment in a vigorous four-handed match at lawn-tennis; but now it occurred to her to see what was going on.

"Who arranged the partners?" forthwith was demanded of Violet Waterfield, who was sitting out.

"I think they took shape of themselves, Lady Caroline. Amy is better than I, so we made her play against Rosamund."

This was not what was meant,

as the speaker very well knew, but it was an answer of some kind; it stopped the question trembling on her august companion's lips, and made it impossible for her to pursue her inquiries,—since the only one she wished to make was, why is Lord Hartland playing with your sister, and not with my daughter? Had she known anything of the game, it would have been of course easy to demand why the two weaker should be put in against the two stronger, but she was ignorant of everything about lawn-tennis.

Games of all kinds were her abhorrence, and it was only because, as she said, people would play them, that she had at last given in and had a ground made, to prevent King's Common being the only place left in England without one.

Could she have had her will, the innovation would never have found its way into her solemn, funereal assemblies. She had always had her annual garden-party; her great tent on the lawn, wherein a band performed select pieces, and her other great tent wherein were stately refreshments and rather weak claret and champagne cups; and she had thought that everything went off well, and that all were pleased and honoured by her condescension, if she received now and again the conventional murmur of "a delightful afternoon" from a guest more habituated to falsehood than the rest.

Her parties as a fact had been detested generally, until Rosamund by perseverance and resolution had effected something of a change.

They could not go on as they were doing, the youthful revolutionist had declared. Their stale old teas that had been getting staler for half a century would make them the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood. Hartland had wondered why they did not have a variety.

She had found out the magic key, the minx. Hartland's name, artfully introduced, was almost sure to carry the day, once Lady Caroline were wavering; and to be told point-blank to her face that she was old-fashioned and ridiculous, which it must be owned Rosamund on one occasion actually did tell her, was enough to make any one waver.

The fact was, Greek had met Greek, when Lady Caroline Liscard brought out her eldest daughter. Rosamund, capable of passionate affections, of any amount of self-sacrifice, of every generous and noble emotion, was not to be ruled by an iron hand. Her spirit simply rose beneath dictation; and authority, even lawful authority, when it carried neither reason nor justice with it, could not fright her. Had she loved her mother, loved, honoured, and believed in her, a silken thread would have been a chain to bind her in submission absolute; but alas! she had learned, she knew not how, to distrust, nay, more, to despise,—and the result was, that when her blood was up, no words were too sharp nor too cruel for her ready tongue.

No wonder that Lady Caroline at times astonished the gentle Julia by the alacrity with which she adapted herself to a new suggestion. She was fain not to have it seen by the world that it had not emanated from herself in the first instance.

She now seated herself beneath the elms gloomily. Her sky was fast clouding over, and she had a presentiment of more evil yet to come; but nevertheless, even she little dreamed that the storm was actually about to burst, and that

within the hour its rumble would be heard approaching.

The sun was still high in the heavens, and the players showing no signs of weariness nor cessation, when, on a sudden, the game seemed to come to a standstill, while all eyes were turned in one direction.

Two or three small country boys could now be seen running towards the lawn as swiftly as their legs could carry them; and it was their shouting and gesticulations which had caused the sudden suspension of flying balls.

They now came up nearly breathless, shouting, screaming, and panting; and as each spoke, or tried to speak, he pointed behind him, and vehemently endeavoured to make himself understood. It was plain that an accident, or dilemma, or something of the kind, had taken place, for which assistance was urgently demanded; but it was some minutes before the nature of the help required could be comprehended from the confused statements and entreaties of the excited and incoherent children.

"What in the name of wonder do they say?" cried Gilbert, turning to the others. "I can't make out a word" (the provincial dialect being unfamiliar to him). "What do they say? What is a 'dom'?"

"A dam—the mill-dam," replied Rosamund, her ear distinguishing just so much. "What is it about the mill-dam, Georgie?" quickly. "Has the water broken loose, as it did in the spring?"

"No, miss; it's not the water——"

"No, miss; the dom's that deep——"

"It's Billy, miss——"

All three were gasping and spluttering at once. It was impossible to hear.

"Oh, what *do* you say? You, Georgie, speak. Is any one in? Is that what you mean? Be quick," and she almost shook the little boy to hurry him up.

"We went for to fish there, and his foot slipped on the bank——"

"He's holding on by the willow——"

"It's him as is top o' your class in Sunday-school——"

"There *is* a boy in," cried Rosamund. "Now, boys, quick! tell us where."

"Holding on by the willow, but he can't more than get a catch of it——"

"The willow? What willow?"

"The big willow along of the white gate; but the water's terrible strong."

"Can he swim at all?"

"No, miss," loudly, from the united party.

"Has no one," cried Rosamund shrilly,—"has no one gone yet? Didn't I see you tell those men by the way?" pointing to a couple of gardeners not far off. "Oh! they are going. But why don't they fly? They will never be in time. They——"

"Good God! you may well say so! The lad will be drowned while we stand here talking," said Gilbert, suddenly. "Here," catching the biggest of the messengers by the collar, "here, you, show me the way—sharp—scud like the wind now—that's it! Hang the boy! he's done for already. What on earth — well, I must go on alone. Hark ye! is it through that gate? Yes. And to the right? Yes. And through the wood? And I come to what? A bridge and a white gate. All right. Come along after me, in case I miss the way," loosing his hold, and shooting ahead like a rocket. In a few moments he was lost to view.

"A mill-dam is an ugly place for a swim," quoth Gilbert, now, to himself. "I wish I could strip

as I run; but, any way, it's lucky I'm in my flannels, and perhaps it is as well not to be too soon. I have got to keep my head now. If he has dropped off the willow by this time, I am probably too late—if so, it can't be helped, poor little chap; but if he drops off just as he sees me, *there* will be the danger. He would grip me like a wild cat in the water, unless I kept out of reach till he had lost consciousness. That must be my game. Otherwise it's 'good-bye' for us both, for I could never keep both him and myself up in a current like this, if he were tearing me down. Ha! there's the mill —ay, and the bridge, and the gate —now for the willow," rapidly verifying each successive landmark; "the willow—confound the willow! where is it? Plague take it!" casting a hawk's eye up and down the stream. "Stop—yes—behind this beech,"—he was up into it in a second. "Holloa, boy! Hie, boy, hie! Ho, ho, ho!" But no shout came in answer.

"Gone, by Jove!" muttered Gilbert, kicking off his shoes.

"There's a pretty swirl in the water, but I could manage it easy enough if I knew where the poor beggar was," further considered he, hastily letting himself down to the water's edge; "if I only knew how long he had been in, and if he had been down more than once, supposing he does come up. Hoy!"—with a sudden yell—"hoy! there he is!" and flashed in himself just as the first among the other runners emerged from the wood at the top of the bank. They could not see the ghastly face, with its terrified starting eyeballs, which was turned full on Gilbert, as the agonised shriek of the drowning boy rang through the air; but they could perceive him leap from the bough, and knew that hope was not extinct.

"That was his first coming up," concluded Gilbert swiftly. "He could not have screamed like that the second time, and it is quite possible he may not even rise again. The current's stronger than I thought. I should like—I should *like* to go for him next time, but the risk's too great. It won't do to fool away both our lives. Oh! I see him—I see him! You idiots—asses—hold your infernal tongues, can't you?" for the poor wretch had enough on his hands without being distracted by volleys of advice and suggestion from the bank. "Oh! *do* be quiet, can't you?" groaned he internally.

Every nerve was at the fullest tension, eye and ear were on the strain, and he was husbanding his breath and his strength for the life-and-death struggle to come,—and they thought he did not know what he was about!

He raised one hand, and shook it, and the dumb command was understood. The voices died away, and a breathless, awe-stricken silence ensued; while a swallow, that had been scared away from the pool before, returned, and skimmed hither and thither athwart the swimmer's anxious vision.

He had, however, but a single minute of such dread suspense.

In far shorter time than it takes to write, the surface of the dark water was again broken by the head and shoulder of the helpless boy, and again a cry, but this time a feeble and almost inaudible one, escaped.

"Now for it," said Gilbert, setting his teeth, and striking out for the spot—for hitherto he had kept as far aloof as he dared up-stream, and had, as the event proved, calculated admirably on the cast of

the current in fixing on the place where it would throw up its victim for the second time.

He now made for the opposite bank, a little lower down, and had scarce reached it ere a formless mass, undistinguishable, yet unmistakably him—or *it*—he sought, slowly floated to the surface, within a couple of yards of him.

It was long ere Gilbert could recall without a shudder the touch of a forked bough, which struck him sharply at that moment, and, to his excited imagination, seemed to seize and grip him in its hold.

He had pursued a course of action requiring an amount of resolution and self-restraint beyond the power of most men to put into force. He had held himself in check as only a man accustomed to emergencies and self-control could have done; and he had faced an awful danger and an awful death with deliberate and therefore double courage.

But the touch of that moss-grown branch sent a stab to his heart, and his blood ran cold for many a day afterwards when he thought of it.

It needed but a moment, however, to reassure his startled nerves. It was almost instantly obvious that the unconscious object by his side was powerless at last to compass his own and his deliverer's destruction; and the only fear now entertained by the bold swimmer was lest life itself might be extinct ere remedial measures could be taken.

He seized the child by his clothing—a stout shirt—got one arm well round his waist, and with the other struck a few powerful strokes, reached the bank, and was but dimly aware of what next took place.

The strain was over—no more was required of him.

A mouthful of brandy, however, sent down by some one's forethought, and a dozen respirations lying extended on the warm grass, and the brave fellow sat up again, none the worse for it all.

He had been in time, the rescued boy still breathed, and under vigorous rubbing and chafing was giving satisfactory symptoms of returning animation.

"But it was a near thing for the little chap, my lord; another five minutes, and no one could ha' done nothing for him," observed one of those who had been busiest, but who now gave way to others, and finding himself by Lord Hartland's side, respectfully anticipated his sympathy. "Only one of a thousand could ha' managed as well as that there gentleman did. Golly! I never see nothing like it. To wait and wait, and hold back, and hang back—there's some of us didn't seem to take in what he was up to; but, to be sure, we might ha' known he's a doomed man as tries to save the drowning till so be as they're past trying to save themselves."

Hartland assented by a mute movement.

"The water's powerful strong just at this bit," continued the speaker, "and them little rascals, they knows that as well as any one. Many's the time they've been warned off it, they have. Says I myself to some of them not a week ago, says I, 'You'll wait till some of you's drownded, that's what you'll do, afore you'll leave off meddling with that 'ere dom.' And drownded that boy there, that son of Barley's, would ha' been, sure as fate, but for this gentleman. You see, my lord, none of us can swim."

"Neither can I," said Hartland, in a low voice. The confession was very bitter to him. He could

not have told why, but he felt degraded by it.

From the first moment when intelligence had been brought of the accident, he had known that no assistance was to be had from him, except such as he could hardly hope could be of any use; but on the chance he had run for a rope, while Gilbert was hurrying straight to the dam. He had only now arrived, and even his rope had been too late to haul the rescuer and the rescued out of the water. He had not been able to procure one sooner.

With mingled feelings of envy and admiration he now hung over the man who had so unhesitatingly and deliberately risked his life—and who had been able to do it.

("He is a noble fellow. How paltry, how unworthy in the light of this, seems all our prejudice against any slight tricks of manner or of speech! How unutterably trivial his offences! He hears of a poor yokel's child, as insignificant a human being as can well be, in the jaws of death, and throws himself into the same jaws as readily as he would pluck a daisy. What a head he must have to have kept cool in that horrid place!" glancing with a shiver at the dull, deadly current in the hollow; "one false move, one bit of a bungle, would have lost all—and he knew it. Well," after a pause, "well, if his heart is equal to his head, Rosamund has not chosen ill after all.")

Yet he said it with a sort of sigh.

CHAPTER XIII.—"IS HE A FIT HUSBAND FOR YOUR DAUGHTER, THEODORE?"

"When a lover offers, madam, to take a daughter without a portion, one should inquire no further: everything is contained in that one article; and 'without a portion' supplies the want of youth, beauty, family, wisdom, honour, and honesty."—'*L'Avare*,' *tr. by* FIELDING.

Gilbert was now the hero of the hour.

The place he had so often coveted, and had striven by foolish and ill-advised efforts to obtain, was now unanimously and spontaneously accorded him, and he awoke from a brief trance to find himself the centre of an enthusiastic group, brimming over with that honest homage which Englishmen of all classes pay to courage, daring, and success.

Moreover, it was vastly appreciated by those rough worshippers, that not only had the gentleman faced the ugly dam, and the still uglier possibility of being dragged down into its depths, but he had done it all for a poor bit of a Billy Barley, Stephen Barley's eighth son, who, bless him! could ha' been spared better than most, and who, for a lad as was always in mischief, and never knowed himself whether he were in or out, beat all the country round.

If anything had happened to the gentleman a-getting out of Billy Barley, it would ha' been a sore shame; and in their hearts they added, Billy was not worth it.

As things were, however, and as no harm had been done, they were immensely proud and pleased that it had been thought by the gentleman worth his while to put his own life in jeopardy for that of the insignificant imp; and enough could not be made of him.

Barley himself was shoved and hustled forward.

"It aint along o' me to have many words, sir," said the poor

man, exhibiting a variety of nervous movements; "but there's all here knows as there aren't but few as would ha' done it. I—I don't exactly know what I ought to say, sir."

"Why, you say it uncommonly well, then, my good fellow," replied Gilbert, kindly. "Nobody could do it better, I am sure. I am very glad I was in time. How's the lad now?"

"A comin' to, sir."

"That's right! Oh, he'll come to, sharp enough, once he has got some breath into him again; but I say, just take a little care of him for a day or two. He'll not be quite himself, till he has got over his ducking."

"He'll not forget it, sir."

"I hope he won't. It is a very good lesson for them all."

"I mean he'll not forget your doing it, sir."

"Oh! that's it? Glad to hear it. Now, then, give me a hand up, will you? I must be moving, and see about some dry clothes."

The grateful fellow almost lifted him in his arms.

"You can't walk yet, Gilbert," said Lord Hartland, softly. It was the first time he had ever addressed him without the prefix.

"Oh yes, I'm all right. A little giddy. Give me your arm for a moment. It will go off directly." He passed his hand across his eyes, shook himself, and declared it had passed.

"We can get the dog-cart down in no time, my lord," suggested one of the bystanders, eager to do something. "If the gentleman will take my coat, and sit in the sun, I'll be down again in a few minutes."

"Ay, do. Bring it sharp," answered Gilbert for himself. "And, I say, we'll go up to the bridge if you bring it there. There is no need for any one to stop on here," he continued, looking round. "The boy's all right, I suppose."

"He is talking now, my lord."

"Don't let him talk," said Gilbert, quickly. "Keep him quiet. And, I say, carry him home now as fast as you can, and put him to bed, between blankets. If you all keep round him like that, you will have him in a fever to-morrow. Here," to Barley, "you are his father; you take him home, and mind he's kept there. Keep him warm, and keep him quiet; d'ye understand? Mind it's done, then."

His clear, quick tones, his brevity and conciseness, and, above all, the evident expectation of prompt and unquestioning obedience, made him so completely another man from the Gilbert Hartland had hitherto known, the restless, ill-bred, and ill-at-ease Gilbert of the drawing-room, that it seemed as if a film had fallen from his companion's eyes.

He now beheld the commanding officer, cool in danger, alert in following up a victory, wary of possible evils even in the hour of success, quick of eye and tongue, but thoughtful and considerate for the same inferiors, from whom his whole demeanour compelled respect and subservience.

Hartland had, he now owned, disliked and despised Rosamund's friend. Despise him he never could again, and he resolved at once to begin to conquer the dislike.

Nothing but his own peculiar position in the Liscard household had hitherto prevented his openly showing the feelings with which he had regarded the guest so often to be met with there; and although he had not approved of Lady Caroline's tactics, and had been vexed and revolted by the final explosion, he had devoutly

wished his fair cousin had fired up on behalf of any one else.

All this was past. Honour and justice urged him to remain neutral no longer.

To say nothing against Major Gilbert had been all very well heretofore; but now to pass by his merit, and let it be supposed that want of polish could still outweigh sterling worth, was not to be thought of.

Gilbert had shown himself to be a gallant, intrepid fellow, inspired by a noble humanity which it would be a crying shame not to recognise and rate at its true value; and what did his callousness to the trifling proprieties and *convenances* of society signify in comparison?

The subject of these reflections should now be viewed with another eye.

It seemed to him that Gilbert's voice, look, manner, — all were changed. He spoke tersely and unaffectedly: he looked happy—as who would not have looked happy? —but neither elated nor important. And, best of all, there was, in the place of any affected jocularity or indifference, a seriousness that became the moment well. Nothing of this was lost upon the other, who, betwixt compunction for the past and plans for the future, scarce understood his own perceptions, but whose expressive silence and anxious solicitude for the comfort of his charge—for in that light he now looked upon Gilbert—betrayed the workings of his breast. He was undergoing a mental revolution.

Not so, however, Lady Caroline.

Lady Caroline was more annoyed with Gilbert for having saved one life, than she would have been if he had taken twenty.

Why should he have been the one? Why could no one else have pulled the boy out? Not Hartland, of course;—in her secret soul she felt that little Billy did not necessitate *that*,—but one of the gardeners, or labourers, or anybody on whom she could have bestowed a sovereign and a few icy words of commendation. It was absurd to suppose that the boy need have been drowned but for Major Gilbert. As usual, Major Gilbert had put himself forward, and exaggerated the danger, and would make his own story of it afterwards.

"Among all our own people, do you mean to tell me there was no one you could have sent in after the child?" she demanded of her husband when all was over, and he was disposed to be carried away, as Hartland had been, in praise of the gallant deed.

"You can hardly 'send in' a man to certain death, my dear," replied he, promptly for him. "The time is gone by when you or I could have said to a retainer, 'Minion, take that pool at thy peril;' and Hodge knows it."

"Hodge!"

"Hodge in the abstract: Netley, Henry, William, and all the rest of them. They wisely considered their own precious carcasses were quite as much to them as Billy Barley's was to him; and I expect even Barley himself would merely have brushed his sleeve across his eye if Gilbert had not been there."

"Would he have seen his own son drowned before his face without putting out his finger to save him?"

"Putting out his whole hand would not have saved him, unless the man could swim — which he can't."

"They could have thrown a rope."

"Which would have been whirled out of reach in an instant. Besides, how can you suppose for a moment that a child in the agony of drowning would ever look for a rope?"

"Well, never mind," said Lady Caroline, shortly. "The boy is saved, and his parents may be thankful some one was there, it matters not who, to save him. I should think they will put a stop to any one's fishing in the mill-stream after this. I have often said how dangerous it is. But, Theodore,"—Mr Liscard's Christian name was Theodore—"I do hope—I do beg, that you will do your best to prevent any display of silly enthusiasm on the part of the girls when they meet Major Gilbert. Of course they will be ready to deify him. He is the sort of person to enjoy that; and I am surprised he has had the good sense to go off to his quarters, instead of staying on here to be *fêted*."

"Has he had anything hot to drink?"

"Oh yes, Hartland has seen to that. Hartland has gone with him in the brougham to see him home. Really Hartland has been like a brother to that tiresome man——"

——"Nonsense!" said Mr Liscard, sharply.

Lady Caroline jumped in her chair. She was the last woman in the world to be "nonsensed" at.

"My dear!" she began.

——"*My* dear!" retorted her husband. His eyes were blue; he was ready for the fray.

"Nonsense?" repeated Lady Caroline, with a haughty frown; but she was stopped again.

——"I tell you it is nonsense, sheer, ridiculous nonsense,"—declared the doughty scholar, showing her ladyship he could bristle as well as she,—"the way in which you have set yourself against this Major Gilbert from the first moment you cast eyes upon him, for no reason at all that I can see. For no reason that is any reason, at all events. He does not suit you; he is not a ladies' man; he is not—ahem!—eminently a gentleman. He is too talkative and assertive, and engrosses too much of the conversation in the general circle. I suppose he would be called bumptious. But that is one of the faults of the day. It is absurd to blame a young man for being like other young men."

"Not like Hartland."

"Hartland! What has Hartland to do with it? Why should he and Gilbert be compared? Hartland tickles your fancy, so you must needs shape every one's coat to his pattern. Hartland is well enough; but I must say, Caroline, that if you want to make him repugnant to me, you cannot adopt a better course than by dinning his praises all day and every day into my ears, as you do,—and I suspect Rosamund feels the same."

It was now her turn for "Nonsense!" but the shot told. She wondered if it could be, could possibly be, the truth? She was as nearly being silenced as she had ever been in her life.

"Hartland, as I say, is very well," proceeded Mr Liscard, who had his own reasons for pursuing his advantage. "But he is not anything out of the way. He would have cut but a sorry figure by the side of the mill-stream to-day, if the despised Gilbert had not been there."

"It is a shame to say so. He would have done it if he could."

"Ay, but could he? Not only

swimming powers, but pluck, nerve, brains, all were needed, and all of those Gilbert had to give."

"What could Hartland have done that he did not do?"

"You miss the point. I am not blaming Hartland; but what, as you rightly ask, could he have done? Nothing — stood by, and seen a life lost! Caroline, you are wrong; I tell you you are wrong. You undervalue a man of sense and valour and unblemished reputation, because he — pshaw!—upsets his wine-glass!"

"It is not that—it was not that. You have no right to say it was that," protested she, almost in tears of indignation. "All along I have felt the same about him—all along I have told Rosamund how I felt. I knew he would give me more trouble yet — I knew he would. Oh, why did he ever come to the place? Tiresome, odious man! And you, Theodore, to take his part! I could not, no, I could not have believed it. If, instead of standing up for this—this forward, impertinent, vulgar upstart, you would help me to be rid of him, and back me up in my endeavours to get him out of Rosamund's way, you would be doing your part, and not leaving to me all a parent's duty in the matter."

"I am by no means disposed to leave to you all a parent's duty in the matter."

"No? You *will* do your duty by her?"

"Certainly."

"You will take her away, since he cannot be got to budge. You will separate them at once—to-morrow?"

"Ah! But who said that was my duty?"

"It is surely your duty to save your child from an unequal marriage."

"It depends upon what you mean by 'unequal.'"

"Is he a fit husband for your daughter, Theodore?"

"I think he is, Caroline."

AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC: TONGA AND SAMOA.

In a paper in the April number of this Magazine I dealt chiefly with the Fiji Islands. There are two neighbouring groups, — as neighbourhood is counted in these sociable regions — the Tongan or Friendly, and the Samoan or Navigators' Islands, which lie respectively, as regards Fiji, some 380 miles to the south-east, and 600 to the north-east. They are unconnected, independent groups, with languages about as dissimilar as French and Italian, and the chief islands (with the seat of Government) in each are about 600 miles apart. It was interesting, then, in this connection, to notice that the fine indifference to geographical detail, which in the last generation distinguished our Foreign Office, still in these latter days clings about the Board of Trade. I hope I shall not greatly offend official proprieties when I mention that while I was in Samoa, the circulars from that department used to arrive addressed to "Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, Samoa, Friendly Islands"! I am sure no *Tongan* department of state would think of addressing a despatch to, *e. g.*, "Corsica, British Islands," which would be a mistake of about the same geographical enormity. In some respects, however, the neighbourhood of these three groups has a certain reality. They are much nearer to each other than to any other group, and there has always been considerable intercourse between them. The Tongans, a wonderfully energetic little people, occupied Samoa probably some centuries ago; the remains of their roads and fortifications still exist there; and their king, in Captain Cook's time, considered Samoa to be within his dominions. In our own time the intercourse between Fiji and Tonga has been constant. The geographical propinquity of the three groups, as well as their recent history, makes it a matter of regret that, when we annexed Fiji, we did not take the others also. England has always been singularly popular in both; and in fact the sovereignty of each has at different times been solemnly pressed on us. No serious objection would, a few years ago, have been raised by any other Power, and the additional administrative cost would have been very small. The practical nearness of Tonga to Fiji is shown by the ease and security with which the natives make the voyage in their slight canoes. The impression which the little Tongan nation of some 22,000 souls has made on the Fijians, who were, till lately, six or seven times as numerous, is remarkable. It is due not merely to their greater prowess in war, but rather to their higher intelligence and general vigour. Under their chief, Maafu, a man of extraordinary intelligence, the Tongans would certainly, but for our interference, have twenty years ago conquered the whole of Fiji. The matter was compromised by allowing them to occupy the eastern or windward islands; and at Loma-Loma, the last Fijian port at which one touches on the way to Tonga, one is already struck by the different cast of features, and the greater neatness of the villages. The people are constantly passing to Tonga and back, and several came on board our little steamer as passengers. I had noticed two pretty refined-

looking girls taking a tearful farewell of some friends who were going with us, and after we had started I was surprised to see the girls still standing on deck. At last, however, they quietly stepped to the side, sprang overboard, and with that curious indifference to sharks which one notices everywhere, struck out gracefully for the shore, turning round frequently and waving their adieux.

There were some smart fellows among the crew, Tongans, putting on a certain amount of "side," and working as if all the world was looking on, still capital sailors, only equalled by some Rotumah "boys," natives of a small island to the north of Fiji, who have long been great favourites on board English ships for their sailor-like qualities. They had fine, handsome, open faces, not darker than Spaniards; but this is explicable by the fact that Rotumah, with its few hundred native families, has for generations been a rendezvous of English or American whalers. I doubt whether those who study these races make sufficient allowance for the modification of type which must have taken place in this way in many of the groups. I feel certain, for instance, that this has been the case in Tonga, though it is ignored by Tongans of good family, among whom, nevertheless, isolated Europeans have lived for the last hundred years.

Our sailors had the opportunity of showing what they were made of, for the steamer was a very humble little craft, and the raw boisterous weather, intricate steering amid a network of reefs, and a very imperfect chart, gave a haphazard character to the navigation. Accordingly, my first view of "Tongatábu," the sacred island of Tonga (or rather of its coco-palms, which are higher than the island itself), was a welcome if not imposing sight. On approaching the capital, too, the king's church and palace—the latter a two-storeyed edifice—though only of white-painted wood, looked at a distance, to eyes accustomed for some time only to South Sea architecture, very grand indeed. Nukualofa, though a fortified post in old times, has only of late years been adopted as the capital, from its (relative) advantages as a harbour.

On arriving from Fiji at either Tonga or Samoa, you are struck at once by remarkable differences, and by equally curious and deep-seated resemblances. I do not refer to external nature, but to everything connected with the people. They are most alike in their manners and customs and mode of life; less so in their (ancient) beliefs and in their personal appearance; and least of all, perhaps, in their language, though here, too, there are deep underlying resemblances. We are now no longer among the dark negroid Melanesians, but among that fair Polynesian race which has so wonderful a range over the whole Pacific, starting from this point, and extending eastwards as far as the Sandwich Islands on the north of the equator, and to the Marquesas and Easter Island on the south of it. Among these people you have, along with all the amiability and politeness of the Fijians, the superadded charm of an indescribable refinement, and of feeling that you are among a people with much greater intellectual possibilities. On the whole, they are decidedly fairer, varying from a dark to a light bronze, and the Samoan bronze has, so to speak, an extra dash of copper in it. The Tongan women, though not beautiful according to our standard, have singularly pleasant, *sonsy*

faces, always ready to dimple into smiles. Among the Samoans you sometimes find real beauty, and figures of perfect symmetry and grace. The cheek-bones are no doubt a trifle prominent, and the nostrils wider than our own; but it is wonderful how soon the eye gets accustomed to such deviations from our standard when you have nothing to measure them by. When I returned to civilisation I thought our "leptorhine" noses had quite a pinched look! I noticed in Samoa, too—and this is surely a proof of the refinement of the race—that the old women, instead of becoming, as in so many countries, repulsive hags, often retained in face and figure much of the elegance of youth. In contrasting this race, however, with the Fijian, we must remember that the latter are not typical Melanesians, for they have in modern and probably in prehistoric times been much leavened by a Polynesian admixture. On the other hand, there can be little doubt that there is a dark strain in the Polynesians: possibly they found a dark race in possession when they first arrived in the Pacific, and absorbed them; or possibly a Negrito element, in the Archipelago, was an original component element of the Polynesian race.

All this charm of appearance and manner, combined with the greater mental capacity, naturally inspires you with an even greater interest than you felt for the simpler Fijians. You marvel at the total absence among such a people of the art of writing. Have they lost it? There is not a trace of it left, and the old explanation, that it was lost owing to the absence of the necessary materials, strikes me as singularly insufficient, for the stuff which they manufacture for wearing purposes from the bast of the paper-mulberry is practically a paper, and they draw patterns on it with a dark dye. Their taste for intellectual pursuits when cultivated is remarkable. A missionary whom I met in Samoa had translated some of our Science Primers, and found his people greatly interested by them. In Tonga, one of the most interesting sights I saw was the Wesleyan College, founded by Mr Moulton, an enthusiast in teaching, and a man of exceptional culture. He has compiled for his people several biographies of great men, a universal history, textbooks of geography, mathematics, and natural history, besides adaptations and translations of hymns, and one of 'Paradise Lost,' which he declares they not only appreciate but quote! The bent of their minds, however, is shown by a great aptitude for mental arithmetic, and a corresponding slowness at solving a problem. They also seem bad linguists.

The Tongan music, like the Samoan, is an advance on the Fijian, and I was especially struck by the singing at the College on Sundays. Some popular airs, no doubt, were pressed into sacred service, but I have heard many a choir at home less efficient and less harmonious; and this is the more remarkable when we reflect how different their music is from ours, and how much they have first to unlearn and then to acquire. I did not presume to put the collegians through their facings—first, because, being ignorant of the language, it would have been easy to deceive me if there had been any such desire; most of the students, besides, were respectable married men and heads of families; and furthermore, among them, and taking a leading part in the work, stood, like Aspasia in the school of

Athens (though she would be shocked by the comparison, for she was a most exemplary young lady), a chief's daughter, who, having come out at the head of all the examinations, had deigned to take in my washing! There could be no doubt, however, of the intelligence and keen interest in their work shown by all concerned. This bringing of the sexes freely together in their common studies—Polynesian morality being what it is—was a bold and original step on Mr Moulton's part; but it succeeded admirably, for the young ladies were carefully superintended by Mrs Moulton, and instructed by her besides in various womanly acquirements, and they were accordingly much sought after, not more for their accomplishments than for their virtues, by all the youth of Tonga. No other institution in these islands has done such practical service to the cause of morality, and it is sad to have to speak of it in the past tense; but even when I was there it was suffering under the tyrannical opposition of Mr Baker, the ex-Wesleyan minister who has so long been dictator of the little State, and he has since had it violently broken up. To his proceedings, however, I shall return later.

There is another interesting side to the College training. Adjoining the long rows of simple collegiate cells or studies, and enclosed by a high orange fence, was the cricket-ground. I had not known of its existence, and the last thing perhaps I expected, when peering through the hedge, was to see a couple of these gentle natives standing up, bare-legged — no thought of pads or gloves here —to the swiftest bowling, while the fielding was splendid; a ball stopped or a catch which would excite the applause of Lord's, passes here as a matter of course. Cricket, by the way, has for some time been the rage in Samoa also. At Apia, the capital, I saw a match between the yacht Marchesa and a scratch Samoan eleven, in which the yachtsmen were nowhere. The game when first introduced took the Samoans by storm, and has rather run wild, for they sometimes play fifty or a hundred a-side, the match lasting a week or two, to the great detriment of "business," and the missionaries set their faces against it, unreasonably, I think, as it is surely a case for regulation rather than for suppression; but the easy-going Samoan cares less for ecclesiastical thunder than his cousin of Tonga. The Fijians, by the way, have also acquired cricket, and football too, which they play capitally with bare feet. What would they think of Rugby "hacking"!

Well, it would hardly have occurred to us to introduce cricket if there had been no turf to play on, and yet the natives speak of the introduction (accidental) of our grasses as a grievance. One hardly understands the objection, for the grass sward surrounding a Tongan village gives it, for English eyes, its greatest charm; but their ideal of tidy surroundings is the bare ground, with every green blade grubbed up. One sees a well-kept Samoan town thus treated, and no doubt, amid the tropical luxuriance of vegetation, it gives a *soigné* look, and the frequent showers prevent annoyance from dust; but it is not our idea of Sweet Auburn. Other plants besides the grasses have been accidentally introduced by ships, and are a very serious nuisance, spreading everywhere, and taking forcible possession of otherwise useful land. The worst, perhaps, are one or two malvaceous plants (*Sida* sp.), growing

some 2 to 4 feet high, and so thick that you can sometimes hardly get through them. The *Canna Indica*, too, very conspicuous with its bright red flowers, and covering acres of ground, only appeared in Tonga a few years ago; and I was struck, when visiting one of the greatest and strangest relics of antiquity, the famous trilith, to see growing in its interstices two common British plants, the little yellow oxalis, which is very common here, and the sow-thistle (*Sonchus*). A monument such as this trilith, however obscure its origin and purpose, adds greatly to the interest with which one regards this little country, showing that it had a history, if one could only read it, and a past. It stands quite by itself, in an opening off one of the charming green roads which are such a pleasant feature of the island, and consists of three huge blocks of coralline rock, the uprights about 15 or 16 feet high, 6 deep, and 3 wide, the transverse block neatly mortised into them, with a hollow at the top, said to have been used for drinking *kava*. As a gateway, it apparently leads nowhere. The most plausible suggestion as to its origin is, that it was a *fatongia*—*i.e.*, a work executed by way of tribute, or as a sign of submission by a conquered enemy. Local tradition says that the blocks came from Wallis Island, some 550 miles to the north; and my lamented friend, the late Consul H. F. Symonds, assured me not only that there was no rock in Tonga exactly similar, but that he had been shown, at Wallis Island, the place where the blocks were said to have been quarried—which to some extent corroborates the above theory. I sorrowfully testify to the merits of this promising young officer—but indeed he had already done good and useful work—who died afterwards of illness contracted at Samoa. A son of the distinguished geologist, the Rev. W. S. Symonds, he was a keen observer of natural phenomena, and well versed in native customs and tradition. His warm and intelligent sympathy with the natives, while quite alive to their faults, had made him greatly beloved and trusted by them, and he was equally popular and respected among his own fellow-countrymen.

Another strange erection I saw, of which no explanation is forthcoming. It is a simple pile of stones, some 30 yards long, the ground-plan lozenge-shaped — *i.e.*, wider in the centre than at the ends. It slopes up from each extremity towards the centre, where it is some 12 feet broad and 25 feet high. It must formerly have stood by the water-side, for close by is a curious-looking tract of dry coral, with a burnt calcined appearance, which the tide seldom now covers; the land, in fact, has evidently risen recently, for scattered over it are a number of unfortunate mangrove-trees stranded, and throwing out their parched branch-roots in all directions in the vain search for water.

The *feitokas* or burial-places of the old chiefs also show an amount of mechanical skill and energy of which the present people are hardly capable. They are oblong mounds, each enclosed usually by three tiers of huge stones, rising in steps one above the other. One of the blocks I found to measure about 21′ × 6′ × 3′. These *feitokas* were still kept in order, and some of them used, at the beginning of the century; but they are now buried in forest so dense that a complete view of their proportions cannot be had; but each mound was several times the length of

the block I measured. On one I noticed that only the upper tier of stones was present, showing probably that these had been in all cases dragged into position first, on the same principle on which the ingenious Mr Cope Whitehouse professes to explain the construction of the Pyramids. On some of the tombs great forest-trees are growing, and the stone-work is covered with a network of roots and creepers. There are also some tombs on a much smaller scale, containing perhaps the bodies of children, or more probably of the wives, who, until two or three generations ago, were always strangled at the funeral of the Tui Tonga.

The ordinary Tongan burial-ground, though the graves are well cared for, has a dreary look, for not a blade of vegetation is admitted; each grave is strewn with white coral sand, with a border of shells or dark stones, and generally a little wooden cross or two. It is usually fenced in with slabs of stone, and sometimes there is a border of a small red alternanthera; certain trees, too, are planted, especially the *nokonoko* or casuarina, on account of the weird soughing sound which the lightest air makes in its branches. The favourite and fashionable decoration, however, I have not yet mentioned. I remember being a little surprised when an American gentleman showed me, with justifiable satisfaction, the beautiful marble tomb which he had procured from Sydney, and erected over his native wife. It was kept in perfect order, and planted with the choicest flowers; while surrounding the whole, in lavish profusion, but tastefully arranged, were rows of inverted beer-bottles. I confess that, as with the biscuit-tin which adorned King Thakombau's grave, I failed quite to penetrate the symbol. And yet—a beer-bottle, inverted, and empty. He who runs may, no doubt, read it for himself!

The towns in Tonga are much larger than in Fiji, and though the houses are much smaller (showing, it is said, the poverty to which the people are reduced under the present *régime*), there is greater elegance and refinement in their treatment of the same materials. Here the pigs are not allowed the disgusting freedom they enjoy in Fiji. You generally find pig-sties, often overgrown and shaded with the double white-flowered datura, a mass of blossom. I do not, *bien entendu*, assert that this is planted to hide the pigs! Usually, too, you find enclosed gardens, fenced with bamboos or with the croton-oil plant, and always beautiful trees, mostly with showy blossoms as the barringtonias and fagræas, inocarpus, and terminalias, besides coco-palms and oranges, and generally some fine spreading banyans. Under one of these, still standing near the Mua, the ancient capital, Captain Cook received his "Friendly" islanders, who all the time were plotting his destruction, though luckily they could not agree upon their plan. But the temptation of *loot* so priceless as that offered by a great European ship must have been nearly irresistible. Our Cornish wreckers of the same date were as savage, and more inexcusable.

The churches are externally mere whitewashed barns, but I have been greatly struck by their interiors. The internal structure of supporting posts and rafters is somewhat different from the Fijian, and perhaps more elegant and ingenious. The Roman Catholic Church at the Mua I especial-

ly remember, with its double row of lofty pillars, the trunks of *vesi* trees (*Afzelia bijuga*), forming a long dark aisle; the symmetrical scaffolding, blending in the evening light with the beautiful lattice-work of the roof, seemed to melt into a delicate tracery, while the darkness threw into befitting gloom the usual cheap coloured prints and gaudy images,—the only prominent ornament being great clusters of the large white cowry-shell suspended from the rafters. The whole effect was striking and impressive, infinitely more so than their new cathedral, which is of stone, picked out in light colours (!), the only stone building in these islands, and a doubtful experiment in a region of earthquakes. Its consecration was a grand affair. Whatever else the Church of Rome can do, *elle sait se faire valoir*. National dances and processions had been rehearsed for weeks, and there were some fine specimens of national costume, enhanced by the hideous contrast of an occasional chief—or worse, his wife—in the full glory of European dress. Then all the Roman Catholics from all the islands were not merely invited, but allowed to bring their friends, and the militia came and burned much powder in salutes, so that, in short, it looked as if all Tonga was there. Certainly one would have expected both the practical teaching and the pomp and ritual of this creed to be irresistible for natives like these, and their fidelity to their first converters is remarkable. The French priests, too, are, as a class, the most cultivated men you meet in these parts, and gentlemen besides; at least I never met an exception to this rule.

The Mua had the additional interest of showing the remains of an old Tongan fortification. This might be either rectangular or round, with a double ditch (some 12 feet deep and wide) and mound, and a latticed enclosure, loopholed and arrow-proof, on the top. On the greensward lay neglected two very curious relics, 9-pounder carronades, with the Crown and date 1813, possibly taken in fair fight from the Britisher; for not far from here, at Bea, I passed the remains of the stockade rashly attacked in 1840 by Captain Croker, R.N., of the Favourite, who, having been induced to take the side of King George in a religious contest, was killed in the assault, and his troops repulsed. He was buried, I think, at sea; but the clever monarch erected a tombstone to his memory—the motive being, let us say, one-third gratitude and two-thirds pride in his countrymen's victory over the British. This remarkable man is still alive, though considerably older than the century, and now quite under Mr Baker's influence. He has at first sight a strange *faux air* of the old German Kaiser, of which he is, of course, very proud, though on the outbreak of the Franco-German war he issued a proclamation of strict neutrality!

These pleasant Tongans have a good deal of vanity in their composition. They will engage as servants, but on the tacit understanding that there is nothing menial in the idea, or in your treatment of them. Thus they prefer not to have their wages paid regularly, but rather to come and ask you at intervals to oblige them with a few shillings, as they have some purchases to make! Not that even the upper class consider any manual work beneath them. At the College all take their turn at hard domestic work at the Mission-house, and I was waited on at tea by what in Tongan is called

a granddaughter—*i.e.*, a grand-niece — of the king, her sister being nurse at a friend's house. In fact people like having these aristocrats as servants, for they keep all the other servants in order. My house in Samoa was kept by an old lady, absolutely honest and devoted. She did everything needful, and her husband, a high chief and learned judge, took his turn at scrubbing the floors as a matter of course.

Tongatábu is delightful for riding and walking, the green roads traversing the forest in all directions, and this is never quite impenetrable, much of it indeed having at one time or other been under cultivation. The monotony of colour, a common reproach to tropical forests, certainly does not exist here. Besides the variety of foliage and of blossom, chiefly white, on the trees themselves, you have masses of varied colours; crotons and coleus, a profusion of convolvulus, of clitorias and other peas, and beans with stout wooden stems,—Jack and his bean-stalk is no idle fable,—with many other creepers. Not the least beautiful among the trees are the varieties of citrus. I know of no more delicious orange than the great green orange of Tonga, and there is (besides the mandarin, shaddock, and other familiar varieties) one known here as *the* orange (*moli*) simply. All the other *molis* have qualifying names implying a foreign origin, and the orange is not usually considered indigenous to these islands; but it is difficult to suppose that this *moli* was imported, for, though a fine tree, it is valueless as a fruit, being nearly all "white" inside, with a very small nucleus of pulp. And it could hardly have degenerated here. The natives use it for cleaning their hair.

It appears strange, with so much luxuriant verdure everywhere, never to see a running stream, or in fact, except in some swampy spot after heavy rain, any fresh water at all. There are wells, and no doubt underground catchment-basins, where a stratum of altered coral or clay may retain the water, but it never rises in springs. I remember a couple of horses coming to Samoa from Tonga, one of which, though otherwise perfectly docile, could not for a long time be induced to cross a bridge or a running stream; the other, a more (or, query, less) rational being, made no difficulty, but left the responsibility to his rider. There is also water, usually brackish, in some of the caves, with which the island, an atoll by origin, seems honeycombed. One of these, said to extend across the island, has some very fine stalactites; another I saw was much blocked up by huge masses of rock, evidently detached from the roof by recent earthquakes.

In the very pretty village of Hihifo I came on a curious sight. Some time before reaching the spot the air was full of strange shrill sounds, which proceeded from an ancient clump of trees. From the branches of these depended in thousands what seemed like great oblong nuts or fruits; but one of these from time to time unrolled itself, took wing, and after a short cruise came back and hung itself up again. It is a huge colony of flying-foxes, who, being strictly *tábu*, are not molested; and they never leave the place except on the death of the chief, when they disappear, and having accompanied his spirit to Bulotu, the Polynesian Hades, return to Hihifo. I was informed that they positively thus disappeared at the death of the two

last holders of the title, and were absent on each occasion about a fortnight. The time is interesting, as enabling one to calculate approximately the distance of those regions. These so-called "flying-foxes" are really gigantic fruit-eating bats (*Pteropidæ*) with foxy-looking faces. It is pretty to see a female hanging by the claw of one wing to a branch, half asleep, with a young one suckling at her breast, supported by the other maternal wing, wrapped round her like any angel's. But the Tongans are only separated by a short space of time from sterner superstitions than that of Hihifo. An old lady of high rank called one day, and noticing that she had lost a finger, I asked the cause. She answered simply that when she was young an uncle was very ill, and she was called, and her finger chopped off with a chisel and buried in the family tomb as an offering to the ancestors. There was no idea, she said, of sacrifice in the matter; but in fact it was common, though done with great reluctance, to sacrifice not merely a finger, but the whole child, to save an important life, or turn away the anger of a powerful spirit.

Among the curious things I heard of but did not see, yet from the character of my informants I have no doubt about, is the art which the natives possess of in some way attracting, or, as it is called, charming, the shark. The process consists of singing and gesticulations; the shark comes up, and allows the noose to be slipped over his head. If they are not ready for him, they motion him away. A quaint addition to my story is, that it is absolutely necessary to success (so the people assert and believe), that every member of the fishing-party be, for the time, at charity with all men. Sitting at a *kava* ring of an evening, I have heard and seen the shark-song chanted by a party of laughing girls. It was musical and pretty enough; and I could quite understand that the play which they made simultaneously with waving arms and speaking eyes, and which was not intended to be without effect on the company present, would be quite irresistible to a shark.

Another kind of fishing, however, the leading facts of which are much more difficult to comprehend, I witnessed myself in Samoa. The marvel in this case is, that the quarry makes its appearance always on a stated day every year, —to wit, the last day of the third quarter of the moon towards the end of October. This is consequently known and reckoned on beforehand, and at the few places where it appears, it is the great sporting event of the year. I had accordingly made my arrangements, and embarking before daylight, pulled out towards the reef which fringed the shore, about a mile distant. The gradual break of day was very beautiful, disclosing, as one looked back, the grand outlines and masses of forest-clad mountains, and the long lines of surf-beaten reef. In front, between me and the surf, lay a long dark mass, which, as the light broke, I perceived to be a great number of canoes with their occupants, men and women, in their most becoming attire, the simple petticoat of leaves or *tappa* with necklaces of fruits or flowers, already waiting, and in high good-humour. Every one was provided with a thing like a racket or small butterfly-net, and every canoe with a small bucket or two. Soon one noticed patches of little bubbles on the surface, and looking closer, one saw that the water

was alive with myriads of small wriggling worms, some 2 or 3 inches long, which seemed to be swarming up from the reef. These every one proceeded vigorously to scoop up and transfer to the buckets. Sometimes the worms would fail, and the boats would move on a few yards to look for them; and there was much good-humoured fun and chaffing as the outriggers got entangled with each other, and especially when a canoe-full of girls was upset—for they are all amphibious, and these accidents were generally intentional, and provocative of much gallantry on the part of their admirers. Soon our buckets began to fill with a substance which seemed half slime and the remainder a dark-green mass like spinach; but the sport did not last long, for soon after the sun had cleared the horizon, the worms began to vanish like the manna of the Israelites, and the performance concluded abruptly with a general race for the shore. It lasts, however, for two mornings; and on going out next day the same scene was repeated, only with the difference that the worms had, as the natives said, "grown." Certainly, though not appreciably thicker, they were three times as long. They are thought a great delicacy, and are sent, wrapped in banana-leaves, to friends at a distance. I did not appreciate them, but some Europeans do, and compare them to caviare. The natives asserted unanimously that not a worm would be seen on the third morning. I had intended to go out and verify this, but the weather was too squally for a boat. The *palolo* only appear at one or two other points on the Samoan coast, and in Fiji. They are jointed annelids, and it is supposed that, breaking up and dissolving (as they do) in the water, the ova are fertilised; then these, sinking to the bottom, are hatched, and grow, and coming to the surface once more, precisely a year after, undergo the same process; but for the marvellous exactness to a day of their annual appearance, I doubt if the most omniscient philosopher has yet propounded a theory.

The cooking in these islands is excellent; the difficulty is about food. I refer to animal food only—for, assuming that you resent a perpetual diet of tinned meats and of pig, there remains only the occasional fowl, and still more occasional fish; but the oven in which everything is prepared is one of the most effective culinary arrangements in the world, and probably one of the oldest,—at all events among peoples sufficiently civilised to have studied the question, for one finds it in widely distant countries. A hole is dug in the earth, and filled with brushwood and stones; the fire is then lighted, and kept covered up till the stones are heated red-hot; then the charred wood is raked out, and the hunches of pig, or fowls, wrapped in banana-leaves, with the yams, *taro*, and everything else, are put in, and the whole covered up again with green banana-leaves. In half an hour or so everything is ready, and the food cooked to perfection. A Tongan dinner is a pleasant affair. The house, with its pretty walls of latticed reeds, is fresh and clean. You sit or recline, as in Fiji, on mats, resting comfortably against a kind of elevation at one end of the floor, or simply a board fixed there for the purpose. A balmy breeze, and charming vistas of forest or garden or picturesque neighbours, reach you through the open doorways, across which a plank about a foot high is placed to keep out the pigs. One is often

tempted to sit down for a moment on this plank, an act, however, which is considered to be very bad form indeed! When every one is seated, a couple of men will come in bearing a great bundle some 4 feet long, wrapped in fresh banana-leaves. This is set down and unrolled, and the leaves serving as a tablecloth, the contents are spread upon it, —pieces of pork, fowls cooked in various ways—for they can boil as well as bake—pumpkins, yams, sweet-potatoes, onions, and other vegetables. For beverage, some coco-nuts are placed in the oven, and their liquid contents drunk hot are most refreshing. The host tears up the fowls, &c., with his fingers, and you gladly use the same primitive implements, for we all privately admit their superiority when the leg of a chicken is concerned.

The manners of the people are excellent. Any one getting up to leave the company, or reaching up for anything on a shelf, and thereby putting himself for the moment in a superior position to you, utters a form of apology, or simply claps his hands, which has the same meaning. The children, usually up to eight or ten very attractive-looking and picturesque, play around, pleasant and well-behaved. The last thing that occurs to you is that your friends are "savages." You conceive a great liking for them, and yet you are conscious of a tremendous gulf between. It is not precisely the inferiority of the "grey barbarian" to the "Christian child," for the grey barbarian is a very orthodox Christian; the feeling comes rather from the mystery of his origin, and the immense distance of his past—*i.e.*, of all which makes the present—from yours. Ponderous volumes, indeed, have been written to prove that we never were connected in the past; that they originated in New Zealand, and that all the migrations, of which they have such copious traditions, were from the south to the north. Some of the stories, no doubt, will read either way; but the great balance of probabilities shows that they came from some tropical land. Their yams, *kumalas*, and other tropical vegetables, for instance, to which the traditions allude, could not have originated in New Zealand, for they have degenerated there. On the whole, the weight of evidence leads to the view that the ancestors of the race were akin to the ancestors of the Malay. Philology seems to support this view, and also a connection, however remote, with the Melanesians—a connection which, in spite of the contrasts and antipathies between the two, forces itself on you the more you observe and consider them.

Purely Polynesian place-names occur in an unbroken chain from the Pacific to the great Malay islands. Some ingenious writers, however, would give the race a still more distant and illustrious origin. They say that the name "Hawaii," which in different dialectic forms occurs in every group of the Pacific, is derived not only from Java—there is nothing extravagant in this supposition—but from Saba in Arabia, and that the race is really an offshoot of the old Cushite empire! Even supposing, however, that their ancestors belonged to one of the great civilised nations of antiquity, it is not difficult to imagine the steps by which material civilisation and intellectual culture would disappear. Such culture was, after all, in those days the possession only of the few: it presupposes, too, some mastery of the mechanical arts. A ship's crew or body of emigrants would not be copiously equipped in either

direction, and it is, besides, difficult to see how material civilisation could be kept up in the entire absence of all the metals, and of all the chief domestic mammalia. And then, what would remain except lotus-eating, especially when all the surroundings suggest and make it easy? One occupation, indeed, remained to them—viz., warfare. The epoch of Captain Cook's visit seems to have been a time of comparative peace, and he found the three Tongan groups—viz., Tongatábu, Haapai, and Vavau — united under one head. Shortly after this, however, it seems to have become the fashion for the more restless spirits to visit Fiji, where they could study and enjoy the art of war, and a time of disturbance followed in Tonga, the different groups falling under different chiefs. There was constant fighting, with the most reckless disregard of life, and, if not deliberate cruelty, a savage indifference to suffering, and even isolated outbursts of cannibalism, a practice also, it is said, acquired in Fiji, though it seems to have been considered bad form, and was specially discountenanced by the women, who have always in Tonga enjoyed exceptional influence and respect. This period of war and disturbance ended with the reunion of all the islands under the present sovereign, King George.

The Tongans, like the Fijians, owe their conversion to Christianity to the Wesleyans. The process was gradual, the only serious and long-continued repulse of the missionaries having been due, not to spontaneous native opposition, but to the influence of one or two English settlers, ex-convicts, who persuaded the people that there was a conspiracy to bewitch and destroy them! War and politics had a good deal to do with the eventual establishment of the faith; a Roman Catholic mission, opportunely striking in, secured the allegiance of a disaffected chief and his followers.

The events which led up to the crisis which was afflicting the islands when I was there are worth a short recapitulation, if only because they must, I think, very soon lead to an interference on our part more effectual than that of last year. King George, after ruling very fairly for some time on a native system, fell gradually more under the influence of the missionaries, and the Government became practically a kind of theocracy of a severe and not very enlightened type. It was the old story—trying to make men virtuous (and life dull) by Acts of Parliament, enforced mainly by fines and labour; —a system which naturally stimulates those who profit by it pecuniarily to invent new and quite conventional crimes or sins. The pressure on the people became very heavy; for, besides taxation and fines, there were the so-called "voluntary" contributions to the *lotu* or religion.

I have no doubt it was all well meant, and on the religious side so far honest that there was no concealment about it, for it has always been the cardinal principle of Wesleyan missions to make the war support the war; but the practice, for instance, of allowing missionaries to engage in trade is worse than doubtful, and the system of levying contributions, from natives such as these, to an amount far exceeding the expenses of the mission—thousands of pounds have been remitted from Tonga in a single year to headquarters at Sydney—is, I think, quite indefensible. Meanwhile reports of malpractices on the part of the Government be-

came rife, and were increasingly identified with the Wesleyan administration, because their chief minister, the Rev. Shirley Baker, had acquired great influence over the king, and was in all but name Prime Minister. Accordingly, Sir Arthur Gordon, the Governor of Fiji, who, as High Commissioner of the Pacific, had jurisdiction over all British subjects settled in the independent islands, called the attention of the Wesleyan authorities in Sydney to the alleged misdoings of their officer, and insisted on their inquiring into his conduct. It is difficult to suppose that the committee whom they sent to Tonga learned much there which they did not know before; at all events, Mr Baker had up to that time sent annually to Sydney very handsome contributions, wrung from the flock by devices more than doubtful, and against which, as he plainly reminded the committee, no remonstrances had been addressed to him. However, the result of the inquiry was, that Mr Baker had to choose definitely between the ecclesiastical line and the political, and electing the latter, became formally the head of the Government.

The popular discontent had meanwhile been expressed in a petition to England, praying her Majesty to remove Mr Baker. It was translated into English by Mr Moulton, a circumstance of which Mr Baker availed himself to persuade the king that Mr Moulton and Sir A. Gordon were leagued in a conspiracy to annex the islands. Then followed ostentatious coquetting with Germany, to whom Mr Baker granted the valuable strategical harbour of Vavau — a step, however, which had to be disallowed. Smarting under the verdict of the Sydney conference, Mr Baker then determined on a counter-stroke, and proclaimed that the Church of Tonga, as became the Church of an independent and civilised kingdom, should henceforth be national and free. In the abstract this was fair enough, and, in fact, reasonable. Moderate suggestions for greater freedom, especially as regarded finance, had been sent from Tonga to Sydney before, and unwisely disregarded. Up to this time, then, without considering Mr Baker's government either pure or enlightened, we may set down a great part of the blame rather to the system than to the man who worked it; but for all the subsequent misery and evil-doing he alone is responsible. Probably he expected very little resistance to the new scheme. It was explained to the people that there was to be no change in doctrine or discipline, and that their contributions should henceforth be spent on themselves. Possibly, however, a guarantee from Mr Baker, who had hitherto taken their money, that their money should no longer be taken, was a security which they liked not. At all events, not even their unlimited veneration for the king, who made it a test of personal love and loyalty, sufficed to bring about a general consent to the change. They had got their *lotu* from the Wesleyans; it was a point of honour to stick to the Wesleyans. Then persecution began. It was easy to play on the despotic, not to say savage, instincts of the old warrior-king, and make him believe that nonconformity meant rebellion—than which nothing was farther from the truth. The constancy shown by these poor people was very remarkable. Their lands were confiscated; they were savagely beaten and maltreated; banished to dis-

tant, barren islands; respectable men were condemned on frivolous pretences to hard labour, where I have seen them with the common prison-gangs; one saw their churches, as one rode through the country, with the doors nailed up. If you quoted to Mr Baker the constitution, which grants religious liberty, he replied that, the National Church being now established by law, nonconformity became a civil offence!

It may well be supposed that I found men's minds everywhere in a state of tension, yet these persecutions were far from being the only grievance. The whole administration is abominably oppressive, affecting all classes, though brought to bear with special severity on the "Wesleyans." Although these people have no manufactures or trade or other resources than their coco-nuts, the Government taxes amount to some eleven dollars a head in money from each taxpayer, and even this is only a part of his liabilities, for each not only pays on an average nearly as much in fines, but the estimated value of his forced labour is about as much more. It will be said that they might escape the fines and labour by behaving themselves. Well, at first sight they seem to be a very naughty people, for in the island of Tonga, with a population of 9000, there are thirty to forty cases in the police courts weekly; about 600 are undergoing labour sentences, and as many more paying fines for which such labour is commuted—*i.e.*, altogether 13 per cent of the population are criminals under sentence! But let us analyse one week's offences. Out of thirty-three cases, seven had been seen without their upper garment (for a man may not in this tropical country work even inside his garden, or pull his boat, with his shirt off), three had neglected to hoe their roads, ten had committed fornication, two had allowed their pigs to stray, and one woman had been found with a pinafore so small that only one arm went through. How long would any of us escape whipping if we lived in Tonga! It is easy to imagine the way such a system can be worked by officials desirous to raise the wind, or moved by personal spite. I need only allude to the everyday sight of gangs of young women, often with child, working in public, and to the frequency of abortion, practised to escape such degradation. But the whole system is most oppressively worked. Where all the money goes to is a question. The revenue amounts to some £20,000 a-year. The king's allowance is £1200. The few public works are carried out by forced labour. The salaries of officials are insignificant. The Ministries of State, indeed, are numerous, but the ministers are few, for, in fact, the seals of the foreign office, of education, of lands, besides the premiership, are all held by Mr Baker; and as he is, besides, his own auditor-general, and there is practically no audit, further investigation of the subject would, perhaps, be a waste of time.

It was sad to see so much needless suffering among a people so capable otherwise of enjoying life; but all one could do was to promise to make known their grievances at home, and earnestly to preach patience until the arrival of the High Commissioner, whose visit was expected. He did not, however, arrive for some months; and before that an unsuccessful attempt had been made to shoot Mr Baker, which he avenged, first, by executing a number of men after a

trial which he himself superintended; and then by bringing over to the island some hundreds of their old rivals, the people of Haapai and Vavau, to ravage and plunder, which they did to their hearts' content for some weeks. The result of Sir Charles Mitchell's inquiry was a recommendation to the effect that, although Mr Baker amply deserved deportation, yet out of consideration for his feelings—his son and daughter were wounded by the shots intended for him—and owing to the king's regard for him, he should nevertheless be left in power. No doubt if deported he might have tried to create disturbance; still this seems a lame conclusion. No guarantees for his future good conduct were taken, and he at once announced to the natives that the result of the inquiry was his complete exoneration and a personal triumph. I hear, too, on good authority that he has not since mended his ways. Why should he? He will probably proceed with more caution; but being himself both law and executive, the people are quite at his mercy, and what is equally unsatisfactory, they are left with the impression that England has deserted them.

One contemplates the near future, then, with some anxiety, for at the old king's death, if not sooner, a serious crisis must occur, and if we have no vessel of war on the spot, the future may be settled in a way we shall not like. It is especially important to our Pacific interests that the harbour before mentioned of Vavau, the strongest position within many hundreds of miles, should not become the possession of any possible rival. It is a splendid land-locked inlet, many miles in extent. The island itself, though mainly of coral, is quite different from Tonga, and very beautiful. On the north side you ride for miles along the edge of precipitous cliffs, hundreds of feet high, which recall in some ways the coast of Capri, but with the addition of a splendid and luxuriant vegetation. The distance from Tonga is some 200 miles, which, trusting to the trade-wind, I traversed in a 3-ton boat. But the wind failed one night, and I found myself becalmed next day out of sight of land. Here, reposing all day on lumps of coral ballast, with a blazing sun overhead, in the heavy lazy roll of an oily sea, the native crew occasionally indulging in an appalling duet of conch-shells, I had leisure to contemplate the possibility that we might be drifting out of our course (we had nothing but a compass), and that the next land we sighted might be the South Pole. Native boats, in fact, are often lost in this way. The volcanic islands are the only guide, for there is a chain of them, parallel with the main direction of the group, and often in eruption. Hearing one day of an outburst at Niuafoou, I at once made for the scene of action, but only to find that after a terrific eruption, lasting eighteen days, it had ceased the day before. Its results, however, were very curious. The long rain of moistened dust had broken down the branches of all the coco-palms, besides burying the yam-grounds, and in some places the houses, to a depth of many feet. The trees would probably recover, but not for a couple of years, and the gardens would eventually improve; but it all meant starvation in the meantime. From the summit of the island one looked down on a lake occupying about one-fourth of its area, probably the crater of the original eruption which formed the island.

In it were a couple of little island cones, one, if not both, with a miniature lake at the top, while the recent eruption, which also rose from the lake, had thrown up another hill some 200 feet high; and there were still some seething pools beside it. The people, though terrified, had behaved admirably, taking care of their sick and aged, and the only deaths had been from fear and exposure combined. Strange to say, the date of the eruption, 31st August, coincided, within a few hours, with that of the great earthquake in South Carolina. The entire island is volcanic, and landing was difficult. Along the coast I noticed two great lava-flows which took place respectively forty and twenty years ago; the latter still bare of vegetation, and extending far into the sea like a huge breakwater.

I have incidentally said something of Samoa, and cannot do more than allude to its enchanting scenery. The soil is so fertile that the mountains, of most romantic form, are clothed to their summits with varied and luxuriant forest; an especially pleasant feature being the number and beauty of the streams, limiting your rides, however, along the coast, unless you are prepared for a swim when the tide is up. The people have all the attractive manners of the Tongans, and if less energetic, excel them in good looks, and I think in acuteness. One of my native acquaintances, with a countenance brimming over with humour, had been sent as a missionary to the neighbouring Ellice Islands. Here he proceeded to lecture the natives on political geography, explaining that the four great nations of the world were England, France, Germany, and Samoa. The power of France and Germany was neutralised by their mutual jealousies; England was well disposed, but inactive; it was therefore the manifest destiny of his hearers to belong to Samoa, and he would annex them accordingly! Political geography, however, not coming within the missionary syllabus, this enterprising teacher was recalled. It struck me that their music had perhaps more melody than the Tongan. Nothing certainly could be more effective than their boat-songs, chanted by large parties as they pass along the coast. One specially characteristic performance I heard, though shorn unfortunately of its principal charms, for there was to have been some good dancing; but of the two chief lady performers one was ill, and the other, the daughter of a high chief, had that morning eloped. The father, however, took it like a philosopher, and came and explained the rest of the performance to me, for I had gone rather early, and found the family at evening prayers! Among other things a dirge was sung, or rather performed, in honour of a great chief who had recently died. The music was fine and solemn, and the performance must have been carefully rehearsed, all the singers moving their arms or bodies in the most perfect unison to symbolise the various exploits of the deceased, as a fisherman, a carpenter (everywhere in the islands a very honourable calling), a warrior, and so forth. Then came some simple acting. First the chief actor represented a cat, and sitting on a "wall" formed by two other men—recalling Pyramus and Thisbe—yelled and cried as a (human) dog came to attack him. It was very clever, but their best piece was one in which this same performer, a born actor, represented Death. Another actor

represented a woman, with a bundle for a child on her knee. The hideous grimaces of Death, as he alternately approached and peered over his little would-be victim, and then retreated again, and the piercing shrieks of the mother and the wailing of the child, were horribly real. Finally, a medicine-man came in, and taking Death by the hand led him away, baffled but reluctant, and ever and anon looking back with fiendish grimaces, while the mother's shrieks quieted down into sobs. I never saw a more effective bit of acting!

Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the lands of Samoa were intended primarily for the Samoans and not for European planters, it was sad to see, as one travelled along the coast, how largely the natives had alienated their lands. It may be said there is plenty of room for them inland. So there may be, but they have so identified life with the sea-shore, that they cannot conceive of existence away from it. Even those who have been thus dispossessed go up into the country to their work, but return to live on the shore. They bitterly repent it now, for all the most available lands are either held or claimed by white men, and as a rule no adequate price has been paid for them. There is urgent need for a really independent commission to settle all land questions on broad considerations of equity, and this leads to the question, Who is to appoint this commission or to enforce its decrees? Now, abstractly, I venture to hold that England, in virtue of the simple fact that Australia and New Zealand are where and what they are, has paramount claims in the Pacific; the interests and corresponding rights of the other Powers in that part of the world do not bear appreciable comparison with ours. Whether or not it is desirable that England should control, or protect, or annex Samoa, is another matter; but the above view of our position should never be lost sight of in dealing with these questions. Shortly, matters stand at present in Samoa thus: For a long period different districts considered themselves as sovereign (*Tuamua*) and independent of each other, and the feeling is still far from extinct. This led to constant warfare; but at last a certain party, headed by the representative of a great and popular family, Malietoa, became so pre-eminently powerful, that, to ensure peace and good government, the three Powers chiefly interested—viz., England, Germany, and the United States — agreed to recognise him as King of all Samoa.

The German trading and planting interests in Samoa are almost all merged in one great company, which is influentially represented at Berlin. Its local manager having differences—into which I will not enter—with Malietoa, caused German influence to be exerted very harshly against him; his enemies thus encouraged took heart again, while the respective consuls, for different reasons, hindered Malietoa from attacking and crushing the enemy, which he could easily have done. Then, feeling his ruin to be determined on, Malietoa committed the natural but (in the German view) unpardonable mistake of imploring British protection. His rival now received open countenance from the Germans, and his administration thus becoming paralysed, various cases of petty pilfering occurred on the German plantations, for which exorbitant damages were claimed. At last a German man-of-war landed

some hundreds of men, seized the unfortunate king, and carried him off, appealing in vain to the other signatories of the agreement; and they then installed the pretender, a very inferior character to Malietoa, as I know from personal acquaintance with both. (Poor Malietoa was carried first to New Guinea, and has since been sent, for further *change of air*, to the west coast of Africa.) This apparently summary breach of a joint definite arrangement is much to be regretted, coming from an ally with whom we are, and I hope always shall be, on the best of terms. The American Government has expressed its strong disapproval, and it is difficult to believe that the policy was ordered from headquarters. The question is, What will the Germans do now? Will they assist their *protégé* to form a strong Government? They prevented a better man from doing so, but I suspect that the instigators of that policy did not want a strong Government. It would not suit *trade*—of a certain kind. The importation of firearms and drink, and the mortgaging by the natives of their lands to pay for these, would not be then merely forbidden, as now—they would be prevented.[1] I should gladly have seen a British protectorate; but if this is not to be, and if Germany really desires now to do justice by all parties, it would at least be more straightforward to annex at once,—the possible cost of forcing her rule on an unwilling people is not our affair,—than to continue her present policy. And meanwhile, if, after all, our Government has agreed in principle to abandon the control of Samoa to Germany, it is desirable that this should be made known at the earliest convenient moment. This would at all events shorten the existing state of friction, and place us in a more intelligible and less invidious position. In such an event I assume, of course, that the claims of British subjects—the value of which, as compared to the German, have, by the way, been absurdly understated—would be equitably considered. And I will also assume that a just and humane native policy would also then be prescribed directly from Berlin. The generality of Germans who come in contact with these natives are impatient and unsympathetic towards a philosophy of life so different from their own; while at home, German public opinion, never having had occasion hitherto to exercise itself on such questions, is as yet more or less unpronounced, if not unformed. But I should be sorry to doubt that with the interests and responsibilities created by their new dominion over these weaker races, there will come a development of the philanthropic spirit which will make itself increasingly felt.

COUTTS TROTTER.

[1] They are also forbidden to British subjects by the High Commission, and by them the prohibition is generally obeyed.

WHAT IS TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION IN AGRICULTURE?

BE it understood that I was lately chairman of the school board of a rural parish in Scotland. We had just about completed our three years' tenure of office, and were about to make arrangements for the election of our successors, in the complacent belief that we had discharged all our duties, and might retire without any further calls upon our time and attention in the public service, when a circular from the Education Department dropped upon us like a bolt from the blue sky. It commences with the following paragraph:—

"Under the Technical Schools (Scotland) Act, 1887, it will become the duty of the school boards elected at the approaching election to consider what action they may find it expedient to take in order to carry out the purposes of that Act in their own districts. It is important, therefore, that the subject should be placed before the constituencies about to choose these boards, so that, if possible, some understanding should be arrived at with regard to the extent and nature of operations to be undertaken in each district under the new powers conferred upon school boards."

The circular is a long one, and most people will conclude the perusal of it with something approaching to a headache, and the feeling that after a severe mental effort to grasp the definite application of it to the duties of a rural school board, one has hopelessly failed. The circular says very truly that there would not be "much advantage in beginning technical instruction before the pupil has attained the standard now required for total exemption from the obligation to attend school;" and "in most cases the pupils will be too young, and the time of an ordinary school too limited, to develop to any considerable extent in the primary schools such instruction as may embrace or even lead directly to technical training."

But it is just such primary schools that rural school boards have to administer; and with reference to the special and only industry for which an elementary instruction leading to a future technical training could be demanded in a rural parish, the teaching of the elementary principles of agriculture in such schools is already provided for. As far as can be gathered from the circular, the technical education to which it refers is something beyond such elementary teaching, and yet seems to stop short exactly at the point where technical instruction, as commonly understood, begins—that is to say, the specific training required for the practice of an art or industry. The circular proceeds to state "that any system of technical instruction which can be expected to influence the industries of the country must be a matter of secondary, much more than elementary, education." But then the only means pointed out of attaining this instruction, with the view of influencing the rural industry of agriculture in a rural parish, is the system of "graded schools." Now, how rural school boards could provide "graded" schools to teach agriculture, or, if they could, what good influence they would exercise on the industry, passes all ordinary apprehension. If the cost of them could be endured, and if pupils could be found for them, they would afford a scientific education

in agriculture to a great many more young men than could find profitable employment for their acquirements, at the cost of time, money, and habits of diligent work which they could not afford; and after all, the instruction of the mass of agriculturists in the most improved practice of their industry —that is, technical instruction in agriculture—would be as far off as ever. Secondary or graded schools in the various branches of agriculture accessible to young men of the agricultural class who aim at employment as land-stewards, overseers, agricultural engineers, &c., are most desirable, but the provision of them is quite outside the functions of parochial school boards. They would not be required or supported beyond a very limited number. To some extent in Scotland the object of them is already fulfilled by the Professorship of Agriculture in Edinburgh University, the Fordyce Agricultural Lectureship in Aberdeen University, and the diplomas instituted by the Highland Society. But probably there will be no difference of opinion that the only technical education in agriculture for which any outlay of the rates of rural parishes could be incurred would be one that is thoroughly practical in its character, and at the same time available to all who desire it, without excessive cost to the ratepayers or to those who take advantage of it.

The practice of agriculture, unlike most other arts and industries, has hitherto been entered on without any recognised apprenticeship. But, practically, young men and women who have been bred and have grown up as farmers' sons and daughters, and those who have spent their youth in farm service, may be said to have been apprentices, and to have undergone the only generally available technical training in their art.

But, if progress and improvement in the practice of the art had depended on this training, we are safe to say that there would have been little or none that was not absolutely forced by external circumstances. And this is more or less the weakness and failure of all technical training by apprenticeship. The apprentice acquires the knowledge and the expertness possessed by his master, and so transmits them in turn to his successor, but the acquisition of any additional knowledge and improved application of his expertness only occurs by accident or by the exceptional individual capacity of the workman; and if the nature of his employment, as in agriculture, confines him very much to the opportunities afforded by the locality in which he works, additional knowledge and improved methods are not begot or disseminated rapidly. The Germans are a very practical people, and it is interesting to recall how they met this difficulty ere technical schools were thought of. There the young apprentice passed his period of training for the exercise of his art, not confined to one workshop, but in his *Wanderschaft*, travelling through all the centres of industry in the Fatherland, and working so long in each; and he thus acquired a knowledge of the progress of improvement in his art, and the application to it of new methods. Thus, for want of any such substitute for technical instruction, any great advances which have been made in this country in the practice of agriculture have been due much more to impulses from

the outside than from within the sphere of those who have been brought up in it as their occupation. And indeed it is essential to keep clearly in view that technical training in agriculture has nothing to do with experimental farming, and should only accept and communicate the results of experiment. There is a very natural and well-founded dread amongst agriculturists of experimental farming, and examples are familiar to most of them of the ruinous results of rash enterprises undertaken by amateur farmers who were confident that they had discovered new and better methods. All experimental farming, however, has not been ruinous, and much experimental farming which has been unprofitable to the experimentalist, has been fruitful in experience to those who have been qualified to apply it intelligently; and one of the purposes of a system of technical instruction would be to secure the young farmer from the risk of adopting rashly any unsound theories or unprofitable methods, by acquainting him with them and with the causes of their failure, and at the same time to put him in possession of all the methods which have been tried successfully, and to make him understand all that is essential for their profitable application.

With this conception of the object in view, let us consider how such a technical training in agriculture could be provided for in a rural parish without excessive cost to the ratepayers, and brought within reach of the young farmers and farm-servants without unreasonable and prohibitory expense and sacrifice of their time. And first, as to the school or means of instruction. The idea which usually occurs when a technical school of agriculture is brought under consideration, is either a class taught in a class-room by one or more instructors in the various branches of the art, or a school-farm where a limited number of pupils go through a course of practical as well as theoretic instruction. But clearly neither the one nor the other would fulfil the conditions we have prescribed. The class-room may be employed to some extent to prepare the pupils for the instruction in the field and in the homestead, which is the only real technical instruction in agriculture; and it may be employed to enable a limited number of pupils to make some progress in the sciences applied to agriculture, beyond the mere acquaintance with the ascertained results of their application. But as part of a broad and comprehensive system, the class-room should not be the prominent and relied-on means of instruction.

On the other hand, the establishment of a school-farm in every parish, or even in a combination of parishes, would be impossible. It would require a large capital to stock and work it, and very likely it would be worked to loss. And if one such school-farm were established for a large district, it would not be available for the mass of young agriculturists without leaving their homes or employment and incurring expenses which they could not afford.

Besides, such an establishment would not fulfil thoroughly the object in view. Agriculture in all its branches and details is an art carried on under an infinite variety of conditions, and the experience and instruction gained on only one farm is more likely to limit and cramp the capacity of the pupils to apply all the means which may

afterwards be at their command, than to lead them to grasp the essential principles which underlie the various methods employed on different farms, in different soils, in different climates, and farmed on different systems, and so to enable them intelligently and profitably to adapt their practice to means and circumstances as they arise.

How, then, is the school-farm to be provided? and the answer is simply that every parish, or circle of parishes, has the best and amplest provision of school-farms in the whole cultivated surface and all the farm-steadings within its own bounds, and these would be at command without expense to the ratepayers, and without sacrifice of time or money to the pupils. It only requires arrangement to make the means available.

Let us, then, trace out the various steps and requisites which would lead up to the attainment of such a technical instruction in agriculture, carried out in every rural parish, and actually making available for its purpose the ordinary operations of culture, of stock-keeping, or dairy-keeping, or even of fruit-farming or poultry-keeping, which form the husbandry of the district. The first step would be to map out a district of such extent as a district instructor might undertake, having in view not only its actual area, but the facilities of reaching all the rural centres included from a common centre of communication. It would also be desirable that the husbandry of the district should be to some extent homogeneous, so as not to involve an unnecessary multiplication of the objects of instruction; or at all events, that some one department of husbandry should be considered as prevalent in the district, and entitled to first consideration. Having arranged the district, the next step would be to appoint the instructor, and he would require to be a thoroughly competent agriculturist, with a sufficiency of scientific acquirement to enable him to apprehend completely the application of all the branches of science to the husbandry with which he has to do. But it should be distinctly understood that a mere scientific professor or experimentalist is not the sort of man for the post. All he will have to do with science is to understand and accept the results attained by others, and to be the means of communicating them to the mass of practical agriculturists in a practical form, and applied to and illustrated by the actual operations of husbandry in cultivating land, growing and harvesting crops, rearing and fattening cattle, and so forth. Such men, at the outset, may not easily be found; but the employment would be sufficiently attractive to secure, in a year or two, many candidates well qualified for it.

The salary and expenses of such a district instructor would be considerable; but as he might easily overtake a wide district, perhaps embracing more than one county, it would not be a heavy charge on the local rates. A large part of it should be contributed from the general fund which will probably be appropriated by Parliament for technical education, and the remainder might be partly provided from the rates of the rural parishes which accept the services of the instructor, and partly by the fees of the pupils. The machinery of the school boards might be utilised to ascertain the acceptance by parishes of the instructor's ser-

vices, to form combinations of parishes as local centres of instruction, and to appoint local committees. Beyond payment of the instructor, the administration of the district and the provision of all the means for technical instruction in the local centres ought to be furnished absolutely on a voluntary system, and without any charge on the rates. There ought to be a local committee in each parish or combination of parishes, charged with arranging the class and providing what is requisite for the instruction of the year. And there should be a small council for the whole district, charged with assisting the instructor in organising the system of instruction, and in determining the subjects to which it is to be directed each year.

Let us suppose, then, the district allotted, the instructor appointed, and his council elected by the parishes or combinations of parishes which propose to take advantage of his services. His first duty will be to lay down a convenient route through his district, by which he may make a certain number of circuits in the year. He will then have to arrange a syllabus of instruction and examination on each subject, the subjects being all practical and thoroughly worked out. When this has been communicated to each local committee, it will be their duty to provide the place of meeting for their class, and whatever may be required for instruction; but their most important and essential duty will be to arrange for practical illustration of each subject on some conveniently situated farm in the locality. For instance, one farm, or one or more fields in a farm, might be selected for practical instruction in laying down grass, including the previous culture and the sowing, the botany of the grasses, the suitableness of different species in respect to soil, climate, and the employment of the produce for pasturage, for green forage, hay, or ensilage; or one homestead might be selected as an example for instruction in rearing, another in feeding, cattle or sheep of various breeds; or one farm or field would furnish the illustration of a system of rotation of crops,—and so on through the curriculum which has been determined for the year. The result of all this would go far beyond the technical instruction of the classes which would form the immediate objects of the instructor's attention, because it would arouse and concentrate upon the most important practical details of agriculture the attention of the whole agricultural community of the district, and bring to the decision of questions which involve the profitable prosecution of their farming, not only the mere empirical opinions of isolated men who have no opportunity of correcting their own limited experience and imperfect knowledge, but conclusions deliberately worked out from the best information, both practical and scientific, and which would command confident assent, and obtain intelligent application, because the agriculturists would regard these conclusions as the result of their own agency.

It cannot be too distinctly kept in view that such a scheme as has been sketched out is not one for elementary instruction in the principles of agriculture, such as can fitly be intrusted to the administration of school boards. That is already provided for in the elementary schools, although not yet largely taken advantage

of; but when agriculturists become more aware of the need for such elementary teaching at school, to enable them afterwards to derive full advantage from technical instruction, the means already at the command of school boards in the elementary schools will be more generally employed. But more emphatically, this scheme is not to provide a high standard and scientific agricultural education for land-stewards and overseers, agricultural chemists and engineers, and suchlike. That is no doubt a very important object, but it is one to be attained by entirely different means. It is a question of secondary education, not of technical instruction. It is an object to be attained by agricultural colleges such as the Ontario School of Agriculture or the Cirencester Agricultural College. What we have in view is the instruction of agriculturists as a mass, in the intelligent, and most perfect, and most profitable practice of their art—and that is Technical Education in Agriculture.

THOS. INNES.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

EXACTLY a hundred years ago, and at a period of England's history which it would seem was rife with the production of women destined to fame, there raced about the stormy sands of what was then a small and isolated seaport on the Firth of Forth, a wild little creature of eight years old, who knew nothing of schoolrooms and school hours, who could only just read, "with a strong Scotch accent," but who could not write at all, yet whose name was to become in due season a household word to the farthest ends of the earth, where the learned assemble and science is esteemed.

Mary Somerville, to whom in 1870 astronomers from north, south, east, and west came to pay court, and moot abstruse and mysterious propositions, in 1780 was an insignificant babe, of such slight social importance that, until ten years subsequently, it was not thought worth while either to send her to be taught at school or to provide her with a teacher at home; and she who is now—or at any rate was for many years, if fashions have somewhat changed of late—the idol or torment of youth, as the case might be, was herself only accorded a desultory and spasmodic education, beginning with a twelvemonth's stay at a boarding-school between the ages of ten and eleven, where all that was expected of her was, that she should learn to "write a good hand, and be able to keep accounts."

Even that modest ambition was disappointed for the nonce.

We must, however, cast an eye over the home and early surroundings of the little untutored maid, in order to comprehend how such a thing could be.

Scotland's parochial schools have long been her national glory and pride; and a good, plain, solid, and trustworthy work-a-day education is to be had by the poorest and humblest who covets it,—more, it was to be had in days when ignorance prevailed elsewhere. When even the middle class, or at all events the lower-middle class in England was altogether illiterate, and was for the most part stupidly content to remain so, the Scottish labourer and the farmhouse drudge on the farthest corner of the moor, would have scorned not to "know their books."

It is, therefore, a matter of surprise that the daughter of a distinguished naval officer — afterwards an admiral, and knighted—and of a lady well-born and related by blood to families not only respectable but noble, should have been neglected in a matter so important. But Captain Fairfax was poor, and his wife easy-going, —*voilà tout.*

No doubt they told each other that it would never do for a child of theirs to be trotting backwards and forwards to the "schule" in company with all the little barefooted lads and lasses of the country-side, and that Mary could not possibly be allowed to demean herself by sitting shoulder to shoulder, and hand in hand, with the shock-headed crew clustered together on the time-worn bench; whilst, that put aside, what remained? A governess at home was out of the question.

Now, had good Mistress Fairfax been an energetic, intelligent

parent,—had she been a Wesley's mother or a Jane Taylor's mother, for instance,—no difficulty need have been felt. We have a delightful picture of the little girl herself in after-years, diligently instructing her own daughters for three hours regularly every morning—"even," says her biographer, "while busily engaged in writing for the press, carefully managing her house, and reading all the new books of the day." But Mary Somerville's mother was of another stuff than this.

The Bible, sermons, and the newspaper sufficed her: what did any one want with more?

Strange to say, Mary, for her part, would have been satisfied with even less. The sermons, at any rate, she could well have spared; and all that she wanted, and all that any little light-hearted lassie of her age would have wanted, was freedom to bound over the gorse and heather which covered the low hills surrounding her home, and leave to frolic away the happy hours among the sandy creeks and rocky headlands which edged the bonnie blue Firth below. Burntisland — pronounced Brunt Island — now a flourishing and favourite watering-place, but a hundred years ago a quaintly remote and inaccessible fishing-town of no particular repute, lies opposite Edinburgh, on the Fife-shire coast.

In former years the harbour on the western side bounded the town in that direction, while on the other it terminated in a plain of short grass, yclept the "Links," in request for the good old-fashioned game of golf, long popular in the North before it found its way to English hearts. On these Links, and on the hills around, the flora were particularly beautiful; and the little Mary, let loose to teach herself at Nature's feet, soon contrived to pick up the trivial names of the most she met, though not, it would appear, of any of the sea-weeds and grasses amongst which she was wont to pry and peer, when wading in the pools which were left at low tide, just below her father's garden.

She did not know their names —ah, but she knew *themselves!* All she saw there was food for the mind of the lonely child, and every object was invested with its own charm. One streamlet in particular, which joined the ocean not far from this haunt, must have been a witching spot; for in addition to every ordinary attraction, its little bed was, she tells us, thickly covered with the fresh-water mussel, often known to contain pearls of considerable value. Here was indeed a quest worth pursuing. Pearls? And pearls of value? What follows is curious, as shadowing forth the humane and tender-hearted Mary Somerville of after-years — the little girl could not bring herself to break open the shells in which the coveted treasures might be found, "for fear of killing the creatures."

(*N.B.* — Possibly Mr Darwin might have sympathised with this consideration for a mussel; but we doubt whether any one else will.)

A different sort of prey was one day found at the mouth of the same stream in the shape of a young whale, or grampus, stranded in the shallow water. Captain Fairfax, who was fishing for red trout in the stream, immediately dropped his rod, ran back to the town, got boats, captured the whale, and landed it in the harbour, where little Mary, all aflame with excitement and exultation, presently followed with the rest of the crowd, to feast their eyes upon the *muckle fish*. The good

folks of Burntisland believed in "muckle fish" of all sorts; and Why not? or "What for no'?" as they would themselves have said. Did not their own fathers and brothers and husbands and sons bring home the tales that thrilled and delighted their simple bosoms? One, in particular, records Mrs Somerville, in her musings over this period of childhood,—one terrific creature, of dimensions so enormous that seamen had been known to land and prepare to dwell upon its ample surface, mistaking it for an island of the ocean, was the especial favourite of the fishermen *raconteurs*. Almost every one who had sailed to the Northen Seas was at length bound to have seen a "kraken," and the numbers that had landed upon its broad back grew in proportion. It had a glorious reign, and at length gave place to the sea-serpent. Again the sea-serpent must in turn yield to newer heroes: and so on. Little Mary drank it all in; spent hours among the wet and shining sands, with the wind blowing her hair into her eyes, and the shingle clinging to her fingers and toes, while she added daily to her store of shells,—"some so small that they appeared like white specks in patches of black sand,"—and watched from afar—for she might not join them—the village bairnies digging for sand-eels, cockles, and the spouting razor-fish.

Has the reader ever tried the latter amusement? This is the way to pursue it. The razor-fish, or spout-fish, as it is commonly called, lies hidden beneath the smooth sand, at peace with himself and all the world. In a sudden he hears—or feels—a footfall overhead. Instinct bids him flee; but before fleeing, he ejects—goodness knows why!—a jet of salt water, sometimes a couple of feet high, into the air. The next instant he dives with great velocity, his sharp razor-like shell cleaving the sand for his descent, and would almost immediately be out of reach, safe in the depths below. But that one moment of delay, that meaningless, foolish ebullition, has undone him. The pursuer has seen the "spout," and ere it has fallen to the ground again, his knife or other implement has been thrust into the spot—alack, poor fish!—the sand upturned, and the extreme end of the shell exposed to view. The rest is easy: the knife has merely to press this shell hard on one side, while the sand is being shovelled out by the keen fingers ready to grip hold the moment there is enough shell to take hold of, and that accomplished, all is over for the razor-fish. He can be drawn out without his making the slightest further resistance. The whole depends upon alacrity in the first instance.

Mary Fairfax, running wild about the gorsy Links and teeming shore, was at any rate laying in a store of health and strength, and fine joyous animal spirits, which was to do her good service to the end of her long life. Hannah More, Elizabeth Fry, and other distinguished women have attained to a great age, but have "shuffled off this mortal coil" with feebleness and weariness, though under ninety years old: Mary Somerville at ninety-one was brimming over with vivacity and vigour; had none of the infirmities of age excepting a slight difficulty in hearing, which scarcely amounted to deafness; could read small print with ease and without glasses; and "her occupations were continued," says her biographer, "up to the actual day of her death." Bravo, Scot-

land, and the roaring surges of the Firth of Forth!

Mary's father was, however, subject to occasional shocks upon the subject. He was absent from home, pursuing his profession during the greater part of his daughter's youth, but would from time to time return for a brief period, and it was on the occasion of one of these visits that it would appear to have struck him all of a sudden that she was "growing up a perfect little savage;" whereupon the worthy gentleman, seeking to mend matters, hit upon an idea which, for originality and humour, may rival any of Sir Roger de Coverley's. "He made me," says poor Mary, dolefully, "read a paper of the 'Spectator' aloud, every morning after breakfast." A paper of the 'Spectator' every morning! A faultlessly elegant, hopelessly dull, interminably long 'Spectator' article, hammered out and spelt through by an unwilling and indignant child! It must indeed have been an ordeal for hearer as well as reader. We can almost hear the little rueful voice, and see the little rueful face, as one blue eye despairingly searches down the page, while the other is cast sideways towards where the gleaming waves toss below, as the inflowing tide bears in its freight of shells and sea-weeds, her own treasures of the deep. No wonder that never from that time thenceforth did Mary Somerville open the book.

Perhaps even the gallant captain himself felt his brilliant inspiration to be hardly as successful as it should have been, for it was again owing to him that at ten years old the youthful ignoramus was at last accorded some sort of real instruction. "This will never do," quoth Fairfax, stoutly, one day,—Mary had perhaps been restless and unmanageable, as idlers of all ages are apt to be on occasion. "It will never do," said the father, putting down his foot a second time; and he carried out idea No. 2.

This was to send the child to a boarding-school; and accordingly, for twelve months—only for twelve months, however—the wild little sea-mew was caught and caged by a certain Miss Primrose, at Musselburgh (a small town not far from Edinburgh), who was doubtless much at a loss what to make of her, and as unfortunate in the pupil as the pupil was in the mistress. "She had," records Mrs Somerville, "an habitual frown which even the elder girls dreaded." Then there must have been set rules and set hours, and restrictions and prohibitions, bitter to the palate of the freedom-loving Fifeshire lassie. By nature timid and shy of strangers, an almost inevitable consequence of the life she led at home, she had now another agony to undergo: she had to find herself all at once stranded among a set of talkative, self-assured young ladies, equal to anything, and to be put down by nobody (except Miss Primrose), all older than herself, and with impertinent questions and unsparing comments, "swarming around her like a hive of bees."

Girls can be very cruel—more cruel than boys, we almost think; and in each of the sharp demands as to "Whether my father had a title?" "If we kept a carriage?" and "What was the name of our estate?" there was covert torture for the sensitive breast. It must have been borne with infinite sweetness, however, for presently the very tormentors themselves would seem to have been disarmed and shamed, and some, says she, "themselves bathed my eyes to prevent our

stern mistress from seeing that I was perpetually in tears." One of the customs of Miss Primrose's school, as illustrating the ideas of the period, may here be noted:—

"A few days after my arrival," records Mary, in her 'Recollections,' "although perfectly straight and well made, I was enclosed in stiff stays, with a steel busk in front; while, above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder-blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semicircle which went under the chin, was clasped to the steel busk of my stays. In this constrained state I, and most of the younger girls, had to prepare our lessons."

Horrible! And yet—does this in any way account for the straight backs of our grandmothers? There is too much stooping and poring during lesson-times, and too much lolling and lounging out of them now-a-days, we are willing to admit; but surely the desired end might, in the case of the luckless Mary Fairfax and her companions, have been achieved by scouring hill and dale in joyous games, by sports and skippings and swingings, in which all little girls take pure delight, rather than by steel busks and rapping shoulder-blades!

They did have some games, however, poor little souls; and it is amusingly characteristic of the ancient feeling north of the Border that, when engaged in a favourite one yclept "Scotch and English," in which each side was represented making raids upon the other, the smaller girls were always compelled to be the English, "for the bigger ones thought it too degrading." At Miss Primrose's, Mary Fairfax learned the first principles of writing, and the rudiments of French and English grammar; but her chief lesson, she herself informs us, was to get by heart a page of Johnson's dictionary! (Almost worse than the 'Spectator' this.)

Beneath it all no trace of genius yet, only an inexpressible wretchedness and yearning for home, which doubtless finding its echo in the heart of the kindly, easy mother, Mary was recalled at the year's end; and so little had she profited, that it was not in human nature to refrain from casting a stone at one who, when money was scarce, had cost so much to so little purpose. Truth to tell, there was good cause for any amount of chagrin. A lady in the neighbourhood having written to little Miss Fairfax to inquire how her mother was after an illness, Mary, albeit fresh from her boarding-school, could neither compose an answer nor yet spell the words; moreover, she adds, her *half-text* writing was as bad as it could possibly have been. The kind intervention of a lady friend who happened to be staying in the house adjusted the matter, however, and it might have blown over and been forgotten, had not the unlucky puss straightway got herself into a fresh scrape. Having written to her brother, then in Edinburgh, with a request that he would execute for her a trifling commission, she informed him that she had enclosed in the envelope a bank-note, and unfortunately the word ran thus, "bank-knot"! It was on the discovery of this latest literary effort that indignant Mrs Fairfax, roused for once, cried out that all she had required of the boarding-school was that Mary should have learned from it to write decently and keep accounts.

But Mary was back to her free life again—back to her sands and her sea-birds, her rocks, her flowers, her own unfettered thoughts and untortured muscles. How she must have danced and pranced

about, snapped her fingers at Miss Primrose, and told the tale of her own tears! Only when the stormy winter nights and rainy days set in, does a faint gleam of *ennui* begin to show itself, and a dim longing for something better struggle to the surface. She betakes herself to the small household store of books, and lights —lucky sprite!—upon a Shakespeare. Thenceforth it is devoured at every spare moment, in season and out of season, till at length Aunt Janet, a grim old maid, thinks it high time to put in her oar. We can see it all: the tightly drawn lips of the spinster; the unconsciousness of the all-absorbed delinquent; the gradual swelling and gathering of the storm, and at length the outburst: "I'm amazed you let Mary waste her time like that. She never *shews* [sews] more than if she were a man!"

Who could be impervious to a taunt so cutting? Mary is instantly doomed to another educational spurt, and on this occasion it proves more happy in its results. She is merely sent to the village school to learn plain needlework, and becomes an exquisite needle-woman for all life, from this episode. How long it took to make her one she never could remember; but records with justifiable pride, that a lady having sent to the school some very fine linen to be made into shirts, her shirt, made entirely by herself, was so well worked that she was promptly removed from the class, and given the household linen to take in charge at home. Of this the family, as is usual in Scotland, had a large stock. They grew their own flax, and the maids spun it—so that doubtless there was both pleasure and pride in the duty; but still, Mary "thought it hard that women should have been given a desire for knowledge, if it were wrong to acquire it."

The desire had come at last, and had come purely of its own accord. Privately she now began to study, but the knowledge that she was doing so must have leaked out somehow—(or perhaps Aunt Janet may have betaken herself elsewhere, so that the youthful student needed not to have feared further ratings),—at all events, the village dominie was put under requisition to come and assist. This pedagogue—Reed by name—must have been a man of nearly as vast erudition as the renowned Sampson himself, for he not only taught the fisher-lads Latin, but also the science of navigation—the latter being possibly of more practical value to them than the former, in the seafaring lives they were called upon to lead. During the long winter evenings, then, behold Miss Mary Fairfax hard at work under the auspices of this worthy tutor, doubtless "smugged up" in his Sunday suit, and armed with all the airs of learning for the occasion; and picture the luxury of the two with a real, actual pair of globes between them, from which it must have given the one as much pleasure to teach as it would the other to learn. With the aid of the globe celestial, Mary tells us, she now began at once to study the stars from the window of a small attic which looked to the north; and, enthusiastic over her new pursuit, she would probably relate to her teacher the saying of her boy-brother concerning the celebrated meteor of 1783, when it caught the little fellow's attention as he lay kicking his heels on the floor. "Oh, mamma!" cried he,—"oh, mamma, there's *the moon rinnin'*

awa'!" Samuel was now at the Edinburgh University, and presumably on this account, the parents decided on moving also to Auld Reekie, and once again their only daughter was set to work at her books. By this time she had learned to value them. Music, curiously enough, was her first love, however, and she now spent four or five hours at the piano daily; while her account of the dancing-lesson of the period is so vivacious that it should be read as it stands:—

"They sent me to Strange's dancing-school. Strange himself was like a figure on the stage: tall and thin, he wore a powdered wig, with cannons at the ears, and a pigtail. Ruffles at the breast and wrists, white waistcoat, black silk or velvet shorts, white silk stockings, large silver buckles, and a pale-blue coat, completed his costume. He had a little fiddle on which he played, called a kit. My first lesson was to walk, and make a curtsey. 'Young lady, if you visit the Queen, you must make three curtseys, lower, and lower, and lower, as you approach—so—o—o,' leading me on, and making me a curtsey. 'Now, if the Queen were to ask you to eat a bit of mutton with her, what would you say?' . . . Every Saturday afternoon all the scholars, both boys and girls, met to practise in the public Assembly Rooms in George Street. . . . Some of the elder girls were very pretty, and danced well; so these practisings became a lounge for the young officers at the castle, and other young men. We used always to go in full evening dress. We learned the *minuet de la cour*, reels, and country-dances. Our partners used to give us gingerbread and oranges. Dancing before so many people was quite an exhibition, and I was greatly mortified one day, when ready to begin a minuet, by the dancing-master shaking me roughly, and making me hold out my frock properly."

And if the three Miss Melvilles were of the party, the mortification would be complete. These young ladies were the models of perfection whom the exasperated Mary was for ever being urged to imitate. She was pretty enough, but (or so thought Aunt Janet, or somebody—whom, history sayeth not) lacked deportment. She did not draw up her right toe to her left heel as the all-accomplished Miss Melvilles did, perhaps. That she knew she possessed beauty is shown by the laughing remark of later years, that it was "very hard that no one had ever thought of painting her portrait while she was young and pretty." It was not until after Mary Somerville had become famous that such an idea would appear ever to have been mooted; but at sixteen the "Rose of Jedwood" was, according to her contemporaries, "much admired, and a great favourite. She had a graceful figure, below the middle size, a small head well set on her shoulders, a beautiful complexion, bright intelligent eyes, and a profusion of soft brown hair." . . . "To her latest days," says another, she was "a beautiful old woman, as she had been a lovely young one." Being small and delicate in face and figure, she looked considerably younger even than those by many years her juniors; "but," says her biographer, "this was in no degree owing to anything juvenile in her style of dress,"—a weakness from which we can indeed well believe Mary Somerville to have been free.

Theatre-going in the northern capital was looked askance upon by the majority when Mary Fairfax was having her first peep into the world; and she tells us how, on one occasion when entering her mother's drawing-room, she found an old man sitting there who, on her entrance, rose and kissed her, taking the privilege of a very old

friend. This was Home, the author of the tragedy of "Douglas," for the perpetration of which iniquity, and for the scandal of having had it acted in Edinburgh, he had been compelled to resign his living; while some of his clerical friends, bold enough to brave the thunders of the Kirk, had been publicly rebuked for going to witness the performance. "Our family," says Mrs Somerville, "was perfectly liberal in all these matters." . . . "I had never neglected Shakespeare," she continues; "and when our great tragedians — Mrs Siddons and her brother John Kemble—came for a short time to act in Edinburgh, I could think of nothing else. They were both remarkably handsome, and, notwithstanding the Scotch prejudice, the theatre was crowded every night."

At the same time, other pursuits and occupations were entered into. Mrs Fairfax, quite of the old school with regard to women's duties, was very particular about her table; and wisely considering that a great deal of wedded comfort depends upon well-cooked and well-set-out meals, the worthy housewife cast about in her mind how best to induce her high-mettled young sprig of a daughter to follow her lead in this respect. Mary was ultimately sent to learn at an adjoining pastry-cook's, her companion in the lesson being the daughter of a well-known baronet, and "one of the belles of the day." Much did the two sprightly misses enjoy the fun, and no doubt great was the glory they obtained, when presently jellies and creams, compounded by their own fair fingers, went the round at the little supper-parties given for the set purpose of displaying the new accomplishment — "although, as far as economy went," owns Mary frankly, "we might as well have bought them."

She next learned drawing from Nasmyth, a first-rate landscape-painter; and though all she herself says of this is, that in spite of spoiling much material, she had "made some progress" by the end of the season, the master spoke in a different strain, when he told a lady, living within the last twenty years, that "the cleverest young lady he had ever taught was Miss Mary Fairfax." (*N.B.*—Doubtless the Fifeshire dominie thought the same, and mayhap a few others besides these.)

All this time not a whisper of science; but now Mary is on the verge of the—to her—enchanted ground, and strangely indeed does the narration read of her first casual step upon it, through the medium of—what think you?—a Magazine of Fashion! It was on the return of the family for the summer to their old home that the following occurred:—

"I was often invited with my mother to the tea-parties at Burntisland. A pool of commerce used to be keenly contested till a late hour at these parties, which bored me exceedingly, but I there became acquainted with a Miss Ogilvie, much younger than the rest, who asked me to go and see fancy works she was doing, and at which she was very clever. I went next day, and after admiring her work, and being told how it was done, she showed me a monthly magazine, with coloured plates of ladies' dresses, charades, and puzzles. At the end of the page I read what appeared to me to be simply an arithmetical question; but on turning the page I was surprised to see strange-looking lines mixed with letters, chiefly *x*'s and *y*'s, and asked, 'What is that?' 'Oh,' said Miss Ogilvie, 'it is a kind of arithmetic—they call it algebra; but I can tell you nothing about it.' And we talked about other things: but on going home I thought I would

look if any of our books would tell me what was meant by algebra. In Robertson's 'Navigation' I flattered myself I had found precisely what I wanted, but I soon saw I was mistaken. I perceived, however, that astronomy did not consist in stargazing, and as I persevered in studying the book for a time, I certainly did get a dim view of several subjects which were useful to me afterwards. Unfortunately none of our acquaintances or relations knew anything of science or natural history, nor, had they done so, should I have had courage to ask any of them a question, for I should have been laughed at. I was often very sad and forlorn—not a hand held out to help me."

Nasmyth, the drawing-master, did indeed casually suggest, "You should study Euclid's 'Elements of Geometry,'" when explaining to his pupils the principle of perspective. "Euclid," said he, "is the foundation not only of perspective, but of astronomy and all mechanical science." But how was Mary Fairfax to obtain a Euclid? As for going straight off and inquiring for one at a bookseller's,—the most natural thing in the world, one would think,—such a piece of audacity was out of the question; and accordingly she must perforce again have patience. But the spirit within had been stirred. Back at her Fifeshire home once more, there came as tutor to the youngest brother (he is here for the first time mentioned) a certain Mr Craw, a good, kind, simple sort of man,—the very receptacle, in short, for a timid request. To him went his pupil's young sister. Could he, and would he, tell her about algebra and geometry? How the good soul must have stared! Would he further bring her some elementary treatises on the subject? His eyes must have opened still wider! Finally, the above requests acceded to, would he himself demonstrate a few of the problems? Alack-a-day! the good youth was no mathematician; so there the alliance ended. She had soon had enough of him (whatever he may have had of her), and alone and unaided once more, she must set forth to pursue the road to fame. Late into the night the candle would be burnt; for although an early riser, all the daylight hours must be spent in music, painting, needlework, and domestic concerns, so that the beloved study could only be pored over when the house was quiet, and its other inmates wrapped in slumber. Six books of Euclid were thus gone through, no one intervening, since no one knew anything of the matter.

But such blissful ignorance was too good to last. The servants, aggrieved and unsympathetic, discovered what was going through the undeniable and prosaic evidence of candles burnt low in their sockets; one complained to the other, and finally all told the tale above-stairs. It was no wonder the candles were going so fast, said they, with Miss Mary sitting up so late at nights reading. Reading! We can almost hear the ring of scorn in the domestic household. Down came the thrifty madam upon the graceless miss, supplies were stopped, and the culprit thrown back upon her own resources and her own memory—perhaps the very best thing that could have happened to her. For by these means nearly every problem already demonstrated was, she tells us, fast riveted in her memory for ever.

Then comes in the father again. Captain Fairfax, or Admiral Fairfax—we are not sure of his exact rank at this period—coming home from sea for a short space, finds out what has been going on in his absence, and in his bluff fashion

puts down his sturdy foot once more on Mary's going her own independent way. "Peg," cries he to his wife, "we must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a strait-jacket one of these days. There was X., who went raving mad about the longitude!" If X. had "gone raving mad" about some pretty girl, or so, the gallant sailor could doubtless have understood and sympathised; but about the longitude!

By way of averting a similar fate from his fair daughter, he then proceeded to despatch her off to make holiday here and there, up and down the country, and we have pleasant descriptions of this and that old-fashioned Scottish residence, only one of which, however, claims our notice, and that, because there Science bestirred herself to gain her own once more. Lord Balmuto, the host, a Scotch judge, had a son with a turn for chemistry, and the latter invited Mary to inspect his laboratory. What a laboratory might be she frankly confesses she did not know; but ever eager to learn, off she set hot-foot in company with both the gentlemen to explore the unknown region. The two then thought to play off a little jest upon their unsophisticated visitor. How the jest ended is thus told:—

"The son put a substance on the table and took a hammer, his father saying, 'Now you will hear a fine report.' I ran out of the room crying 'I don't like fine reports.' Sure enough there was a very loud report, followed by a violent crash, and on going into the room again, we found that the son had been knocked down, the father was trembling from head to foot, and the apparatus had been smashed to pieces. They had had a narrow escape."

Then follows a word of warning for parents:—

Lord Balmuto's daughter "led a dull life, and when in Edinburgh was much kept down by her father, and associated little with people of her own rank and station. The consequence was that she eloped with her drawing-master, to the inexpressible rage and mortification of her father, who had all the Scotch pride of family and pure blood."

Mary Fairfax had certainly not her friend's excuse, had she followed her example. She was now on the verge of that period when young ladies, more strictly brought up than she had been, are permitted to emerge from their chrysalis state, and flutter their wings in the sunshine of society; and although it is apparent that Mrs Fairfax had never to any extent secluded her daughter—that she had permitted this and that relaxation at any rate—yet a difference could still now be made. To a ball—to a real *bona fide* ball—the little lady had never yet been taken. Most of the Scottish families of distinction wintered in the capital in those days, and a merry time they had, if we may judge by the accounts of routs, dances, concerts, and supper-parties, which would seem to have been considerably more frequent—and, to tell the truth, more lively—than they are at the present time. May we dare to suggest that Edinburgh society is hardly frolicsome nowadays?

But what a blithe scene sunny Princes Street must have presented in the early days of the century, when all the beaux and belles were there assembled, patched and powdered and pigtailed, wit and repartee flashing from tip to tip, eyes beaming with sentiment, or adoration! The girls, Mrs Somerville tells us, had perfect liberty to walk about up and down the gay promenade, and be joined

by their dancing-partners of the previous nights; so that the whole place would be a-buzz with fun and flirtation, probably innocent enough, and not infrequently leading to suitable and happy matrimony. Mary Fairfax was not more free than others of her age and rank; for she is careful to state that the Countess of Buchan, an unexceptionable chaperon, to whom she was "somehow related," was always ready to take charge of her when, as was often the case, her mother declined going into society, on account of her husband's enforced absence. But Lady Buchan, though good for a ball, or a theatre, saw no occasion to preside over the early stroll. Can we not picture it? The pretty girls in their simple short-skirted frocks, tied under the arms by way of a waist; their quaint, coquettish poke-bonnets (the most charming framework in the world for a charming face); their smart shoes, and fine open-worked silk stockings, the latter a great point with the *élégante* of those times. Then there would be the youths, on their part, with their coloured coats, their gorgeously embroidered satin vests, and their long pigtails, or *queues*. Wonderful to relate, Mary disliked the *queues*, an objection which was met by her outspoken papa with unqualified scorn, and an asseveration that "when a man cut off his *queue*, the head should go with it"!

Politics probably helped to strengthen the Admiral's prejudice on the subject, it having just begun to be the mode for the Liberals of the epoch to crop their hair short, while the dandies of the other party adhered to the pigtail. Fairfax was a stout Tory, and his *queue* would be with him a part of his creed.

Not only did the fair maids of the North walk and talk with their dancing-partners in sweet amity and unrestraint, but they practised what we are accustomed to consider a freedom peculiar to our Transatlantic young-lady cousins,—they invited the youths to their homes, gave them supper-parties, and then, and only then, made them known to their parents.

"At these meetings," writes Mary, "we played at games, danced reels, or had a little music—never cards. After supper there were toasts, sentiments, and songs. There were always one or two hot dishes, and a variety of sweet things, and fruit. Though I was much more at ease in society now, I was always terribly put out when asked for a toast, or a sentiment. Like other girls, I did not dislike a little quiet flirtation; but I never could speak across a table, nor take a leading part in conversation. . . . I never lost sight of the main object of my life, which was to prosecute my studies. So I painted at Nasmyth's, played the usual number of hours on the piano, worked and conversed with my mother; and as we kept early hours, I rose at daybreak, and after dressing, wrapped myself in a blanket from my bed on account of the excessive cold—having no fire at that hour—and read algebra, or the classics, till breakfast-time. I had and still have determined perseverance, but I soon found that it was in vain to occupy my mind beyond a certain time. I grew tired, and did more harm than good. So that if I met with a difficult point, for example in algebra, instead of poring over it till I was bewildered, I left it, took my work or some amusing book, and resumed it when my mind was fresh."

A hint which all students would do well to profit by: seldom is any real advance or achievement made when the brain has done its work for the day. "After-hours" are are a mistake all round.

Mary's time was by no means idled away in those Princes Street peregrinations then; and if the

young among our readers can give as good an account of the manner in which the most of theirs is spent, surely no one will begrudge them the modern substitute for an hour under the beetling crags of Edinburgh Castle, even though it should be with the accompaniment of a *queue* progressing alongside.

We have lingered thus long over the early life of Mary Somerville, partly because it is so delightful in itself, and partly because it is so distinct from that of other leaders of science; but we must now hasten on, and behold her on another platform.

First of all, she marries her cousin, Mr Greig, of whom the only characteristic that we are able to obtain is, that he had a very low opinion of the capacity of her sex (though he probably would not have agreed with Mrs Poyser, that "God Almighty made 'em to match the men,")—and having neither knowledge of nor interest in science of any kind, would fain have had his wife as stupid as himself. What, in the name of wonder, possessed the sprightly, lovely girl to single out such a dullard, when she must surely have had the pick of the Scottish youth to choose from, is a mystery of which we have no explanation. She took him—we wonder how he dared to ask her—she married him, and met with little to confirm the wisdom of her judgment, or to refute the proverb about wedding in haste. The whole of her days were now passed in a small, ill-ventilated London house — passed, moreover, apparently alone; while for recreation, a solitary walk in a neighbouring square must have formed a sad contrast to the former gay and mirthful promenade. It is almost too terrible to think what might have been the whole after-life of the poor young bride had this episode been prolonged. Happily it came to a speedy and unexpected end, and so little is known of it that it must almost have seemed like a dream which swiftly vanished out of sight, leaving scarce a trace behind, when looked back upon through the vista of the many happy and glorious years which followed. Mr Greig died, and the youthful widow, with her two infant boys, returned to the home of her childhood, right glad, we cannot but think, to see the bonnie Fifeshire hills once more.

The mathematical studies began afresh, and "by this time," she writes, "I had studied plane and spherical trigonometry and Ferguson's 'Astronomy';" and the next thing is that she solves a diophantine problem (whatever that may be), and is awarded a silver medal cast on purpose with her name. Mathematical science was at that period at a somewhat low ebb, and reverence for Newton, we are informed, had prevented men from adopting the "Calculus," which had enabled foreign mathematicians to carry astronomical and mechanical science to the highest perfection. Professors Ivory and De Morgan had adopted the "Calculus"; but several years elapsed before Herschel and Babbage were joint editors with Peacock in an abridged translation of the 'Treatise on the Differential and Integral Calculus.' Mary Somerville, then Mrs Greig, made the acquaintance of Professor Wallace, Professor of Mathematics at the Edinburgh University, through her pursuit of the all-fascinating study, and besought him to furnish her with a list of books which should enable her to go through a regular course of mathematical and astronomical science. The list he made out was a pretty tough one; but

the books were unhesitatingly purchased, and we have the following record of the affair:—

"I was thirty-three years of age when I bought this little library. I could hardly believe that I possessed such a treasure, when I looked back on the day that I first saw the mysterious word 'algebra,' and the long course of years during which I had persevered almost without hope. It taught me never to despair. I had now the means, and pursued my studies with increased assiduity; concealment was no longer possible, nor was it attempted. I was considered eccentric and foolish, and my conduct was highly disapproved of by many, especially by some members of my own family, as will be seen hereafter. They expected me to entertain and keep a gay house for them" (she must have been widowed, then, for some years by this time), "and in that," she adds, "they were disappointed. As I was quite independent, I did not care for their criticism. A great part of each day I was occupied with my children; and in the evening I worked, played piquet with my father, or played on the piano, sometimes with violin accompaniment."

And thus for some time her life flowed peacefully along, and she doubtless thought that the world had nothing better for her in store. But then there appears on the horizon another cousin—how fatal these cousins are!—and Mary Greig becomes Mary Somerville, and finds at last the ideal life realised, all her great powers of mind appreciated, her studies respected and approved, and her ambition shared.

According to the phrase of the day, her new husband was "Somerville" with her; and it is delightful to see how swiftly "Somerville" becomes the prominent figure upon every page, the inseparable companion in every path. It is now "Somerville and I" at every turn: "Somerville and I went there," and "Somerville and I did this;" "Somerville enjoyed a comic opera exceedingly, and so did I, for Somerville liked the theatre as much as I did," &c., &c.

The bride, however, was not so happy in some of "Somerville's" relations; for directly her engagement had been announced, one of his sisters, and younger than herself besides, had written in the most impertinent and offensive manner, hoping that Mary would now give up her foolish manner of life and studies, and make a useful and respectable wife to her brother. We are rejoiced to learn that the brother himself, not seeing need for the reformation, so promptly suppressed the meddlesome spinster that she lacked courage to strike another blow, even in self-defence. There was, however, an under-current of ill-humour on the subject; and though "we lived in peace," says Mrs Somerville, "there was a coldness and reserve between us ever after." Some little time afterwards she had an opportunity of showing that she might at the same time be a lover of science and a "useful and respectable" matron. A cousin, Samuel Somerville, and his wife, joined the bride and bridegroom on their wedding-tour among the Cumberland lakes, and when stopping at the little inn at Lowood, Samuel was seized with fever, retaining the whole party there for a month. During his illness he took a longing for currant-jelly, which was promptly gratified by one of his tender nurses, the learned *savante*, who records with pride that she made him some which was excellent—a service for which she was rewarded by the astonishment of all, at her being able to do anything so useful.

"Somerville" and Mary then pro-

ceeded to London; and so different was her new experience of matrimony from her former one, that she was not only supported in her choice of studies, but assisted, and incited to pursue them more and more ardently. Of the husband his daughter thus writes in after-years:—

"My father never had the slightest ambition on his own account. He was far happier helping my mother in various ways—searching the libraries for the books she required, and indefatigably copying and recopying her manuscripts, to save her time. No trouble seemed too great which he could bestow upon her; it was a labour of love."

At the same time, the value of such labours and assistance must have been greatly enhanced by the fact that he was very intelligent, and generally well informed; an excellent classical scholar, had a lively interest in all branches of natural history, was a good botanist and mineralogist, and, to crown all, was a severe critic of proof-sheets, his own writing of the English language being singularly pure and correct. Here was a husband worth the having!

Allied to him, his talented wife now not only maintained all her former studies, but added to their list. "Geology," she says, "became a favourite pursuit of ours." Observe it is "of ours" now, no longer "of mine": and mineralogy having an interest for "Somerville," she "heartily joined with him." Learning, always learning,—not eager to display the amount of knowledge already acquired; not thirsting to rush into print, and see her name appended to that of other learned authorities; not lecturing, nor reciting, nor even given to dining-out and posing as a genius, which by this time she most probably might have done; but quietly laying in her store year by year, Mary Somerville gains height after height, and will soon be on the pinnacle of her fame.

She begins to have learned friends and correspondents, among them Sir W. Herschel and his son, Sir David Brewster, M. Arago, the Marquis de la Place, M. Biot, and other lesser luminaries. The Somervilles begin to be talked about, inquired about, and sought out. They are *fêted* in Paris; Madame Biot makes up a party on purpose for them to meet "les personnes distinguées"; the Prince de Condé receives them at his castle in Chantilly; M. Cuvier shows them the wonders of the museum at the Jardin des Plantes; and Dr and Mrs Marcet do the honours of Geneva. Of Mrs Marcet—

"Her conversations on chemistry," writes Mary Somerville, "first opened out to Faraday's mind that field of science in which he became so illustrious, and, at the height of his fame, he always mentioned Mrs Marcet with deep reverence. . . . At Venice we renewed our acquaintance with the Countess Albrizzi, who received every evening. It was at these receptions that we saw Lord Byron, but he would not make the acquaintance of any English people at that time. When he came into the room, I did not perceive his lameness, and thought him strikingly like my brother Henry, who was remarkably handsome. I said to Somerville, 'Is Lord Byron like any one you know?' 'Your brother Henry, decidedly,' he replied. At Florence I was presented to the Countess of Albany, widow of 'Prince Charlie.' She was then supposed to be married to Alfieri, the poet, and held a kind of state-reception every evening. Her manner was proud and insolent. 'So you don't speak Italian! You must have had a very bad education, for Miss Clephane Maclane there' (who was close by) 'speaks both French and Italian beautifully.' So saying, she turned away, and never addressed another word to

me. . .*. I was still a young woman, but I thought myself too old to learn a foreign language, consequently I did not try. I spoke French badly; and now, after several years' residence in Italy, although I can carry on a conversation fluently in Italian, I do not speak it well."

On this point Mrs Somerville's biographer has a word to say. Several years after, we are informed, when at Siena, she engaged a lady to converse in Italian with her for a couple of hours daily, and by this means she very soon became familiar with the language, and could converse in it with ease. But she never cared to *write* in any language but English. Her style has been reckoned particularly clear and good by various competent judges, but on this point she herself was always diffident, saying she was only a self-taught, uneducated Scotchwoman, and feared to use Scottish idioms inadvertently. "In speaking," says her daughter, "she certainly had a very decided but pleasant Scottish accent, and when aroused or excited, would often unconsciously use not only native idioms, but quaint old Scottish words. Her voice was soft and low, and her manner earnest." No doubt it was the fine old high-bred, and altogether *unprovincial* Scottish phraseology which is thus referred to. Alas! this is now all but extinct, and almost if not quite the last of those who spoke it have now passed away from our midst. But how piquant, how humorous, how suggestive it was! How often would it hit the mark in a way never to be forgotten by the hearer! How frequently would it express the exact meaning of the speaker when no orthodox, regulation, dictionary word or grammatical term would have come near it! The French language alone resembles the fine, old, gently flavoured Scotch in this delicious subtlety; and when in the lips of courtly old lairds and dames, as the writer has many a time and oft hearkened to it in bygone years, it had a charm, an almost pathetic delicacy and originality, which the ear must have been dull indeed that failed to appreciate.

To return to the Somervilles. At Rome the Pope himself, kind, gracious old Pius VII., took leave of his gifted visitor with the paternal benediction: "Though a Protestant, you will be none the worse of an old man's blessing;" and in passing through Bologna they met the illustrious Mezzofanti, then a quiet-looking priest, with nothing in his countenance to indicate genius,—"nor," says Mrs Somerville, "was his conversation remarkable. Yet he told them he understood and spoke fifty-two languages. Between these he never traced any connection, nor did their acquisition lead to anything." It was merely an astonishing power.

Upon returning home from this delightful journey, the small members of the family, now comfortably settled in a good house in Hanover Square, began to assert their rights. We are never exactly told how many there were of them at this time, and several, we know, died young, but at any rate there was a little group to be looked after, fed, clothed, and educated; and Mrs Somerville, with a keen recollection of her own early ignorance, and perhaps mistrusting their powers of perseverance if put to as severe a test as her own had been, took care to supply every kind of useful instruction, and herself, as we have said before, devoted some hours to its bestowal every day. At

the same time, her own mind throve and expanded. She became great in mineralogy, it being a favourite study of "Somerville's." It was an amusement to husband and wife equally to arrange the minerals they had collected on their travels, and their cabinet was further enriched by the contributions of friends.

"Somerville," says his wife, "used to analyse minerals with the blowpipe, which I never did. One evening when he was so occupied, I was playing the piano, when suddenly I fainted: he was very much startled, as neither I nor any of my family had ever done such a thing. When I recovered, I said it was the smell of the garlic that had made me ill. The truth was, the mineral contained arsenic, and I was poisoned for the time by the fumes."

(Worse than the chemical experiment in Lord Balmuto's laboratory, to be nearly poisoned by one's own husband in one's own drawing-room!) Gradually mineralogy gave place to geology, and it strikes us curiously now to be told that geologists had excited public attention, and had shocked the clergy and the more scrupulous of the laity by proving beyond a doubt that the formation of the globe extended through enormous periods of time.

"The contest was even more keen," says Mrs Somerville, "than it is at the present time about the various races of prehistoric men. It lasted very long too: for after I had published my work on Physical Geography, I was preached against by name in York Cathedral."

It was not only grave doctors of law and expounders of science, however, who gathered round the talented pair: there flit around the pleasant, well-appointed hearth, brilliant and charming women, —such women as have left their mark on the time, and whom Mrs Somerville was the last person to undervalue or depreciate. Mrs Siddons, Mrs Opie, Joanna Baillie, Hannah More, Elizabeth Fry, and Miss Mitford alternate with Sydney Smith, Rogers, Moore, Campbell, Spencer, Macaulay, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Melbourne, and others, in being in and out perpetually; courtiers, and men and women of mere fashion, were to be met with (albeit more sparingly); and foreigners of any sort of distinction were at once presented to the circle. Of her contemporaries Mrs Somerville writes:—

"I read Miss Austen's novels at this time, and thought them excellent, especially 'Pride and Prejudice.' . . . Miss Mitford's 'Our Village' is perfect of its kind. . . . Mrs Fry's voice is very fine, her delivery admirable, and her prayer was sublime."

Up to this date, Mary Somerville had herself given nothing to the world. Her mind had been entirely yielded towards the absorption of knowledge, and she would have considered the idea of being herself an authority as presumptuous. She did, in fact, so consider it when solicited by Lord Brougham, in the most flattering terms, to give an account of the 'Mécanique Céleste' and the 'Principia,' two severe works, of the latter of which Brougham affirmed that he did not believe there were twenty people in England who knew this great work except by name, and not a hundred who knew it even by name. He then added that his firm belief was that Mrs Somerville "could add two figures to each of those ciphers."

She was, in her own words, surprised beyond expression. Modesty often is. But when to Brougham's urgent and finally personal entreaty was added that of her hus-

band, who must, she felt, be able to gauge her powers if any one could, she would no longer refuse. She simply told them that she felt she was incapable of such a task, but that as they both wished it so much, she would do her very best, upon condition of secrecy, and that if she failed, the manuscript should be put into the fire. Thus, she observed afterwards, "was the whole character and course of my future life suddenly and unexpectedly changed." One notices this not unfrequently in the case of long-lived and illustrious personages. They mature late, and when ordinary men and women are stolidly stationary in middle life, or are even beginning to decline, they are but taking their first steps on the path of their real career.

Mrs Somerville now rose early, and made such family arrangements as enabled her to write afterwards; and although, occasionally, in the midst of a difficult problem, a lady friend would smilingly enter, saying, "I have come to spend a few hours with you," and though she by no means gave up society, as this "would neither have suited Somerville nor herself," the MS. was in due time completed, and carried off to its destination. Brougham sent it to Sir John Herschel, the greatest astronomer of the period, and it was received by him with an outburst of enthusiastic applause. "What a pity," he cried, "that La Place has not lived to see this illustration of his great work!"

In the whole treatise, Herschel had hardly a fault to find, or error to correct.

Whewell next raised his note of triumph. He looked upon the book "as one of the most remarkable which our age has produced;" and presently broke forth into a strain of actual gallantry—"When Mrs Somerville shows herself in the field which we mathematicians have been labouring in all our lives, and puts us to shame, she ought not to be surprised if we move off to other ground, and betake ourselves to poetry;" and then follows the poetry, which, if it does not show the great mathematician to have been very much of a poet, at least presents him to us in the light of a generous and chivalrous gentleman, far above all mean and petty detraction of a rival, and, worse still, a rival of the weaker sex.

The whole edition of the work, now known as the 'Mechanism of the Heavens,' was sold off at once—chiefly at Cambridge; but as the preface was the only part intelligible to the general public, copies of it were separately printed. The author was immediately elected an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society; and it was unanimously voted by the Royal Society that her bust, by Chantrey, should be placed in their great hall. She was also elected an honorary member of the Royal Academy at Dublin, of the Société de Physique et d'Histoire Naturelle at Geneva, and of many other lesser institutions. It was no wonder that the very relations who had "formerly criticised and ridiculed" her, were now "loud in their praise." Relations are apt to be like this.

Of her husband, the happy wife proudly records:—

"The warmth with which Somerville entered into my success deeply affected me; for not one in ten thousand would have rejoiced at it as he did. But he was of a generous nature, far above jealousy, and he continued through life to take the kindest interest in all I did."

Peel wrote that to prove that great scientific attainments are recognised among public claims, he "had advised a grant of £200 a-year," and this came only too opportunely, for the very next day the poor rejoicing Somervilles were informed that all their capital had been lost through mismanagement and treachery. We must add that on hearing this, Lord John Russell handsomely contrived to have another £100 a-year added to the pension.

Then there came a *fêted* week at Cambridge, to be spent especially in the company of Airy, then astronomer there, and Sidgwick, the geologist. Sidgwick's note beforehand is lively and to the point. It had been decided to lodge the distinguished guests in Trinity College itself—a most unusual favour, so far as a lady was concerned.

"A four-poster bed," writes he, "a thing utterly out of our monastic system, will rear its head for you and Madame in a chamber immediately below my own, and your maid may safely rest her bones in a small inner chamber. Should Sheepshanks return, we can stuff him into the lumber-room of the observatory."

And then follows a list of other arrangements, and of engagements which would appear to have embraced every hour of every day of the proposed visit. Shortly afterwards there was the same kind of thing at Paris, and then—everywhere. Here is an amusing entry from the Paris notes :—

"Somerville and I went with Sir Sydney Smith (not his old friend the real Sydney) one evening to a reception at the Duchesse d'Abrante's, widow of Junot. She was short, thick, and not in the least distinguished-looking. I had met her at the Duchesse de Broglie's, where she talked of Junot as if he had been in the next room. Sir Sydney was quite covered with stars and crosses, and I was amused with the way in which he threw back his cloak to display them as he handed me to the carriage. . . . I met with Prince Kosloffsky everywhere. He was the fattest man I ever saw—a perfect Falstaff. However, his intellect was not smothered, for he would sit an hour with me talking about mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, and what not. He was banished from Russia; and as he had been speaking imprudently about politics in Paris, he was ordered to go elsewhere: still he lingered on, and was with me one morning when the Russian Ambassador called. The latter said to me, 'Are you aware that Prince Kosloffsky has left Paris?' 'Oh yes,' I said; 'I regret it much.' He took the hint and went away directly. . . . I had hitherto been entirely among the Liberal set. How it came that we were invited to dine with M. de Thury I do not remember. He was a moderate Legitimiste. . . . Many, however, of his set were ultra. When I happened to mention that we had been staying with Lafayette, I was begged not to mention it, or else some of the guests would leave the room. The ladies of that party would not dance or go to any gay party; they had a part of the theatre reserved for themselves; they wore high, dark dresses with long sleeves, called 'Robes de Résistance,' and even the Legitimiste newspapers appeared with black edges."

A little touch of the early Scottish training comes in prettily here. "The President invited me to a very brilliant ball he gave but as it was on a Sunday, I could not accept the invitation." None were kinder to them than Lord and Lady Granville; and when the husband was obliged to return to England, he was assured that in case of any disturbance his wife should find a home at the Embassy.

From Paris emanated her next work, 'On the Connection of the Physical Sciences,' and through the Embassy all the proof-sheets had

in consequence to go. It was dedicated to Queen Adelaide, who thanked its author for so doing at a drawing-room which Mrs Somerville attended on her return to London. Some time afterwards she had a pleasant little result of fame in the following: "We had travelled all night in the mail-coach, and when it became light, a gentleman opposite said, 'Is not the lady Mrs Somerville, whose bust I saw at Chantrey's?'" He proved to be Mr Sopwith, an eminent engineer, distinguished for scientific knowledge, and with him a friendship was thus then and there begun. He travelled faster than did his companions after a time, so that on their arrival at their destination, which was also his, they were received by him and his wife with the hospitality of old friends.

'Physical Geography' followed next from Mary Somerville's now ready pen, and brought her the honour of being awarded the "Victoria Medal," besides a shower of lesser distinctions from every kind of college and academy, both foreign and English. In whatever society she appeared, or wherever her name was mentioned, the world bowed down before her, yet, all-woman as she was, there is no evidence of her being spoilt by the homage of the unlearned multitude any more than by the encomiums of the exalted few. Of her claim to either of these it would ill become us to offer an opinion. Such an opinion has, as a matter of fact, been already formed by those best capable of forming it, and Mary Somerville's footmarks on the sands of time indelibly imprinted.

To attempt any list of the friends and admirers who now thronged round her, would simply be to detail the names of nearly all the eminent personages of the period. A single brief description of her London life, brimming over as it was with vivacity and novelty, may, however, serve as a peep-hole, and through it we may obtain some sort of idea of the whole:—

"When London began to fill, and the season was at its height, the Miss Berrys used to retire to a pretty villa at Twickenham, where they received their friends to luncheon, and strawberries and cream, and very delightful these visits were in fine spring weather. I recollect once, after dining there, to have been fortunate enough to give a place in my carriage to Lord Macaulay, and those who remember his charming and brilliant conversation will understand how short the drive back to London appeared. . . . I had been acquainted with the Miss Berrys at Raith, when visiting their cousins there. Mary, the eldest, was a handsome, accomplished woman, who, from her youth, had lived in the most distinguished society, both at home and abroad. She was a Latin scholar, spoke and wrote French fluently, yet, with all these advantages, the consciousness that she might have done something better, had female education been less frivolous, gave her a characteristic melancholy which lasted through life. She did not talk much herself, but she had the tact to lead the conversation. When in London, she and her sister received every evening a select society in their small house in Curzon Street. Besides any distinguished foreigners who happened to be in London, among their habitual guests were my friend Lady Charlotte Lindsay, always witty and agreeable, the brilliant and beautiful Sheridans, Lord Lansdowne. Lady Theresa Lewis, Lady Davy, and the Miss Fanshawes. The latter were highly accomplished and good artists; besides which, Miss Catherine Fanshawe wrote clever *vers de société*, such as a charade on the letter H,[1] and, if I am

[1] We presume that one beginning, "'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell."

not mistaken, 'The Butterfly's Ball,' &c. I visited these ladies, but their manners were so cold and formal that, though I admired their talents, I never became intimate with them. On the contrary, like every one else, I loved Mary Berry, she was so warm-hearted and kind. . . . We sometimes went to see Miss Lydia White, who also received every evening: she was clever, witty, and very free in her conversation. On one occasion the party consisted, besides ourselves, of the Misses Berry, Lady Davy, the three poets, Rogers, William Spencer, and Campbell, Sir James Mackintosh, and Lord Dudley. Rogers, who was a bitter satirist and hated Lord Dudley, had written the following epigram:—

'Ward has no heart, 'tis said; but I deny it:
He has a heart—and gets his speeches by it.'

I had never heard of this epigram, and, on coming away, Lord Dudley said, 'You are going home to sleep and I to work.' I answered, 'Oh, you are going home to prepare your speech for to-morrow.' My appropriate rejoinder raised a universal laugh. . . . Washington Irving frequently came to see me when in London. He was as agreeable in conversation as he was distinguished as an author. No one could be more amiable than Admiral Wilkes, U.S. navy. We saw a good deal of him, and I had a long letter from him giving me an account of his fleet, his plan for circumnavigation, &c. . . . Highway robberies were common on all the roads in the vicinity of London, but no violence was offered. On one occasion I remember hearing that my father had been travelling alone over Blackheath when the postilion was ordered to stop, a pistol presented at my father and his purse demanded. My father at once recognised the voice as that of a shipmate, and exclaimed, 'Good God! I know that voice. Can it be young ——? I am dreadfully shocked. I have a hundred pounds, which shall be yours. Come into the carriage, and let me take you to London, where you will be safe.' 'No, no,' the young man said; 'I have associates whom I cannot leave—it is too late.' . . . It was too late. He was arrested, and eventually suffered. Years afterwards, when I heard my father mention this event, he was deeply affected, and never would tell the name of the young man who had been his messmate."

The life thus brilliant and full of glowing interest and prosperity in its outward circumstances, was no less bright and serene inwardly. Sons and daughters had grown up to gladden the home of Mary Somerville, and although several of these had, as we have said, been removed by the hand of death when still in early youth, and although their loss had been deeply and keenly felt by the most affectionate of parents, yet the sincere piety which pervaded her spirit had enabled her to bear every trial with a submission which had brought its own reward. Cheerfulness was with her a reigning characteristic to the very end of an unusually prolonged life. Her sympathies were thrown out in all directions. Her enthusiasm was for every kind of subject. She had an eager and intelligent curiosity about matters totally unconnected with her own peculiar bent of mind. She was, in fact, cosmopolitan in her feelings, thoughts, tastes, and interests. The loss of her dearly loved and most congenial husband in 1860, after many years of happy wedlock, saddened and shadowed, but it could not blight, the remainder of her life. She herself says little about it—we can understand why: such a grief was not for the world to pry into.

A few lines, however, from a friend, Miss Cobbe, may give some faint idea of what the tie must have been which had at last been severed:—

"I had seen in you both," wrote this lady, "the most beautiful in-

stance of united old age. His love and pride in you, breaking out as it did at every instant when you happened to be absent, gives me the measure of what his loss must be to your warm heart."

Such a loss was irreparable; but much still remained—much at any rate for one possessed of so large a capacity for enjoyment. Five years later, when in her eighty-sixth year, the fine old lady, all alertness and expectation, and with her straight back as straight as ever (thanks to Miss Primrose, perhaps, after all), mounted the companion-ladder of the Resistance, the first ironclad she had ever seen, went over every part, examined all the machinery, &c., in detail, and actually peered and poked into every nook and corner, excepting, she allows, the *stoke-hole*. She was not even hoisted on board, she relates gleefully, adding, "It was a glorious sight; and the perfection of structure in every part astonished me."

Many of her latter years were passed abroad, and the records of these are full of interest, but we have only space for one eloquent passage, the best of its kind we have ever come across. It is a description of the second great eruption of Vesuvius in 1872, the year of her own death. Four years previously she had witnessed a very grand eruption, in company with Tyndall and Lubbock, who had come from Rome on purpose to see it, and who were fortunate enough to be able to view the whole from Mrs Somerville's own windows at Naples. But of the last, which surpassed even the former in its appalling magnificence, she thus writes:—

"Vesuvius had exhibited considerable activity during the winter and early spring, and frequent streams of lava flowed from the crater, and especially from the small cone to the north. . . . One night, Thursday, the 25th April, my daughter Martha, who had been to the theatre, wakened me that I might see Vesuvius in splendid eruption. This was at about one o'clock on Friday morning. Early in the morning I was disturbed by what I thought to be loud thunder, and remarked there must be a thunderstorm; but my maid said, 'No; it is the mountain roaring.' It must have been loud indeed for me to hear, considering my deafness, and the distance Vesuvius is from Naples; yet it was nothing compared to the noise later in the day, and for many days after. . . . We passed the whole day at the window. Vesuvius was now in fiercest eruption, such as has not occurred within the memory of this generation, lava overflowing the principal crater, and running in all directions. The fiery glow of lava is not very visible by daylight; smoke and steam is sent off, which rises white as snow, or rather as frosted silver, and the mouth of the great crater was white with the lava pouring over it. New craters had burst out during the night, and little did we dream that of many people who had gone up to see the lava (as my daughters had done repeatedly), some forty or fifty had been on the very spot where a new crater burst out, and had perished, scorched to death by the fiery vapours which had eddied from the fearful chasm. Some were rescued who had been less near the chasm, but of these none eventually recovered. Behind the cone rose an immense column of dense black smoke, to more than four times the height of the mountain, and spread out at the summit, horizontally, like a pine-tree, above the silvery stream which poured forth in volumes. There were constant bursts of fiery projectiles, shooting to an immense height into the black column of smoke, and tinging it with a lurid red colour. The fearful roaring and thundering never ceased for a moment, and the house shook with the concussion of the air. . . . On the following day, Sunday (the thundering having never ceased), I was surprised at the extreme darkness, and looking out, saw men walking about with umbrellas. Vesuvius was emitting such an enormous quan-

tity of ashes, or rather of fine black sand, that neither land, sky, nor sea was visible. Strangers seemed to be even more alarmed by this than at the eruption, and certainly the constant loud roaring was appalling beyond measure, especially amidst the darkness and gloom of the falling ashes."

"We were not at all afraid," concludes the dauntless old lady, who evidently had enjoyed the whole spectacle from the bottom of her heart; and she concludes with the following graphic touch:

"While gazing, a magnificent column, black as jet, darted with inconceivable violence and velocity to an immense height: it gave a grand idea of the power that was still in action in the fiery depths below."

This was to be the last grand sight witnessed by Mary Somerville in this world. She was then in her ninety-second year, as we have said above, but cheerful and animated as ever—still able, according to her own account, to read books on the higher algebra for four or five hours every morning, and even to solve problems. These she would sometimes, she confesses, find difficult; but if so, she had still a fine remnant of her "old obstinacy" (strength of will, we should call it), which would not permit of her being baffled, and if unsuccessful one day, she would attack the puzzle again the next. Of her inner life she thus writes:—

"The short time I have to live naturally occupies my thoughts. In the blessed hope of meeting again with my beloved children, and those who were near and dear to me, I think of death with composure, and perfect confidence in the mercy of God."

Still later on it is—

"The blue-peter has long been flying at my foremast, and now that I am in my ninety-second year, I must soon expect the signal for sailing. It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquillity. Deeply sensible of my utter unworthiness, and profoundly grateful for the innumerable blessings I have received, I trust in the infinite mercy of my Almighty Creator."

And thus it continued to the end. There was no sickness, no pain, no fear. In health of body and vigour of mind, with her great intellect unclouded to the last moment, she calmly closed her eyes on this world, and opened them on another,—her pure spirit passing away so gently that, says her daughter, those around her scarcely knew that she had gone.

In her sleep she died, on the morning of the 29th of November 1872, leaving behind her an ineffaceable record, and an empty niche in the temple of fame. Whence and when shall we see arise another Mary Somerville?

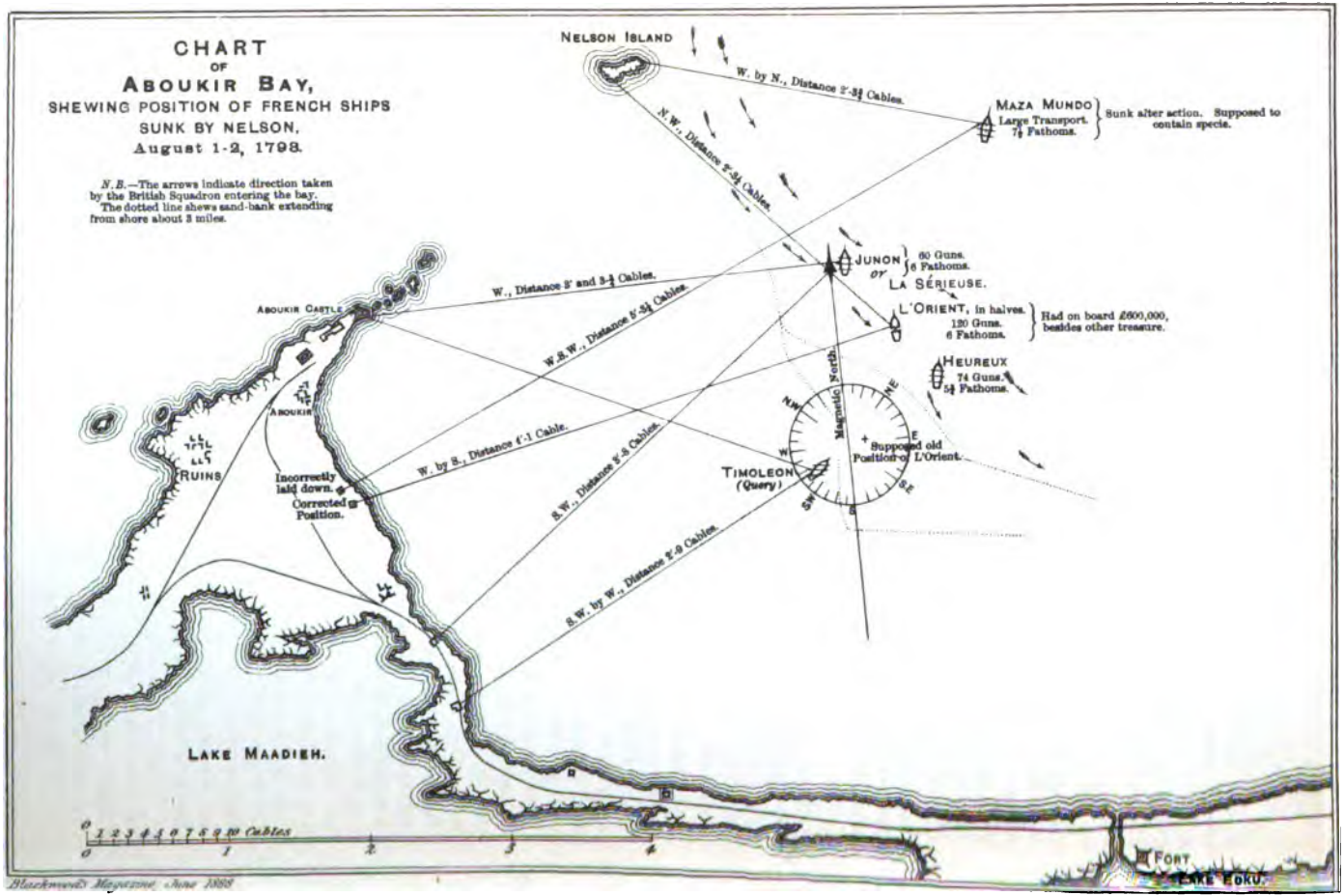
CHART
OF
ABOUKIR BAY,
SHEWING POSITION OF FRENCH SHIPS
SUNK BY NELSON,
August 1-2, 1798.
N.B.—The arrows indicate direction taken by the British Squadron entering the bay. The dotted line shews sand-bank extending from shore about 3 miles.
NELSON ISLAND
W. by N., Distance 2·3½ Cables.
N.W., Distance 2·3½ Cables.
MAZA MUNDO
Large Transport.
7½ Fathoms.
Sunk after action. Supposed to contain specie.
JUNON
OR
LA SÉRIEUSE.
80 Guns.
6 Fathoms.
W., Distance 2· and 3-½ Cables.
ABOUKIR CASTLE
W.S.W., Distance 2·3½ Cables.
L'ORIENT, in halves.
120 Guns.
6 Fathoms.
Had on board £600,000, besides other treasure.
HEUREUX
74 Guns.
5½ Fathoms.
ABOUKIR
Magnetic North.
NW
NE
W
E
SW
SE
S
Supposed old Position of L'Orient.
W. by S., Distance 1·1 Cable.
RUINS
Incorrectly laid down.
Corrected Position.
TIMOLEON
(Query)
S.W., Distance 2·3 Cables.
S.W. by W., Distance 2·3 Cables.
LAKE MAADIEH.
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Cables
0 1 2 3 4
FORT
LAKE EDKU.
Blackwood's Magazine, June 1868.

THE SUNKEN FRENCH FLEET AT ABOUKIR BAY.

A MEMORABLE night was that of the 1st of August 1798—one that should be recorded in the naval annals of Great Britain in letters of gold, and one that will doubtless be remembered by her inhabitants with pride and self-gratulation until the end of time. France and Frenchmen in all parts of the globe will, on the other hand, recall the date with feelings of a diametrically opposite character, for the hours between sunset and sunrise saw their naval power in the Mediterranean crushed at Aboukir Bay, and the ambitious schemes of their future Emperor upon Egypt and India totally frustrated and brought to nought.

It is an old story, but may well be briefly told again—the more so that very often strangely inaccurate and garbled versions of occurrences antecedent to the great battle of the Nile have found their way into print, and credit and gratitude have alike been withheld from those who, however blameworthy in other respects, on this occasion behaved towards this country with a loyalty and good faith that might well have covered "a multitude of sins"—greater, perhaps, even than those laid to the account of the unfortunate erring Emma, Lady Hamilton, wife and widow of Sir William Hamilton, the British Minister at Naples.

It will be remembered that Nelson expressed himself as having been totally unable to follow up the French fleet, inasmuch as he was powerless either to provision or water his ships, owing, it was said, to treaty obligations between France and Naples. Lady Hamilton undertook the task of overcoming the scruples of the Neapolitan Government, and through her influence with the Queen, whose bosom friend she was, secret orders to the Sicilian governors were obtained, and Nelson's dearest wish was gratified: the fleet, fully provisioned and watered at Syracuse, weighed anchor and stood out to sea in search of the enemy, whom they found at anchor in Aboukir Bay, only a few miles from the mouths of the Nile.

One can imagine the superb scene that towards sunset passed before the spectator's vision, as, under a cloudless starlit sky—starlit as perhaps only the Mediterranean heavens are — ship after ship of the British fleet glided softly and safely through the passage leading to Aboukir Bay, and silently passed in, some taking up position between the enemy's anchored curved line and the shallow water, and others to seaward of the outer French position. Not a sound was borne upon the evening air save the somewhat melancholy chant of the leadsman in the main chains calling the "marks and deeps" which indicated the varying depths of the water, and the clear voices of the masters "conning" the ships alongside the enemy. Only one ship—the Culloden, Captain Troubridge—missed the passage and grounded, for a time, on a shoal near the entrance to the bay, and, to the intense mortification of her gallant commander and ship's company, could not be brought into line until the fate of the enemy had been practically decided. How throughout that memorable night the fierce cannonade startled, in their far-distant encampments, the Bedoween Arabs in their tents,

and the inhabitants of Rosetta, Aboukir, Alexandria, and other adjacent towns and villages in their dwellings; how ship after ship of the enemy was either sunk or obliged to surrender; how L'Orient, the French three-decker, bearing the admiral's flag, caught fire, and blew up about midnight with so mighty an explosion that both sides spontaneously ceased firing for many minutes, during which space of time nothing was heard but the splash made by her spars and timbers as they fell from immense heights in the water; how Nelson's humane and noble order to lower away the boats in the hopes of saving life was cheerfully obeyed after a heavy fire had been resumed,—are incidents too well known to require more than a passing allusion to them here.

Just ninety years have elapsed since the above events became a part of modern European history. For ninety years, in depths varying from 5½ to 7 or 8 fathoms, many of the sunken French ships have lain on the sandy bottom of Aboukir Bay, often, so local residents say, visible to the eye from the surface in still weather, and when the water is unclouded by the thick upland deposits of the Nile.

Viewed through the intervening body of water, the sight of a sunken fleet, or even of a single ship, is as extraordinary as it is rare. When, however, it is well known that within those submerged "wooden walls" a vast treasure lies hidden, the tortures of Tantalus may readily be assumed to be felt by the onlooker, the sea apparently, but only apparently, offering to disgorge its half-digested prey to the first bold bidder. For even at so insignificant a depth as 6 or 7 fathoms (36 feet to 42 feet), the task of recovering property from sunken wrecks is by no means always easy or free from danger. It is true that science has invented the modern diving equipment (which, setting aside exceptionally rare and isolated instances, has entirely superseded the diving-bell), by means of which an experienced practised diver, within a limited depth, can remain under water for practically an indefinite period; but the term "limited depth" is used advisedly, for after a certain number of fathoms has been reached, the pressure of the superincumbent and surrounding water becomes so great, that even "well-seasoned" divers are frequently brought to the surface bleeding at the ears, nose, and mouth.

It is generally believed, — and the belief would seem to have a very solid and trustworthy foundation—viz., the written as well as the verbal testimony of French officers and others employed on the expedition, — that Napoleon, when at Malta, previous to sailing for Egypt, shipped on board L'Orient specie to the value of £600,000, besides two immense silver gates, the spoil of a sacrilegious raid made upon a Roman Catholic cathedral or church in Valetta, and an immense quantity of other unenumerated valuables. That this treasure was duly delivered on board the French flagship there cannot be the slightest doubt. It is no new report or rumour, but has been handed down uncontradicted and unquestioned since the date of the engagement.

Some short time back a Greek gentleman — a Mr Adib — after much trouble and circumlocution, succeeded in obtaining from the Khedive a concession securing to him the exclusive right to employ divers, and if possible recover the treasure referred to. Acting with

much commendable promptitude—perhaps with *too* much, for many necessary appliances were not forthcoming—Mr Adib secured the services of Mr Ponsonby, late lieutenant of the Royal Navy, a young officer singularly fitted by training and experience to carry the enterprise to a successful issue. At his disposal were placed two thoroughly efficient Greek divers, four Greeks to work the air-pumps for supplying the diver with air and to attend to the surface signal-lines—a most important duty—and four Arab fishermen to manage the boat. Thus far the *personnel*. The *matériel* supplied was unfortunately limited in quantity and inferior in quality. One complete diving-dress, with the necessary air-pumps for supplying air; six or seven *barricoes* or barrels; as many grapnels for anchoring them over the wrecks; some small flagstaffs and flags to indicate their position;—these, with a compass, sextant, mathematical instruments, charts, and hand-leads and lead-lines, made up the entire equipment, not counting the hired boats, with which Mr Ponsonby, from whose information this paper is compiled, had to commence operations. Although these operations were not actually successful, inasmuch as no specie was recovered, owing to circumstances to be pointed out later, the results were sufficiently interesting and encouraging to render another and more carefully organised attempt at some future time most advisable, more especially as the annually recurring rising of the Nile was close at hand, and appreciably curtailed or hurried the operations.

Mr Ponsonby paid little or no attention to the Admiralty hydrographer's chart of the bay, nor to another sheet supplied him by the master of an Italian merchantman, but determined to take his own line, and if possible discover the position of the sunken vessels himself; the result being that he found their "berths" to be most inaccurately reported, although, as we have remarked above, local residents, coast-guardsmen, fishermen, and others have occasionally, but distinctly, seen the wrecks when the waters have been sufficiently clear and tranquil.

Good fortune favoured Mr Ponsonby in the unlooked-for unearthing of an ancient patriarch, who had for a lifetime followed the calling of a fisherman in the bay, and who asserted (this of course was to be taken *cum grano salis*) that he remembered as a child the battle being fought. However this may be, his knowledge of the bay and shoals was ample and accurate, and his services having been engaged, proved of great value during the operations. With the aid of this old Arab and a leadsman, Mr Ponsonby commenced his task by making a "running survey"—the first ship found being the Maza Mundo, lying in $7\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms water, and 5 miles $3\frac{1}{4}$ cables'-lengths from Fort Bourge. This vessel was not destroyed at the battle of the Nile. She was a heavily armed transport and store-ship which had been sent out with provisions and money for Buonaparte, then in Syria. She was sunk some months subsequent to the great midnight engagement by an English cruiser sent to intercept her. That she also contains a considerable sum in specie there is no occasion to doubt, though the amount is not so accurately known as in the case of L'Orient. It must, however, be considerable, as it is stated on good authority that it was intended to pay the arrears due to the French soldiery. Indeed, the presence of

specie on board is said to have been proved beyond doubt by Admiral M'Killop—then in the service of the Khedive—who picked up a box of Spanish dollars; but it appears doubtful whether they came from the Maza Mundo or one of the other vessels.

It is unnecessary to follow Mr Ponsonby in detail throughout his submarine operations; suffice it to say that he came to the conclusion that little could be done without a good supply of dynamite—the sunken ships being so completely encrusted with what appeared to be scoria, but must be the result, it is presumed, of the constant and enormous deposit of silt from the Nile. This has coated every part of the ships, besides, of course, filling them up "between-decks" from keelson to "nettings." To disintegrate this coat of "scoria" must be the work either of glonoine, dynamite, nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton, or one of their kindred explosives, which exert their greatest force in a downward rather than in an upward and lateral direction, as is the case with gunpowder. In fact, these terribly destructive agents, which modern research in chemistry has given us, only require to be placed *upon*, say, a rock, sunken wreck, or other submarine obstruction, and, by means of the electric spark, exploded, when the success of the operation may be looked upon as assured.

Mr Ponsonby begged hard to be supplied with a limited number of dynamite cartridges, but they were not forthcoming, so he thought it best to turn his attention to the discovery of the other sunken vessels. In this he was successful, having found in all five, the exact position of each being laid down by "cross-bearings" on his chart, thus rendering it easy for him or others at any future time to find them. After this lapse of time it will be readily understood how difficult — indeed impossible — it must be to identify each ship so as to be certain of her name and armament. In the case of L'Orient (120 guns — flag), the Maza Mundo (transport and store-ship), and the Heureux (74 guns), no such difficulty has been experienced, their identity having been established beyond the shadow of a doubt.

We have already stated that on establishing by cross-compass-bearings the true spot where each vessel lies, it was found that their positions, or at least that of L'Orient, had been incorrectly believed to be nearer the inner shoal than is the case. If we can take the now clearly laid down position of the French flag-ship as marking the true line of battle, it must have been somewhat farther out than hitherto supposed and marked on some charts — *e.g.*, that furnished to Mr Ponsonby by the Italian master. L'Orient, for example, lies about half a knot (a little more than half a mile) farther to the N.N.E. than has heretofore been believed, and from this ascertained fact we may gather that the line of the French fleet, at anchor in only one column, which, however, was in the form of an ellipse or curve, lay about east-a-quarter-north (magnetic) from the north end of Nelson's Island, in line with Point El Kellock. Many transports and vessels of lighter draught lay inside them; but notwithstanding this, Nelson possibly had more room than has, up to the present time, been supposed, to take a part of his squadron between the French line and the shallows. This is, however, a difficult point to settle; for it is possible that the

position, or rather the width, of the shoal, may in the lapse of years have altered, and perhaps extended farther to the eastward in 1798 than now.

We now come to the actual results of Mr Ponsonby's efforts beneath the waters of Aboukir. These efforts, though unattended by the recovery of specie, may nevertheless be characterised on the whole as eminently successful, for he has corrected and proved the position of the sunken ships, and has demonstrated the practicability, with proper appliances, of ultimate success, besides bringing to the surface a host of most interesting, if not intrinsically valuable articles.

On examining L'Orient (120 guns), the French flag-ship, it was found that she was in two complete halves, which, incrusted, as we have said, with the accumulated hardened deposits of nine decades, have apparently resisted the action of the water, and so far remain intact. From her being thus cut completely in twain amidships, we must infer that she had but one magazine, and it may eventually be found that to this circumstance the ultimate salvage of the treasure may possibly prove to be due; for in all probability the specie is stowed either in the "forward" or "after" part of the ship. Now, had there been two powder-magazines—one for the foremost and the other for the after gun-quarters—in proximity to the bullion-rooms, they were certain, or almost so, to have exploded simultaneously, and the doubloons and dollars, or whatever the coinage might have been, would in all probability have been blown to all the points of the compass. As it is, both sections of the unfortunate line-of-battle ship have held staunchly together, and are likely to do so till human ingenuity and perseverance succeed in finding the means (not difficult to discover, as has been shown) to release the wealth held captive in their holds.

As stated above, a considerable number of most interesting, though, from a commercial point of view, not very valuable relics of the great action, were brought to the surface from L'Orient, Maza Mundo, and Junon.[1] From L'Orient came some sixty different articles, comprising, amongst others, iron gun-trucks, iron stanchions, muskets, musket-barrels, anchors, grapnels, chains, gun-carriages (wood), an officer's sword, a sword-blade, copper sheathing, round-shot (weight not certain in all cases—some 24-pounders), iron chain-plate (complete), the muzzle of a 24-pounder, lead piping, eleven pieces of chain-plate, wooden rollers belonging to the windlass or capstan, several rings, iron hoops, lead "pig" of ballast, and many other articles of the same description. The most valuable *souvenir* of the engagement was a French officer's sword of Nelson's time, in a very perfect state of preservation. Mr Adib, who of course received this, took it subsequently to Paris, where he was offered 130 napoleons for it—an offer he very sensibly refused, preferring to keep in his own possession, and to hand down to his descendants, such a valuable relic of so memorable a day. A large derrick-block was also found with a quantity of human bones adhering to it — the *disjecta membra*

[1] The Junon does not appear amongst the names of the French frigates engaged at Aboukir, and probably the hull found is that of La Sérieuse, a frigate sunk by the Orion early in the action.

of some poor French officer or seaman who succumbed during that terrible conflagration. Some grape-shot, covered, as is usual, with canvas, together with some iron chain-plates, were also brought to the surface.

Both the Maza Mundo and the Junon[1] were found by Mr Ponsonby (who frequently donned the diving-dress and descended himself) to be in the same condition as L'Orient as regards their incrustation from stem to taffrail with the scoria-like substance before referred to. From the former, amongst other and numerous articles, were brought up—a small cannon (calibre unknown, but loaded), part of the ship's ribs, iron bands of her masts, small anchor, round-shot (weight not ascertained), a candlestick and earthen jar, &c. From the Junon,[1] iron mast hoops, a hand sounding-lead, a water-jar, round-shot (weight or calibre not mentioned), a quantity of copper sheathing, and a buoy attached to a mass of iron about a ton in weight, &c.

The comparative ease with which, with very inferior resources, in the way, at least, of "plant," these articles (some of them, as will be noticed, of considerable weight) were brought to the surface, augurs well for a more fortuitous and lucrative issue to the next venture, which will doubtless soon be made. Another attempt, indeed, *was* subsequently made, but utterly failed; the Neapolitan divers employed—doubtless good practical men in their profession, but knowing nothing of "cross-bearings," or the use of nautical or mathematical instruments—failing utterly, in the absence of a guiding brain and will, to find even one solitary wreck. The attempt was abandoned in the absence of Mr Ponsonby, who being then employed by the Egyptian Government in a very responsible post in the coast-guard, was unable to give any time or attention to other than his own immediate duties; but at the same time, he did not feel called upon to deliver over to others the result of his own survey as laid down in minute detail on his charts, which he determined—quite justifiably, the writer thinks—to keep in his own possession.

During the operations, which, by the way, extended over many days, both the chief and his men were much pestered and exercised in mind by the uninvited and unwelcome visitations of sharks, which, however, scared by the unwonted appearance of a diver in his professional and strange-looking garb, did no harm. But here we may be allowed to let Mr Ponsonby tell his story in his own words. The cool matter-of-fact way in which he speaks of sitting on the poop of L'Orient, in 5½ fathoms water, with an immense marine monster "cruising" round him, testifies to a *sang froid* rare, we believe, even amongst British seamen. He says:—

"During our diving we were sadly troubled with sharks, but they appeared harmless—or rather they were probably frightened by the extraordinary appearance presented by the diving-dress, especially the glistening copper and glazed helmet. But what really *did* alarm us was the frequent visits of a gigantic sword-fish, which apparently had its abode amongst, or at least often frequented, the wrecks. I saw it once myself, whilst sitting on the poop of the L'Orient, in about 5½ fathoms water. He appeared very inquisitive, and approached me more

[1] Query; La Sérieuse.

closely than I felt was pleasant: however, I acted as one of my Greek divers had done before me on a previous and somewhat similar occasion —viz., worked the escape-cock of my helmet backwards and forwards, thus emitting jets of air, which 'troubled the waters,' and effectually deterred the monster from attempting any aggressive movement. Not being accustomed to such phenomena, he turned tail, and sailed slowly away."

Now, the sequel to this story is of such a nature, and resembles so closely some of the "shark" stories of Captain Marryat, as told by one of his best characters, "Captain Kearney" (whose epitaph, by the by, began with the words, "here *lies* Captain Kearney"), that the writer would have hesitated to offer it for publication did he not know that his informant, having given his word and vouched for the truth of the story, is utterly incapable either of misrepresentation or even exaggeration. The story, as told by him, is as follows:—

About a month after the divers had been discharged, this immense sword-fish—or, at least, one in all respects resembling him—was cast up dead on the sea-beach some few miles from Aboukir,—"a victim, perhaps," my informant suggests, "to the cholera then being severely felt in Egypt." The Egyptian authorities, alive to the danger of permitting such an immense mass to fester and decay in a broiling sun, and by its effluvium to enhance the probability of extending the epidemic, despatched a brigadier of police, with a strong party of men, to cut up the unwelcome castaway and burn it. Mr Ponsonby was present personally, and witnessed the disgusting sight, as well as the singular *dénouement* of the tragedy; for on opening the fish it was found to contain, in addition to some "women's bangles" and other articles, *two wooden boxes about* 8 *by* 10 *inches in size.* On the lids being removed, they were seen to be filled to the brim with rough diamonds. No one present, however, with the sole exception of Mr Ponsonby (who had previously had frequent opportunities of closely inspecting, and indeed of manipulating, uncut stones on the South African diamond-fields), appeared to recognise their value. He most certainly did; and, to use his own expression, he subsequently much regretted he had not filled his pockets with the gems, instead of permitting them to be retained by an avaricious Egyptian official, who would live "in clover" all the rest of his life upon their proceeds.

Mr Ponsonby speaks very highly of the powers of his Greek divers. One who had been engaged in the sponge-fishery was timed on one occasion, and actually succeeded in remaining under water, and at six fathoms' depth, for upwards of *two minutes*, when he returned to the surface, apparently none the worse for his long immersion. The writer has *heard* of Cingalese pearl-divers who actually are said to have remained below *five* minutes! But it is difficult to divest one's self of the belief that there is some exaggeration in the statement; for the sponge-divers of the Levant are known to be amongst the most expert and daring of their kind; but their "record" has never reached anything like "five minutes under water"!

This paper may be closed with rather an amusing description of a later and bloodless—though not altogether amicable — *rencontre*, which took place between representatives of the French and English navies in the historical bay. These representatives were Mr

Ponsonby and a French *capitaine de frégate*, a rank corresponding almost exactly with our rank of commander.

Once Mr Ponsonby's men, on an "off" day, reported to him that a large French corvette had entered the bay under canvas, and, apparently for amusement — but as it afterwards turned out, because he believed them liable to mislead — her commander had sunk several of the buoys marking the whereabouts of the submerged vessels. Very wrathful was Mr Ponsonby at this; but his wrath was wonderfully appeased on his observing that the corvette was being steered directly for the spot where lies L'Orient, whose upper works would be in less—far less—than three fathoms water. To his intense satisfaction, as he candidly admits (and considering the gratuitous injury done him, this is not so much to be wondered at), Mr Ponsonby saw the corvette checked in her career, stagger, "slew" partially round, and finally, with her halyards let go "with a run," remain motionless, hard and fast—not aground, but on top of L'Orient. Mr Ponsonby then boarded her, and inquired the reason of his buoys being sunk.

"Because they would mislead shipping entering the bay."

"If you had only paid more attention to them," was the answer, "you would not be in your present predicament;" and going first to the standard compass, and then below, he pointed out upon the chart the exact position the corvette was in.

"Mais c'est impossible; voilà! there is marked five and a half fathoms!"

"Well," coolly replied Mr Ponsonby, "there is a depth of five and a half about here, but you have forgotten to take into your calculations the hull of your old flag-ship L'Orient, sunk by Lord Nelson in August 1798. Your keel is resting upon her upper deck."

The little Frenchman's hairs (my informant says he had but three) bristled with rage, and glaring ferociously over his *pince-nez* at his interlocutor, and muttering *sacrés* "not loud but deep," he suddenly dived below — whether to arm himself for a second "battle of Aboukir Bay" or not, is not known, for Mr Ponsonby thought it best to call his boat alongside and sheer off before the reappearance of the enemy.

HENRY G. FITZGERALD.

THE PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

It is continually said that this is an age unpoetical, inartistic, and loving little but the making of money and the spending of it, the trivial commotions and excitements of the day. It would be curious, if this were so, to speculate on the motive which opens gallery after gallery in London, and makes everybody troop to the openings of these collections. Is it the imperious necessity of having something to talk about, the necessity of seeing what other people have seen, the attraction of a place to which everybody goes?—something of all this is no doubt involved; but there remains behind a certain genuine pleasure in the pictures, a love for what is beautiful or for what is thought beautiful, a desire for something beyond the monotony of every day. Perhaps we are not all of us so capable of judging what is good and what is bad as we ought to be. We are timid in this respect in these islands. We have no great confidence in our own taste or judgment. When any one arises who will say boldly, "This is the last word in art—this is the real standard, and all that differs from it is naught"—a great comfort and sense of repose diffuses itself through many souls. Like those high thinkers who get rid of their doubts by flying to lay hold upon the immovable rock of authority in Rome, we take refuge from our bewilderments by seizing the sceptre, be it of Mr Burne Jones, be it even of Mr Horsley, and holding all accursed that deviate from these standards. Unfortunately, while in matters of dogma the flying sceptic who becomes a Cardinal is half deified, we poor nobodies, whose difficulties are less important, have nothing but scoffing and laughter. Mr Ruskin, even while commanding us to believe, contemns us to our face for believing, and nowhere has the doubting multitude any rest. From the Academy, where all the styles find more or less a refuge, we were driven to the select and superior shades of the Grosvenor Gallery; and now that this too has fallen from its high estate, a new schism, another dissenting temple so to speak, has come into being. The poor public wanders about seeking what it may admire, and very often it has the melancholy privilege of admiring the worst things, and makes mistakes which it is lamentable to see. Yet we believe that poor public does love beauty in its way, and is worthy of a better fate.

The Royal Academy Exhibition, though good in its kind, is in one way disappointing. We look for names which we are accustomed to find, only to miss some of them altogether, while others can hardly be said to be adequately represented. Of course this may, to a certain extent, be attributed to the increased number of galleries, and the growing fashion of exhibiting one particular picture almost by itself. This last fashion has deprived the leading exhibitions of Sir John Millais's masterpiece of the year, "Christmas Eve," which is exhibited at Messrs Maclean's gallery in the Haymarket. The Academy has to be satisfied with a landscape entitled "Murthly Moss," a picture which, however highly some admirers may praise it, is not, we think, at all equal to the other.

Why Sir John Millais should have sent his best picture to a private exhibition we cannot pretend to say. He is a great painter, at least there are many occasions on which we do not grudge to call him so: but he is evidently no critic, of his own work at least. It is possible that he did not perceive the difference of merit between his two pictures. The subjects of both are perfectly simple. In the first it is a brilliant winter afternoon, the sun radiant in the frosty sky, which is already colouring with sunset tints, and shining like russet gold with long level rays in the windows of the old castle; while lower down upon the snowclad expanse the chiller shadow of the evening has fallen, quenching out all the glow, which yet is too recently abandoned by that shining to convey any chill of sensation to the spectator. The trees rise in a wonderful anatomy of bare branches, with their great trunks standing up out of the crisp snow; a couple of crows black against the whiteness, which is subtilely and finely relieved in colour by the trace of underlying moisture, and the thinner sprinkling upon the path. There is no life nor movement, and yet the picture is full of life. The keen exhilaration in the crisp air, the glow of the late light in windows that shine like gold, the invulnerable walls of the old steadfast house which has sheltered generations, convey many sentiments and sensations to the mind. It is, but for the crows, a piece of still life—but full of the actual, the poetical, the real—a scene perfectly idealised, yet true to fact in every feature. This is what a great landscape should always be: a mere transcript of scenery, however finely executed, is not what the mind demands. Sir John Millais has given us here the scene, but a little more than the scene—the sentiment of the rosy and radiant evening, the exhilaration of a brisk cold which has nothing depressing in it, just touched below with that dead cold of the earth, from which we take refuge instinctively in the rooms so illuminated with the red sunshine, where a redder light still, all warm and glowing and cheerful, is shining from the domestic hearth. All these and many more suggestions are in this piece of consummate workmanship and effective art.

The second picture, the one which occupies the place of honour in the great room at Burlington House, is of a very different description, and at the first view is rather disappointing. Our first thought is, how unnecessary that all that ability and care should be wasted on so very uninteresting a stretch of moorland. In the front of the picture lies a line of marshy ground, with the long rank grasses and rushes painted with the wonderful care that this artist always bestows upon such accessories; beyond, the moor stretches away through a band of heather to some fir-trees, behind which in the distance rise a range of hills. The skill with which this simple scene is rendered would be perhaps more appreciated if the division of the different portions of the moor was less regular. The lines that separate marsh from turf, and turf from heather, stretch painfully across the whole length of the picture almost exactly parallel to each other, while the succession is completed by the background lines that mark the beginning and end of the firs, in parallels as straight as those of the foreground. This lessens the effect, if it is possible to lessen the plain

and level monotony of the scene, which is not even entirely redeemed by the exquisite handling of the light and air. The soft grey of the sky, the subdued fair weather of the Highland heavens, add all that a partial inspiration can to the too solid transcript of a scene which is without any warmer beauty than that of mere extent and width. Amid a hundred fine landscapes full of all the incidents of nature, why the painter should have chosen this it seems impossible to divine. Was it to show that the subject matters nothing, and that wherever an artist chooses to place his easel there he will find beauty enough and scope for all that Art can do? This, no doubt, is quite true in a sense. The air over the moor, the odours breathing from it, the gleam of the marshy pools, the purple of the heather, were no doubt full of charm; but Sir John Millais has not been able, or has not taken the trouble, to set all those hidden delights before us. The task he set himself was too hard. What he has given us is the most prosaic aspect of a piece of Scotch moorland — everything is grey under the grey skies. There is all the difference between this pale and inexpressive summer and the ruddy glowing winter of the north as expressed in the other picture, that there is between a somewhat stolid portrait and the brightest animated representation of nature. Murthly Moss and Murthly Castle (by the way, Sir John spells it Murtly, which, surely, is not correct) are within a stone's-throw of each other, we presume; but they are a world apart in feeling, and, we think, in art.

The sea-pictures begin to form a little school of themselves, and there are none which are more attractive. Mr Hook, the veteran painter, who has held the ground so long, keeps to the traditions of the school to which, by date at least, he belongs, and feels that Art demands of him a definite subject, making his seas and sands and fine lines of coast into a background for some bit of marine adventure—some little story told by the figures, often of children, sometimes of robust young fishermen and fisher-girls, in the front of the picture. But Mr Henry Moore and Mr Brett find no such bondage in the scenes, from mid-ocean or from sandy shore, which give them verge and scope enough. Perhaps Mr Moore's most successful picture is one called "Nearing the Needles." A gale has just been blowing, and the massive yet perfectly liquid waves are gradually going down; while in the background the sunlight falls warm upon the chalk cliffs, contrasting admirably with the deep blue water of the foreground, which heaves and glistens with an admirable truthfulness. "A Breezy Day in the Channel" and "Westward" give further illustration of the wonderful power in dealing with water and sky, in which this painter has no rival. Mr Brett gives us one big picture of great merit, called, somewhat fantastically, "The Earth's Shadow on the Sky." The foreground is clear, level sands, from which the tide is receding, leaving little pools of water behind, and the low rocks covered with steel-blue mussels, which are dear to this artist's soul. Behind, the sea stretches, in Mr Brett's characteristic rich hues of green and blue, to a headland, under which ships are lying, and boats flitting to and fro across the bay. But over all this background the evening is coming on in dusky mist, and ships and headland are half enveloped in darkness, while on

the sand the ripples are still bright.

It is somewhat difficult to know how to distinguish whether as of the sea or land Mr Vicat Cole's great picture, "The Pool of London." Hemmed in as it is with other pictures of distracting inappropriateness, the real grandeur of "The Pool" may escape a first inspection, especially as it is hung in one of the smaller rooms. But by going to the other side we managed to get a good view of it, a little disturbed by the discontent of the usual number of worthy people who could not understand the sense of going to one side of a room to look at a picture on the other. From the distance thus obtained, however, the effect of the picture is most imposing. It is entirely unlike anything the painter has done before, and it approaches the heroic in its treatment of a very noble and impressive scene. A little more light might perhaps enhance the effect, but at the same time, perhaps, might injure the truth of the expression. This is in all ways a noble picture, and will greatly gain from isolation, when it has been taken away from all its incongruous surroundings and hung somewhere where the fortunate owner may contemplate it by itself. We do not know any other scene in which the effect of this wonderful centre of busy commerce, and work in the ever dignified form of sea-going, the primitive and perennial means of communication between the different quarters of the earth, dominated by great St Paul's, one of the noblest temples in the world, could be surpassed. The combination, so far as our knowledge goes, is for pictorial purposes unrivalled, and the painter has made a distinct and powerful new departure in this great work.

It is perhaps scarcely charitable to repeat the ever-recurring complaint against the preposterous amount of space taken up by the pictures of artists whose years have not diminished their ambition or their industry, and who seem to be afraid that if they cease to exhibit they will be forgotten. It is a hard thing to say of these veterans, who have all made their mark on the art of their time; but now they might surely rest on their laurels, and give the younger generation room. *Non ragionam di lor;* it may be more respectful to refrain even from a silent glance as we pass.

One of the pictures most eagerly looked for as the chief attractions of the year will be Mr Alma Tadema's. It is a rather confused group called "The Roses of Heliogabalus," and gives us an illustration of one of the favourite practical jokes of that worthless young emperor. At a table on a dais in a marble hall are reclining the monarch and his attendants, while a slave blows a horn, and the *velarium* or curtain-roof is suddenly plucked away, and masses of apparently wet rose-leaves fall upon the guests below. Heavier things are said sometimes to have astonished the imperial guests in a similar way. A large mass of rose-leaves fills up one side of the picture, from under which various fair ladies are struggling to extricate themselves, and the attendants have evidently just shaken the *velarium*, as another smaller mass is falling in the centre. Some people complain that the roses are not falling. It is our opinion that, to make them heavier, the leaves were damped, and so fell in a mass as soon as the roof was taken

away, which accounts more or less for their want of lightness. The painting of the details of course approaches perfection, especially in the marble columns, and the vessels on the floor, and the dais; while the elaborate coiffure of an officer standing at the right side of the picture suggests Mr Alma Tadema's well-known and recondite knowledge of the mysteries of the toilet, as well as of other more elevated paths of antiquarian research. The most striking thing in the picture is not the roses or the pretty creatures drowned in them, but the expression of the young voluptuary for whose pleasure the trick is played. The startled, almost tragic gravity of the youthful face, which has stormed through all the effects of pleasure, and is no longer capable even of the momentary amusement which his own device has created, strikes a curious note of tragedy in a trifling and not very dignified scene.

The other most important picture of the year, throned on the President's particular wall, the central point in the Exhibition, is a great difficulty for the conscientious critic, who knows how much there is to praise in it, yet cannot on the whole feel any satisfaction in the result produced. Sir Frederick Leighton always aims above all other things at decorative effect, and no doubt he has secured it to a certain degree. But if we consider a picture as anything more than mural decoration, it is difficult to make out that he has succeeded. Not to speak of any absolute failure in expression, it is too great a demand upon the imagination to ask us to believe that a fallen princess could come to draw water at a public fountain without a look, without a pointed finger, or a word whispered aside, or a jeer flung at her from among the conquering people who were not in the habit of concealing their triumph. That this picture should have the praise due to a piece of admirable artistic grouping and delicate colour, is not enough; but there is little more to be said. The subject might have been treated so as to move the spectator to the tenderest pity, for all the elements of desolation are in the veiled and shrinking figure alone amid so many bright and careless groups. But the quotation printed in the catalogue, "some standing by, marking thy tears fall," &c., —when evidently no one in the picture thinks of anything but his or her own business, and takes no notice whatever of the unfortunate captive—is singularly out of place.

Mr Orchardson's picture, painted with the same breadth of effect and peculiarity of colour which have distinguished the late highly dramatic series of works from his hand, does not this year secure our attention in the same way. The dramatic interest fails, to be replaced by a sentimental one, rather commonplace, and of the school of the false pathetic, dear to the British public. "Her Mother's Voice" is a picture of the same delightful yellow damask drawing-room with which Mr Orchardson has made us already acquainted, with a girl singing at the piano, with her lover in attendance, and her father musing in the background. The girl is not pretty enough nor the love-tale sufficiently pronounced to call the attention, and papa is posing a little, probably in an *accès* of that extreme sensibility which so often predicts and precedes (his daughter being safely disposed of) the anti-climax of a second wife.

A number of other pictures, which space does not permit us

to take in detail, may be briefly noted. "Within the Shadow of the Church," by Mr Frank Dickson, is another evidence of that exceedingly promising young painter's inability to rise beyond the region of promise, or to free himself from conventional bonds. It is a nicely painted illustration of those regrets which (it is supposed) sometimes find their way to the conventual mind. "A priest gives up much; often, I fear, he finds out too late how much," says Charles Reade's princess; and here the same chord is sounded. Miss Hilda Montalba exhibits one of those pieces of still water, with a boat in the middle of the foreground, with which her family are all so clever: it is called "A Dordrecht Market-woman," and is, with another small picture on a similar subject, the result of a recent tour in Holland—a change, and yet in some respects not a great change, from Venice and the lagoons. Mr Stacy Marks, less witty than usual, gives us a bright and clear little picture, in which an old clergyman, having welcomed his young sailor-son back from the "Sunny Seas," is following the boy's story on the map with pleased and proud attention. Mr Briton Rivière's "Cavatina" is the least important, but perhaps the most successful, of his contributions. It represents a girl playing the violin, attended by a collie, whose delight in the performance is the attraction of the picture. The girl is half-length, so that only the head of the collie appears; but that is full of doggish delight, and charmingly painted. Another picture, in which the interest is solely with the animal creation, is one called "Les Misérables," by Mr J. C. Dollman —a very touching picture, though the commonest of street sights, —a number of cabs standing together in a rainy wet night, the breath of the poor horses showing like smoke on the air, as they droop their miserable heads, and put their noses together for company: not a cabman is visible, the human part of the business having, as usual, taken care of itself. Another street scene, but not a very interesting one, is Mr Logsdail's "St Martin's in the Fields." The painter, we fear, cannot know the spot he has chosen very well, or he would be aware that there is seldom so little going on at that corner of London. A bit of street life of a more engaging kind is Mrs Merrick's clever group of London street boys, called "The Queen's Birth-day"; and so is a charming little bit from Venice—a church-door, with a little group of reverential women and children "Saluting the Cardinal."

But to enter into detail is impossible. Two or three of Mr Leader's silvery landscapes, and specially his "Old English Homestead," charm us with gleams of tempered colour and fine atmospheric effect, which we note have gained the sincerest flattery of imitation from various younger painters: it would be difficult on the whole to find a more satisfactory master. A more striking effect is produced by Mr MacWhirter, with his admirable and poetical picture of Edinburgh. The point of view chosen is just above St Anthony's Chapel, the ruins of which occupy the foreground, touched by the warm light of the setting sun, while the city lies before us wrapped in darkness, the great mass of the Castle and the graceful spire of St Giles's rising up against the red sunset sky; while the twin eminence of the Calton Hill, at which and its mock classical remains we are so ready to laugh, contrives

somehow in the mystery of clouds and light about it to emphasise the natural resemblance to Athens of which the inhabitants of Auld Reekie were once so proud. The whole effect is admirable.

A mixture of patriotic feeling and of the equally laudable sentiment which stretches a point to give encouragement to youth, makes us pause here upon the three remarkable productions of a young Scotch artist who promises to do honour to his country. Our attention was arrested in a corner of one of the smaller rooms by a remarkable effect of wind and rain—a picture of a bleak hillside, across which a woman with children is struggling through the storm, battling at every step against the elements. The aspect of the travellers as the pitiless wind nearly blows them off their legs, and the veil of blinding mist which cuts off the hills before, are saved from the depressing influence which such a subject is apt to have, by the ruddy Highland colour defying all subjugation, which the artist has preserved in the foreground. The artistic merits of this work are great. But to appreciate the abilities of its young painter, it is not sufficient to study the merit of "Cauld blaws the Wind frae east to west." As we entered the next room a picture of a very different description caught our attention, as to the high merits of which we at once made up our mind. The subject is Eastern, the atmosphere glowing with intense but subdued light. It is the interior of a lofty mosque: the sun shines down upon the marble pavement, and upon a number of Eastern worshippers prostrate in prayer. The whole effect is so powerfully rendered, so full of atmosphere and space, that we gazed for some minutes in spontaneous pleasure before looking at the catalogue to see who was the artist: and it was with intense surprise that we found the name of Joseph Farquharson attached to this picture also. We then remembered to have seen in the long room a portrait of a lady by the same hand which had considerably attracted our attention. The versatility of the young artist takes away our breath. He is bound to make his way. The "Hour of Prayer" is perhaps the most powerful of the three, but the wonder is that the three should all come from the same hand.

Though we have left them to the last, there can be little doubt that the portraits form the strongest part of the Exhibition, in this as in several previous years. English art has always been potent in this branch, and it is agreeable to find how all our painters of to-day serve themselves heirs to the magicians of the past, as is their right. Mr Holl is as usual the leader among several equals. There are some fine studies from the hand of Mr Ouless, and though we cannot claim either Herkomer or Sargent as belonging to our native school, their presence in English exhibitions extends and continues the force of the home-born element. Mr Holl's portraits, as usual, are all or almost all of notable and remarkable men. His two doctors, Sir Andrew Clark and Sir William Jenner, the latter an exceptionally fine picture and full of character, do full justice to that great profession; while, even in presence of the many portraits of Mr Gladstone, his representation of that always interesting if not very satisfactory statesman must hold a high place.

It is a curious thing that Mr Gladstone seems to have as many faces in his portraits as he has in his politics; no two representations of his well-known counte-

nance are really like each other, and this of Mr Holl's is again a new type. If, as is said, it was taken at Hawarden, the only conclusion is that the Grand Old Man must look rather depressed when he is at home. Mr Ouless contributes a fine portrait of Cardinal Manning in his robes, the thin ascetic face and white tapering hands of which have in them a certain force which makes us think of the old inquisitors and shudder. To turn from these pieces of history, for such these portraits undoubtedly are, one of the nicest little pictures in the Academy is a small portrait of a Mrs Thomas, a merry-looking typical Scotch old lady with blue eyes laughing through her spectacles, which is also from the hand of Mr Ouless. Next to this, by some caprice of management, is hung Sir F. Leighton's portrait of Lady Coleridge, and the difference between the pink and white unsubstantial "sugar and spice and all that's nice" character of the President's picture and the lifelike sturdiness of the old Scotch lady is amusing. A picture of more general interest, however, is the portrait of Prince Bismarck by W. B. Richmond. The subject is not one which might be expected to recommend itself to a painter of beautiful faces, but the artist is, we believe, on friendly if not intimate terms with the mighty Chancellor, and this portrait is said to have been more or less painted at his house. The size, which forms one of the chief characteristics of the Prince's portraits and person, seems wanting in the abrupt and bold but not massive head here represented—but the face is just as strong, and the power in the eyes that gleam from under the thick eyebrows is noway diminished. We may point out also, as one of the most remarkable in the collection, Professor Herkomer's splendid portrait of the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. The French school is not, perhaps, so powerfully represented as usual. The lady in red velvet, by M. Carolus Duran, is too startling to be generally admired. His head of M. Pasteur is, however, one of the most striking pieces of painting in the Academy, its only defect being the lips, which, seen through the grey moustache, give an uncomfortable idea of a streak of blood. Some prejudiced persons may think that there is something characteristic in this suggestion. We can only add of M. Duran's most successful pupil, Mr J. S. Sargent, that this young man has contributed some exceedingly clever portraits, especially those of two ladies—Mrs Marquand and Mrs Boit, both presumably Americans—of which one is greatly injured as a work of art by a pose and attitude too energetic and self-assertive. The other, of a grey-haired lady full of sweetness and intelligence, is a beautiful portrait.

We enter the Grosvenor Gallery with a sense of something widowed and forlorn. The solemn and great secession that has been made from its supporters since we last entered these precincts must, one fears, tell with lamentable effect. We are bound to add, however, that the aspect of the Gallery does not betray this loss. Some things are gone which we may lament, but also many things which we can well spare. It has always one great advantage over the vast collection in Burlington House, that it is small, gracefully arranged, comfortable, and—not crowded: the latter a feature which perhaps is not so desirable to its managers. In the present exhibition there is one great fault, the predominance of the nude.

Great skill and sense of beauty, and a perfect mastery of colour and texture, can alone justify the choice of this most difficult if (perhaps) highest branch of ideal art. The painters of this year, however, seem to have taken exceedingly little trouble to master the colour and substance of human flesh, and it seems to be the general idea that the natural hue of the human form is a dirty grey. More interesting than any of the attempts in this kind is one of Mr Pettie's highly costumed pictures, which is the first we notice in the West Gallery—a beautifully finished single figure, called "A Song without Words." Here a violinist is playing, apparently for his own satisfaction; the scheme of the picture representing a black figure, just relieved by a touch of scarlet in a handkerchief, standing in a panelled room quite vacant of spectators. A cloak lies carelessly thrown upon a chair. Whether, however, it is a corner of "a banquet-hall deserted," or the artist's own retirement, it would be difficult to tell. Passing on we come to perhaps the most talked-of picture of the year, Mr Gregory's portrait of Miss Mabel Galloway. This is a very bold production: to paint a single figure in the foreground, and fill up the back with such trifles as carved oak-chests, peacocks' feathers, and gold-embossed leather hangings, all most minutely and cleverly painted, without taking the spectator's attention off the portrait, is a *tour de force* of no ordinary magnitude. But in spite of all these splendid accessories, the grave-looking girl, in short crimson frock and black stockings, seated on the table in the centre, is always the soul, the whole *raison d'être*, of the picture, the part to which our eyes turn back from other ends of the room when we have unwillingly passed on. The next portrait, of Lord Brassey by Mr Holl, is of a very different description. It is finely painted in the artist's best style, but with a look of annoyance and depression which may be due to anxiety about the coaling-stations or the manufacture of guns for France by Whitworths. Mr Kennedy exhibits a delineation of a mermaid, in which, while he has adopted Horace's description in one way, he has entirely forgotten it in the other. The first part is quite sufficiently vile for the poet's meaning, but the woman is anything but *formosa superne*, the human portion of the body being dirty, like most of the other nudities. A large picture, with a title adapted to its size, "A Noble Family of Huguenots Shipwrecked on the Suffolk Coast," by W. E. F. Britten, is the next which attracts our attention. Two men are carrying across the sand a lady in a long brown velvet dress, who is apparently unconscious; another follows with a girl upon his back; behind we see the raft on which they have saved themselves, with an apparently dead body upon it. The picture is an ambitious one, and well painted; but why should the sail of the raft be fully distended when the sea is calm? and why should the lady be *en grande tenue* and her daughter naked?

A fine picture of Mr Henry Moore is the next attraction—a wide expanse of rough water with a boat in the distance, and, as the title says, "Frost in the air." The clear dry air holding on the horizon the rays of the sunset in a deep rather angry red, gives a perfect idea of a frosty evening. The next picture, a remarkable half-length figure of a "Ploughboy," by G. Clausen,

very fine in colour and expression, gives us an opportunity of remarking the execrable custom of putting glass over pictures, which takes from this half its effect. You try to see it from one side, but can distinguish nothing but the great gilt frame of a picture opposite; from the other, merely to see the lifelike reflection of the coat-tails of one of your neighbours. This error is particularly evident in the Grosvenor Gallery, though to be found in all the exhibitions. Mr John R. Reid's picture of captured "Smugglers" led through a crowded village street, is, though overwhelmingly rich in colour, so thronged with figures as to be absolute confusion. And the same (except for the colour, which here is very dark, black in the shadows) may be said of Professor Adolf Menzel's picture of the "Piazza d'Erbe, Verona," in which the number of figures make criticism impossible. "A Storm on Albion's Coast," by P. R. Morris, gives us a vigorous piece of cloud-painting, and is a great improvement on many of that painter's recent performances. The surf is being driven across the sands by the wind; and the sky above, with the wild rushing clouds almost touching the waves at the horizon, is a really powerful representation. Just by this is a scene of perfect peace — a calm bay with grassy foreground and sunset light on distant cliffs on the other side— "E'en in its motion there was rest," by E. R. Taylor: to which Mr Frank Walton's "From Lundy Light to Breda"—a very nice piece of coast scenery, with a foreground of grass and sheep grazing, and the bright blue sea running between that peaceful margin and the dark cliffs beyond —makes an agreeable pendant.

Mr Briton Rivière's "Adonis's Farewell" is a very good specimen of that master. The figure of Adonis is, of course, subordinate to the splendid group of dogs, which are beautiful in expression and truth. We cannot find any interest in the large group, "By the Waters of Babylon," which occupies the end of the room. The captives sit not on the edge of a stream, which is the natural suggestion of the passage, but on the marble steps of a quay; the trees beyond them are young and pliant osiers, upon which no harp could be hung—and, indeed, we see but one instrument, which is clasped in the loose grasp of a youthful figure resembling a young acrobat in repose rather than a despairing exile. The painting of the large female figure in the centre, under the transparent folds of her black mantle, is good, but we suspect the black, both in this picture and in Sir Frederick Leighton's "Andromache" is a conventional modern idea which would not have entered into the primeval mind. Mr Keeley Halswelle's "October Woodlands," fondly believed by outsiders to be the picture rejected by the Royal Academy, is an unusual scene, very cleverly represented (though this, also, is to be seen with difficulty through the glass). It is of a stream coming out of a mass of foliage, and suddenly bursting when it reaches the open into a glory of reflection, repeating the calm sky and light clouds overhead as in a brilliant mirror. The effect is perhaps a little violent, though the foliage and sudden escape into the light of the imprisoned waters are very cleverly rendered. Another picture by the same artist, which he calls "The Rainbow," is also steeped in reflection—an excessive glow of light exceedingly beautiful in reality, but very difficult to give without exaggeration in

merely mortal colour. The scene, which is the head of Loch Awe with Kilchurn Castle in the foreground, is finely painted. We can only pause to point out, among the other landscapes, one of autumnal colour by Mr W. S. Jay, representing a path through a wood strewn with fallen leaves, "The Fading Year"—and another representation by Mr Fahey of a scene on which he has already more than once exercised his powers. "Water Frolic, Barton Broad, Norfolk," has all the qualities that make this artist's work so popular. A little streaky in the foreground if looked at closely, it is, as a whole, a beautiful picture of the assembly of yachts upon the calm Norfolk waters, full of silvery tints and an exquisitely clear and quiet tone of air and water.

The New Gallery, which we approach last, is perhaps the one which has attracted the greatest curiosity and interest in this beginning of the artist's year. Perhaps its promoters make a little too much pretension of being Sir Oracle, at the opening of whose mouth no dogs may bark, not to expose themselves to the natural revulsion of human feeling against all that protest unduly. There can be no doubt, however, that their gallery is a charming one. Had not Messrs Comyns, Carr, and Hallé protested so strongly against the association of art with any of the vulgar amusements of common humanity, we should have said that no finer scene could be for a princely entertainment than these beautiful rooms, opening from the lightness and grace of the cool hall with its fountain and pillars. It seems, to our commonplace vision, almost a pity not to put them to some stately use in this way—which is a whimsical commentary upon the first cause of their creation. Not dining or dancing, indeed, but the calm pleasures of a conversazione, the intellectual grace of a Reception, would be delightful in so dignified a place. The collection, however, of pictures scarcely does so entirely justify the schism as might have been desired. A schism requires always a great deal of justification—it ought not only to surpass, but to overwhelm, crush, and annihilate the original from which it has separated; there should be not a leg left for that unhappy original to stand upon. This—we do not know whether to be sorry or glad to say—has not been the case. The Grosvenor is not much the worse for the desertion, and the New Gallery is not much more than a new gallery—an additional place for the exhibition of pictures, and the amusement (or ought we to say instruction?) of the British public, which dutifully cultivates its taste and knowledge at both impartially. Naturally, the first point to which we turn is the spot where hang Mr Burne Jones's three great pictures, which ought, if all things were as they should be, to make the fortune of any exhibition. But we fear that things are not as they should be in this respect. The story of Perseus and Andromeda is one of the best known of classical tales; but the best narratives, we think, differ considerably from this representation. There is an air of light-hearted intrusion, a coming-suddenly-round-the-corner-and-taking-off-one's-hat-with-a-Beg-pardon, in the air of Perseus as he approaches the half-resentful, half-indifferent maiden on the rock, who has, on her side, a sort of What-on-earth-can-he-want? look, which is sadly destructive of the dignity of the subject.

No account that we have ever read gives Perseus more protection than his helmet of darkness, his winged sandals, and his unfailing sword.

The usual authorities give to him scarcely any more clothing than to Andromeda; why, then, should Mr Burne Jones put Perseus into a suit of eccentric plate-armour, when he comes down to rescue the victim? Were we discussing the motives of any lesser artist than Mr Burne Jones, the reason would seem plain enough: one look at Andromeda in either of the two pictures, but especially the last one, makes it comprehensible that the painter should prefer painting armour to painting flesh; but this, of course, is a ridiculous supposition in the case of a consummate artist such as Mr Burne Jones. Nevertheless the colour in which he was once so potent has here faded into an unaccountable greenish grey, which we cannot accept as the tone of life even in one of the melancholy (but often so exquisite) heroines of his art. If the spectator will contrast the colour of the living Andromeda with that of the impressive "Dead Christ" of M. Legros, which hangs within reach, he will see that the tone of the dead limbs is actually higher than that of this favourite image of beauty and desolation, only to be done justice to by the loveliest tints as well as the finest contours of art. Andromeda might have been left to starve for a week or so, and in the meantime been rubbed with sea-weed, to communicate a tinge to her flesh, and the result would then have been comprehensible. Of course it is unnecessary to say that the aim of these pictures, and no doubt the pains and care expended upon them, lift them above many a more evidently successful piece of work. But the ideal, though we tremble to say it, is not high enough. The woman is of a feeble and *mesquine* type, neither beautiful nor expressive. She might be about to take a bath disagreeably enforced upon her for sanitary reasons. She might be standing airing herself, and annoyed at the intrusion. Visibly she is not happy (none of Mr Burne Jones's ladies, even in the most triumphant circumstances, ever are); but there is not the faintest touch of the tragical in her appearance, neither horror nor solemnity, nor any attendant sentiment appropriate to a great sacrifice. The moral treatment is exceedingly thin and cold, and the physical treatment not much more warm or more successful.

The third picture of Danaë is better both in feeling and execution. She stands in a red mantle, which supplies a much-needed warmth of colour, slightly drawn back within the doorway, watching with a sad curiosity the building of the brazen tower in which she is to be enclosed. It does not excite her much—evidently she expected little that is good from fate or from her father, who must have sadly oppressed and overclouded the poor young woman's life; but still the expression of faint and melancholy interest is not inappropriate. A young lady so thin, with so few anticipations, so resigned to whatever may befall her, has scarcely life enough in her to feel anything acutely.

M. Legros's "Dead Christ," to which reference has been made above, is almost too affecting and solemn to be hung among all the impertinences of a picture-gallery. The different lights and shades on the varying texture of the dead flesh are worked out marvellously, but the dead face is perhaps too realistic, wanting in dignity—a true rendering no doubt, in some cases, of the last look of humanity, which is not always an elevated one. But in many cases equally real this is not the case, and the image which takes such a name

should surely represent the highest and not the lowest aspect of a human countenance from which life has departed. Sometimes, as everybody knows, nothing can be more majestic and beautiful than a dead face. The same artist has a powerful picture called "Femmes en Prière," a company of women before an altar — the foremost figures kneeling, and all with an air of devotion expressed in different characteristics, but all natural, none irreverent. The colour is very low, the women wrapped in black cloaks, all but the foremost, who carries a candle in her hand; but notwithstanding this sobriety of tint, the picture is exceedingly interesting.

A very different picture, as light and bright as the others are subdued, is a "Gaslight Study," by H. H. La Thangue. A lady writing letters is represented under the light of a gas-burner, the glow of the shaded globe carried out from the face and hands of the lady to the most remote details of the room — a daring try at a novel effect, and with considerable success. Not less artificial in fact, and much more in sentiment, is a wonderful green canvas, in which everything, from the face of the worshippers to the marble of the pillars, is suffused with an emerald tint—which is Mr P. Burne Jones's idea of the prayer of a Roman family to the Penates. At the end of this room Mr Herkomer and Mr Holl hang opposite to each other, one with a strong and sober picture of Mr Alexander Macmillan, full of life and likeness—an admirable portrait; the other with an equally excellent and more luminous representation of a younger man, Mr R. R. Symon. Between these two powerful pieces of real life, so full of force and vitality, there has been hung, by some strange caprice, Mr Watts's poetical but feeble "Angel of Death," a tall and misty female figure, like so many allegorical forms which we have seen before, stooping over and apparently stifling in her embrace a half-seen child from whose head she seems to remove a golden circlet—a piece of symbolism which we are unable to follow. Whether it was by intention or by chance that the ideal in art, in its most mystic embodiment, should thus be framed in the strongest expressions of the Real, we cannot tell; the fact is very curious and instructive — but on the wrong side; for we fear there is little comparison between the fading tints and flaccid textures of the poetical, and the noble livingness and reality of the portraits.

Space permits us to say very little more; but we cannot pass over the line of contributions from Mr Alma Tadema which balances Mr Burne Jones's contributions on the opposite wall. There are two portraits—one of a homely but delightful woman, with character and tenderness in every line of her face; the other, that of a "lily-banded, delicate-handed" popular preacher, whose picture is excellent, but less humanly attractive. The two little subject pictures, however, are both charming of their kind, and that kind is Mr Alma Tadema's most graceful style, one about which there can be few dissentients. The popular play of fanciful superstition, "He loves me, he loves me not," is here rendered in a new guise. Two Roman ladies on a couch, one half erect, one reclining, are thus trying their fate. While one pulls the petals of a daisy, the other looks on with great interest, holding another flower in her hand, and doubtless waiting her own turn. The story of the picture is simple enough, but the ex-

quisite delicacy of the execution and the painting of the accessories, which in a scientific definition of Alma Tadema would be described as the inseparable accidents, make it charming. "Venus and Mars," a pretty little child hugging a statuette, with a white marble cornice behind standing out against a blue sea, bears the unmistakable mark of the same master. A few words, however, are necessary about the sketch for the Academy picture. Most critics prefer it to the picture; but in this we venture to differ. The roses perhaps are more on the fall, but that is because an earlier period of the joke is that which has first occurred to the artist; the struggling guests are neither so embarrassed nor so pretty; the wonderful marble pillars are not there, or only one of them; and to crown all, the very genius of Alma Tadema's work is absent, by the closing in of the background, which is shut off by heavy curtains. Very likely his love of space and an open vista behind was one of the things which induced the painter to make the changes he has done in the completed picture.

The balcony, as it is called, or gilded gallery surrounding the hall (which would make so good a point of view should these Hallé-Carr-nassian halls ever serve for the reception we have been bold enough to suggest), contains probably some pictures worth looking at; but the narrow space and imperfect light make this prolongation of the spectator's studies less agreeable. On the whole the new gallery is very handsome, and contains some fine pictures; and, so far as we are able to judge, there is little more to be said.

The year's pictures altogether are above the average. There are an unusually large number of admirable portraits (some of which are charming pictures as well—let us instance, in passing, the pretty slim white figure, with tall and feathery heads of the meadow-sweet growing up at her feet and suggesting a pretty comparison, of Miss Ethel Huxley, by Mr John Collier), many delightful landscapes, a few pictures of fine meaning and human interest, among the crowd of half-good, indifferent, pretty, and vulgar compositions, which, if we would allow it, fill up every collection in the world, even the most distinguished. That a great many of these are quite honest and not unlovely attempts to please the popular British taste, and will do so not unworthily, is the very best thing that can be said anywhere of the abundant workers on the lower levels of art.

The presence of a "distinguished stranger" in London in the person of M. Meissonier's great picture, now exhibiting in Messrs Tooth's gallery, should perhaps not be passed over without a word. In "1807" Napoleon is represented as at the height of his career. His cuirassiers have received the order to charge, and are passing in full career before the Emperor and his staff, with one shout from every throat, as they hurry along on their way to death or fortune. The splendid force of their career, the characteristic faces, the evident energy and enthusiasm of a cheer which we can almost hear, are admirable. But if we must confess the truth, we would not give one of M. Meissonier's small single figures, so small, so perfect, each in its unity of a single purpose, for this more ambitious work—which, nevertheless, is a great historical picture, and well worthy of all praise.

TYROLEAN SONNETS.

In the late summer or early autumn of 1887 it was my good fortune to be ordered to the Baths of Gastein in the Austrian Tyrol.

Rarely has traveller set forth in search of health less willingly, and never did traveller turn his steps homeward more reluctantly.

The calm grandeur of the scenery, the cordial and simple character of the peasantry, the glorious weather, all contributed to touch a heart already perhaps too sensitive to such influences—influences which are so vivid at the moment that one vainly hopes they may last for ever.

Of such impressions is the Sonnet composed—its intensity is only equalled by its brevity.

It would occupy too much space to indicate the peculiar characteristics of each Sonnet, but I venture to hope that they all possess the *genius loci*, the atmospheric surroundings, the local colouring, which in Poetry, as in Painting, can only be obtained by composition on the spot.

The first Sonnet was written in the railway carriage on the route it so inadequately describes. For thrilling and varied beauty—valley, lake, precipice, and mountain—there is surely no line of railway in Europe comparable to this. The second was written in the presence of the scene that it portrays. All visitors to Gastein will remember the splendid Waterfall, the chief feature of the little town; and in the third Sonnet I have again alluded to it. Sonnets four and five were composed during an excursion from Ischl. The last Sonnet depicts a country scene,—the children gathering wild strawberries for the hotel tables, and the half-clad rough peasants making their fragrant hay, amid the wild flowers that so abundantly decorate their meadows.

In closing this brief introduction, I must not forget a word of loving thanks to that dear Companion who, for nearly a quarter of a century, has added a fresh charm to every scene we have looked upon together.

I.

ON THE RAILWAY BETWEEN ZURICH AND INNSBRUCK.

What prescient mind devised these gradients? laid
These daring curves that seem to tempt the shock,
And through these gates of immemorial rock
Carved iron roads, and pleasant pathways made?
Not soft Romance—not Conquest; but sleek Trade!—
Trade—that the words of Poesy loves to mock—
Trade—that on Fancy turns relentless lock—
Triumphed o'er Nature—with her own dear aid:
For day by day, unconsciously, there came
All beauty, grace of form, and dignity,
Peak above Peak, snowclad, or tender green,
Peeping through some sweet Vale without a name;
Forest on Forest rising to the Sky,
And Rivulets rushing through the unrivalled scene.

Innsbruck, *August* 28, 1887.

II.

THE WATERFALL OF GASTEIN BY MOONLIGHT.

The shimmer of the Moon has lit the Vale
And tipt the fir-tops with a silvery light,
Herself invisible; the Landscape, bright
With the hidden ray, is wonderfully pale!
A spell seems cast around; some Ghostly tale
Of spectral glamour, or weird second-sight
Would well assist this Tyrolēan night
To make strong hearts beat fast, and weak hearts quail.
The radiance deepens, as the Planet springs
Above the mountain, and the streams, aglow
With her sweet kisses, woo the Waterfall,
Which, for one kiss, ten thousand backward flings—
A Prodigal of love!—and mystic echoes throw
A deep resounding music over all.

GASTEIN, *September* 3, 1887.

III.

THE PRIEST AT GASTEIN.

If pleasure were the aim and end of all,
And Life, so called, to be the ultimate bound
Of my existence; then this thrilling sound—
Tumultuous music of the Waterfall
At play for ever with the rocks—might call
My days to Poesy, and this spangled ground,
Where Nature's fairest offerings abound,
Might be my Couch—and they, at last, my Pall.
But this all-yielding Earth is not my home,
Nor the dark Forest my abiding place;
These passing blooms but captivate the eye:
The closer Sanctuary needs me, and I come,
To guide a wayward and rebellious race,
To Him who bore His Cross to Calvary.

GASTEIN, *September* 4, 1887.

IV.

THE CHAMOIS.

High o'er the crag the poiséd eagle flies,
And croaking ravens to each other call:
Bloodscenters both! they see the Chamois fall,
And taste the banquet ere the victim dies.
They heed not the big tear that dews his eyes
Ere filmed by death,—the hunter's fatal ball
More kind than they,—revolting festival!
Yet Nature's voice to her dumb children cries.
The bullfinch, 'mid the fir-tree's odorous cones,
Whistles his happy song; the cautious hind,
Half hid among the heather, sniffs the air
Tainted by Man, and hides her little ones
In mossy dell, protected by the wind
That warns them of the foe who nears her lair.

October 2, 1887.

V.

ISCHL.

There is a noble beauty in this land,
Where Nature revels in contrasting grace,
For smile and frown change quickly on her face,
And tender touches soften the rough hand.
Gaunt precipice and rock, sublimely grand,
Melt into valley; and the tinkling trace
Of bell-clad herds, enlivens many a space
That spreads a carpet where grim mountains stand.
The plains are faint with cyclamen and thyme,
The gloomy pines their pungent fragrance lend,
The gentian robs the heaven of half its blue,
Light harebells—tuneful as the Poet's rhyme—
Nod in the breeze, and alpine roses blend,
Pink as the morn, to make one perfect hue.

ISCHL, *October* 3, 1887.

VI.

THE HAYMAKERS.

A narrow cliff, above a narrower stream
Spanned by a single arch, led gently down
By paths, that children coming from the Town
In search of berries for the Rich Man's cream,
Had partly worn, to where a sunny gleam
Lit up the fir-trees' unrelenting frown,
And a broad meadow, all alive with brown,
Quaint figures, shone out—sudden as a dream.
No carpet ever owned the varied hues
That bounteous Nature here profusely spread,
While dancing sunbeams made the tints more gay;
Thyme, flushed with gold, and tender gentian blues,
Mingled, with feathery grass, beneath the tread
Of these brown Peasants, busy with their Hay!

ROSSLYN.

ISCHL, *October* 4, 1887.

THE OLD SALOON.

A VOLUME of letters[1] is generally a very one-sided performance. It contains the opinions of one mind upon a number of subjects introduced probably by others of which we do not know either the original statement or the subsequent discussion; or it consists of information, perhaps of counsel and advice, addressed to an unseen interlocutor, of whose circumstances, save as they dimly appear by inference, we are unaware. Sir Henry Taylor, in the leisure of an old age which he enjoyed more than most men, after the occupations of a life more full than that of most men, and with perceptions and sense of what life demands correspondingly ample, has arranged better for his readers. He has left us, after the Autobiography, which was in its way a kind of private history of his time, a book of real correspondence, the record of actual intercourse between himself and his playfellows, companions worthy of him—men, like himself, occupied not only with the highest literary and moral studies, but taking their full share in everything that was passing in their time. The effect is a quite unusual, and, at the same time, an exceedingly agreeable and attractive one. The correspondence is naturally not very extensive. It is carefully selected. No doubt hundreds of letters could have been added, all with a certain interest; but it is much more effective to have exercised the wise restraint which gives us one volume where no doubt we might have had twenty, and makes it possible to extend our interest to all that is set before us—an incident here and there, a brief discussion never carried to the point of exhaustion, with no attempt at lengthened argument, or a question prolonged beyond the statement and reply.

Such a volume reveals to us, not one man in many lights, but a little group of men, not too distinct, nor pressing their individuality too much upon us, — men who have their own ways of thinking, and are not afraid to express them; women, too, occasionally introducing a softened note. We sit as if outside an open window, listening to the talk that goes on within, pleased to exercise our ingenuity and make guesses by their voices at the personality of the speakers. That is Spedding, the man absorbed in one subject, the student in whose mouth one name is always recurring. Or here, with his talk about the theologians, the one shelf of books which he possesses in his *villeggiatura*, and his boys tramping on the mountains in Scotland or in Switzerland,—who could it be but Stephen, who once set our young imaginations aflame with Xavier and Loyola? After a while these companions withdraw, who are full of events and questions, and the great occupations of the world; and there pipes in a milder voice, full of half-adoring revelation of the great poet of whom she is a sort of veiled prophetess. It is charming to hear them answer each other, perhaps pleasantly contradict each other, each man keeping to his own view, yet with the accord of disciplined minds

[1] Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor. Edited by Edward Dowden. Longmans: 1888.

and elevated aims. One is respectfully indifferent to religion, and says so (although highly indignant at a later period with some one else —Miss Martineau, for example— who is more than indifferent); another perhaps is faintly, respectfully bored by Wordsworth, which is a less pardonable blasphemy. (We confess to being ourselves in this class.) By turns they discuss poetry in the abstract, and the best subjects for those compositions called plays,—by the author himself, or we should not venture to use the word—in reality dignified dramatic poems, such as "Philip van Artevelde,"— by turns political subjects. Sometimes a feeling that it is all very long ago, and that these are ghosts which are speaking through a thin clearness of atmosphere unlike our troubled breathing of to-day, comes into the listener's mind. Macaulay, glad to hear what a poet thinks of his "Lays," which have not been well treated in the papers; Taylor, himself taking his own work very seriously, as great poems destined to survive like Milton — sound strangely to us out of the seclusion in which they are talking. We long to tell them what has happened since,—what wonderful ideas Posterity begins to have on these subjects: but why interrupt the air serene in which they talk with our harsher voices? Things are all as they ought to be in that delightful calm. We ourselves are more or less posterity, so far as they are concerned. Already we have begun to rectify, or at least to change, the proportions. In their day, Wordsworth and Southey had all the appearance of being on the same altitude. Both of them are spoken of by these accomplished critics with more or less reverential worship as the greatest men of their day. Now Wordsworth, if with a little less personal devotion, is still to us one of the greatest of poets; but Southey, whom every good man must love— Southey, the excellent, the pure, the unselfish, helper and friend of all who had the smallest claim upon him—has slipped aside out of that high place. When we think of him, it is scarcely as a poet at all. He is a man of letters, admirable in certain kinds of composition if supreme in none, admirable above all for his character and example, but no more to be placed by the side of Wordsworth than the first comer who has ever written irregular or even classical verse.

Nevertheless, as Taylor and his friends talk over the matter in that thin air serene, while we listen and overhear, there is something very delightful in their mingled certainties and mistakes. We have changed everything in our hasty human fashion, deciding and then reversing our decision, as our custom is — but they retain their first impression as if it were as sure as heaven and earth, and discuss it with a sense as of boundless leisure, and the calm of those who have passed beyond all the small strife of voices. And they are all well worth listening to when they speak, full of just views, often forestalling our best conclusions, but always with that stumble of imperfect prevision which is more human than universal foresight and correctness could be. It is difficult to tell which is the most pleasant to listen to. We should say for delightful humanness and spontaneity, that Stephen was the best: but Sir Henry Taylor himself is naturally the central figure, and they all defer to him. It is he whose opinion is sought by all, and whose judgments,

full of good sense and temperate wisdom, are of most importance. And we have them upon all kinds of subjects — poetry, politics, morals, men,—the latter the most graphic and important of all. If there is one of these to which we would take exception, it would be the space allotted to Wordsworth, and the profound admiration and devotion which every mention of the poet's name calls forth. It will be seen from what has been already said that we are not wanting in respect for that great name. The first place in which it received its full and fitting meed was in the very room from which these pages come; and he would be a bold man who would express an opinion derogatory to Wordsworth within the storied walls of the Old Saloon, where Wilson first stood forth in his defence. But if Wordsworth the poet is immortal, we doubt if it can be said that Wordsworth the man is equally so, or that this record of him materially increases our satisfaction in his image. Some of Miss Fenwick's descriptions of him, however, are pleasant enough. The aspect of the old man reading to a devout feminine listener the long cantos of the Prelude, has a solemnity in it which readily sways into the comic, though we indulge our smile with a little fear of a reproachful look from either idol or worshipper which may turn us to stone. "From time to time," the lady says, "I have heard portions of that marvellous work of his which is to appear when he ceases to be."

"After hearing it, I think I must have felt as the Queen of Sheba felt after hearing all the wisdom of Solomon. 'There was no more spirit in her;' and so it was with me. I wish you could hear it as I did: though you, I trust, may live to read it, it is something more to hear him recite it, or, as his little grandson says, 'Grandpapa reading without a book.'

"The beloved old poet has again begun to read me his MS., so in time I hope to hear it all. You will read it in time, my dear cousin, but I fear you may never hear that 'song divine of high and passionate thoughts, to their own music chanted,' as I have heard it. It was almost too much emotion for me to see and hear this fervent old man, the passionate feelings of his youth all come back to him, making audible this 'linked lay of truth,' and forgetting for a while, in these varied impressions of the past, all that these struggles and passionate feelings have worked out for him, and returning with gratitude and deep humility to a sense of present peace and an assurance of future glory. *That* never flagged in him. He recognised his own greatness in the midst of the neglect, contempt, and ridicule of his fellow-creatures, which strikes one as what is most extraordinary in his character, when one keeps in view his ardent sympathies with them, and how alive he is in all his affections."

These litanies, however, come from a female hand, and not from that of Sir Henry, whose record is of the poet in London, where, apparently, though so much older a man, his walking powers alarmed his younger companion. However, there would seem to have been no question of reading the fifteen books of the Prelude to the much-occupied official whose leisure was filled with poetry of his own. Wordsworth's own appearance in this volume as one of the correspondents does not, however, give so favourable a view. The subject on which he writes is poetical plagiarisms, and especially those of Byron from himself, in which his tone of remark towards the younger poet, whose "impudent thefts" he comments upon, is not what the lover of poetry likes to see.

"I have not, nor ever had, a single poem of Lord Byron's by me except the 'Lara' given me by Mr Rogers, and therefore could not quote anything illustrative of his poetical obligations to me. As far as I am acquainted with his works, they are the most apparent in the third canto of 'Childe Harold': not so much in particular expressions, though there is no want of these, as in the tone (assumed rather than natural) of enthusiastic admiration for Nature, and a sensibility to her influences. Of my writings you need not read more than the blank-verse poem on the river Wye to be convinced of this."

This surely is both unfair and ungenerous. An accusation of plagiarism founded upon a "tone of enthusiastic admiration for Nature" is quite incapable of proof, and rather discreditable to the maker of the imputation; and it is not, in our days at least, an agreeable thought that one great poet should, with a primness of tone which would be absurd even in his feminine devotee, make it known that he "had not a single poem by me" of a powerful rival. Still more curiously mean and small is the suggestion that Byron's well-known "hell of waters" is an "impudent theft" from Raymond's translation of 'Cox's Travels in Switzerland.' We have seen some ingenious articles which have proved Lord Tennyson to be guilty of plagiarisms from some of the most obscure productions in literature—an effort which is quite legitimate, and no doubt amusing, to a literary skirmisher in search of a subject. But when a great poet is guilty of such petty foolishness, the utterance of it should at least be suppressed. It is the only fault we have to find with this book.

Sir Henry's own opinions are more interesting and more noble. They show none of the disrespect for others which so strangely finds its place in a mind devoted to the exposition of the highest subjects, and which had consciously withdrawn from all the clang and struggle of the world in order to be able to pursue its own highest development and the elevation of mankind undisturbed. We should say that to mix freely in the most madding crowd, to rub elbows with all kinds of men, to encounter the stupid and the clever, the great and the small, impartially, was, judging by the result, much the better discipline of the two. Many of Sir Henry Taylor's opinions of men and things are open to animadversion. For ourselves, there are several points in which we do not agree with him: but he is always honest and manly, and generally without pettiness. When he talks of "the defect of moral force" in the character of Scott, we are disposed to "open wide astonished eyes," and the reason he gives for this defect is equally wonderful. "Power of the imagination in conceiving and depicting strongly a great variety of characters seems scarcely compatible with a strong individuality of character in the person possessing that power." In this case we presume Shakespeare must have had no character at all, which is perhaps why we have so little record of him. And, again, there is a deep shadow of prejudice—not unnatural, perhaps—in what he says of Lord Jeffrey, "the clever little worldling," who "for twenty years kept 'the sunshine from the cottage-door' of a man of genius." But in most cases we have no such fault to find. His sketch of our own Christopher is genial and delightful. He was, we hear, "a jovial, fair-haired ruffian, full of fire and talent, big and burly, and at the same time wild and ani-

mated. His forehead is one of the most lively and capacious-looking foreheads that I have seen, and he has the peculiarity of a flashing eye under a light-coloured eyebrow. His talk I find answerable to his looks, and well worth listening to. I have seldom met any person more striking." Perhaps, however, the most able piece of character-painting which is here to be met with, is given in the companion sketches of Southey and himself, which we find in a letter to Southey. The elder poet had named the younger his executor, and the following comparison between their ways of thinking and characteristic differences, which are great, but in no way interfere with the entire harmony between them, occurs in the letter accepting this trust:—

"As to discrepance of opinion, I dare say it is, as you observe, of no consequence in this matter; and in some points I may, as you anticipate, come to agree with you in time, whether from a further knowledge or truer judgment, or a change in the circumstances upon which the opinions are to be formed. But there is a discrepance in our natures which time cannot wear away, and the discrepance in opinion originating in that will remain. Our opinions cannot on any subject be more opposite than are on all subjects, the manners in which we come by them, and the moods in which we maintain them. Your opinions were the growth of many years when I first saw you, but from some observation of the habitual action of your mind, and its laws and customs, I can easily imagine how your opinions were first formed—the eager and rapid grasp with which every system congenial with a happy nature was caught, the fond and firm belief with which it was held; how all knowledge was devoured and digested, and how the busy absorbents opened their mouths upon the chyme, taking up all that would nourish and support the system, rejecting all that would undermine it. Looking back to the formation of opinions in myself, as far as such an operation can be said to have taken place, I perceive from the first a watchful distrust of every good feeling which arose in my own or appeared in other minds,—a captious scrutiny of any notions which presented themselves in a confident shape. I see sentiments, ideas, and opinions float and fluctuate: subjects of doubt and speculation, and of reasoning and counter-reasoning, which showed them in all lights and consigned them back to darkness. With any natural impulse of pleasure came the inquiry, how and why it was a pleasure, and through what delusion. . . . I am sensible of the benefits of religion, but not as one who has tasted them. I appreciate them coldly and imperfectly doubtless, estimating what is alien from my own nature by reason and observation of others' experiences, in such manner as he can apprehend the objects of a sense who has been born without that organ. It is no idle vanity which has made me an unbeliever. I have not taken pride in metaphysics, or piqued myself on any fancied strength of my reasoning faculty. I never knew what it was to have a devotional feeling; and reason, therefore, had nothing to overcome."

The comparison thus made, with its apparent elevation of the other more impulsive and simple nature, but real satisfaction in the greater complexity and richness of the self thus placed in a more or less apologetic attitude, is exceedingly clear, and admirably done. It marks, moreover, a curious change in the mental characteristics of the time. No unbeliever would now make such an apology. Even atheism in our day is devout—nay, often claims a higher devotional feeling than is held by professors of that faith which has an object for its devotion. This is a mysterious development of modernism which we do not pretend to be able to explain.

The old attitude was the more reasonable and comprehensible one.

And here is a piece of description of another kind, which has the same quaint aspect of a past which as yet is scarcely historic—only yesterday, so to speak, about the time of the Queen's accession who still reigns (and will reign, we hope, for long) so happily over us. Yet how old-fashioned it is, breathing of a world more limited—self-contained, as we say in Scotland—less accustomed to compare itself with the other worlds of universal life. It is prefaced by a description of the daily routine of his life :—

"I read and write till two o'clock; then I go to the office and look over the letters of the day, giving some aid to their despatch when necessary; then I walk in Kensington Gardens, where I sometimes find some children to play with me; then I come home and dine, sleep, read, and close the evening with a walk round Regent's Park, which, with its wood, water, and architecture, affords, I always think, the most beautiful civic scenery in the world. Having seen Venice, I suppose I may talk as if I knew what the world contains in that kind, and the Regent's Park is more beautiful in my eyes than Venice. As I walked last night along some of the terraces, where one sees the columnar architecture through and over intervening shrubberies, and surmounted by statues on the front of the eaves, I could not help thinking that these were dwelling-places too beautiful for mankind in general, and that they seemed to be rather fitted for some peculiar race. And here and there appeared a drawing-room with windows open, through which one saw a richly coloured and highly ornamented interior, with a lamp of a graceful shape on a table, and a girl, whom one felt it necessary to think graceful also, seated beside it. But then from time to time I passed a house, the tenants of which were not unknown to me, and I called to mind that they were people whose appearance would not bear a comparison, even by that moonlight, with the columns or the sculptured pediment of their house, or with the trees through whose tracery of foliage I was looking. And that suggested the rather melancholy reflection that man is apt to bring more beauty and grace about him than he can afford to be confronted with, and thus to become the eyesore of the scene which he has himself created. Perhaps it may be a lurking sense of this truth which gives its peculiar charm to a ruin."

The fact and the sentiment of this picture are most curiously archaic, if we may use such a word. How the art of fifty years ago is brought before us by that little vignette of the "lamp of a graceful shape," and the girl whom it was necessary to think graceful also, seated near it; and these wonderful palaces of the Regent's Park, more beautiful than Venice, fitted for some race above the human! Here, too, we have strangely changed our opinions. It is natural, perhaps, that we should feel a certain superiority in our own improved taste; but it is more interesting and amusing to accompany that admirable and highly cultured man of letters in his evening walk, and gain a glimpse for a moment through his eyes of our self-same world with such a difference, than if he had merely thought as we do, and been as enlightened as ourselves.

We have already said that of all the pleasant speakers that appear in this book, there is none so attractive as Sir James Stephen, from whom there are a number of letters, and all delightful. He is a man of a very distinct character and point of view, not like his friend the poet: but their differences of opinion do not seem to have affected the confidence and

kindness of their relations—not even when Stephen ventured upon the strong step of stating his own religious convictions, with a prayer like that of St Paul that his friend might be made almost if not altogether like him. Amid the ease and playfulness of his letters, it is curious to read his description of his favourite studies, and his half apology for their character. "Do not accuse me," he says, "of blowing a trumpet before me; for if my opinions and prejudices were precisely opposite to what they are, I should always read religious books when occasion offered, as I find in none other such extraordinary subtlety of reasoning, so much habitual elevation of thought." This has not, perhaps, been a very usual sentiment even among the devout: but Stephen's "religious books" were not perhaps of the usual kind. It is he who gives—never, we imagine, without a vague intention of recommending his faith to his friend—the following very beautiful description of Wilberforce:—

"I long to write, though I know I never shall, an account of that admirable and most singular person. He was distinguished from the rest of mankind by his extreme susceptibility to every mode of pleasurable thought and feeling. His power of extracting joy out of everything rendered his piety a spring of incessant gladness to himself, and a most bewitching charm to all who witnessed its exercises. It became a master-passion to which all other affections and every lower appetite were completely subjugated; but it was that kind of subjection which left room for a well-regulated freedom. The result was a sort of filial confidence in the kindness of God which permitted, and even encouraged, something not quite dissimilar from the light-hearted feeling which it is my greatest happiness to see my children enjoying in my company, and under such parental control as I am obliged to use."

There is no adventitious interest attached to this substantial volume. It is an honest excerpt from a gracious correspondence, not occupied with any sensational crises of life, but with the everyday interests and occupations of a large and dignified existence. This very fact gives it an importance and truth which it would be difficult to overestimate. How Englishmen of the best class thought and spoke, or wrote familiarly to each other, which is much the same thing, forty or fifty years ago; the different ways in which their feelings were expressed; their reticence in some points, their freedom in others, quite opposite to the present rule of our reserves and freedoms,—are better shown in such a publication than by scores of descriptions. They had a very different estimate of Art, for one thing, and in that, perhaps, were less happy than we; but in many other ways, and especially in their attitude towards all graver subjects of thought, it is possible they may have had an advantage more than counterbalancing all our gain. It is funny to think of Regent's Park as the finest civic architecture in the world; but few people nowadays venture to describe, as Stephen does above, the "filial confidence in the kindness of God," which is the most delightful atmosphere of a Christian mind.

It is exceedingly startling, amusing, almost ludicrous, to place next to Sir Henry Taylor's correspondence the small and fine and delicate volume of Mr Henry James.[1] To come from art, as

[1] Partial Portraits. By Henry James. Macmillan & Co.

represented by Regent's Park, to Art in the largest of capitals, as discussed by a dozen eager voices in Flaubert's high-placed room among the lamps of Paris, is a leap so immense that it might have taken several centuries instead of a single lifetime. To be sure, the leap is over the Channel, too, which makes a difference. Whether we are to understand the "partial" of Mr James's book as meaning incomplete, or as meaning the pleasant bias of friendship, we are not quite clear. Most probably it is the latter, for the portraits are agreeably partial without being partisan. Our author certainly sets down naught in malice. He takes the view of a friend of all the subjects of his pencil. If not blind to their faults, he is to their virtues very kind, and the picture he sets before us is such a one as will hurt nobody's feelings. This is a pleasant variety among the too candid revelations to which we have lately been accustomed. To leave out 'Sappho,' for instance, in the admiring sketch of Daudet's works and ways, is to give an extraordinary advantage to that admirable writer, whose one unutterably nauseous production we would so fain, if we could, forget. That there is nothing unduly "partial," however, in its absence here, is proved by the fact that Mr James's portrait was done before the period of 'Sappho.' In the same way, and with still more simple reason, no notice is taken in the admirable sketch of Turgénieff, of the recent imputation against him, of having frequented M. Daudet's society, and professed much friendship and affection for a man whom he afterwards stigmatised as the lowest and last of authors and men. Mr James's sketches were produced before either of these evil things were known — happily for him, and perhaps also for his friends, though no doubt the pleasant atmosphere through which he sees them would have suggested an explanation in both cases.

The ground gone over in this volume is limited. Except in two cases,—that of Emerson, a philosopher whose science, however, is mingled sufficiently with modern morals and manners to permit a pyschological discussion of him not out of place with a romancist; and Du Maurier, who is much the same as a novel-writer, though his stories are done in pencil,—all the subjects of these sketches are members of the writer's own profession. This, too, gives them a curious unlikeness to the more serious and solid figures we have been discussing. Mr James goes from George Eliot to Mr Louis Stevenson with a large step. He "understands," like one of his characters in the dialogue upon 'Daniel Deronda,' which forms a chapter in this book, the veiled and inexpressive personality of the remarkable woman who has since her death been presented to the world with the aspect of one who *was* a great deal less than the work she produced. He is able to make out, by carefully placed lenses and delicate minute inspection, that this superficial view is wrong, and that it was to be expected of such a personage as George Eliot that her individual character should be like Dogberry's gifts of reading and writing, and appear only where there was no need for such vanities. This degree of insight is unusual: it is exceedingly rare and fine; it is of the quality of the Fine-ear in the fairy tale, who heard the grass growing. And very likely it is true: we believe as a matter of fact that the most charitable and

"partial" apprehension is really in essence always the truest. To see only the dull and commonplace is the attribute of observers who are commonplace and dull; every shade of being is interesting to those who can see, and the more difficult it is to penetrate the soul and catch the secret of the dumb existence, the more interesting that secret becomes, and the more exquisite the art which finds it out. Mr James has a hearty and generous appreciation of Anthony Trollope's robust and open-air genius, as well as of the greater self-concealing soul whose disguises he penetrates, and there can be no greater sign of a catholic taste and understanding. He does equal justice to a third equally removed from both,—the irregular, playful, fastidious, impertinent, and delicate spirit, half Puck half Ariel, who is the latest subject of his pen,—the author of 'Treasure Island' and of the daintiest of essays—the historian of Dr Jekyll and of Prince Florizel. This shows a width of sympathy which few critics or portrait-painters could surpass.

But Mr James is still more at home in Paris, where his partialities are of yet a keener kind. Though he is the most polished and cosmopolitan of Americans, he still retains that well-known American tendency which makes the French capital a synonym for Paradise to the friendly invaders from the newer world. The discussions, the dissertations, the bursts of eloquent invective and eulogy, in no whit weakened to the keen yet friendly observer by the fact that two or three might speak together with all the din of oratorical French, are in reality his most congenial atmosphere; and Turgénieff and Daudet, the monumental Russian and the most fascinating of Frenchmen, with the circle round them of so many cheerful figures, not lost among the general ranks of society, as among ourselves, but concentrated in one lively circle of art, afford the most spirited and charming picture, displayed in the warmest light to our colder apprehension. Perhaps it is this professional character which makes one of the chief distinctions between literature in France and in England. An English writer does not confine himself, either wholly or partly, to the society of his brethren in art; he does not, perhaps, even prefer his brother novelist (for all Mr James's French men of letters are novelists) to any other intelligent person. He, too, is like Dogberry, and seldom allows his gifts to appear. He prefers to be received like any other gentleman among his friends, leaving his literary character to be inferred from a jest now and then, or passing reference. Discussions upon art and its methods have been gently but firmly discouraged hitherto in his society. The other society across the Channel is not like this. It is above all things professional. The novelists form their group, as painters do everywhere, having a thousand technical questions to discuss. Perhaps among the new writers who are springing up every day, there may be something like the society disclosed in the following picture; but among the elder novelists of England there certainly has never been, so far as we are aware, anything corresponding to it:—

"During those months which it was Flaubert's habit to spend in Paris, Turgénieff went almost regularly to see him on Sunday afternoon, and was so good as to introduce me to the author of 'Madame Bovary.' It

was on these Sundays in Flaubert's little *salon*—which, at the top of a house at the end of the Faubourg Saint Honoré, looked rather bare and provisional—that in the company of the other familiars of the spot, more than one of whom have commemorated these occasions, Turgénieff's beautiful faculty of talk showed at its best. What was chiefly discussed in that little smoke-clouded room was chiefly questions of taste, questions of art and form; and the speakers for the most part were, in æsthetic matters, radicals of the deepest dye. It would have been late in the day to propose among them any discussion of the relations of art to morality—any question as to the degree in which a novel might or might not concern itself with the teaching of a lesson. They had settled these preliminaries long ago, and it would have been primitive and incongruous to recur to them. The only duty of a novel was to be well written: that merit included every other of which it was capable. This state of mind was never more apparent than one afternoon when *ces messieurs* delivered themselves on the subject of an incident which had just befallen one of them. 'L'Assommoir' of Emile Zola had been discontinued in the journal through which it was running as a serial, in consequence of repeated protests from the subscribers. The subscriber, as a type of human imbecility, received a wonderful dressing, and the Philistine in general was roughly handled. There were gulfs of difference between Turgénieff and Zola; but Turgénieff, who, as I say, understood everything, understood Zola too, and rendered perfect justice to the high solidity of much of his work. . . . As much as any one he was prepared to take note of the fact that the demand for abdications and concessions never comes from artists themselves, but always from purchasers, editors, and subscribers. I am pretty sure that his word about all this would have been that he could not quite see what was meant by the talk about novels being moral or the reverse; that a novel could no more propose to itself to be moral than a painting or a symphony, and that it was arbitrary to lay down a distinction between the different forms of art. Yet at the same time as I make this suggestion as to his state of mind, I remember how little he struck me as bound by mere neatness of formula,—how little there was in him of the partisan or the pleader. What he thought of the relation of art to life, his stories, after all, show better than anything else."

There is something curiously illogical in the suggestion that "the demands for concessions [*i.e.*, objections] never come from artists themselves, but always from purchasers, editors, subscribers,"—which is as much as to say that the seller never finds fault with his own wares, but only the buyer, which is a self-evident proposition. However, Mr James's friends, treating "the subscriber as a type of human imbecility," and discussing, amid much smoke and lively din of high-pitched voices, the forms and systems of art, make a very lively picture, with their absolute independence of morals, and conviction, or rather "honoured tradition," that "the little story in prose or verse should be liable to be more or less obscene." All this and the descriptions and studies that accompany it are so modern, that the 1888 placed at the foot of each little paper is as little necessary as it is to write 1838 to the sentiments of Sir Henry Taylor about Regent's Park. We can only be thankful that the former picture is still distinctly French, and not English, and pray that it may continue so to be.

We do not care, however, for the essay on the Art of Fiction which completes the volume. A good deal has been said on that subject lately. Mr Besant, we believe, gives rules and directions for the successful pursuit of this art, and teaches it to young ladies, with or without diagrams, in a magazine adapted for female youth.

But we remain of the opinion that the trade cannot be taught; and Mr James, though he delivers his graceful little discourse very charmingly, is as far as we are from giving any insight into how it is done. How is it done? We are totally unable to tell. Sometimes in one way, sometimes in another. That the man or woman who professes this craft should at least be able to write, seems desirable. But there is or was one popular novelist, at least, whom we could cite, the late Mrs Henry Wood, who wrote like a respectable chambermaid, and yet counts dozens of editions. It is a mystery, like most other trades which are worth anything, and he that can do it can do it, and there is an end of the matter. But the technical part being of very limited importance, and only the technical part being teachable, we think it would be wise to give up the effort at instruction. A painter may be taught a great deal of his art. All the secrets of manipulation, and those of the human frame, and to a modified degree even those of the atmosphere and of light and darkness, may be communicated to the conscientious student. Even this will not make him a painter, but he can scarcely be a painter without mastering all these attainable instructions. But there is not, we think, anything corresponding to them in the realm of literature. All Mr Besant's note-books will not do it, nor the study of other people's plots and combinations. The literary artist, Mr James allows, is obliged to say to his pupil, "Ah, well, you must do it as you can!" That being the case, it is clearly of very little use to write essays or to fill note-books. Mr Charles Reade filled his rooms with an elaborate scaffolding of actual incidents taken from the newspapers, from which he got his details about mad-houses, &c. Would we have been any the worse had he never cut out a paragraph? Not at all. We care nothing about his facts or his mad-houses, but infinitely about himself —about the people whom he reveals out of the midst of the dim world about us, not people founded on fact, but true people, made by himself and nobody else. There is a craze in the world at present for finding the originals of every novelist's characters—a very poor and foolish craze, in our opinion. For our own part, we have no faith at all in facts, nor in study, nor in conscious observation of your neighbour's follies or peculiarities. A trifle here and there catches the creative eye—broken lights from this and that, gleams of comprehension, a sudden sight of how minds are working, of how feelings arise. Anything more than this, definite and formal studies, are very unproductive. The note-book system will produce but a humdrum, dull, and trivial impersonation of life, and the artist will rather be lowered than elevated by these portentous exercises of curiosity.

Here, however, is a book livelier than fiction, more animated, if possible, than life, which gives us a true artist's portraiture of a real man,[1] as perhaps only a writer of imagination with the resources of a novelist at his command, could have done it. The present writer took up the book with a prejudice. Once, and once only, he had the questionable gratification of encountering Pro-

[1] Papers of Professor Fleeming Jenkin. With a Memoir by Robert Louis Stevenson. Longman & Co.

fessor Fleeming Jenkin in the flesh. It was in the midst of a company of educated persons, two of them with a speciality to which their lives had been devoted. The Professor was a middle-aged man who ought to have known better; but no sooner was he made aware of the particular studies of these gentlemen, than he proceeded, with much vigour and combative liveliness, to instruct them in their various specialities. The joke, which was no joke at all in the candid instructor's mind, was carried a great deal too far to be pleasant, and the fun of it was lost in alarm as to what it might end in. Mr Stevenson begins by allowing this little peculiarity,—"ready at fifteen to correct a consul, ready at fifty to explain to any artist his own art," he says. It is not an attractive peculiarity; but so attractive is the story, and so lively, bright, bustling, and real the man, with a tingling intelligence that compelled him to be doing; a rush of breathless activity, speed, and self-confidence, innocent of any meaning of offence even when offending; headlong, untiring, always cheery,—that our prejudice melts away, and we cannot say a word to the disfavour of this nimble athlete, who had never time to remember other people's prejudices or feelings, yet never meant to wound or shock them. Mr Stevenson has put him before us, the most lively characteristic figure, always in motion, mind and body,—a man whom no one could take quite seriously, who never outgrew the boy, yet who did a great deal of most manly work, and filled an important place in his generation. There is, perhaps, too much about the peculiarities of the family and Jenkin's antecedents. Italian breeding, early training in art, the contagion of enthusiasm from his mother, a sort of flighty heroine, are not exactly the elements, one would think, to produce a quick-witted, impertinent, restless professor of practical science, interfering with everybody and in everything. How he could manage to be what he was, having these antecedents, seems a matter to be explained. However, Mr Stevenson thinks differently, and gives us a sketch even of Mrs Fleeming Jenkin's progenitors, beginning with—"Alfred, the youngest and least known of the Austins, had been a beautiful golden-haired child,"—thus carrying the fashionable principle of heredity to an unjustifiable length: for in no way that we can think of could his father-in-law's golden hair (as a child) affect the character or individuality of a Professor in Edinburgh or any other University. But these preceding generations have all been gathered to their fathers. Their golden hair is dust, and their good swords rust, and we hope, and do not doubt, that their souls are with the saints. We prefer the hero himself to his progenitors. His introduction to his wife's family brings in the young man in all his paradoxical and amusing qualities.

"Whatever virtues Fleeming possessed, he could never count on being civil. He must have been—he was, I am told—a trying lad; but there shone out of him such a light of innocent candour, enthusiasm, intelligence, and appreciation, that, to persons already some way forward in years, and thus able to enjoy indulgently the perennial comedy of youth, the sight of him was delightful."

The moral of this is, that his future parents-in-law were exceedingly amused by the young man; and though, unfortunately, he did not please his future wife at first, nor she him, yet that everything

came right in the end, with a pleasant contradictoriness, which is quite in keeping with the tale. It is very good of Mrs Fleeming Jenkin and her family to allow the story to be thus told. In no other way, perhaps, could the real brightness and goodness, and odd irregular intrusive humanity of the man, have been so agreeably brought out.

Mr Stevenson manages his hero's correspondence in his own way, giving quaint scraps from "the letter to Frank Scott," as if the reader knew all about this apparently not quite satisfactory production (it "is scarcely of a noble metal"), and the person to whom it was addressed: and also from those addressed to "Miss Bell of Manchester," and other unrevealed correspondents; but it is not till after his marriage that we find anything articulate in this way. In the account of the laying of various cables, and the search for "faults" in the middle of the sea, he is, however, allowed to speak for himself, and does so with a cheerful bustle which is quite exhilarating. Nothing could be simpler than the record, and nothing more graphic. The endless working of the active, restless mind, with its wealth of resource and invincible pluck, and expedient for every difficulty, is most cheerful reading. Here is an admirable sketch of one day's proceedings. At three o'clock on a June morning, in a misty dawn, all hands are roused to work. The broken cable had been grappled the night before, and the business now is to get it out of the sea.

"With a small delay for one or two improvements I saw to be necessary last night, the engine started, and since that time I do not think there has been half an hour's stoppage. Sixty, seventy, eighty, a hundred, a hundred and twenty revolutions at last! —my little engine tears away. The even black rope comes straight out of the blue heaving water, passes slowly round an open-hearted, good-tempered-looking pulley, five feet diameter: aft past a vicious nipper, to bring all up should anything go wrong; through a gentle guide; on to a huge bluff drum, who wraps him round his body, and says, 'Come you must,' as plain as drum can speak; the chattering pawls say, 'I've got him; I've got him! he can't get back:' whilst black cable, much slacker and easier in mind and body, is taken by a slim V-pulley, and passed down into the huge hold, where half-a-dozen men put him comfortably to bed, after his exertion in rising from his long bath. In good sooth, it is one of the strangest things I know to see that black fellow rising up so steadily in the midst of the blue sea. We are more than half-way to the place where we expect the fault: and already the one wire, supposed previously quite bad near the African coast, can be spoken through. I am very glad I am here, for my machines are my own children, and I look on their little failings with a parent's eye, and lead them into the path of duty with gentleness and firmness. I am naturally in good spirits, but keeping very quiet, for misfortunes may arise at any instant: moreover, to-morrow my paying-out apparatus will be wanted, if all should go well, and that will be another nervous operation. Fifteen miles are safely in; but no one knows better than I do that nothing is done till all is done."

It is not, however, all such plain sailing as this. Sometimes the long cable is stubborn, and refuses to be hauled in; sometimes other things go wrong — bad weather, want of material, "faults" not found when expected, lurking in other unknown places. On one occasion there is an admirable confused sketch of the tumult and turmoil on deck, every official personage shouting orders contradictory of the other, the machinery whirling and steaming, a host of superfluous assistants tugging at

the ropes,—"everything that could swear swearing; I found myself swearing like a trooper at last." Nothing can exceed the vivacity and reality of these sketches. We are sorry when the journal ends, and the young engineer comes home, away from the blue water and the black cable, where we constantly find him "fully convinced," as he avows, "that the world will not continue to go round unless I pay it personal attention." This is the conclusion of his bustling soul in all circumstances, and it is certainly very entertaining to look on.

He had scarcely reached the middle of the paths of life before he was made comfortable, and settled definitely in a professor's chair in Edinburgh, the most delightful of positions. "He was at home," Mr Stevenson tells us, "in this metropolis of disputation;" and saving that "to golf unhappily he did not take," nothing could have been more suitable than the installation. That he must have been a tender-hearted and affectionate man outside of his pugnacities and impertinences — or perhaps inside of that outward *chevaux de frise* which enclosed him—is evident from his relations with the two sets of parents, his own and his wife's, who accompanied the pair to the north, and settled near them in grandfatherly and grandmotherly content. There is a great deal that is trivial enough in the later record—play-actings, in which he was not particularly skilled, and which had the usual fate of private theatricals, producing much modest importance and sense of benefactorship to mankind on one side, and a good deal of often ungenerous mockery and criticism on the other. The devotion to Greek of the man of science who took up that literature late in life, and immediately began to expound it to all students; his heroic expositions of drapery for the decoration of all future dabblers in statuesque costume; and his lively patronage of acting and actors, filled up all the leisure which was now no longer—and we are sorry for it—occupied in wrestling with submerged cables. He was an indefatigable professor, we are told, though not incapable of being cajoled out of a certificate, and kept up the bustle of occupation of all kinds against all temptations to be quiet. "Far on in middle age, when men begin to lie down with the bestial goddesses, Comfort and Respectability," says Mr Stevenson, "the strings of his nature still sounded as high a note as a young man's,"—which is another way of saying what we have said above, that Jenkin had always to be doing, and could not learn to keep still. Why his biographer should suddenly break forth in his admirable work into rant about bestial goddesses, who can tell?—it is the mystery of the man. But about Jenkin there was no mystery. He was always restless, busy, like a top in perpetual motion. Notwithstanding the above assurance of advanced age, he never did really attain to the further edge of middle life, but died at fifty-two, in the full swing of a thousand occupations. Barring one or two affectations of the above type, probably inevitable, Mr Stevenson's sketch is admirable in the clear image it produces, and its humorous tender picture of a friend beloved. Fleeming Jenkin's endless activities are over, but this book will preserve a delightful image of him—more delightful, we think, than the reality, yet evidently full of truth—for the entertainment and instruction of

many to whom his name would otherwise have been unknown.

The literary remains will probably strike the reader less: his dissertations on literature and art, though originally presented to the world through such important mediums as that of the 'Saturday Roview,' do not impress us—much as we respect all that appears in that periodical — as particularly brilliant. Jenkin had the highest opinion of the actor's art. He thought it folly to "speak of an actor as a mere interpreter of Shakespeare," and, indeed, evidently would have us believe that Mrs Siddons, in "creating" the part of Lady Macbeth, had a great deal more credit in the performance than the mere inventor of "the words"—a view which has the credit of being very thorough, as well as more or less original. The new reading of the old fable of "Griselda," which he himself made into a play, is very good up to a certain point, and perhaps, as he hopes, superior in a human and modern point of view to Chaucer; but the *imbroglio* in which he has to involve his characters at the end before he gets the problem properly solved, might have taught him that the primitive method was perhaps, after all, the simpler way. It is, however, Mr Stevenson's part of this book, and not Professor Jenkin's, to which the public will turn—an injustice, perhaps, but an inevitable one.

The views above referred to upon the actor's art are strongly upheld, it need not be said, in the two big volumes ornamented with the visiting-cards of Mr and Mrs Bancroft.[1] And yet perhaps it is scarcely just to say so; for this worthy and not uncomplaisant pair do full justice to the immense importance in their lives of their connection with the late Mr Robertson, and their production of those comedies of his which so completely seized the popular fancy. The vicissitudes, indeed, in the fortunes of their theatre, so clearly hinged upon the merit of the drama produced, or at least in its adaptation to the stage, that their testimony might be taken on the other side of the question. Mrs Bancroft, it is true, is not a Mrs Siddons; but she is a favourite with the public, and has all the audacity and self-confidence which such a position gives, as well as a perfect acquaintance with all the resources of the stage. Yet her anxiety about the "piece" she has to represent is always lively, and it is evident that she has no idea of asserting her superiority to "the words." The book which she and her husband have produced is one of the marvels of this remarkable period of the world's history. That two clever people (in their way) should be able to entertain a large section of the public by maundering through two big volumes about their own honours and good-luck, and all the petty incidents that have happened to them during a successful career, and the excellent way in which they have always behaved *sans reproche* in a wicked world, delighting everybody, is one of the oddest feats that can be conceived. They have not even many amusing stories to tell. Mr Frith, who has achieved a similar success, quite outdoes them in this respect, for there is occasionally a little fun in his anecdotes; but the stories of Mr and Mrs Bancroft are all tending to their own glorification, to the praise of their

[1] On and Off the Stage. By Mr and Mrs Bancroft. London: Bentley. 1888.

genius or their amiability or their good looks, or to some perfection or other of the happy couple, who are so delightfully confident in their excellent qualities, and in the boundless interest of the public in all that concerns them. The growth of such books is, we presume, a natural product of the system inaugurated by Mr Mudie, and which now seems established as the chief or only medium by which the English public manages its reading. It is incredible to suppose that anybody would buy, or add to the shelves of a permanent library, the slipslop of Mr and Mrs Bancroft. 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pendennis' do not take up nearly so much room; neither would the 'Life of Scott,' that most touching of biographies. We might have all Shakespeare in a less space. But space is not precious in Mr Mudie's box, and his public apparently likes dull gossip as well as clever gossip, and is not particular as to quality so long as it has a string of well-known names. The supply of this kind of fare ought to be inexhaustible, for most people like to talk about themselves; and scarcely any one who can read and write could fail to do it as well. Grammar is needless. "A member of the company who I then met for the first time," says the lady. But a printer's devil might easily be found who could correct such little slips. And so long as the public likes to know all the pretty things that have been said of a popular actress from the moment when she was first apostrophised as Sweet Child! we have every confidence that they will have as many volumes as they please.

There is, however, a certain interest in the description of Miss Marie Wilton's venture with the little theatre in an out-of-the-way corner of London, which she made into the well-known and popular Prince of Wales's. A great deal of pluck, not to say audacity—a great deal of luck (to which she claims a sort of romantic right in the orthodox way, according to the prophecy of an old woman who might have been met on the stage, so correct is she to every requirement), and a considerable amount of merit, brought her through this perilous undertaking triumphantly; and there is some dramatic skill in the way in which the story is told. Mrs Bancroft is not only exceptionally lucky, but she has intuitions and dreams, and knows what is going to happen, and is never taken by surprise by fate. To have this fine sense as well, and at the same time to possess consciously beauty, skill, genius, and quite unusual success, is really almost too much endowment for one woman in this badly arranged world.

It appears that many friends of Mr James of the Bombay Civil Service, who has turned a holiday expedition through Manchuria to account in a volume on that country,[1] are greatly exercised as to the question whether "the Chinese will eventually overrun the world." The subject is one that, by its remoteness generally, excites no greater expectations than the advent of the millennium, the restoration of the Bourbons, or the repeal of the income-tax can suggest; but it may be comforting to those who have regard to such a future contingency, to learn from Mr James's book that there are no immediate dangers of any irruption of the sort. Probabilities seem,

[1] The Lone White Mountain; or, A Journey in Manchuria. By H. E. M. James. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

indeed, all to point the other way. With the growing and spirited empire of Japan on one hand, with the French on the south, the British at Bhamo, and Russia with her arms already around Manchuria, the wonder will be if the Celestial Empire can continue to hold its own in spite of its vast resources. One of Mr James's reasons for choosing Manchuria as the scene of his travels, was its liability to come before long within the scope of Russian policy; and, indeed, we cannot but marvel why Russia has so long kept her hands off it. The rich agricultural capacity of Manchuria, its great mineral wealth—waiting only to be worked—and the prosperity of its cities and populations, ought surely to have rivalled the barren steppes and arid deserts of the Oxus in the eyes of any sensible empire devoted to the acquisition of its neighbours' property. When, about half a century ago, Captain Grant Duff, the author of 'The History of the Mahrattas,' called upon General de Boigne—a retired soldier of Scindiah's army—in his retreat near Chambery, to talk over the Indian finances—then, as now, in a calamitous condition—he found the old mercenary ready with a recipe for converting the deficit into a surplus. "Plonder China," was De Boigne's suggestion; and though not strictly moral, we cannot help feeling that it should have been acted upon before this time. It is irritating in this latter end of the nineteenth century, when we are beginning to discover that the globe is quite limited enough to provide sustenance for us all, to find a country as big as Austro-Hungary, and with capabilities apparently equal to those of the richest country in Europe, utterly undeveloped and not more than a third peopled. Surely in this case annexation by any civilised and enterprising Power would be a benefit to the Manchurians and a gain to the world at large.

Manchuria seems a subject big enough to satisfy the most ambitious author; but Mr James has likewise done his best to "plonder China," and a great portion of his work shows signs of being a digest of Anglo- and Franco-Chinese literature. The result will not be satisfactory to the reader, whose patience is about exhausted before he gets Mr James fairly started on his travels, well towards the close of the volume; and we fear he must have had to sacrifice many notes of interesting impressions of a country which has the attraction of novelty to almost all of us, in his desire to give his work an encyclopedic character, by including in it much information that was already tolerably accessible. Because the Manchus succeeded in the seventeenth century in seizing the government of the Celestial Empire, and because their dynasty still remains seated on the throne, is no good reason why we should be compelled to digest two whole centuries of Chinese history. Besides, the Manchu emperors have been a little more than kin and less than kind to the land of their race. Its chief value to them is apparently as a recruiting-ground, the military character of the people, by which Nurhachu was enabled to raise himself from the position of a petty chieftain to that of a great warlike prince, and to pave the way for his grandson seizing on the Chinese throne, still remaining intact. Manchuria and Mongolia supply Peking with its picturesque army of "banner men," some 90,000 or 100,000 in number, and the provinces with other 20,000; and in Manchuria itself there are 193,000 "banner men" enrolled.

The Russian advance has, moreover, led to greater attention being bestowed on the Manchurian militia; and three years ago its control was transferred from the provincial authorities to that of a special commander-in-chief. But with regard to its capacity for encountering a European force, Mr James's remarks are not very encouraging. There are about 60,000 to 80,000 of the "Divine Mechanism Army," or foreign-drilled troops in Manchuria; but their equipment is of a very miscellaneous character.

"Many are armed with Remington repeating-rifles, while the rest have muskets and Enfields of various dates, and other miscellaneous weapons. There are also plenty of jingalls, large muzzle-loaded blunderbusses, which it takes two men to carry. There are a few batteries of foreign guns; but most of the field-artillery consists of small-bore muzzle-loaders, of no use in modern warfare. A review is a beautiful sight. There are almost as many banners as rifles—gigantic banners, which take a whole man's strength to wield, and which in time of war would waste a good many useful fighting-men. . . . The worst of the present system is, that although the regiment may do excellently on parade at Qientsin or Port Arthur, when they are sent to an out-station, the men drift back, not unwillingly, to the old bow and arrow drill; and though, for form's sake, they may have to pass muster in both styles, yet they are not likely to be permanently improved so long as the Peking 'Gazette' continues to print old-fashioned inspection-reports—such as that the spear-drill was exceedingly good; the archery, turning warlike *culbutes*, and posturing were very creditably performed; and that with the exception of the flail exercise, which was a little lacking in smartness, all the manœuvres of the regiment were worthy of the highest commendation."

Since the recent war with France, great efforts have been put forward to organise the Chinese forces upon Western models; but the work is one that would require generations for its completion, and though the Celestials are slow to recognise the fact, decades are probably more precious now than centuries were to them in the past. The check which Russia accepted in her attempt on Kuldja has been made too much of as a proof of Chinese potency. The Czar's Government had its hands full then in other quarters. There was the Bulgarian question to be watched, and the advance on the Afghan frontier, which Russia has already succeeded in consolidating, had even then been determined upon. But with the seaboard of the Primorsk already in her hands, it can hardly be credited that at least the two northern provinces of Manchuria, Hei-Lung-Chiang and Kirin, can long escape her thirst for territory. Mr James, indeed, says, speaking from the China side, that "rumour has it that when the opportunity offers, it is not the Russians that will advance into Manchuria, but the Manchus who will attempt the recovery, if not of the Amoor regions, at least of the Tung-hai or sea-coast." Much stress need not be placed upon this vaunt. Russia will doubtless bide her time; she probably will not risk a collision with China until an occasion when the Celestial Government stands at a disadvantage; but be it sooner or later, the strengthening her power on the Pacific is as integral a part of St Petersburg policy as finding an outlet on the Indian Ocean.

Manchuria does not present such temptations to travellers that Mr James's volume is likely to be soon superseded. The tourist must carry everything with him, and a moderately small party in-

volves a train of baggage equalling in size a Mecca caravan. Money is a considerable difficulty—ingots of silver, which are changed for notes and "cash" by the local merchants, "at frightfully high rates of discount," being the traveller's currency. The scenery even of the Lone White Mountains, with the Dragon Prince's Pool on its summit, must be rather disappointing; or is it that Mr James has not an artist's eye for the picturesque? At all events, we are more interested in the glimpses he affords us of the life of the people than in the account of his mountain wanderings. A good deal of practical information about the vexed opium question will be found scattered in Mr James's pages, which places the subject in rather a new light—one, however, which corresponds with recent medical utterances both here and on the Continent.

"Opium as a luxury," says Mr James, "is in general use in Manchuria, and a healthier, stouter set of people can nowhere be found. The pipe and lamp are to be seen in the parlour of every respectable banker or merchant, and he takes a whiff after meals and offers it to his friend with as little embarrassment or fear of its doing any harm as if it were a good cigar. The fact is that, taken in moderation and upon a full stomach, opium is no worse than a cigar, and most sensible foreigners in China will tell you so. On the other hand, the drug undoubtedly has many disadvantages. The first and not the least is, that smoking it leads to a terrible waste of time. (In India it is generally eaten or taken in some liquid form, which is not open to this objection.) The next is, that the risk of moderate turning to immoderate smoking is certainly great."

Mr James, however, met with very few cases of abuse of the drug; and we can find no support, from his experiences, of the exaggerated statements which are from time to time put forth of the wholesale national demoralisation for which the Indian opium trade has been so largely held responsible. With the extension of native cultivation in China, the Indian opium trade, and with it the opium revenue, which has been so great a mainstay of Indian finance, threatens to become a thing of the past. Half the provinces of China now grow their own opium, and the yield of the southern provinces alone is more than double the Indian imports. The taste which led the consumers to prefer Malwa and Behar opium to the native product has now changed, at least in Manchuria. Thus one great effect of the outcry against the Indian opium trade raised in this country, and the fiscal restrictions imposed by the Chinese Government, has been to further the object which they wished to defeat.

Under the present reign of international law and international responsibility, it were much to be wished that the right were conceded to take a backward Power by the shoulders and shake him into energy and activity. Such must be the feeling which comes over any one who reads the account which Mr James gives of the magnificent natural wealth of Manchuria, and the capabilities of both the people and the country for development. But so far as we can see, Manchuria is destined to lie fallow still for ages, unless some revolutionary change comes over Chinese policy, or a more enterprising Power establishes itself in the country.

When Mr Warrington expressed astonishment that Pendennis's prize poem did not get the prize, it was so bad, he can scarcely be said to have been uttering a libel upon the literary standard of the

great universities. The prize poem and the prize essay rarely struggled into print, and when they did, seldom, if ever, found their way outside the authors' immediate circles. But this has been changed. Many of the recent efforts that have been crowned with academical honours, have found wide acceptance with the public, and have laid the solid foundations of a literary reputation. Of these the work of Mr Inge, on the state of Roman society under the Cæsars,[1] is a most favourable example, and has little in common with the work of the schools except sound scholarship and wide reading. The subject is not one that can easily be done justice to; and if Mr Inge has failed to produce a perfect study of Roman society from the time of Augustus to that of Trajan, he has at least carried his analysis to wider results than the great majority of his predecessors. As a rule the best attempts to reproduce a picture of Roman society have been made from the standpoint of fiction when the artist himself was a good classical scholar. Lord Lytton in his 'Last Days of Pompeii,' and, in a less marked degree, Mr Whyte Melville in his novel of the 'Gladiators,' have shown how successfully the manners, habits, and modes of feeling of the old Romans can be recalled. The novelist, working on the basis of humanity, which, though varying in its modes, is practically the same among all peoples and in all ages, has advantages over the scholar. In the case of ancient Rome, the materials which come most readily to hand, though throwing the most valuable light in some respects upon the subject, in others tend not a little to confuse the real inquiry. In the whole mass of surviving classical Latin, what means have we of reconstructing Roman society as a whole? A few cross-sections, cut here and there, is all that we find to our hands. History had then a very limited province, and did not concern itself about the masses, except when they made themselves troublesome. Poets generally sought their materials in other ages, or, like Horace, contented themselves with writing *vers de société*. The satirists, from whom we might have expected more, only probed those open ulcers that lay upon the surface; we have no such reflection of the popular feelings of the Augustan Romans as Aristophanes has shown us of those of the Athenians of the days of Pericles and Cleon. Laws, which in many cases throw the most valuable light upon the internal history of a people, were in Rome in so many instances the outcome of individual policy, or often of individual prejudice, that the codes are not always a safe guide. We must add to this that the Romans, through all the stages of their history, were inveterate *laudatores temporis acti*. They constantly referred back to an age when life was purer, when the manly virtues were more cultivated, and in contrasting contemporary manners and morals with the ideal, they unconsciously made themselves out to be worse than they really were. Mr Inge has not taken this fact sufficiently into account, and has accepted too implicitly the era of the Cæsars as an age of Roman declension, which we are inclined to post-date until after the period embraced in his survey.

[1] Society in Rome under the Cæsars. By W. R. Inge, M.A. London: John Murray. 1888.

Mr Inge selects the religion of the Romans as the key to their sociology. There is a good deal to be said in behalf of this view. The Roman religion was a predominating element in the life of the Romans, social as well as civil, although it was much more of a municipal institution than an influence raising the people above the things of time and sense. Its essence was formular observances; its ends vague and gloomy. It assimilated kindred cults without altering its own character. Its highest use was to give a sanction whether to public acts or private obligations.

"The type of character which this religion tended to produce," says Mr Inge, "was rather dignified than attractive, rather admirable than amiable. The unselfish impulses—the self-sacrifice which is the food of all religion—took the form of national *esprit de corps*, and worked exclusively within that narrow limit. Humanity, in the larger sense, found hardly any place in the moral code. The sphere of duty was the State, its miniature the family. Courage, self-devotion, industry, frugality were practised or admired as civic virtues conducive to the welfare of the community. Piety towards the gods, and obedience towards the magistrates, were duties of the same kind. Marriage and education were public duties to be performed in no self-regarding spirit. The result was a somewhat hard, but very strong national character."

Accepting this account as correct, we are hardly able to follow Mr Inge in his contention that the decay of faith was a fundamental cause of the declension of the Roman character. Upon a religion such as he has described, scepticism would with difficulty produce effects generally appreciable. Nor do we think that the introduction of oriental and Egyptian mysticism had very much to do with the corruption of society. The increase of wealth and opulence, and, above all, the glitter and splendour of an imperial circle, and foreign service—which led to citizens introducing into Rome vices which they had learned in other lands,—were the prime elements in the disintegration of the older and more severe discipline, which was probably less stringent and pure than has been described. Mr Inge is sometimes too sweeping in his condemnation of the court. He draws a dreadful picture of the morality of Rome after the battle of Actium; but he should have noticed that Augustus, if not by example at least by enactments, endeavoured to restrain licentiousness—as, for example, the law passed in B.C. 17 against adultery and seduction, the *lex Pappia Poppœa*, and other acts. Again, in this and in other parts of Mr Inge's book, we must caution the reader against admitting the satirists, or even the historians, as entirely unbiassed witnesses. The former lit their lanterns and set out in search, not of an honest but of a dishonest man; the latter arrogated to themselves somewhat of the functions of the preachers of later days, and held up their contemporaries as "miserable sinners," probably with much the same sincerity and effect as the phrase is hebdomadally made use of among ourselves.

Upon the much-discussed subject of Roman luxury, Mr Inge has the temerity to draw a different conclusion from Goethe's opinions, that the Romans did not know how to spend their money. They remained *parvenus*, Goethe thinks, and "thus luxury was nothing but tasteless extravagance and vulgar ostentation." Mr Inge endeavours to meet this by arguing that Ro-

man civilisation was militant, while ours is industrial.

"An industrial people both values comfort more and is more apt to devise means to secure it. We in England should also remember that Southern nations have always cared less than ourselves for those minor luxuries which make up what we call comfort, and that our own ideas of what constitutes comfort have undergone a rapid change during the last century. The discovery of America and the opening of the whole world to trade, have contributed, with other causes, to raise our standard of the necessaries of civilised life higher than was possible to the Romans. We must, then, be fully prepared to find a great inferiority in those respects in ancient Rome, and to ascribe the deficiency not to the want of proportion and *savoir faire* which marks vulgar prosperity, but to the causes above mentioned, which made it impossible for civilisation to advance much further on this side."

Comfort is no doubt subject to relativity; but reduce the idea to its lowest terms, and apply them to some of the most frequently recorded instances of Roman profusion, and what satisfaction do we find them afford, except that of vulgar ostentation. Take the supper of Lucius Ælius Verus, on which 600,000 sesterces were expended in the feeding of twelve guests, who were presented on their departure with the gold, silver, crystalline, and myrrhine vessels of the feast, and a mule each to carry home the plate. What was this but vulgar display? Or the famous platter, worth a million of sesterces, which figured at Vitellius's banquets. What are we to say, if Suetonius is to be credited, of the dissolving of orient pearls in wine, and the bread and meats made of gold at Caligula's suppers? But it is needless to multiply examples. That ostentation was a Roman failing is manifest enough; and if we want comfort, we must seek it with Horace in the orchard, or by the chimney-corner on a winter's day, with a modest flask of *cæcuban*. Of all the luxurious prodigals of Imperial Rome, Apicius alone seems worthy of regard as a *gourmand* of taste and imagination; and his preference of suicide to starving on ten millions of sesterces spoke of a genius far beyond that of Heliogabalus or Vitellius, or any of the other gluttonous *roturiers* of the age. Again, if we look to the interiors of the houses of wealthy Romans, we find no suggestion of that ease and softness which are essential to the idea of comfort in any age or among any people. The couches at table and the sumptuousness of the baths are about the only respects in which we find personal ease studied. With regard to the public buildings which Mr Inge brings forward, we cannot admit them as entering into the argument. The world is too grateful for even what remains of them to inquire with too much nicety into the motives which led to their construction. We cannot, however, say that he succeeds in disposing of Goethe's contention. On this and on other points which we regret being unable to discuss, scholars will doubtless differ from Mr Inge's views; but they will readily admit the value and suggestiveness of his work. Had he conducted his inquiry on independent lines rather than on those of Sir Henry Maine and Mr Herbert Spencer, neither of which we consider to be very adequate for an analysis of Roman society, he would probably have presented us with a still better book.

IRELAND AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

I.

FOR a period of thirty years, from 1853 to 1883, the efforts of the Church of Rome were constantly and urgently directed to suppressing sedition and checking all attempts at illegal agitation in Ireland. In 1849 Dr Croly, Archbishop of Armagh, died, and he was succeeded in the Catholic Primacy by Dr Paul Cullen, Rector of the Irish College in Rome. Archbishop Cullen's first pastoral letter contained the keynote of his life-long policy, which was indeed contained in the Scriptural maxim, "Let every soul be subject to higher powers." In this letter he said, "Let no promises or provocations induce you to join in secret or illegal combinations, which are the bane of society, and bring ruin on those who engage in them."

Again, in September 1850, Archbishop Cullen, as delegate of the Holy See, presided over the National Council of Thurles, and signed the address of the Synod. In that address is the following passage:—

"We caution you against those publications in which loyalty is treated as a crime, a spirit of sedition is insinuated, and efforts are made to induce you to make common cause, to sympathise with those apostles of socialism and infidelity who in other countries, under the pretence of promoting civil liberty, not only undermined the foundations of every Government, but artfully assailed the rights of the Apostolic See, and sought the destruction of the Holy Catholic Church."

The principles of the Roman Catholic Church, as shown in the writings of the late Cardinal Cullen, were perfectly plain. He persistently denounced violence and illegality, and continually warned his people against secret and illegal combinations, which he described as "the scourge of humanity and the bane of religion." Indeed his pastorals teemed with denunciations of Fenianism. He likened the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood to the Jews under the Roman Empire, who, "acting on a foolish idea of their own valour, and led away by a vain desire of recovering their independence, took up arms against the Roman Empire, then at the zenith of its power, and by doing so brought final ruin and desolation on their city and nation. Those who excited them to the fatal step were great patriots in their own estimation, but in reality they were mere enthusiasts, and the worst enemies of their country."

In June 1866 Dr Cullen was created a Cardinal, and in December of that year he renewed his denunciation of revolutionary agitation:—

"It is to be regretted," he says, "that emissaries from other countries, imbued with the spirit of the present times, and advocates of physical force and violence, have been labouring to make them [the people] countenance secret societies or revolutionary movements."

In May 1870 the Cardinal again wrote on the Fenian movement:—

"The experience of the last few years shows that the leaders of this organisation, or many of them, have been men without principle or religion, and that to carry out these

over-reckless projects they have driven their unsuspecting followers into the most foolish undertakings, and exposed them to the greatest dangers. They have displayed neither wisdom nor courage; so far from rendering services to their country, and promoting its prosperity and its liberties, they have obstructed every useful improvement; they have turned the minds of their followers to foolish pursuits, and they have brought on the country and on its peaceful inhabitants the evil of coercive and exceptional legislation. Of course there was not a shadow of hope for the success of this party; but had it prevailed, or *had the masses of the people joined in its undertakings, we should have had nothing but confusion, anarchy, and despotism, and our poor country would have been overwhelmed with unheard-of calamities.*"

The last words are prophetic, and an absolutely accurate description of the present condition of Ireland, when the "masses of the people," with the countenance of at least one Archbishop—Dr Croke—have joined the new Fenian movement, which is commanded by Mr Parnell, and was at one time blessed by Archbishop Walsh.

The last allusion made by Cardinal Cullen to illegal societies, was contained in his letter to the clergy for the Festival of Christmas 1877, when he wrote:—

"Before concluding, I beg of you to caution the good and peaceful people of your district against secret societies, which some designing and mischievous men are said to be attempting to organise in the country and in the towns. Caution them especially against any connection with the Fenians, and what is called the Skirmishing Society and the Clanna-Gael Association, all of which organisations are said to have been lately set on foot in America, and which wicked men sometimes encourage in Ireland, for the vile purpose of making money by selling those whom they have seduced, thus bringing ruin on their victims."[1]

Cardinal Cullen died in October 1878. He was succeeded as Archbishop of Dublin by Dr M'Cabe, who had been for a year his coadjutor bishop. The new head of the Roman Catholic Church in the Irish metropolis showed at once that he recognised the dangers of the times and the tendency of Irish politics. The state of public affairs in Ireland was indeed critical. Mr Butt's power had already departed, and the forces of Mr Parnell's party of exasperation and obstruction were growing more and more formidable. Dr M'Cabe lost no time in showing that he intended to follow the example of Cardinal Cullen. One of his first addresses to the clergy of his diocese showed that the new Archbishop was fully alive to the indications of the coming agitation. Touching upon the dangers of disregarding the voice of conscience, he said:—

"Disobedience to the laws of conscience is not calculated to dispose a man to obedience to the laws of his country. Revolt against the authority of the Church may find its complement in rebellion against the State, and even war upon society itself. Nihilism and Communism may be the logical development of such dangerous teaching."

At the very outset of his archiepiscopate, Dr M'Cabe was supported by the Archbishop of Tuam, so long known as "John

[1] Ireland and the Holy See: A Retrospect, 1866 and 1883. Illegal and Seditious Movements in Ireland contrasted with the principles of the Catholic Church, as shown in the writings of Cardinal Cullen. Rome: Printed at the Propaganda Press, May 1883.

of Tuam," the ancient champion of the just and lawful rights of Ireland. Mr Davitt had inaugurated his "new departure in Fenianism" by a meeting at Irishtown on 20th April. But it was at Westport, on Sunday, 8th June 1879, that Mr Parnell first appeared on the new platform, and raised the rent question as a means to the end of Repeal of the Union. A vigorous effort was made by the Archbishop of Tuam to stop the meeting. He wrote a letter to the 'Freeman's Journal,'[1] in which he described the meeting as "convened in a mysterious and disorderly manner:"—

"Of the sympathy," he continued, "of the Catholic clergy for the rack-rented tenantry of Ireland, and their willingness to co-operate earnestly in redressing their grievances, abundant evidence exists in historic Mayo, as elsewhere. But night-patrolling, acts and words of menace with arms in hand, the profanation of what is most sacred in religion—all the results of lawless and occult association—eminently merit the solemn condemnation of the ministers of religion, as directly tending to impiety and disorder in church and in society. Against such combinations in this diocese, organised by a few designing men, who, instead of the wellbeing of the community, seek only to promote their personal interests, the faithful clergy will not fail to raise their warning voices, and to point out to the people that unhallowed combinations lead invariably to disaster, and to the firmer riveting of the chains by which we are unhappily bound as a subordinate people to a dominant race."

Nothing could be plainer than this announcement that Fenianism had revived, and was already upon the war-path. The "faithful clergy" no doubt obeyed their pastor's injunctions, but the Westport meeting was held in defiance of all ecclesiastical commands, and Mr Parnell made the historic speech in which he said: "You must show the landlords that you intend to hold a firm grip of your homesteads and lands. You must not allow yourselves to be dispossessed."

The attack upon Mr Parnell's movement was well followed up by a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Tuam by Dr Nulty, Bishop of Meath, who denounced the Obstructionist party in Parliament, then in its greatest vigour, in the following terms:—

"Gentlemen of the 'Policy of Activity,' your country, addressing you authoritatively through the great Archbishop of the west, challenges the wisdom of that policy, and it warns you of the tremendous account you shall have to render, if persistence in that policy shall lead to the disintegration of the Home Rule party. . . . . A policy of blind, indiscriminate, and undiscerning opposition to all legislation, is not only undignified but irrational, and no member of the Home Rule League would advocate it. No deliberative assembly in the world, with any regard for its own character or dignity, would for a moment tolerate it."[2]

Such were the Bishop of Meath's views in 1879, but they were largely modified, as will be seen, by subsequent events. Indeed two days after their publication Mr Butt was regularly impeached and deposed from the Irish leadership, and the "party of exasperation" came into power and office. Mr Butt's last words were significant: "If it comes to this, that men will not disclaim that our movement here is a cover to Separation, then I say every

[1] June 7, 1879.

[2] Dated Mullingar, 3d February 1879.

honest man must leave this movement."[1]

For the next three years Ireland was in a state of revolution. Social order was at an end, and murder stalked through the land. As the Land League increased in power, and Mr Davitt's policy of self-interest developed, the number of agrarian outrages rose by leaps and bounds, until they reached a total of 2580 for 1880 alone. Deeply moved at the state of the country, Dr M'Cabe issued a pastoral which was read in the churches of Dublin on October 10, 1880. In it he said:—

"Our unhappy country has within a few months drunk deeply of the blood of her own children. . . . Is it not to be deeply deplored that the shortcomings of those who have presided at many public meetings held should give even a shadow of an argument to those who are only too willing to connect the tenant question with outrage and bloodshed? Unfortunately, at many of these meetings, when the character of an erring landlord was being drawn by the public speaker, cries that never, even in levity, should be heard from Christian lips, have been uttered. And although we firmly believe the managers of these meetings abhorred the crime of murder as much as we do, yet no indignant protest came from those who were answerable for the proceedings against these wicked utterances. This was not the rule followed by the great man who liberated his country. Though a passionate lover of liberty, he declared again and again that liberty was not worth a drop of human blood, if shed in crime. He taught his followers that the man who committed a crime gave strength to the enemies of his country; and if in his most excited meetings a word of violence was uttered, the thunders of his eloquence speedily silenced the offender."

About the same time—September 29, 1880—the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cloyne, Dr M'Carthy, made the following remarks upon the agitation in the sanctuary of Mallow Church:—

"I cannot, as a Catholic and a priest, subscribe to the sweeping and unqualified condemnation of landlordism as an institution intrinsically bad and immoral in itself, nor join in those denunciations by which landlordism, pure and simple, is assailed by some of the unaccredited agents of the Land League at public meetings called by that body. . . . I cannot personally agree to the programme of the Land League, and, as a minister of religion, I must emphatically disapprove of the unsound theories and dangerous and inflammatory utterances of many of its prominent members."

But such praiseworthy efforts on the part of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to denounce crime and revolution were unavailing, and the voice of the Holy See, speaking through its representatives in Ireland, was absolutely disregarded.[2] Notwithstanding the

[1] Freeman's Journal, 6th February 1879.

[2] "The unhappy condition of Catholics in Ireland disquiets and afflicts us, and we highly esteem their virtue, sorely tried by adversity, not for a brief period only, but for many centuries. For with the greatest fortitude and constancy they preferred to endure every misfortune rather than forsake the religion of their fathers, or deviate, even in the slightest degree, from their ancient fidelity to this Apostolic See. Moreover, it is their singular glory, extending down to the present time, that most noble proofs of all the other virtues were never wanting amongst them. These reasons force us to love them with paternal benevolence, and fervently to wish that the evils by which they are afflicted may quickly be brought to an end.

"At the same time, we unhesitatingly declare that it is their duty to be carefully on their guard not to allow the fame of their sterling and hereditary probity

action of the Government, which passed in 1881 two Acts for the Preservation of Peace and the Protection of Property in Ireland concurrently with the Land Act, the state of the country grew worse. The number of agrarian outrages rose from 2585 in 1880 to 4439 in 1881, and even in 1882 they amounted to 3433.

A terrible state of affairs was reported throughout three provinces of Ireland, and it was not surprising that Cardinal Cullen was alarmed. Abandoning the first principles of their religion, the masses turned eagerly to those who promised them "the land for the people," and a general redistribution of place, power, and profit. Mr Davitt has boasted that the Land League movement "did not excite to a practice of the virtues of disinterested patriotism; it appealed to self-interest rather than to self-sacrifice. But who will say that in this instance the *end did not justify the teaching*, when none other would have aroused the tenant-farming class to an assertion of their unquestioned social rights, and a vindication of their despised and trampled manhood."[1]

Mr Davitt here accepts to the full the doctrine, "The end justifies the means." It is not surprising that Ireland under his guidance sank into a state of absolute demoralisation. Ideas of right and wrong were soon confounded. The laws of God and man were held in contempt, and the people were taught to set up their own will as the ultimate tribunal in all matters social and political.

Early in 1881 the Land League was proclaimed, and the leaders

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to be lessened, and not to commit any rash act whereby they may seem to have cast aside the obedience due to their lawful rulers; and for this reason, whenever Ireland was greatly excited in guarding and defending her own interests, the Roman Pontiffs constantly endeavoured by admonition and exhortation to allay the excited feelings, lest by a disregard of moderation justice might be violated, or the cause, however right in itself, might be forced by the influence of passions into the flame of sedition. These counsels were always directed to the end that the Catholics of Ireland should in all things follow the Church as a guide and teacher, and, thoroughly conforming themselves to her precepts, should reject the allurements of pernicious doctrines. Thus the Supreme Pontiff Gregory XVI., on March 12, 1839, and on October 15, 1844, through the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, admonished the Archbishop of Armagh to do nothing except with justice and moderation. And we, following the example of our predecessor, took care on the 1st of June last year, as you are aware, to give to all the bishops of Ireland the salutary admonitions which the occasion demanded —namely, that the Irish people should obey the bishops, and in no particular deviate from the sacredness of duty. And a little later, in the month of November, we testified to some Irish bishops who had come to visit the tombs of the Apostles that we ardently desire every good gift for the people of Ireland; but we also added that order should not be disturbed.

"This manner of thinking and acting is entirely conformable to the ordinances and laws of the Catholic Church, and we have no doubt that it will conduce to the interests of Ireland. For we have confidence in the justice of the men who are placed at the head of the State, and who certainly, for the most part, have great practical experience, combined with prudence in civil affairs. Ireland may obtain what she wants much more safely and readily if only she adopts a course which the laws allow, and avoids giving causes of offence."—Extract from letter addressed by Pope Leo XIII. to Dr M'Cabe, 3d January 1881. See The Tablet, 15th January 1881.

[1] Lecture in aid of the Stephen Fund—Freeman's Journal, 29th July 1885.

put upon their trial. Mr Parnell went to Paris in February, where he was on intimate terms with M. Henri Rochefort and others connected with the Commune. M. Victor Hugo entertained him at a banquet, and promised to indite a manifesto on behalf of Ireland. Commenting upon this episode in Mr Parnell's career, Dr M'Cabe said in a Lenten pastoral:—

"We should also pray with great fervour for our own dear country. . . . A calamity more terrible and humiliating than any that has yet befallen her seems to threaten our people today. Allies for our country in her struggle for justice are sought from the ranks of impious infidels, who have plunged their own unhappy land into misery, who are sworn to destroy the foundation of all religions. Will Catholic Ireland tolerate such an indignity? Will she give her confidence to men who have wickedly planned it? Will she break from all the holy traditions which during ages commanded for her the veneration of the Christian world? Let us pray that God in His mercy may forbid it."

When the Land League was proclaimed, and the executive dispersed, a Ladies' Land League was formed for a short time to carry on the work. Dr M'Cabe at once condemned it in a pastoral letter.

In 1882 the attack was renewed in another pastoral letter, dated November 9, which showed that the very children in his diocese were being nurtured in revolutionary ideas. He said:—

"We have also seen with great regret that an attempt has been made to decoy the boys of this diocese into political clubs, dignified with the name of 'reading-rooms for the study of Irish history.' The object aimed at is but too evident, and if that object could be attained, we would have around us very soon a generation of youths who, forgetful of the modesty which becomes their years, would in all probability speedily develop themselves into unfaithful children of the Church, and insubordinate members of their families. . . . Unless we are to be afflicted with a generation of precocious politicians and uncontrollable youths, our children must be kept from the influences which are sure to meet them in these projected clubs or reading-rooms."

The reading-rooms alluded to by the Archbishop were the results of a movement founded by the Young Ireland Society, a body composed of advanced Nationalists antagonistic to all clerical influence in politics, and presided over by Mr John O'Leary, formerly one of the Fenian Directory, and editor of the 'Irish People' in 1865.

For two years after the general election of 1880 the agitation was headed by Mr Parnell and Mr Davitt, and worked by both constitutional agitation and the revolutionary societies so constantly admitted to be in existence by the Catholic Church. The power, however, of the Catholic priesthood to stem the tide was soon seen to be *nil*, and although Dr M'Cabe was still determined to do his duty, it was evident that another party in the Church, headed by Dr Croke, were determined to capture if possible the Nationalist movement, and by pretending to head it, to regain that popularity which Dr M'Cabe's action had placed in jeopardy.

II.

Early in 1882 Dr M'Cabe was created a Cardinal. Then came the terrible tragedy in the Phœnix Park, closely followed by the pass-

ing of the Crimes Act. Soon afterwards the Roman Catholic hierarchy met in solemn conclave in Dublin, and there decided upon addressing a joint letter to the Irish people, dealing with the state of public affairs. The principles of the Roman Catholic Church are very clearly laid down in this document, and the conditions are distinctly enunciated upon which the Irish clergy undertook to countenance the cause of Irish nationality. The importance of this State paper is an excuse for the following extracts :—

". . . To you the devoted children of the Catholic Church, enlightened by faith and obedient to the divine precept of seeking first the kingdom of God and His justice,—to you, as to ourselves, it is and must be an undoubted truth that, in all questions, social and political as well as religious, the law of God is our supreme and infallible rule ; that what is morally wrong cannot be politically right ; and that an act which God forbids us to do cannot possibly benefit either ourselves or our country. . . .

"It is true that, on religious as well as on political grounds, it is the indisputable right of Irishmen to live on and by their own fertile soil, and be free to employ the resources of their country for their own country, for their own profit. It is, moreover, the admitted right, and often the duty, of those who suffer oppression, either from individuals or from the State, to seek redress by every lawful means ; and to help in obtaining such redress is a noble work of justice and charity. On those grounds it is that the object of our national movement has had the approval and blessing, not only of your Priests and Bishops, but of the sovereign Pontiff himself, and has been applauded in our own and in foreign countries by all men of just and generous minds, without distinction of race or creed. It must, however, be well known to you, as indeed it is to the world at large, that in the pursuit of your legitimate aims, means have been from time to time employed which are *utterly subversive of social order, and opposed to the dictates of justice and charity.* It is to these unlawful means we desire to direct your attention, and especially to the following :—

"1. Refusing to pay just debts when able to pay them.

"2. Preventing others from paying their just debts.

"3. Injuring the neighbour in his person, his right, or his property.

"4. Forcibly resisting the law and those charged with its administration, or inciting others to do so

"5. Forming secret associations for the promotion of the above or other like objects, or obeying the orders of such condemned associations.

"Under each of these offences we solemnly protest, in the name of God and of His Holy Church ; and we declare it to be your duty to regard as the worst enemy of our creed and country the man who would recommend or justify the commission of any of them. We solemnly appeal to all our flocks, especially to the youth of both sexes, not only to have no connection with secret societies, but to condemn and oppose them as being hostile alike to religion and to social freedom and progress.

"Let us now assure you that the National movement, purged from what is criminal, and guarded against what leads to crime, shall have our earnest support and that of our clergy.

"A considerable instalment of justice has, within the last few years, been given to the tenant farmers of Ireland. To them and to other classes of our countrymen, especially to the labouring classes of our countrymen, much more is due ; and it is your duty and ours to press our claims until they are conceded.

"In every peaceful and just movement of yours the clergy shall be with you, to guide, and, if necessary, to *restrain you ;* but you must not expect them to do what in conscience they condemn. They cannot be the sowers of hatred and dissension amongst their flocks ; they cannot under pretence tolerate, much less countenance, lawlessness and disorder."

In this letter the condition of the earnest support by the Roman Catholic clergy of the national movement was, that the five most common means of promoting it, advocated by the League—viz., refusal to pay rent, preventing others from paying rent, boycotting and agrarian crime, resisting bailiffs, and the development of secret societies — should all be abandoned. "Purged of what is criminal, and guarded against what leads to crime," the national movement was declared praiseworthy, and deserving of support. The 'Dublin Review,' the official quarterly publication of the Church of Rome in England, alluded to this letter as "a document of the utmost gravity." "The Irish bishops have now made a declaration which, if we mistake not, will be the starting-point of a new period in the history of justice to Ireland."

It was indeed a new departure which had been taken by the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and it was the result of the pressure brought to bear upon Cardinal M'Cabe by Archbishop Croke and his party, who represented that, unless some such step was taken, the influence of the Church in political matters would be irretrievably and irrevocably lost. Had it been carried out in the spirit in which Cardinal M'Cabe had intended, all would have been well, but from that moment the Church entered into open competition with the secret societies for public favour, and initiated a course which led it steadily down to the political gutter. The support promised on condition was given unconditionally, in spite of the constant commission of the very crimes which were so stringently denounced, and in spite subsequently of the Plan of Campaign, which reduced to a system the refusal to pay just debts by those able to pay them.

The Holy Father, in his reply to the letter enclosing him the "new departure," entered at great length into the difficulties of the crisis, and the duties entailed upon priest and people. "It is the duty," he said, "of the bishops, when they see men drawn, as it were, into the abandonment of honest means, to calm their excited minds, and to recall them, by seasonable exhortations, to that moderation and justice which should be observed in all things." After denouncing secret societies, the Pope addressed the Irish people and its parish priests in the following words:—

"We approve, as just and in harmony with present circumstances, what you have decided on this subject, especially as regards the younger priests; for it is just in these popular tempests that it is most necessary for the priests to contribute with intelligence and zeal to the preservation of order. And inasmuch as one's influence over other minds depends on one's own reputation, they must strive to obtain the approbation of men by the dignity, firmness, and moderation of their acts and words, and do nothing which is not calculated to tranquillise men's minds."

Throughout the remainder of the year 1882 Ireland was in a most disturbed condition. The secret societies were busily engaged in their criminal pursuits, and the going judges of assize had borne witness to the dangerous state of society. Already there were symptoms in Ireland and abroad that the persistent condemnation of the Irish agitation by the Holy See was becoming unpopular.

The Vatican meanwhile had been kept well informed of the state of Irish affairs, and at the end of January 1883 another Pon-

tifical circular was issued to the Church of Rome in Ireland. The terms of it are worth reprinting :—

"Assuredly we have reason to congratulate you, our beloved son, and the other Irish bishops, for the zeal, becoming your ministry, with which you devote yourselves to calming the disturbances of your country and to guiding your faithful people. . . . But although the faithful people of Ireland give striking proofs of their zeal for religion and of their devotion to the supreme rules of the Church, still the state of public affairs requires that they shall continue to keep before their minds the counsels which, in our affectionate regard for our wellbeing, we have already given them. For the adherents of evil societies, as we have been grieved to observe during the past months, do not cease to put their trust in deeds of crime to excite the passions of the people, and, by seeking remedies worse than the disease, to adopt a course calculated to lead their fellow-countrymen, not to safety, but to destruction. Hence the faithful people should be firmly persuaded, as we have already reminded them, that the standard of honesty and utility is one and the same; that the national cause should be kept distinct from the aims and purposes and deeds of unhallowed associations; that while it is just and lawful for those suffering oppression to seek their rights by lawful means, it is not allowable to make use of that protection which crime affords; and that Divine Providence allots to the virtuous the enjoyment of the fruits of patience and well-doing, but subjects the evil-disposed, after their fruitless labours, to heavy punishment from God and man. While we thus speak from our earnest desire for the relief, peace, and happiness of Ireland, we have no doubt that you, our beloved son, and your venerable colleagues in united counsels and brotherly love, will continue to keep your faithful people entirely apart from those who, led away blindly by their own passions, think they serve their country by steeping themselves in crime, by drawing others into the same depraved courses, and imprinting a foul stain on their country's cause. We rejoice, beloved son, that you have lately so effectively discharged this duty of priestly zeal, when, in view of the snares and dangers prepared for the Catholic youth of Ireland, you issued a pastoral letter, in which you publicly denounced these dangers, stirred up the faithful to vigilant care, and consulted at once for their salvation and for the interests of religion and your country. These grave duties of the pastoral office, and the public interests of the Irish people, imperatively demand that the clergy should give every assistance to their bishops, and should use their best efforts in calming the passions of their countrymen and checking public disturbances. For the proper exercise of this salutary influence of the sacred ministry — especially when there is question of popular meetings, in which public affairs are very warmly discussed and discussions arise — we deem it a wise plan if, adhering strictly to the decrees you have made regarding the junior clergy, you would give leave to attend such meetings only to those ecclesiastics in whose wisdom you have special confidence, whose mature age and experience have rendered them conspicuous for prudence, wisdom, and weight, and who are therefore best able to guide an excited assembly to what is right and honest, to meet the fallacies of the evil-disposed, to guard the cause of justice, and be the best defenders of the most judicious courses. In this way the clergy, constituted by you guardians of public security and defenders of the common-weal, will be of great utility to the country in its present disturbed state."[1]

The passages in this letter referring to the duties of the clergy were undoubtedly intended as a reproof. For some time past the Cardinal had been endeavouring to restrain the rebellious, not to say revolutionary, tendencies of many

[1] 'Times,' January 24, 1883.

of the younger clergy, and to that end had made rules and regulations preventing them from attending public meetings without the leave of their parish priest. But the definition of a public meeting being "a meeting to which the public have free access," these new rules were easily evaded. A lecture, a deputation, an ordinary meeting of a branch of the National League, or the meetings of a literary society,—all these were outside the limits of the canon law, and consequently the political liberty of the Nationalist curates was but little restrained. The result was that the clergy throughout the country continued to follow the example of Archbishop Croke, and were in fact the backbone of Mr Parnell's organisation throughout Ireland. For some time the Vatican looked on in silent displeasure, but at last an incident occurred which led to an open rupture. On 20th March 1883, Archbishop Croke published a letter proposing that a national testimonial should be set on foot for Mr Parnell, as an answer to the attacks made upon him by English statesmen, and particularly by Mr Forster. In order to make sure that a proper response should be made to the appeal, the Archbishop of Cashel declared that every man's patriotism would be measured by the amount of his subscription. On the 28th April Dr Croke was summoned to Rome, where he received a sharp reprimand for his conduct, and on May 11 the following circular was despatched from Rome to each of the Irish bishops:—

"Whatever may be the case as regards Mr Parnell himself and his objects, it is, at all events, proved that many of his followers have on many occasions adopted a line of conduct in open contradiction to the rules laid down by the Supreme Pontiff in his letter to the Cardinal-Archbishop of Dublin, and contained in the instructions sent to the Irish bishops by this Sacred Congregation, and unanimously accepted by them at their recent meeting at Dublin. It is true that, according to those instructions, it is lawful for the Irish to seek redress for their grievances and to strive for their rights, but always at the same time observing the divine maxim to seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and remembering also that it is wicked to further any cause, no matter how just, by illegal means.

"It is therefore the duty of all the clergy, and especially of the bishops, to curb the excited feelings of the multitude, and to take every opportunity with timely exhortations to recall them to the justice and moderation which are necessary in all things, that so they may not be led away by greed of gain to mistake evil for good or to place their hopes of public prosperity in the shame of criminal acts. Hence it follows that it is not permitted to any of the clergy to depart from these rules themselves, or to take part in, or in any way promote, movements inconsistent with prudence and with the duty of calming men's minds. It is certainly not forbidden to collect for the relief of distress in Ireland, but at the same time the aforesaid apostolic mandates absolutely condemn such collections as are raised in order to inflame popular passions and to be used as the means for leading men into rebellion against the laws. Above all things they (the clergy) must hold themselves aloof from such subscriptions when it is plain that hatred and dissensions are aroused by them; that distinguished persons are loaded with insults, that never in any way are censures pronounced against the crimes and murders with which wicked men stain themselves, and especially when it is asserted that the measure of true patriotism is in proportion to the amount of money given or refused so as to bring the people under the pressure of intimidation.

"In these circumstances it must be evident to your lordship that the collection called the 'Parnell Testi-

monial Fund' cannot be approved by this Sacred Congregation, and consequently it cannot be tolerated that any ecclesiastic, much less a bishop, should take any part whatever in recommending or promoting it. Meanwhile, we pray God long to preserve your lordship."

This circular fell like a bombshell into the Nationalist camp, and occasioned a bitter controversy. Many of the Irish bishops sent letters to Rome expressing their complete adhesion to the Pope's Encyclical; and the late Dr Delany, Bishop of Cork, issued a notice to his diocese declaring that the circular should be observed. On the other hand, Dr Croke, on his return from Rome, declared himself to be unchanged and unchangeable in his opinions. Mr Parnell's followers in Dublin took immediate steps to assert themselves and to champion the rights of the Irish bishops as against the decrees of the Pope. At a meeting of the National League on 16th May 1883, Mr Mayne, M.P., said:—

"They were on the spot, and they knew the course that was best. They would at the same time pay all becoming deference to the head of their Church. Everything that was due to him Irish Catholics had always willingly and cheerfully paid to the head of the Church, but the head of their political Church was at present Mr Parnell. *He was their political Pope;* and without lessening the respect, the homage, and the obedience which they owed to their religious Pope, they would follow their political programme under the guidance of whatever man they found most likely to lead them to the goal that they wanted to reach, and must reach."

Mr Mayne had already made himself conspicuous in his opposition to Cardinal M'Cabe, and was recommended for the seat of Tipperary by Dr Croke.

Mr Sexton was chosen to make a set speech upon the situation in the Rotunda on 21st May 1883. In the course of his remarks, he said he believed the bishops "would give up their will to the Sacred Propaganda; but will was only one faculty of the human mind, and while they gave up their will they would not give up their understanding." On behalf of the Irish Catholics, he declared that in all the national and secular affairs of Ireland, "the sole inspiration lies in the feelings of the Irish heart, that the only governing rule of conduct is the dictate of the Irish brain, and that the sole supreme and final tribunal is the judgment of the Irish people." Mr Davitt, in a letter to the 'Freeman,' said that the Pope's circular had been obtained by "our hereditary enemies, the Catholic aristocracy of England." Mr Healy, M.P., protested against "Italian intrusion in Irish politics;" and Mr T. D. Sullivan, M.P., wanted to know if it was true that "Cardinal Simeoni had turned emergency man." Such were some of the comments in Ireland. In America, Mr John Finerty of Chicago, the official host in 1886 of Mr Parnell's delegates to America, wrote proposing to boycott the Pope and cut off his supplies of Peter's Pence. At a meeting of the American Irish National League at Indianapolis, resolutions were passed denouncing papal interference in Irish affairs, and asserting that "the history of Ireland for the past 700 years shows no one instance out of the numerous interferences of the Vatican that has brought aught else but disaster and ruin on the heads of the people." The result of this meeting was that the Roman Catholic bishops of Indianapolis and Fort Wayne denounced

the resolutions assailing the Vatican, and censured the proceedings as tending to rebellion in Ireland. The action of these prelates could not have been guided by fear of England, or through the machinations of Mr Errington, as the Nationalists alleged the action of the Pope to have been, and consequently it must have been prompted by the interests of religion. The controversy was continued in the 'Dublin Review' for July 1883, the Catholic Quarterly published under the censorship of the Romish hierarchy in England. Here the action of the Pope was warmly defended. Politics, it concluded, are a branch of ethics, and depend upon the principles of morality. The agitation in Ireland infringes the law of morals, and hence the circular denouncing it. The spirit of the circular was declared to be that the leaders of the Irish national movement were to be shaken off, and the agitation conducted on purer lines with new men at the head of it. The following passage is remarkable:—

"It is the peculiar character of the present agitation that it is led by men who have no true grasp of moral principle, and eagerly promoted by others who are avowed advocates of revolution, irreligion, and assassination. . . . They are ready to jeer at the Pope himself whenever they get an opening; and they stand on the watch, only waiting till they think their hearers are ripe for their purpose, to vilify the religious feelings which hitherto have been the glory of the Irish race."

And again:—

"When we know that these men are openly the friends of avowed infidels and socialists, and when we suspect that they have no strong antipathy to the gravest political and social errors which have lately been explicitly condemned by the Catholic Church, it is very clear that Catholics can only tolerate and not love them. Many of them are intimately connected with Fenianism—with Fenian newspapers and Fenian leaders. If there is one thing certain, it is that the Fenian leaders have always aimed at the destruction of the Catholic Church. Cannot Archbishop Croke lay his hand on a better set of men than the Parnells, the Sextons, the Healys, the Harringtons, and the O'Briens, who, if they are fighting for the national cause, are fighting, not like Christian knights, but like professional bravoes? What is more certain than that if these men obtained power in an independent Ireland, the first thing they would do would be to turn upon the Irish clergy?"

III.

Far from hindering the success of the Parnell Testimonial, the papal circular gave it an impetus which spoke volumes for the influence of the secret societies and their anti-clerical leaders. On May 11, the date of the rescript, the Parnell Fund had reached £10,000. Eight weeks after it amounted to £16,500.

The organisation of crime and outrage proceeded with rapid strides during the autumn of 1884, under the benediction and support of the spiritual guides of the people. The priest preached the duty of boycotting in language calculated to encourage crime itself. Mr Cantwell, Archbishop Croke's chaplain, at a meeting at Carrick-on-Suir, spoke violently on the necessity of giving Mr Gladstone a practical proof of their existence, and recommended what was in fact a no-rent movement. This was the way in which the clergy throughout Ireland followed the injunctions of the Pope "to calm

the excited minds of the people," and "to recall them to moderation and justice."

The storm which had followed upon the issue of the papal circular in 1883 had determined the Pope to summon the Irish bishops to Rome, to consult upon the whole question. He had for some time been in communication with Mr Errington, M.P., who held an unofficial but confidential mission to the Vatican from Mr Gladstone's Government, but he now determined to have a full review of the political situation in Ireland. After several postponements, the bishops were summoned to Rome in the autumn of 1884. At the beginning of October in that year, just before they were expected to start, the Roman Catholic hierarchy held a meeting to discuss the position of the education question, and, under the influence of Dr Croke, passed a resolution intrusting the question of Catholic education to the Irish parliamentary party,—in other words, to Mr Parnell, the intimate friend of Victor Hugo and Rochefort, whose position and policy had only a year before been distinctly condemned by Leo XIII. In Rome this was looked upon as a distinct act of defiance, and was considered as equivalent to saying to the Pope beforehand, "You have summoned us to Rome, but we have settled our programme, and there is no need for further discussing it." The departure of the bishops for Rome, however, was again postponed, and did not take place until April 1885. Meanwhile Cardinal M'Cabe died early in that year. His death was an irreparable loss to the loyal Catholics of Ireland, whose views he had consistently placed before the Vatican for so many years. Almost immediately a change was evident, not only in the utterances of the Irish clergy at home, but in the opinions of newspapers in Rome, known to be the exponents of the views of the Pope. The supporters of the Nationalist cause at Rome, headed by Monsignor Kirby, a *persona grata* to the Pontiff, had set themselves in earnest to reverse the policy and principles of Dr M'Cabe, and with every prospect of success. Mr Davitt appeared in Rome, and doubtless was able to throw dust in the eyes of the Italian cardinals, and nothing was left undone to smooth the way for the arrival of the Irish bishops. The time was indeed propitious, for the Pope was apparently ready to be convinced. During the winter he had displayed considerable temper because Mr Errington's mission had not been raised to the rank of an official one; and in conferring a red hat on Archbishop M'Cabe, Leo XIII. considered he had made such concessions to England as merited the sending of a Minister Plenipotentiary to Rome. "England," said the 'Moniteur,' an unofficial organ of the Vatican, "has already experienced the efficacy of the co-operation of the Church and the Papacy in the Irish question, and the more she relies upon these precious influences, the more she will contribute to the establishing of social peace and internal security at home." In other words, if England would rely more upon the Vatican, social peace and internal security would be sooner established. Mr Gladstone, however, refused to make any advance in that direction, and the Pope accordingly began to change front.

In due course after Cardinal M'Cabe's death, the members of the Roman Catholic chapter and the parish priests of the archdiocese of Dublin met on March 10,

1885, in St Kevin's Chapel, Marlborough Street, for the purpose of selecting three persons to be submitted to the Pope for his choice of a successor to the late Cardinal M'Cabe as archbishop. The three persons were the very Rev. Dr Walsh, President of Maynooth College; the Rev. Dr Donnelly, assistant bishop to the late Cardinal; and the Rev. Dr Tynan, secretary to the late Cardinal. The voting was—Rev. Dr Walsh, 46 votes; Rev. Dr Donnelly, 12; Rev. Dr Tynan, 3; Bishop Woodlock, 2. The attitude of the Nationalist press in Ireland left no doubt at all as to what views Dr Walsh held upon national politics, and events have proved that he was "stalwart" for Mr Parnell and his Irish-American allies. The confirmation of his election by the Pope was looked upon by the Nationalist party as a bill of indemnity for all the peccadilloes of the past, and a guarantee that the new departure in clerical politics was a radical one, and was not to be hampered by any such conditions as Cardinal M'Cabe had laid down in 1882. The attitude of the hierarchy has since entirely confirmed this view.

The bishops' visit to Rome was connected first with matters of ecclesiastical discipline, and secondly with the political situation. On the first of May 1885, the Committee of Cardinals—viz., Simeoni, Franzelin, and Angelo Jacobini—held their first meeting with the Irish bishops at the Propaganda. The questions first on the list included an important series of internal reforms connected with Maynooth College, a step of importance scarcely less than the choice of the archbishop of Dublin. But the bishops were not pleased at the idea of reform as connected with Maynooth, and the leaders manifested at the first sitting an opposition so determined that even Cardinal Franzelin looked on in blank surprise. Calmer counsels, however, prevailed, and the matter was arranged, largely owing to the arrival in Rome of the newspapers containing the pastoral which Dr Nulty, Bishop of Meath, had addressed to his diocese on the eve of his departure, and which created an extraordinary sensation at the Vatican, antagonistic to the Nationalist party. After sketching the Irish character in somewhat uncomplimentary terms, the bishop asserted that, except under the influence of a violent burst of indignant feeling, an Irishman could never renounce his faith. At the same time, he confessed that for some time past he could not help feeling uncomfortable misgivings for the future of the ancient National Church. The present state of public feeling was excited, and suspicious and grave and dangerous complications and misunderstandings might at any time crop up between the Irish nation and the Holy See, and no one could calculate or fix a limit to the deplorable consequences that might result. Then came the following remarkable passage:—

"In the excitement inseparable from such controversies, it would be easy to persuade a jealous and credulous race like ours that the Pope had acted on erroneous, prejudiced, or one-sided information. Considering how desperately bent the Irish nation seems to be to secure all the social and political ameliorations of its condition that are within its grasp, a fatal misconception of this kind would be quite enough to drive it into an attitude of dogged and sullen disobedience. The consequences that might then follow, God only knows. It is very melancholy, and indeed a very awful fact, that great Catholic nations like France, England, and Scotland, have practically apostatised from the

faith. The fact is surrounded with very salutary as well as with very unpleasant warnings. I do not believe that the Irish nation will ever follow their fatal example, but I do believe it would be nothing short of criminal rashness to expose it to the danger or temptation of doing so. I can find no evidence of a divine providence made to any nation any more than to our own, guaranteeing to it the indefectibility of its faith in all circumstances. Neither can I see any solid grounds for believing in a special exceptional providence which would save Irish multitudes, any more than Irish individuals, from renouncing their allegiance to the Church in a paroxysm of passion, either in retaliation for some imaginary interference with their political freedom, or to avenge an insult or an affront which they had rashly assumed had been offered to them by the Holy See."

The distinct threat which Dr Nulty conveyed that the Irish people would follow Mr Finerty's advice, and boycott the Pope, preparatory to a wholesale apostasy, was looked upon as an extraordinary piece of audacity, as well as an egregious act of folly, particularly as Leo XIII. did not bear the character of a pontiff at all likely to tolerate such a statement. The Pope interviewed the Bishop of Meath on the subject, but it is not revealed what apology was made.

What the absolute orders of the Pope to the Irish bishops were has never been formally divulged. After having interviewed each one separately during their stay in Rome, the Pope received the Irish hierarchy collectively in his private library on 25th May 1885. An address was presented by the bishops, and a reply made by the Pope, but the contents of both have never been known. The audience lasted for two hours, the Pope speaking during the greater part of the time. He commenced his discourse by telling them the meeting was strictly private, and that nothing that passed was to be made public. The secret has certainly been well kept, but that is not surprising. Judging from the action of the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy since the interview, it can only be supposed that the Pope gave the bishops a "free hand," which they interpreted, with a few honourable exceptions, by truckling to a lawless tyranny reprobated by the principles of their own Church. The view taken by the Nationalist party of the result of the bishops' visit to Rome was fully expressed by Archbishop Walsh on his return from his consecration.

In response to an address presented to him on his return from Rome, on September 4, at Kingstown, he (Dr Walsh) spoke as follows:—

"You express your confident belief that during my recent visit to Rome I took care to lay in their true light before our Holy Father the wants and wishes, the aims and desires, of his Irish children. Gratifying as it would be to learn from me that I had done so, it will be far more gratifying for you to learn from me that in my very first audience with his Holiness I found the fullest evidence that nothing of the kind remained for me to do. In Leo XIII. we have a Pontiff and a father whose sympathy with us is no mere sentimental affection—it is a sympathy that is based upon the utmost knowledge of all the circumstances of our case. For this you owe, indeed, no thanks to me. You owe it to the devoted prelates who, in obedience to the summons of the Holy See, went out from Ireland some months ago, and whose expressions of the wants and wishes, the aims and desires, of the Irish people, urged, as they were, with a practical unanimity of which, I venture to say, no episcopacy in all the world-wide Church could furnish another example, has put an end, I believe for ever, to

any danger that may formerly have existed of the cause of Ireland being misrepresented at Rome."

The Errington mission had been from its very inception an object of suspicion and animosity to the Parnellite party, and the last sentence implied that the Irish bishops had effectually driven out of the Pope's head his favourite idea of an English Minister at the Vatican.

One of the first acts of Archbishop Walsh was to rescind the rule enforced in his archdiocese during the administration of the two cardinal archbishops who preceded him, forbidding the clergy to take any part in political demonstrations. He furthermore drew up rules for priests attending the forthcoming conventions for selection of parliamentary candidates — rules which practically made them the guides, philosophers, and friends of the wire-pullers of those conventions. Upon them alone was conferred an *ex officio* franchise in the selection of candidates, embodying a principle endowing them with civil privileges founded upon spiritual rights. The best illustration, however, of the way in which the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, since Cardinal M'Cabe's death, has altered its whole policy and contradicted its principles, is given by the action of Archbishops Walsh and Croke during the general election of 1885, and subsequently. Two Catholic laymen, the Right Hon. W. Cogan and Mr Ryan of Inch—the latter a loyalist candidate for Tipperary—in the course of the elections ventured to criticise in severe terms the supporters of the National League. Mr Cogan wrote a letter to the 'Freeman's Journal,' in which, after alluding to the policy and principles of Dr Murray and Cardinals Cullen and M'Cabe, he said: "It is the duty of every man to come forward and take his side; it is the part of a coward to shirk it. One must be in favour of law and order and loyalty, and the continuance of the legislative union of this country under the sovereignty of the Queen, or in favour of an illegal conspiracy against law and individual liberty." Dr Walsh at once replied, in the same paper ('Freeman's Journal,' 28th November 1885), with an indignant complaint that he had been publicly criticised by Mr Cogan, in a manner *inconsistent with the respect which a Catholic owes to the archiepiscopal office.* The principle was distinctly, therefore, laid down, that for a Catholic layman to criticise the National League was to publicly insult not only its supporter Dr Walsh, but also the archiepiscopal office itself. Following suit a few days after, the Archbishop of Cashel committed himself still more boldly to the doctrine that civil rights were not made for Catholic laymen. Mr Ryan, who resides in Dr Croke's diocese, in his election campaign, denounced publicly the "rogues" and "mendicants" of the National League. Dr Croke immediately attacked Mr Ryan, in a letter to the 'Freeman's Journal' (December 12, 1885), and laid down the amazing principle that the criticism, on moral grounds, of a body of politicians "who are held in high repute by the overwhelming majority of the bishops and priests of Ireland," is inconsistent with the respect a Catholic layman owes to the "clergy generally, and the dignitaries of the Church." According to this dictum, the Irish priests, when they descend into the political arena, are themselves entitled to exemption from the criticism

of their opponents; and the whole party which they patronise are to be hedged around with the reverence due to the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. This is a foretaste of the privileges which the clerical leaders intend to arrogate to themselves when Ireland is "a nation" under a Home Rule Government.

During the year 1886 the same political attitude was more or less maintained by the Church of Rome in Ireland. The Plan of Campaign was promulgated in 'United Ireland' on October 23, 1886. The same paper admitted (November 27, 1886) that the idea originated in 1848 with Dr Croke, in conjunction with such notorious revolutionists as John Mitchell and James Fintan Lalor. It had been obviously revived for the purpose of redeeming the pledge given by Mr Redmond to the Chicago Convention, of making the government of Ireland impossible during the winter. But Dr Croke has gone still further on the path of revolution. He has publicly blessed the Fenian movement, which for years had been the object of denunciation by Cardinals Cullen and M'Cabe. He has subscribed money to the fund being raised for Mr James Stephens, who escaped from Richmond Bridewell. He has also subscribed to what is called the Manchester Martyrs' Fund.[1] He has recommended and patronised the use of these very Young Ireland societies against which we have seen Cardinal Cullen warned the young men of his diocese, and in every possible way the Archbishop of Cashel has done all in his own power to thwart the action of the Government.

We now come to the action taken by Archbishop Walsh upon the Plan of Campaign. A few weeks after it was launched, his Grace was interviewed by a special commissioner of the 'Pall Mall Gazette.' In reply to a query whether he was not scandalised by the scheme, the Archbishop said:—

"Well, I confess that at first I was a little startled at it. I was not only startled but grieved. But when I looked into the matter carefully, my anxiety was relieved. Of course the great difficulty (indeed I may say the only one) was that 'The Plan of Campaign' leaves it practically to the judgment of the tenant—that is to say, to the judgment of one of the parties to the contract of tenancy—to fix the terms on which that contract is to continue in force. That, no doubt, in the abstract seems at first sight a formidable difficulty; but we

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[1] Here is Archbishop Croke's letter subscribing to the Manchester Martyrs' Fund:—

"The Palace, Thurles, *April* 22, 1886.

"Dear Sir,—I enclose a cheque for £5, my subscription towards the Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien Memorial, which I gather from your circular is to be erected in the vicinity of St John's Cathedral, Limerick. The three Irishmen above named, and now universally known as the 'Manchester Martyrs,' are, I believe, fully entitled to that designation, having been wrongfully arrested, unfairly tried, and barbarously executed for participation in an outrage of which they were not guilty, and murder which they not only did not commit, but could not possibly have contemplated. They went 'like heroes to their doom,' and Ireland does well to perpetuate the memory of their chivalrous bearings on the scaffold, and their unflinching fidelity to faith and country.—I am, dear sir, your faithful servant, ✠ T. W. Croke, *Archbishop of Cashel.*

"Mr C. Johnson, Hon. Secretary."

—'Irish Times,' 26th April 1886.

must look at the other side of the question. If the tenant is to be viewed merely as one of the two parties to the rent contract, in what other light are we to view the landlord? He, too, is only one of the contracting parties, and he has had the fixing of the terms of the contract long enough. It is quite clear that the tenants are not to be blamed if they claim to have their turn now."[1]

This dictum of Archbishop Walsh was at once fastened upon by the Nationalist press, and held up to the Irish peasantry as a sufficient guarantee against qualms of conscience; and so the movement went on under the shield of the highest clerical authority.[2] Other authorities did not take the same view as Dr Walsh. On December 6, 1886, only a few days after Archbishop Walsh had blessed the Plan of Campaign, the 'Daily News' denounced it as follows:—

"We by no means approve of Mr Dillon's policy. His 'Plan of Campaign' seems to be *vitiated with* dishonesty. To withhold just rents because exorbitant demands are made, is to take trouble to be in the wrong. The scheme which our special correspondent described is one which attempts to cure a grievance of the tenants by inflicting a grievance on the landlords. It is doing injustice as a protest against injustice."

The "Plan" was judicially decreed to be illegal in the Queen's Bench Division on 14th December 1886, when Mr Justice O'Brien gave judgment[3] against it; and on 14th January 1887 the Court of Bankruptcy declared it to be a fraud upon creditors. The report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the working of the Land Act attributed to its operation the existence of large tracts of land lying absolutely waste.

These wide divergences of opinion between courts of civil justice and the highest Roman Catholic ecclesiastical authorities in Ireland show pretty plainly the marvellous difference between the political and moral teachings of Cardinals Cullen and M'Cabe and those of Archbishop Walsh. What, for instance, would either of those prelates have said to the following opinion expressed by Archbishop Walsh in a letter published in the 'Freeman's Journal'? Referring to the Crimes Act he said:—

"I can only say of it, that whatever may be its technically binding force, . . . it commands no more respect from me than if it had been forced through Parliament by means of a resolution passed by the majority of the House of Commons, withdrawing the constitutional right of voting from every member of that House who did not happen to sit upon the Ministerial bench."

Is it any wonder that the Irish peasantry are lawless, and that social order has barely survived, when the head of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland writes thus to a public journal.[4] "Remember Mitchelstown" is entirely

[1] 'Pall Mall Gazette,' December 1, 1886.

[2] For instance, the 'Freeman's Journal,' December 3, 1886, said: "The Plan of Campaign advances rapidly. A few days ago it was a little driblet; to-day it is a great stream; a week hence it promises to be an irresistible torrent. Yesterday we had the declaration of the highest ecclesiastical authority in the country, the Archbishop of Dublin, that no objection could be taken on moral grounds to the organised strike against impossible rents of tenants on estates where landlords would not give reasonable reductions."

[3] 'Freeman's Journal,' December 15, 1886.

[4] 'Freeman's Journal,' November 25, 1887.

thrown in the shade by Dr Walsh's idea of the subjection he owes to the law.

A more startling illustration, however, followed close upon the heels of the Archbishop of Dublin's opinion of the Plan of Campaign. Proceedings were taken early in 1887 by Government to test the legality of the new land agitation, and several members of the National League were put upon their trial for conspiracy in connection with the Plan of Campaign, whereupon a Defence Fund was started by the late Mr E. D. Gray, M.P., in the 'Freeman's Journal,' and the following amazing letter from Archbishop Croke appeared in the columns of that journal upon the subject:—

"To the Editor of the 'Freeman.'

"THE PALACE, THURLES, *Feb.* 17.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose £10 towards the Defence Fund. But when is this style of business going to cease? I opposed the 'No Rent Manifesto' six years ago, because, apart from other reasons, I thought it was inopportune, and not likely to be generally acted on. Had a manifesto against paying taxes been issued at the time, I should certainly have supported it, *on principle*. I am in precisely the same frame of mind just now.

"Our line of action, as a people, appears to me to be in this respect both suicidal and inconsistent. We pay taxes to a Government that uses them, not for the public good and in accordance with the declared wishes of the taxpayers, but in direct and deliberate opposition to them. We thus supply a stick to beat ourselves. We put a whip into the hands of men who use it to lash and lacerate us. This is suicidal.

"In presence of the actual state of things in Ireland just now, it is inconsistent besides. We run the 'Plan of Campaign' against bad landlords, and stop what they call their rent; and we make no move whatever against the Government that pays 'horse, foot, and dragoons' for protecting them and enforcing their outrageous exactions. Our money goes to fee and feed a gang of needy and voracious lawyers; to purchase bludgeons for policemen to be used in smashing the skulls of our people; and generally, for the support of foreign garrison, or native slaves, who hate and despise everything Irish, and every genuine Irishman.

"The policeman is pampered and paid; the patriot is persecuted. Our enforced taxes go to sustain the one—we must further freely tax ourselves to defend the other. How long, I ask, is this to be tolerated?—I remain, my dear sir, your very faithful servant, ✠ T. W. CROKE,

"*Archbishop of Cashel.*"

Mr Davitt saw his opportunity, and lost no time in intrenching himself behind the "brief but priceless letter," as he called it, of Archbishop Croke. On Sunday, 20th February 1887, at Grangegeith,[1] he delivered a long tissue of audacious treason, in which he argued as follows: The laws which impose taxes have as much moral authority as any in the statute-book or in common law. If you are free to repudiate the former, if you are morally bound to resist and defy the former, you are free, and you are morally bound to repudiate, resist, and defy all the rest. Such a line of argument Mr Davitt placed under the shield of Archbishop Croke's authority. Is it any wonder that Pope Leo XIII. began to think it high time to send a special commissioner to Ireland? It is no secret that about this period several of the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy sent letters to the Sovereign Pontiff disassociating themselves from the action of their ecclesiastical superiors in the

[1] 'Freeman's Journal,' 21st February 1887.

Plan of Campaign; and several indications from America no doubt had also their weight in the councils of the Pope.

For instance, when the case of Dr M'Glynn of New York was under consideration by Leo XIII., Mr Davitt took a very strong line, and spoke bitterly on a public platform in New York on January 23, 1887, against the Vatican.[1] Dr M'Glynn had been censured by the Pope in 1882 for making violent speeches in favour of "The Irish Revolution" as he called it, and he was summoned to Rome on December 4, 1886, to explain his contumacy against Archbishop Corrigan in the action he had taken in advocating Henry George's theories. Dr M'Glynn refused to go to Rome, and was accordingly excommunicated.

There can be little doubt that up to 1887 Pope Leo XIII. had been anxious to steer an even keel between the Irish hierarchy and the British Government. The effort on the part of Mr Gladstone's Government to obtain an

[1] "Because Father M'Glynn has done what the patriotic bishops and priests of Ireland have done in defiance of the same Cardinal Simeoni's—(prolonged hissing and groaning)—puny injunction, he merits the censure and is awarded the punishment which the Prefect of the Propaganda would have meted out to the Father M'Glynns of Ireland had he not been taught by the Catholics of Ireland that we brook no ignorant pro-English Roman interfering in our national or secular affairs. (Tremendous cheering, again and again renewed.) In O'Connell's immortal words of warning: 'As much religion as you please from Rome, but no politics' in Ireland. (Loud and continued cheering.) We have always kept, and always will keep, the intrigues of English agents at Rome from either influencing our political creeds or acts, or of causing us to father upon the Catholic Church the political fads or fallacies of puny ecclesiastical dignitaries at Rome. (Applause.) No one for a moment believes that Dr M'Glynn is in any way against the Church of which he has been so zealous a minister during twenty years.

"The idea entertained upon this question by those who cannot look upon this question from a Catholic point of view, that Father M'Glynn will leave the Church and take to the public stump, is too silly to be noticed for a moment by a reply. He is still and always will remain as true and as devoted to the faith and the Church as when he first donned his sacerdotal vestments. But he claims, and I maintain he justly claims, the right of thinking for himself in political and social matters, and of advocating remedies which in his heart and in his soul he believes to be absolutely essential to the lessening of human suffering in society. He has been called upon by Cardinal Simeoni to retract all he has spoken and written in public since 1885. Cardinal Simeoni—(hisses)—it was who gave the order that called upon the bishops and priests of Ireland not to subscribe to the Parnell testimonial. (Groaning and hissing.) The reply they made was to make that testimonial nearly £40,000, instead of the £12,000 it would only have been had not Cardinal Simeoni stumbled across the Irish national question. [A Voice—"He is stumbling now, too."] (Laughter.) [Another Voice—"But the hog will get left again sure."] (Renewed laughter.) Father M'Glynn's chief offence is in having supported the Irish Revolution. What are the doctrines of the Irish Revolution which have scared to such an extent the worthy Prefect of the Propaganda? I will quote what they are from the columns of a paper which bore a very suggestive title, the 'Irish Felon.' [A Voice—"Three cheers for John Mitchell!" Immense cheering.] In the 'Felon' of June 24, 1848, Fintan Lalor laid down not only the doctrine of 'The Land for the People,' but indicated the means by which a movement on these lines would ultimately achieve Irish national independence. It is for supporting these doctrines, which are the doctrines of the Land League for the last seven years, that Father M'Glynn has been censured, and is threatened with punishment."—'New York Herald,' Jan. 24, 1887.

unofficial representative at the Vatican had failed, because the Pope declined to receive or to act upon information with regard to Ireland except such as was guaranteed to be officially accurate. This was why the Errington mission failed. The Pope's attitude was this: his own information came from certain Papal official sources—viz., certain members of the Irish hierarchy—and he was bound to act upon it unless contradicted by official information afforded to him by the British Government. Informal information would have been stigmatised as having been obtained by intrigue, and he held that he must have either an accredited representative at the Vatican from the British Government or none at all.

Such was the state of affairs at the Vatican when the action of the two archbishops—Dr Walsh and Dr Croke—forced itself upon the notice of Pope Leo XIII. Something must be done to obtain reliable and independent information from Ireland. The British Government was not available, and accordingly the result was the Persico mission. It is unnecessary to enter into details regarding the advent and the labours of Monsignor Persico. Suffice it to say that he arrived in Ireland early in July 1887, and visited every diocese in the island. Elaborate reports were prepared and presented to him by persons of all shades of political opinions. He interviewed Roman Catholics and Protestants alike, and saw with his own eyes — what no Italian since the days of Rinuccini had ever seen with such fulness and accuracy — the whole social, religious, and political fabric of Irish society. The result was that after nearly a year, and acting upon documentary evidence, Rome has spoken and given judgment. In consequence of the reports furnished by the Pope's special Envoy, the Congregation of the Holy Office was charged to examine and decide whether, in view of the methods employed by the National League, and particularly the system of boycotting and the Plan of Campaign, Roman Catholics who carried on these practices are guilty of sin, and acting contrary to faith and morals, and *eo ipso* rendered incapable of receiving absolution. The Congregation, of which the Pope is president, replied in the affirmative, and drew up the following decree to that effect, which bears the date of April 20, 1888, and the signature of Cardinal Monaco la Valleta, the Secretary to the Holy Inquisition :—

"On several occasions the Apostolic See has given to the people of Ireland (whom it has always regarded with special benevolence) suitable admonitions and advice, when circumstances required, as to how they might defend their rights without injury to justice or to the public peace. Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., fearing lest in that species of warfare that has been introduced amongst the Irish people into the contests between landlords and tenants, and which is commonly called the Plan of Campaign, and in that kind of social interdict called boycotting, arising from the same contests, the true sense of justice and charity might be perverted, ordered the Supreme Congregation of the Inquisition to submit the matter to serious and careful examination. Hence the following question was proposed to their Eminences the Cardinals of the Congregation—'Is it permissible in the disputes between landowners and tenants in Ireland to use the means known as the Plan of Campaign and boycotting?'

"After long and mature deliberation, their Eminences unanimously answered in the negative, and the decision was confirmed by the Holy

Father on Wednesday, the 18th of the present month.

"The justice of this decision will be readily seen by any one who applies his mind to consider that a rent agreed on by mutual consent cannot, without violation of a contract, be diminished at the mere will of the tenant, especially when there are tribunals appointed for settling such controversies, and reducing unjust rents within the bounds of equity, after taking into account the causes which diminish the value of the land; neither can it be considered permissible that rents be extorted from tenants and deposited in the hands of unknown persons to the detriment of the landowners.

"Finally, it is contrary to justice and charity to persecute by a social interdict those who are satisfied to pay the rents they agreed to, or those who, in the exercise of their right, take vacant farms.

"It will therefore be your lordship's duty prudently but effectually to advise and exhort the clergy and laity not to transgress the bounds of Christian charity and justice whilst they are striving for a remedy for their distressed condition."

The 'Tablet,' the organ of English Roman Catholicism, declared that "the condemnation is universal, absolute, and without appeal."[1] Not so the Irish Roman Catholic members of Parliament.

There can be no doubt that the promulgation of the Papal Rescript has greatly relieved the minds of a large section of the Irish Roman Catholic public, none the less influential because undemonstrative. The Nationalist party were, however, taken by surprise, as the tone of 'United Ireland,' before and after the decree was published, proves.[2] Whether the action of the Vatican is destined to begin and end with this remarkable manifesto, remains to be seen. If it is a mere *pronunciamento*, delivered in vindication of the conscience of Rome, we shall know soon, by the unaltered attitude of the Irish hierarchy and the continued action of the priesthood in favour of boycotting and the Plan of Campaign. If the Church of Rome in Ireland sets its face against boycotting, the mainspring of the National League will be considerably weakened; and once the Plan of Campaign is abandoned, the Land Courts will have a chance, and a new Purchase Bill might well be introduced by the Government.

Great efforts have naturally been made by the Parnellite faction to minimise the effect of the Pope's manifesto. The Irish Roman Catholic members of Parliament

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[1] 'Tablet,' 19th May 1888.

[2] Before the Rescript.

Nothing can show more completely the abject terror that the Plan of Campaign has excited than the ludicrous and insulting rumour that his Holiness the Pope is about to interfere on the side of the evictors to denounce it. The thing is, of course, utterly and absurdly incredible. His Holiness would as soon dream of lending his College of Cardinals to Captain Hamilton to ply the crowbar or work the battering-ram at evictions. But the rumour is interesting all the same. It shows the abject straits to which they were driven who invented it.—'United Ireland,' 28th April 1888.

After the Rescript.

It is, indeed, a humiliating spectacle for the Irish Catholic people to see the Vatican and the Castle in alliance, to behold the papal benediction bestowed on land-grabbing and eviction. . . . Truly, it is a bitter thing for honest Irish Catholics, the truest and most steadfast in the world, in this the crisis of their brave battle and their hour of sore need, to find the Holy Father ranged on the side of their enemy and his.—'United Ireland,' 5th May 1888.

held a private meeting at the Mansion-House, Dublin, on May 17, 1888, to consider the effect on the political situation of the recent rescript from the Inquisition. The procedure differed widely from that which was adopted in the question of the Parnell Testimonial. The Lord Mayor made a statement. A committee was appointed, consisting of Mr Sexton, M.P. (Lord Mayor); Messrs Dillon, M.P.; J. D. Sullivan, M.P.; J. M. Healy, M.P.; W. O'Brien, M.P.; J. Harrington, M.P., to draw up resolutions, framed on the basis of an assertion that the Roman Decree had been used for political purposes against the Nationalist movement. These resolutions were assented to by 51 members out of a party of 86. They left altogether untouched the questions decided by the Rescript.[1] No opinion whatever was passed upon the sole topics of the circular—viz., whether boycotting and the Plan of Campaign are practices contrary to faith and morals. Instead, the resolutions raised multifarious subjects for discussion, which have been debated over and over again during the past twenty years, and which had no practical bearing upon the political situation whatever. Allegations were made that the members of the Sacred College were deceived, and that an extraordinary ignorance of the facts of Irish history, past and present, had pervaded the Vatican for many years.

On Sunday, 20th May, the same wire-pullers convened a mass meeting in the Phœnix Park, for the purpose of obtaining a popular sanction to the action of the fifty-one members of Parliament. Not a single Catholic priest was present. Alderman Dillon joined issue with Pope Leo XIII. "He found that the two articles which had been dealt with by this rescript were the Plan of Campaign and the boycotting of takers of evicted farms. These were both matters the morality of which none of them should hesitate to defend."[2] And Alderman Dillon concluded by declaring that they should maintain their view "in utter disregard of such trifling things as this Rescript." Mr John Dillon, M.P., said if the Rescript were to be accepted in silence, there would be no course open to nine-tenths of the bishops and clergy but to retire from their sacred office, admit to the civilised world that they had led their people astray and could never again claim their confidence, quit their country, and retire into monasteries to repent their sins. The joint author of the Plan of Campain, Mr W. O'Brien, M.P., also defended his action in a short speech, and declared it to be "a mockery of words to say that this Rescript is not a political document." Mr John Redmond, M.P., made by far the strongest speech of all.

"What," he asked, "was the meaning of the present National movement in Ireland? It was this—*that no Power should rule Ireland outside the shores of Ireland.* Whether that Power were a foreign Parliament or a foreign

[1] The sixth resolution ran as follows: "That while unreservedly acknowledging as Catholics the spiritual jurisdiction of the Holy See, we, as guardians, in common with our brother Irish representatives of other creeds, of those civil liberties which our Catholic forefathers have resolutely defended, feel bound solemnly to reassert that Irish Catholics can recognise no right in the Holy See to interfere with the Irish people in the management of their political affairs."—'Freeman's Journal,' 18th May 1888.

[2] 'Freeman's Journal,' 21st May 1888.

king, or a number of cardinals, or the Sovereign Pontiff himself, they had no right or title whatever to interfere with the political affairs of their country. *They denied the right of the Parliament of England to govern their affairs in Ireland;* and having taken up that position, was it to be supposed that they would permit interference in Irish affairs on the part of the Church of Rome?"[1]

The political situation in Ireland, as may be judged from these recent events, is more entangled than ever. It was Mr Parnell who first recommended boycotting, and it was Mr Dillon and Mr O'Brien who initiated the Plan of Campaign. Mr Parnell recommends the withdrawal of the Plan, and the Pope condemns both it and boycotting. The Pope claims to have a right to interfere in such development of politics as infringe upon faith and morals. Alderman Dillon and his nephew claim the right of infallibility in laying down what is contrary to faith and morals, and scout the idea of any interference whatever in Irish affairs, be they moral, local, religious, or political. It remains to be seen how it all ends. The new Plan of Campaign, on the part of the anti-papal Parnellites, is to menace and threaten the Vatican. Will Pope Leo XIII. allow himself to be browbeaten by a handful of agitators? That is the question to be decided during the next few months.

From the documents which have been quoted in this article it will be sufficiently demonstrated that there have been for the past seven years two parties in the Church of Rome in Ireland, one representing the Conservative principles and policy of Cardinal Cullen and Cardinal M'Cabe, the other representing the advanced Nationalist views of Mr Parnell and Mr Davitt. The election of Dr Walsh to the Archbishopric of Dublin in 1885 marked the triumph of the ultra-Nationalist policy; and though the Pope must have guessed pretty accurately the real state of affairs in Ireland, in the absence of official evidence he seems to have delayed and temporised until the "civilised world" exclaimed aloud at the amazing performances of two Irish archbishops. The Irish hierarchy must now either submit or resign. They have, like Mr Gladstone, paid the penalty of an alliance with Revolution, and must abide the consequences.

PHILIP H. BAGENAL.

[1] 'Freeman's Journal,' 21st May 1888.

MILITARY BALANCE OF POWER IN ASIA.

THE idea of striking a balance of power in Asia, whether political or military, depends upon such irregular and varied weights that it cannot be grasped without considerable difficulty. While in Europe the law of treaties has reduced most possible issues to forms so definite that we can forecast results with some degree of certainty, in the Eastern continent the conditions of peace or war rest upon less sure foundations and are bordered by more vague limits. A first glance at the heterogeneous masses which make up the Powers of Asia seems to forbid the possibility of striking a balance at all. A closer survey, however, shows that we have only to put two or three Powers into the scales, and to regard the others as make-weights, to approximate to a practical and reliable estimate.

Balanced or balancing power has never been a feature of Asiatic rule until the present century. The East has been the quarter of overwhelming conquests, of predatory floods that no barriers could restrain. A chief sprang into existence in the fulness of time; a horde was always ready to his hand; the invaders swept everything before them, sometimes founding new empires, more frequently leaving deserts behind them as monuments of their march. Political combination for defence has in Asia always been weak. The strong feeling of mutual distrust which is a marked element in the oriental character gave a strict limitation to the value of treaties and alliances. Political society was so insecure that a fall from power carried with it less misery and degradation than in a condition of higher civilisation. Thus Eastern diplomacy never made any progress towards a *nexus* of international law, and political forecasts had to view each State as standing by itself in a position of doubtful isolation.

When for a brief space in the last century France seemed likely to enter into competition with Great Britain for empire in the East, recourse was had to the precedents which European diplomacy afforded. The Marquis Wellesley's subsidiary alliances, and later, our efforts to oppose barriers to a French or Russian invasion of India by establishing a concert among the Mussulman Powers of Central Asia, were the first attempts to range the Asiatic Powers upon sides. The limited success which attended these efforts, continuing down almost to the present day, are easily explained by the short-sightedness of Asiatic rulers, their distrust of each other, and their jealousy of the rising Power which was the author of the movement. It seems wonderful that a religion so intense and warlike as Muhammadanism should never have been able to draw together into a grand alliance, against one or other of the two Powers that have so largely curtailed its sway, all the Mussulman princes of Central and Southern Asia. But in Asia a common religion is insufficient to cause a common concert among States; and though a general Muhammadan revival is not beyond the region of dangerous possibilities which Christian Powers in Asia have to regard, yet the difficulties in the way of general combination

are so great, that only flames of the very hottest fanaticism could fuse national and race prejudices into a compact mass.

But while the study of oriental diplomacy will help us little towards balancing the power of the Asiatic States, geographical position and military strength supply the necessary grounds for attempting a classification. England and Russia take a place immediately at each end of the scales; China remains apart, but with weight sufficient, if added, to turn the beam either way. Persia, though ranking as a first-rate oriental Power, does not, as we shall see afterwards, enter much into our calculations as a force by herself. Turkey must rank either as a European or as an Asiatic Power according to the circumstances of the Porte at the time when the estimate has to be fixed. The Central Asian Khanates are absorbed in Russia beyond retrieval. Afghanistan is under British influence, so loosely exerted that the connection seems more a source of danger than an element of strength. It is upon this State that we must rest the balance; and round it, too, the future fortunes of three-fourths of Asia are centred.

The Central Asian question, so long tabooed by British politicians of all parties, has now been stamped with diplomatic recognition. The new frontier running through Central Asia from Zulfikar to the Oxus, while it limits Russian and Afghan territory, really draws together British and Russian influence to meet on a fixed line. The position of the two Powers now standing face to face is plain beyond the possibility of political equivocation. In so far as certainty, whether of good or evil import, is to be welcomed, we gain by the change. That we lose heavily, too, is incontestable; but as these losses were incurred by our past neglect, we prefer rather to deal with present responsibilities.

If the principles of the peace party had a preponderating hold on Russian policy, we might welcome her advance in the direction of India with unqualified satisfaction. But her most ardent admirers will scarcely go the length of characterising her as a pacific Power. If she had been scrupulous in the fulfilment of her previous treaty engagements, we might found some security on the one that she has now made. But as a matter of fact, she has violated every engagement into which she has entered in the course of her Asiatic progress. With such antecedents, her approach to the sphere of British influence must cause anxiety even to those who set least store by British interests in the East, and have at the same time the utmost confidence in the probity of her intentions. Like other States, Russia is not elevated above circumstances; either her political necessities in Europe or her situation in Asia might compel her to action on her new frontier irrespective of any further ambition to acquire territory.

It speaks much for the high political standard to which we have succeeded in educating the natives of India, as well as for their satisfaction with British rule and their loyalty to their Empress, that they should so promptly have recognised a danger to which our own countrymen, misled by prejudice and party views, have so steadily shut their eyes. The munificence with which the Nizam of Hyderabad inaugurated a movement for the voluntary defence of India, and which was so heartily

followed by other great feudatories, is a direct reproach to our Government and to the country at large for the indifference with which it has hitherto treated the safety of India, and its negligence in allowing what, but a very few years back, was merely a remote danger, to become an immediate contingency. Until a very recent period the Anglo-Indians have been the only section of our Eastern subjects who have shown apprehensions of Russian invasions. Now both Hindoo and Muhammadan are keenly alive to the danger; and the demands which are coming from India for means of safeguarding the empire, are put forward with such unanimity and influence, that no Government will readily encounter the responsibility of ignoring them.

It is still to be feared that in this country the probabilities presented by the chances of a collision between Britain and Russia in the East are only partially understood. There is still a disposition to treat the matter as chiefly affecting the Government of India and its political interests. But it has a far wider scope; it touches the power of Great Britain more or less directly in every quarter of the globe. Let us sum up, in a very few words, the results of the past year or two in support of this statement. The situation from the Oxus to the Indus speaks for itself. Russia is now strongly posted on the Afghan frontier, with one foot already within what ought to be the Ameer's territories; with railway communication pushed nearly to the verge of her conquests; with the claim to hold us responsible for the conduct of wild and broken tribes over whom neither we nor their immediate sovereign can exercise control; and with the power to inflict a check upon our military position in India at the very time perhaps when we might have to fall back upon it. And what upon our side? Active efforts, it is true, on the part of the military authorities and the Government of India to create a defensible frontier, but these paralysed by the indifference of the Council of India, and still more by the indisposition of the India Office to rate at its due importance a subject which is unpopular to the masses of British taxpayers; the frontier of India enormously extended, by the conquest of Upper Burmah, towards the east, while our available military strength was still inadequate for the defence of the north-western frontier; the impossibility of withdrawing a man, whether European or native, from our Indian garrison, no matter in what extremities we may be involved in any other quarter of the world, if Russia chooses the same moment for a display of activity. If we compare the two situations, it requires little insight to discern that the advantages are all on the side of Russia; the future dangers, the immediate expense, the urgent necessity for arming our position and securing our outposts, and a heavy perpetual increase to our Indian military expenditure, on ours.

To bring the matter still more home to the British elector, under whose amiable but ignorant auspices Russia has been conducted in her career of conquest up to the borders of British influence, we must ask him to grasp the simple idea — what would befall Great Britain if we lost India? Naturally he will dismiss such a contingency as too far-fetched and improbable to be gravely discussed. But is it so? Can we blindly trust to our destiny in the East? Can we boldly assert that Britain

is to be the one exception to all the other great empires of history that have had their meridian and their setting? We certainly act as if we were inspired by this confidence; but confidence even when most firmly founded should not exclude the warnings of prudence. No loss that Great Britain could sustain would give the same shock to her internal prosperity and political power as the loss of India. Let Australia assert her independence—an event we rejoice to think very unlikely to happen; let loyal Canada throw herself upon the bosom of the United States—a still more improbable prospect; and Great Britain might still maintain her European position. When the United States shook off our dominion, our stake in them was not a very great one, and the losses were capable of being represented by a money value not greater than a thriving nation of shopkeepers could afford to write off. Very different is the case with our interests in India. Our imports from India exceed 32 millions sterling, and our exports to it are over 32½ millions. What proportion of this should we be able to retain should we lose the country itself—should it fall under the influence of, say, Russian administration or Russian tariffs? We say nothing about the rest of our Asiatic trade—our trade with the Persian Gulf, with Ceylon and the Straits Settlements and the Further East, which would soon prove to be intimately connected with our hold of India. The debt of India is, roughly speaking, over £166,000,000, with an annual interest charge of about 7½ millions sterling. For this debt Great Britain stands directly pledged; and how could she meet her obligations without the revenues of India to fall back upon? Even if, under the teachings of the newer political economy, we should discover a plea for repudiation, there is still about 70 millions of the Indian debt held in this country. We must remember that the loss of India would throw upon the resources of this country an immense army of Europeans: the Indian Staff Corps—a host in itself—the Indian Civil Service, European officials of all grades and descriptions, who, though their occupations were gone with the revenues from which they had been paid, would still have a just claim for provision upon the Imperial Government. We shall not attempt to estimate the loss of private British capital which is sunk in India. It is sufficient to see, as we think must be seen, that the loss of India would probably involve the national insolvency of Great Britain, and certainly cause widespread distress of the deepest kind, and the individual ruin of a large proportion of the population. It is precisely because this fact is not generally realised that any effort to secure our position in the East is regarded with indifference, and often met by active opposition. It would be easy enough to re-echo the shout of "Perish India!" if nothing more than our prestige were involved, if India could fall without affecting ourselves. But this cannot be. We must not overlook the fact that the loss of India means the ruin of Great Britain. If this were more steadily kept in view by the electors, and our statesmen were a little less timorous in doing their duty by the empire, half the difficulty of the Central Asian question would be solved, and more than half the danger arising from it averted.

The demarcation of the new frontier is an important event in

the history of Russia's onward progress. It imposes, for a time at least, a check on her Southern march, and affords her a breathing-space which was probably very welcome. At Panjdeh she had reached a point beyond which she could not pass without drawing Great Britain into the field, and for that she was not prepared. She had to perfect her communications, to consolidate her new conquests, to make a railway, construct roads, and provide accommodations for her garrisons. Diplomatic negotiations, protracted, as has always been the case where Russia was a party, until her own convenience had been served, supplied her with the needed time. If her delegates on the frontier had been as expeditious as her executive officers behind them, a boundary would soon have been settled; but, with little credit to the British Government, Russia was allowed to take her own time in coming to a settlement. Nor, had the officers of the Boundary Commission been sufficiently supported from home, can we think that the demarcation would have taken a form obviously as unjust to the Ameer and insecure to ourselves on the one side, as it is favourable to the present position and future aims of Russia on the other. Whether or not the seizure of Panjdeh should have been regarded by us, the self-constituted guardians of the integrity of the Ameer's dominions, as a *casus belli*, we need not stop to discuss. Had we shown a firmer front at the time, it is probable Russia would have receded, and have been more easily dealt with in the settlements that were to come. Nor need we dwell upon the cheap morality of purchasing peace for ourselves by the cession of other sovereigns' property. This also may pass. But what we contend is, that the new frontier, now that we have got it, affords insufficient security for the Ameer's interests, and even presents opportunities of collision which can hardly be avoided on one side or the other.

Of the political and military character of the new boundary-line, we are now fortunately able to speak from detailed and accurate knowledge. Major Yate, a very able officer, who has taken a prominent part in all the work of the Boundary Commission, from the affair of Panjdeh down to the erection of the last pillar, has in his work on 'Northern Afghanistan'[1]—a delightful book of travel, as well as a mine of topographical, military, and political information—given us such a minute description of the boundary-line, that we can with little difficulty gauge both its advantages and defects. Major Yate's official position has probably entailed upon him a certain amount of reserve; but we have no difficulty in inferring from his narrative that the policy pursued by the Russian commissioners was one of grasping and delay, too feebly met by promptness and decision on our own side.

With Major Yate as our guide, let us in a brief survey run over the new frontier. Zulfikar, from which the Russians retired in accordance with the protocol of 1885, is the starting-point of the boundary on the west. By the loss of Zulfikar, the Russians, says Major Yate, "are at present cut

[1] Northern Afghanistan; or, Letters from the Afghan Boundary Commission. By Major C. E. Yate, C.S.I. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1888.

off from all lateral communication with the Hari Rud anywhere south of Pul-i-Khatun, nearly 30 miles to the north." Proceeding eastward, Russia had at first proposed to take over the whole of Badghis, but had to be content with the wells of Ak Robat, the salt lakes, and a line running on to Sumba Karez, a frontier station of the Afghans, and the only place left them with good water between Zulfikar and Kara Tepe, a distance of 60 miles, Lord Granville having unwisely ceded the wells of Ak Robat to the Russians. At Islim in the Egrigeuk valley, still farther eastward, another similar mistake was made.

From Islim the frontier runs to the Kushk river, near the point where it is joined by its affluent the Moghor, close to Kara Tepe, and thence up the bed of the Kushk as far as Chihal Dukhtaran, and from there north-eastwards to the Baba Taghi hills, and along the crest of that range to the Kashan stream, which is crossed a little below Torshaikh, and thence along the crest of the hills again till it angles its way to the Murghab river opposite Karawal Khana, whence it follows the bed of that river down to the northern end of the Maruchak valley. By this settlement the Kara Tepe side of the Kushk valley, Chihal Dukhtaran, Torshaikh, and the Maruchak fort, are all retained for the Ameer, the Turkomans having been given their formerly cultivated lands on the right bank of the Kushk up to Chihal Dukhtaran, at Robat-i-Kashan, and along the left bank of the Murghab in the Maruchak valley. Along the Kushk, too, the Russians have obtained the concession that the Afghans are not to be allowed to increase the existing canals within their territory—a stipulation likely to press hardly on the Ameer in a country where water is so precious.

In the Maruchak valley the difficulty of demarcation was increased by the fact that the Turkomans had been the only cultivators; and the Russian commissioners pushed their claims to the utmost, while the Afghans, on their side, were determined to resist, and claimed to oust all Sariks within Maruchak limits. The utmost that can be said of the settlement, so far as the Maruchak valley *is* concerned, is that we have preserved the Maruchak fort as an outpost for the Ameer; though its value is much reduced by the closeness with which the frontier line has been drawn to it. To be of any use, therefore, Maruchak must be made at least equal, if not superior, to Panjdeh. The latter may at any time be converted into a menace to the Herat valley, and a serious obstruction to communication between Herat and Balkh. However, the British commissioners are not to be reproached for being obliged to accept the occupation of Panjdeh. The culpable negligence of the Government that allowed itself to be surprised by the Russian inroad on that post is responsible for any future dangers that may threaten Afghanistan from that quarter.

From Maruchak to Andkhui the frontier may be briefly described as cutting rather heavily into the skirts of Afghan territory, putting Russia into possession of the headwaters of numerous streams flowing southward, and giving her a *pied-à-terre* for future disturbances with the Usbegs. The Russians set up a claim for the wells and pastures in the *chul*, which could only have been sustained on the ground that they were used by the Turkomans in their raids on Afghan ter-

ritory. That the wells on the *chul* were made by the Usbegs has never been questioned; nor has it been disputed that it was for fear of the Turkomans that the Usbegs ceased to use them. With such a plain case before him, we scarcely think the British Commissioner was justified in conceding to the Russian demands even in a modified form; but he must have felt that he could hope for but little support from his own Government. If Russia had been sincerely anxious to avoid all future risks of collisions with the Ameer's subjects, she would have been content to put strips of desert in the way wherever possible; but her whole aim throughout the boundary negotiations appears to have been to draw the line through interests that were certain to prove conflicting, and in this she has only proved too successful. As it is, she has got a camel-road, with a connected line of wells, inside her frontier, the whole way from Panjdeh to the Oxus. At the Oxus end of the line, the concessions to the Panjdeh Turkomans had been set against the Russian claims to the Kwajah Salih district, and that tract, with its 13,000 inhabitants and revenue of £1300, remains the Ameer's territory. But it is so much overshadowed by Russia, that its retention is a gain more or less doubtful. The Russians have established a garrison at Karki, on the Oxus, of two squadrons of Cossacks, a battery of artillery, and a regiment of infantry; and Major Yate, who visited the place last spring, remarks that, "considering that the place was only occupied in May last, it is wonderful how much has been done to make it habitable in so short a time."

Now that the frontier is thus settled, let us consider for a moment what is involved. To ensure the benefits of a boundary, some means must exist for enforcing its obligations on both sides. We may assume that Russia has accepted the demarcated line with the sincere intention of confining herself to it. But even in more civilised countries than Balkh-Turkistan it has been found impossible to restrain race feelings and political animosities by drawing a line along a tract of country. Even on the Alsace-Lorraine frontier of France and Germany, under the eyes of the two Governments concerned and within immediate means of communication, we have lately seen troubles spring up which only wanted to be left to themselves to breed good grounds of international quarrel. We have already had reports of a conflict between the Afghans and the Salors on the Maimenah portion of the frontier, which, though not likely to lead to ulterior difficulties, was deemed of sufficient importance to necessitate the ominous presence of Colonel Alikhanoff on the spot. The line from Panjdeh to the Oxus is far removed from both St Petersburg and Kabul. The tribes who meet upon it are hereditary enemies. Every new arrangement of territory involves more or less dissatisfaction, and the sense of an injustice suffered by one or the other side. Let us suppose that the Usbegs feel a grievance at the loss of the wells which their fathers had dug, and retaliate upon the Turkomans whenever an opportunity offers. The Russians are bound to support the complaints of their new subjects and to obtain redress. But how is this to be secured? In Balkh-Turkistan the immemorial practice has been to leave such feuds to right themselves. The Ameer's repre-

sentatives have enough to do to gather the taxes and maintain the general peace of their provinces, when, indeed, they are not actively engaged in plotting rebellion against his Highness. It is, we presume, through the Kabul *durbar* that Russia will seek to enforce the regulations of the frontier; but then the authority of the Ameers in Balkh-Turkistan has always been indirect, irregular, and uncertain; and since the occupation of Panjdeh has masked Herat, it will be still less readily enforced than before. Yet Russia has decided justice on her side in claiming that the Ameer shall be responsible for the good conduct of his subjects on his own side of the frontier, and if he fail in his obligations she can turn to Great Britain and demand the enforcement of redress, or to be allowed to right herself. Both to the Ameer and to ourselves the frontier is thus a source of perplexity and danger—all the more so that the greatest difficulty must necessarily be experienced in determining the justice of any grievances Russia may prefer in connection with it.

But, on the other hand, suppose that Russia is not honest in accepting the frontier as her southern limit in the direction of India. As she has broken every agreement which she has hitherto made in Central Asia, we are distinctly justified in putting such a case. Then her position on a defined frontier gives her advantages which hitherto she has never been able to boast of. She has obtained international recognition of her latest conquests—she who hitherto has had to excuse every fresh annexation by apologetic pleas of necessity, turbulent neighbours, natural expansion, and suchlike excuses. But now her presence inside the former bounds of Afghanistan is legitimised. She can strengthen herself by what garrisons and troops she pleases without her intentions being called in question. She can now, without any trouble, consolidate her protectorate of Bokhara into a provincial government whenever she thinks proper, and all grounds have been removed for challenging her action. By pushing on her Central Asian railway, she will speedily place her garrisons in the Khanates in connection with those on her Afghan boundary, and thus be enabled to speedily concentrate great masses of troops all along the Ameer's frontier. All this, and more, the recognition of her presence on the Afghan frontier empowers her to do without the possibility of a challenge on our part, while the very limited interest which we have owned in the Ameer and his subjects will not admit of our deriving any equivalent advantages from the Boundary treaty.

In all the Central Asian States which Russia has hitherto absorbed, aggressive action on her part has been invariably preceded by intrigues on the part of her agents, whether recognised or secret. She has fomented internal quarrels, until government became impossible; or she has directly exposed herself to hostility which would give her a pretence for an open rupture; or she has planned out a line of grievances for herself, and set her own agents to realise them. Suppose she is to continue the same policy in Balkh-Turkistan? She has never found a fairer field for her favourite operations. Love of intrigue is as deeply implanted in the Usbeg as in the Russian temperament. The loyalty of Balkh to Kabul has

always stood in direct ratio to the possibility of the Ameer enforcing his authority. Obedience is only ensured by the presence of the Ameer's garrisons. There are the Ameer's officers on one side, and the native Meers and tribal chiefs on another, with conflict of authority and natural outbursts of jealousy. Nor have the Ameer's governors always been to be relied upon. Throughout the troubles of Afghanistan, Balkh-Turkistan may be said to have been in a state of chronic insurrection, and during a part of Shere Ali's reign the Usbegs were no strangers to Russian emissaries, if not to Russian money. From her own side of the frontier, Russia, should it suit her plans, will be able to make use of every element of disaffection that presents itself to embarrass and weaken the Ameer's authority, and give her a plea for interfering in the affairs of his subjects; while his Highness on his part, ruling from a distance, and having to rely upon officers in whom at the best he can repose but a limited amount of confidence, is practically powerless to counteract their machinations.

There is only one way in which upon the Afghan side the new frontier can be converted into a security for peace and a safeguard for the Ameer's dominions. If England, who has assumed the responsibility for this settlement, will follow up her action by appointing British officers to see that the treaty obligations are fulfilled on the Ameer's side, and that Russia does not allow her influence to overstep the line, the greater portion of the difficulties which we have pointed out will vanish. Illegitimate action on the part of Russia will be foiled, and though we could not by such surveillance detract from the advantages in which Russia has now been confirmed, we should, at all events, have early and accurate information of her movements. Without supervision on the Ameer's side, the frontier is likely to last almost less time than was spent in demarcating it. We are aware that difficulties exist in the way of obtaining the Ameer's sanction to the presence of British officers on the frontier line. The fatality which has overtaken almost all our agents resident in Afghanistan, imposes upon his Highness a responsibility from which it can be easily understood that he must nervously shrink. He is, however, quite alive to the dangers of the situation; and we believe that nothing but tact and persuasion on the part of the Government of India are wanting to induce him to sanction the presence of British consuls along his northern boundary.

It is now time that we inquired a little more minutely into the effect that the new frontier will have on the balance of military power between Russia and British India. We have seen that Russia is now in a position to consolidate her power on the verge of British influence, to mass troops and to make demonstrations without any right on our part to offer opposition, beyond demanding explanations, which she may afford or not, as suits her convenience. There are two ways in which she can directly affect our power in India. In the event of England joining in a European alliance against her, or even in the case of our being engaged in a war single-handed for the protection of our own interests, Russia can not only prevent us from withdrawing any of our European and native troops

from India, but even without any direct menace compel us to increase our Indian army. In recent campaigns—Abyssinia, the Cape, Egypt—we have been able readily to draw upon our Indian forces; but in future we shall not be in a position to fall back upon them. The second open danger is that Russia will, on some more or less valid pretext, violently seize upon some further portion of the Ameer's territories, and thus directly embroil us in war. Looking at her Asiatic policy as a whole, we do not feel apprehensive of her following this course. That she is not content with the share of Afghan territory which she has already got may readily be conceived; but she will trust more to devious diplomacy, and to the indifference of her Majesty's Government, than to arms, for effecting her ends. We regret to say that so long as Russia can pursue her plans without giving open offence, the British Government is more likely to wink at than to arrest her proceedings. We believe that at the India Office the fate of Herat is complacently regarded as a foregone conclusion; and the members of Council, or at any rate a portion of them, would gladly evade the difficulties connected with it by seeing it fall into the hands of Persia—a transfer to which Russia would certainly offer no objections.

That Persia is a material weight in the balance of Asiatic power we have been unfortunate in not recognising until it was too late to secure the Shah's influence for our own side of the scale. Persia is not an efficient military power, but in alliance with either Russia or ourselves, her army must be taken count of. In Persia, however, since the days of Sir John Malcolm, Russian diplomacy has had its own way. We have not been always well represented at Teheran; but when we have had Ministers of ability and insight there, the cramped views of our Foreign Office have confined them to the exercise of merely complimentary functions. In one of the most recent works on Persia, Dr Wills confesses: "Our influence in Persia, thanks to ourselves, is next to nothing. Russian subjects are protected; English subjects take their chance, as a rule." From the Russian embassy at Teheran immense sums of money have found their way into every quarter of the Government which Russia desired to influence. Mozuffur-ed-din Mirza, the Crown Prince, has been the subject of warm courtship on the part of the Czar's representatives, and he is to all appearances a partisan of Russia in his tastes and sympathies. On the other hand the Zil-es-Sultan, who stands next to the heir-apparent, has all along posed as a friend and admirer of Britain; while between these two we have the King occupying the very intelligible attitude of an eager recipient of favours from both sides, and a grudging concessor to either. In spite of the strong grasp Russia has laid upon Persia, and the power which she now possesses of enforcing a request for assistance in case of a refusal, there will be great difficulty in inducing the Shah's Government to fight the battles of either Russia or England. In the not improbable event of a disputed succession, and of the Crown Prince requiring the aid of Russian arms to establish him on the throne, Mozuffur-ed-din Mirza might become bound to active cooperation. But in Teheran, as in Kabul, Russia is regarded as a

highly dangerous neighbour. The Shah will do his best to humour the Czar's representatives — will take their bribes — but will not advance from his neutral position except under menace or compulsion.

In the case of a collision with India, the alliance and assistance of Persia are essential to the Russian success. In an advance from Balkh upon the direction of India, Persia would be required to hold the Herat country and Western Afghanistan in check, and to assist in repelling auxiliary British expeditions, whether from the Black Sea or the Persian Gulf. If Russia were to advance by Herat upon Kandahar, then a simultaneous invasion of Beluchistan towards Lower Sindh by the Persians would be of the first importance. At all events, in attacking India, Russia cannot leave Persia behind her in a state of uncertain neutrality; without the support of the latter her communications in Central Asia might be imperilled. Still more impossible would it be for her to advance southward were the Shah's Government in active alliance with England. With Persia as an enemy, Russia repulsed in Afghanistan would find her retreat barred to High Asia.

About a year ago the feasibility of operating against Russia by a fleet in the Black Sea, and landing troops which would hold the army of the Caucasus in check, was discussed as a means of arresting or limiting an invasion of India. The idea is of importance if we have the active co-operation of Turkey. But our experiences of such alliances with the Porte has shown that their cost is far beyond their value. With Turkey a neutral we can do nothing in this direction, for to force our way through the Bosphorus and Dardanelles—no such easy matter as when Sir John Duckworth entered the Sea of Marmora in 1807—would be to convert the Porte into an enemy. Moreover, it is most unlikely that an expedition in this quarter would do much to relieve any pressing strain upon India. Russia, if her hands are free at the time from controversies with the Central Alliance, can spare sufficient troops to retain us on the coast, and at the same time strengthen the Caucasus and relieve a large proportion of its forces for service on the Afghan frontier.

Other routes have come under consideration for delivering an attack upon Russia in Asia from a western point; but to all that we have yet heard of, military and political objections of a more or less formidable character are attached. One line suggested has been from the Gulf of Iskanderoon, on the Mediterranean, by Aleppo, Beredschik on the Euphrates, and Dierbekir to Erzeroum on the Russian frontier, a distance of 550 miles; another, by the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates valley; a third, by the Persian Gulf and the Tigris valley. Both the Euphrates and Tigris routes present such difficulties to the march of a properly equipped army, the distance from the base is so great, and the chances of being able to effect an impression upon the Russian strength so problematical, that only in desperate circumstances would Britain be likely to resort to any of the three. Moreover, all these lines traverse, for the most part, Turkish territory, and would render an active alliance with the Porte a necessary preliminary. That it might

be expedient to direct an expedition from the Persian Gulf is within the bounds of probability, but we look rather to its route passing through Persia itself. From Mahamra, on the Persian Gulf, to Teheran is 622 miles, while the distance from Bushire is about 200 miles more. Either route is practicable enough for an army depending upon its own supplies, except in the particular of water, which would be a difficulty. At Teheran we could effectually menace Russia's communications with the Caspian, and inflict even a more severe blow upon her designs on India than would be possible from the Black Sea. In such a plan the attitude of Persia has to be taken into account; but, as we have already said, a direct invasion of India by Russia, without the active alliance of Persia, is by no means probable, except in the event of England being engaged in war elsewhere. In a march through Persia, we should have to calculate upon the hostility of the army and people, and we could readily afford to do so.

That Russia fully appreciates the advantages of her new position, and calculates upon the chances of her having to turn them to account at no distant date, has been distinctly demonstrated in the recent self-gratulations which the Russian press are making over the completion of the Central Asian Railway to Samarcand. In a paper on the Central Asian question in its newer aspects, General Soboleff significantly points out that "the stronger Russia is in Central Asia, the weaker will be the British power in India, and the more complaisant will be British diplomacy in Europe." Another paragraph in the same article shows that Russia is now fully alive to the possibility of a Western diversion by Great Britain on behalf of India, and prepared for it. "In order," says General Soboleff, "to assure England's dominion in India, which in many respects depends upon Russia, the latter has a right to demand the security of her command on the Black Sea. Only in this sense is a durable understanding possible. Without such an understanding England will always be threatened with the danger of losing India." Whether or not General Soboleff is right in regarding the opening of the Central Asian railway as the beginning of the end with our power in India, we must not overlook the fact that his views and aspirations are fully shared by his fellow-countrymen, to whom the policy of Russia on the new frontier has been mainly committed.

The dangers which India is specially called upon to provide against are an invasion when Great Britain is at war in Europe or some other quarter of the globe; a quarrel with the Afghans which Russia will endeavour to turn to account, without going the length of provoking a war with England; and internal troubles in Afghanistan fomented from the other side of the frontier. To obviate the latter dangers, a freer use of our influence with the Ameer is absolutely necessary. His Highness is shrewd enough, and has sufficient knowledge of the world, to understand that we cannot continue to bear the weight of guaranteeing the safety of his dominions unless we are allowed to have a voice in their internal government. We have not been fortunate in our relations with Abdurrahman. He is blunt, arrogant, and even boorish, cruel, as are all the Barak-

zais, and, though trained by his mother, who was probably the cleverest woman of her day in Central Asia, has but little skill in statecraft. The Government of India has failed to make sufficient allowance either for his previous history or personal character in its dealings with him. He has the fate of his kinsman, Shere Ali, who, supported by Lord Mayo, was alienated and goaded to rebellion and ruin by Lord Northbrook's Government, ever before his eyes. He has innumerable instances in the history of Afghanistan to instruct him that the Government of India has always sunk its interest in Afghan affairs at the time when such interest would have been serviceable to the Ameer and inconvenient to itself. His Highness, however, should be made to understand that our responsibilities to his State cannot now be shirked even if we would. We have pledged ourselves for the integrity of his dominions, provided he consents to be guided by us in his external relations. But with a fractious neighbour on his frontier, the external relations of Afghanistan can never be secure unless its internal affairs are in good order; and we have a right to exert a friendly influence in aiding the Ameer in the administration of his dominions. Our great difficulty is that it is almost impossible to secure the friendship of the Ameer, and at the same time the confidence of his subjects — so slight is the bond of union between ruler and ruled. The Government of Kabul is a despotism, and however suitable a despotism is for the circumstances of Afghanistan, the people naturally look upon any assistance given to their sovereign as so much aid towards the oppression of themselves. They have little conception of what Russian rule means to the races which fall under it, and would probably exchange the rule of the Ameer for that of the Czar with little reluctance. An Afghan gentleman some time ago remarked to a high official of the Indian Government, "If the Afghans find they must yield to one Power or the other, they would choose the Russians in preference to the English: firstly, because they don't know the Russians; and secondly, because they understand tyranny better than the English forms of justice. The Afghans know that the English will not allow nawabs and khans to oppress their people, or murderers and robbers to go unpunished; whereas they think that the Russians would do pretty well as they liked, and that so long as they acted loyally by the Russian Government, they would be permitted to live much in the same way as they have hitherto done." We are glad to know, however, that all along our own frontier where the British have come in contact with the Afghan tribes, in the ceded districts of the Kuram, Pishin, and Sibi valleys, and on the Biluch frontier, where Sir Robert Sandeman holds energetic sway, the beneficial results of British influence are now generally appreciated. But the great mass of the Ameer's subjects are still far beyond our touch. The Hazaras, in round figures some 150,000 in number, the Aimaks 250,000, the Tajiks 500,000, the Badakhshies 55,000, are all more likely to be drawn towards Russia than towards ourselves; and the 300,000 Usbegs of Balkh-Turkistan, whose kinsfolk beyond the Oxus are already under the dominion of

Russia, can scarcely be expected to escape the meshes of the Czar's officials. To explain the unselfish aims of our alliance with the Ameer, and to save their independence from being sacrificed to Russian intrigue, the presence of British officers on the new boundary is absolutely necessary. The Commission has already familiarised the people on the border to some extent with Europeans; and though the risk is great, the duty is urgent. If the matter were properly represented to the Ameer, we cannot believe that his Highness would be insensible to the security which the presence of British officers on his northern boundary would afford him, or that he would refuse to make such provision for their security as would reduce his nervous dread of responsibility to a minimum. An instance of the difficulties which we encounter in supporting the Ameer in the exercise of his just authority is under discussion at the present moment. His Highness has determined to reduce the Bajourees—an insubordinate and turbulent tribe dwelling in the "debateable land" between Afghanistan and British India, to the east of the Kunar river—and lately went to Jellalabad in person that he might be the better able to direct the campaign. The Government of India has felt compelled to dissuade the Ameer from undertaking the expedition—certainly not through any tenderness for the Bajourees, who are a constant source of trouble on our frontier, but because it does not care to risk the popularity which it has already acquired among the frontier tribes. The Ameer, however, is disposed to take his own way in the matter, and in strict justice he is not to be blamed. Yet the incident serves to illustrate the difficulties that beset all our attempts at sensible intervention in the internal affairs of Afghanistan.

In the present unsettled state of the Russian military programme, and in the face of the transportation of troops from Europe to Asia, and *vice versâ*, it would be idle to speculate what force she could collect from Asia upon the Afghan frontier at any given period within the next twelve months. One important change in her military arrangements is, however, manifest. It is the erection of Transcaspiana into an independent province, apart from the Caucasus on the one side and Turkistan on the other. Only military reasons can explain this step, for neither the population nor the wealth of the new province would have justified this distinction. Turkistan rather than the Caucasus will be the military support of the Transcaspian province, for Russia has now awakened to the fact that in case of a movement on India, the army of the Caucasus may have to defend itself. The army of Turkistan may be estimated at upwards of 70,000 men, including the Cossack colonies, and they can draw reinforcements from Tashkend and from Orenburg and West Siberia. The province of Turkistan could thus be made to spare from 35,000 to 40,000 troops for service in Transcaspiana in case of emergency, provided nothing be stirring on the China frontier.

While Russia is using the pause which the frontier affords her to consolidate her strength, to push on her Asian railway system, and to make herself arbiter in the politics of Southern Asia, it would be satisfactory to learn that India

too is turning the moment to good account. The spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm for the defence of the country from the native princes, and the representations of the Anglo-Indian public, show how keenly alive the people are to the importance of preparation; but as yet the activity of the Government has not been displayed in such a degree as can be regarded as a satisfactory answer. Both her Majesty's Government and that of India stand face to face with a very unpleasant fact which they cannot get rid of, but which all the same we shrink from admitting—namely, that the advance of Russia has completely altered the military requirements of India. It is no longer the 60,000 Europeans, and not a man less, which used to be the oft-repeated demand of military critics from the time of the Mutiny downwards. This was garrison sufficient to prevent the chances of another mutiny, which we have long since ceased to fear. We have now not to calculate our army on the basis of one European to overawe two sepoys, but to consider what its strength must be to meet a European army in the field. The force which Russia can show disposable for the invasion of India must now become our standard; and if we fall beneath that, we do so at our own peril. A large increase of the native army has also to be faced. Taking 127,000 as at its actual more or less efficient strength, which has hitherto sufficed for the military requirements of the country, when exposed to no serious menace, it is now obviously inadequate for our present safety. A serious increase of the Indian military expenditure is imminent, and it will be false economy to postpone it until panic has compelled its adoption.

While the frontier defences of India are steadily progressing, it is to be feared that the scale on which they are being carried out is hardly commensurable to the strain to which they would be exposed in case of a Russian descent. We have not yet secured the Gomul Pass, though the subject has been pressed upon the Government by officers of high political and military experience. As it has apparently been determined to make our strategical frontier our main reliance, its strength ought to be adequate to the interests which depend upon it. Even if the patriotic assistance of the native chiefs is made use of, the charge on the Indian revenues for defensive purposes will be a heavy one; and it is mortifying to think how much of the outlay now imminent might have been avoided had England confronted the southern march of Russia at an earlier period, as she was compelled to do at a later.

There is another condition to which Russia, with her newly acquired resources, would gladly see the British Empire in India reduced, and it is one which, we fear, too many among ourselves would be found to recklessly acquiesce in. If Russia can get the fact recognised that British rule in India depends upon her forbearance,—that we are only there on sufferance from herself,—she will in all probability accept with joy the *rôle* of a friendly protector and patron, with the opportunities it presented of influencing our policy, both in Asia and Europe, to her own interests. Such a relationship would be more dangerous to Britain, both in Asia and in Europe, than an armed truce—than

open hostility. Orientals always turn to the strongest power; and should the natives of India catch the idea that Russia is overshadowing our own Government, our hold upon the country will become a very slippery one. With respect to this eventuality our statesmen would do well to keep their eyes open.

If a studied determination to keep Afghanistan outside our policy would have succeeded in leaving that country to settle its own destinies, Ministers of all parties might long ago have congratulated themselves upon having banished the Afghans outside the sphere of British interests. But the Central Asian question is essentially an obtrusive one, and invariably resents neglect by aggravating its issues. "Masterly inactivity"—a phrase which it has now been found convenient to discard—is often a sound and safe course to follow, but no sane man would be likely to adopt it when his neighbour's house is on fire and a strong wind blowing in his own direction: scarcely less inexpedient is half-hearted and intermittent activity, the application of temporary palliatives, with the certainty that a more drastic treatment will have to be resorted to sooner or later. The spirit of Mr Micawber has hitherto presided over our Central Asian policy, and for half a century we have been waiting for whatever may "turn up" in that quarter. Sufficient evidence has now turned up to show us that the situation in the East is no longer to be trifled with, if we value not merely our position in India, but even our power in Europe.

NOTE TO ARTICLE "THE CENTRAL AFRICAN QUESTION," IN 'MAGA,' APRIL 1888.

A REMARK in this article concerning the discoveries of Lake Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika, is calculated to give rise to an impression which it was not intended to produce. The credit of discovering Lake Victoria Nyanza belongs to Captain Speke alone, although Colonel (then Captain) J. A. Grant aided him afterwards in tracing the waters of the lake to the Mediterranean. Lake Tanganyika, the discovery of which was assigned to Dr Livingstone in our article, was discovered by Captain (now Sir Richard) Burton and Captain Speke in January 1858, and was not visited by Dr Livingstone till nine years later, when he reached Lake Liemba, the southern portion of Lake Tanganyika—namely, till the 2d April 1867; and again, 14th February 1869, and 23d October 1871. The following note, compiled from the various authorities, will serve to put the discoveries in the Lake region still more clear:—

Lake Ngami was discovered by		Livingstone,	1st August 1849.
Lake Tanganyika	"	Burton and Speke,	January 1858.
Lake Victoria Nyanza	"	Speke,	30th July 1858.
Lake Nyassa	"	Livingstone,	16th Sept. 1859.
Lake Victoria Nyanza, source of Nile	"	Speke and Grant,	1862.
Lake Albert Nyanza	"	Baker,	14th March 1864.
Lake Bemba or Bengueola	"	Livingstone,	18th July 1868.
Lualaba	"	Livingstone,	31st March 1871.

Stanley discovered Livingstone at Ugigi on Tanganyika, 10th Nov. 1871.
The Congo was discovered and descended by Stanley in 1877.

INDEX TO VOL. CXLIII.

ABOUKIR BAY, THE SUNKEN FRENCH FLEET AT, 805.

Academy, the Royal, Exhibition, 813.

Afghan frontier, the demarcation of the new, 880.

Afghanistan, British interests in, 889.

'Afghanistan, Northern; or, Letters from the Afghan Boundary Commission,' by Major C. B. Yate, C.S.I., reviewed, 881.

AFRICAN QUESTION, THE CENTRAL, 547.

Agriculture, the depression in, 198.

AGRICULTURE, WHAT IS TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION IN? 777 — experimental agriculture, 779 — are agricultural school-farms practicable? 780.

ARCACHON, OYSTER-CULTURE AT, 366.

Asian railway system, the Russian, 891.

AUSTRALIAN LIFE, SOME ASPECTS OF, 351 — condition of the wage-earning classes, 352—life out of doors, 355—trades-unionism, 360—current wages and the cost of living, 361—loans and public works, 362.

AUTUMN IDYLL, AN. Scene—The Park, Hawarden, 279.

BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE:—

ITS NAVAL ASPECT, 280—evils of party warfare, *ib.*—the safety of India, 281—the navies of Europe, 282—necessity for strengthening the British navy, 284, 295—fighting value of different types of ships, 285—fighting efficiency of the English and French navies, 286—defenceless state of British ports, &c., 287—different courses of action open to Britain, 288—the condition of the navies of the great Powers, 290 *et seq.*—the great strength of the French navy, 293.

Balfour's, Mr, valuable services, public recognition of, 729.

Bothwell, the character of, 680.

Boycott the Pope, Irish threat to, 867.

Brackenbury, General, and the Intelligence department, 128 *et seq.*

Brewing, novel method of, 480.

British navy, necessity for strengthening the, 284, 295.

Burne Jones, the pictures of, 823.

CÆSAR BORGIA:—

II. THE DUKE OF ROMAGNA (1499-1504), 72—the evil influence of the Borgia family, *ib.*—his marriage to the Duchess of Valentinois, *ib.*—the Milanese campaign, 73—Machiavelli and his dream of a united Italy, 75—attempt to poison the Duke, 78—the Duke imprisoned and sent to Spain, 81.

III. HIS CAPTIVITY, FLIGHT, AND DEATH, 215—echoes of Cæsar's captivity, *ib.*—a mad queen, 216—details of his daring escape, 219—arrival at Navarre, 220—Cæsar trapped, 223—his death and burial, *ib.*

Cecil-Maitland correspondence, the, 332 *et seq.*

CENTRAL AFRICAN QUESTION, THE, 547—Scotsmen and African exploration, *ib.*—the degeneration of the natives, *ib.*—the rival companies, 548—the missionaries and the slave-trade, 549—Islamism against Christianity, 550—German and Portuguese influence, *ib.*—the Congo independent state, 551—the position of Emin Pasha, 552—General Gordon and the Equatorial province, 554—the mission of Stanley, 556.

"Central African Question," note on, 893.

Central Asian question, the, 878.

Conspiracies of the Nobles, the, 669.

Crofters, condition of the, 415 *et seq.*

Cullen, Cardinal, on the Fenian movement, 853.

CYPRUS UNDER BRITISH RULE, 394—provisions of a remarkable convention, *ib.*—Mr Gladstone's seizure of the revenue of, 394—the High Commissioner and his staff, 398—the administration of justice, *ib.*—the coinage of, 400—dissatisfaction of the trading classes, 402.

'Darwin, Charles, F.R.S., the Life and Letters of,' by Francis Darwin, reviewed, 105.

DEAD MAN'S VENGEANCE, A, 374.

Dogger Bank, the, 572.

Edinburgh, poetical picture of, Mr MacWhirter's, 818.

EMIGRATION, STATE-AIDED, A PRACTICAL PLEA FOR, 273.
Emin Pasha, the position of, 552.
ENGLISH GENTRY, THE, 705—degrees of country gentlemen, 707—landlordism in England, 708—civil duties of country gentlemen, 710—opposition of village politicians, 712—effect of agricultural depression, 714—the question of field-sports, 717—influence of the gentry on the national character, 718.
EVE OF ST JOHN, THE. Translated from the German of Gustav Hartwig, by Sir Theodore Martin, 527.
EVENING: KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE, 546.
EVENING OF LIFE, THE. By the Earl of Rosslyn, 704.
FIJI, 477.
'Fleeming Jenkin, Professor, Papers of,' reviewed, 841.
FLEET, THE SUNKEN FRENCH, IN ABOUKIR BAY, 805.
Flying foxes, colony of, 766.
FRENCH ARGOT, ENGLISH SLANG AND: FASHIONABLE AND UNFASHIONABLE, 690.
French navy, the great strength of the, 293.
Frith, W. Powell, R.A.: 'My Autobiography and Reminiscences,' reviewed, 123.
Gallery, the new, 823.
GENTRY, THE ENGLISH, 705.
German war expenditure, 130.
Gladstone, Mr, the portraits of, 819.
Gladstone's, Mr, seizure of the revenues of Cyprus, 394.
GOLF, THE PSYCHOLOGY OF, 683.
Grosvenor Gallery, the, 820.
HAMILTON, LADY, AND MR JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON, 635—early life of an extraordinary woman, *ib.*—mercenary love, 636—intimacy with Charles Greville, 637—transference to Sir William Hamilton, 639—marriage to the Ambassador, 641—introduction of Nelson to Lady H., 642—the influence she exercised at the Court of Naples on behalf of Nelson and his fleet, *ib.*—Mr Jeaffreson's faulty biography of Lady H., 648—the sad end of a deserted woman, *ib.*
HYMNS AND HYMNALS, 622—what is a hymn? *ib.*—collections of hymns, 623—tampering with hymns, 624—manipulation of Dean Milman's hymn, "When our heads are bowed with woe," 627 *et seq.*—Cardinal Newman's "Lead, kindly Light," 631—the motives of the hymn-alterers, 632—hymns without doctrine, 633.
India, British interests in, 880.
India, the safety of, 281.
'INVASION OF THE CRIMEA,' MR KINGLAKE'S, 237—its great merit as a history, *ib.*—its gallery of potentates and celebrities, 238—characteristics of the concluding volumes, 239 *et seq.*—Todleben's system of defence, 240—narrations of heroism, 244—the moral consequences of the Kertch expedition, 248—Lord Raglan's death, 253.
IRELAND AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, 853—Cardinal Cullen on the Fenian movement, *ib.*—Mr Parnell's exasperating agitation, 854—Dr Nulty denounces parliamentary obstruction, 855—growth of the Land League, 856—its proclamation, 857—the clergy and the Phœnix Park tragedy, 859—the Pope denounces the Irish Secret Societies, 860—conflict of the Sacred Propaganda with Parnellite emissaries, 863—a clerical defence of boycotting, 864—the Irish bishops summoned to Rome, 865 *et seq.*—threat to boycott the Pope, 867—the Errington mission, 868—Archbishop Walsh blesses the Plan of Campaign, 869—Mr Davitt speaks against the Vatican, 872—the Persico mission, 875—efforts of the Parnellite faction to minimise the effects of the Pope's manifesto, 874—the political situation in Ireland, 876.
IRISH AFFAIRS AS THEY NOW STAND, 225—effect of Mr Chamberlain's visit to Ireland, *ib.*—Mr Gladstone's attitude, 227—the Irish land question, 231—death of Mr Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule, 235.
ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC, AMONG THE:—
FIJI, 477—the island as seen from the sea, 478—boat travelling, *ib.*—novel method of brewing, 480—"long pig," 483—picturesque and interesting ceremonies, 486—a school inspection, 488—progress of Christianity, 489—relics of the once prevalent paganism, 493—general decline of the island races, 495—payment of revenue in kind, 498—the migration of Fijians, 499.
TONGA AND SAMOA, 759—the sacred island, 760—Tonga music, 761—a native training-college, 762—burial-places of the chiefs, 763—native churches, 764—colony of flying foxes, 766—charming sharks, 767—Polynesian place-names, 769—progress of Christianity, 770—trading missionaries, *ib.* German interests in Samoa, 775.
Jeaffreson's, Mr John Cordy, faulty biography of Lady Hamilton, 635 *et seq.*
JOYCE, XXXIII.-XXXVI., 49; XXXVII.-XL., 162; XLI.-XLIV., 297; XLV.-XLVIII., 502.

KINGLAKE'S, MR, 'INVASION OF THE CRIMEA,' reviewed, 237.
Knox, John, the character of, 27 *et seq.*
LAND, POPULATION, AND WEALTH IN THE WESTERN ISLES, 413—tacksmen and crofters, *ib.*—can the crofters support themselves on lands now in possession? 415—condition of the crofters, 416—the deer-forest question, 418—pressure of poor and education rates, 419—the interests of the landlord and the welfare of the people, 422—the present distress, 423.
'LAND BEYOND THE FOREST,' by E. Gerard, reviewed, 557.
Land League, growth of the, 856—proclamation of the, 857.
LANDLORDS, A PLEA FOR, 193—the spirit of Socialism, *ib.*—investments in personal property and land compared, 195—the demand for land, 198—the depression in agriculture, *ib.*—the evils of absenteeism, 200—colonisation and emigration, 202.
LAST STRING, THE, by Gustav Hartwig; translated by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., 101.
Leighton, Sir Frederick, the exhibits of, 817.
Leo XIII. and the British Government, 872.
'Lone White Mountain, the; or, A Journey in Manchuria,' by H. E. M. James, reviewed, 846.
Madeira, its climate, &c., 403.
'Maitland of Lethington and the Scotland of Queen Mary,' by John Skelton, reviewed, 530.
Maitland of Lethington's position as Prime Minister to Queen Mary, 2—his ecclesiastical policy, 6 *et seq.*—his opposition to the preachers, 18—his policy of conciliation, 344.
MARY STUART IN SCOTLAND:—
I. JOHN KNOX AND WILLIAM MAITLAND, 1—Mary's life at Holyrood, *ib.*—Maitland's position as Prime Minister, 2—the Reformers and their doctrines, 4—Maitland's ecclesiastical policy, 6 *et seq.*—Knox's sermon against the Queen's dancing, 14—Maitland opposed to the inordinate pretensions of the preachers, 18—the composition of the Council, 20—a Conference, 21—the Scottish religious revival and its apologists, 24—the fanaticism of the Reformers, 26—the character of John Knox, 27.
II. MAITLAND AND CECIL, 325—the hostility in Scotland to Queen Mary, *ib.*—Cecil and reasonable Protestantism, *ib.*—opinion of historians on Maitland's policy, 326—the Treaty of Edinburgh, *ib.*—the desire for the union of England and Scotland, 327—Maitland's mission to Queen Elizabeth, 328—proposed meeting of the Queens, 330—the Cecil-Maitland correspondence, 332 *et seq.*—the Succession controversy, 337—Darnley an apple of discord, 341—Elizabeth's intrigues, 342—Maitland's policy of conciliation, 344—Moray's opposition to the Lennox marriage, 347.
III. THE CONSPIRACIES OF THE NOBLES: I. RIZZIO, 669—the scanty following of Knox, *ib.*—uneasiness of Maitland after the Lennox marriage, *ib.*—the development of a tragic story, 671—the assassination of Rizzio, 672—Moray's shameful bargain, 673—Maitland not connected with the Rizzio plot, 675—Mary's flight to Dunbar, 677—the Darnley entanglement, 679—the character of Bothwell, 680—Mary's periods of prostration, 681.
Medical military service, 144.
Meissonier's "1807," 826.
MILITARY BALANCE OF POWER IN ASIA, 877—the Central Asian question, 878—British interests in India, 880—the demarcation of the new Afghan frontier, *ib.*—Major Yate's work on the Boundary Commission, 881—what is involved in the frontier settlement, 883—Russian intrigue, 885—how Russia may affect British influence in India, 886—Persia as a military power, *ib.*—vulnerability of the Russian frontier, 887—the new position of Russia, 888—the dangers of India, *ib.*—British interests in Afghanistan, 889—unsettled state of the Russian military programme, 890—the Russian-Asian railway system, *ib.*—the frontier defences of India, *ib.*
Military colleges, 138.
Milman, Dean, manipulation of hymn written by, 627.
Missionaries, trading, 770.
NAVAL POLICY, OUR, 581—the peace party, 582—the "great usage" of Europe, 583—transition stage between sailing-ships and steamers, 585—progress in iron shipbuilding, 586—promptness in building war-vessels, 588—seasons of activity, 590—debate on the Naval Estimates, 591—recent and prospective policy, 593.
Navies of Europe, the, 282.
NEGLECTED PARADISE, A, 403.
Nelson, Lord (Admiral), and Lady Hamilton, 635 *et seq.*
Newman's, Cardinal, "Lead, kindly Light," 631.
NORTH SEA, THE POLICE OF, 571.
Nulty, Dr, denounces parliamentary obstruction, 855.

OLD SALOON, THE:—
January: *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, F.R.S.*, by his son, Francis Darwin, F.R.S., 105—*Personal Recollections of Sir Frederick Pollock*, 115—*What I Remember*, by T. A. Trollope, 119—*My Autobiography and Reminiscences*, by W. Powell Frith, R.A., 123.
June: *Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor*, edited by Edward Dowden, 831—*Partial Portraits*, by Henry James, 837—*Papers of Professor Fleeming Jenkin, with a Memoir* by Robert Louis Stevenson, 841—*On and Off the Stage*, by Mr and Mrs Bancroft, 845—*The Lone White Mountain: or, A Journey in Manchuria*, by H. E. M. James, 846—*Society in Rome under the Cæsars*, by W. R. Inge, 850.
OLD SCOTLAND, 529—the Scottish character, *ib.*—the Scotland of Mary Stuart, 530—the predatory warfare of the Borders, 532—architectural traditions of the troublous times, 533—the Scotland of 1745, 534—the Ramsay collections, *ib.*—the law lords and clergymen of the period, 537 *et seq.*—Rob Roy and blackmail, 541—the social condition of the Highlands, 542—progress of agriculture and trade, 544.
OLIPHANT, MRS, ON VENICE, 185.
OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, THE, 444—results of the bye-elections, *ib.*—Mr Gladstone's speech on the Address, *ib.*—debate on the Irish question and the condition of the crofters, 447—the changes in the Government, 450.
OSBORNE. Before Midnight, 31st December 1887, 161.
OUR PROSPECTS, 150—the conduct of the Government in Ireland, *ib.*—the Treaty of Berlin and the attitude of the Powers, 151—Parliament and domestic politics, 153—code of procedure, *ib.*—the anti-tithe movement in Wales, 155—the question of dual ownership in Ireland, 157—the recess campaign, 158—the position of the Ministry, 159.
OYSTER-CULTURE AT ARCACHON, 366—the large beds, *ib.*—relaying oysters, 367—process of oyster-breeding, 369—fecundity of the oyster, 370—the conditions of successful cultivation, 371.
PACIFIC, AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH, 477.
PARADISE, A NEGLECTED, 403—the climate of Madeira, *ib.*—general appearance of the island, 406—the character of the people, 408—a desirable place for invalids, 410.
PARLIAMENT, THE OPENING OF, 444.
Parnellite emissaries and the Sacred Propaganda, 863.
'Partial Portraits,' by Henry James, reviewed, 837.
Party warfare, the evils of, 280.
Persia as a military power, 886.
Persico mission, the, and the Land League movement, 873.
PICTURES OF THE YEAR, THE, 813—the rival standards, *ib.*—the Royal Academy Exhibition, *ib.*—the work of Sir John Millais, 814—exhibits of Sir Frederick Leighton, 817—Mr MacWhirter's poetical picture of Edinburgh, 818—the portraits of Mr Gladstone, 819—the Grosvenor Gallery, 820—the New Gallery, 823—the pictures of Burne Jones, *ib.*—Meissonier's "1807," 826.
POLICE OF THE NORTH SEA, THE, 571—depredations upon the British fishing interest, *ib.*—the Dogger Bank, 572——cruisers in the fishing-grounds, 573—bad faith of the Belgian fishermen, 575—fishery regulations in the Channel, 576—the North Sea Convention, 577—the claims of trawlers and luggers, 578—contradictory enactments of different Conventions, 580.
'Pollock, Sir Frederick, Personal Recollections of,' reviewed, 115.
Pope, the, denounces the Irish secret societies, 860.
PRINCESS YIELA: AN AFRICAN EPISODE, 203.
PROGRESS OF THE SESSION, THE, 720—comparative moderation of Mr Gladstone's utterances, *ib.*—the consolidation of the Unionists, 722—enforcement of law by the Government, 724—the conversion scheme of Mr Goschen, 725—the Local Government Bill, 726—public recognition of Mr Balfour's valuable services, 729.
PSYCHOLOGY OF GOLF, THE, 683.
Ramsay of Ochtertyre and his MSS. Collections, 534 *et seq.*
Rizzio, David, the assassination of, 669 *et seq.*
Rob Roy and blackmail, 541.
Romagna, the Duke of, 72.
ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, IRELAND AND THE, 853.
Russian intrigue in Central Asia, 885.
Russian military programme, unsettled state of the, 890.
Samoa, German interests in, 775.
'Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century,' edited from the MSS. of John Ramsay, Esq. of Ochtertyre, by Alexander Allardyce, reviewed, 534.
Scotsmen as African explorers, 547.
SHAKESPEARE OR BACON? 256—anxiety of Bacon about the produce of his brain, *ib.*—Mr Smith propounds the

Baconian theory, 258 — Miss Delia Bacon and Judge Holmes support the theory, 260—the school education of Shakespeare, 261 — the success of Shakespeare as a furbisher up of old plays, 263—the fallacies of the Baconians, 264 — Ben Jonson on Shakespeare's method of work, 268—the Donnelly manifesto, 270—the absurdity of the cryptographic theory, 271.

Shark adventures, 810.

Sheep, the wild, of Tibet, 656.

SLANG, ENGLISH, AND FRENCH ARGOT: FASHIONABLE AND UNFASHIONABLE, 690—the gradual recognition of words used by the lowest class, 691—origin of the word "cant," 693—the popularity of slang words, 696—the slang of newspapers, 698 — the etymology of *argot*, 699—words derived from the vernacular of the ancient Gauls, 701—slang terms for swells and mashers, 703.

"SO-CALLED PATRIOTS," by Lex Rex, 149.

'Society in Rome under the Cæsars,' by W. R. Inge, M.A., reviewed, 850.

SOMERVILLE, MARY, 783—her early years, *ib.*—life at a Musselburgh boarding-school, 786—training in dancing and music, 789—studying algebra, 791—wife and widow, 794—marries again, 795—prosecutes scientific studies, 796—some of her contemporaries, 798—publishes 'Mechanism of the Heavens,' 799—witnesses an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, 803—her death, 804.

SONNETS, TYROLEAN, by the Earl of Rosslyn, 827.

SPORT, WANDERINGS AND WILD, BEYOND THE HIMALAYAS, 650.

'Stage, On and Off the,' by Mr and Mrs Bancroft, reviewed, 845.

STIFF-NECKED GENERATION, A, I.-V., 451—VI.-IX., 595—X.-XIII., 732.

SUCH PITY AS A FATHER HATH, 82.

SUNKEN FRENCH FLEET AT ABOUKIR BAY, THE, 805—the submerged treasure, 806—searching for the sunken vessels, 807—discovery of their position, *ib.*—laying down their position, 808—results of the diving operations, 809—shark adventures, 810—bloodless altercation with a French commander, 811.

'Taylor, Sir Henry, correspondence of,' reviewed, 831.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION, 425—the cry for a revolution in the subjects of education, 426—what is technical education? *ib.*—the exact deficiencies in the education of our people, 429—the branches of trade in which we are alleged to be inferior, 431—the enterprise of Germany, 432—foreign producers of butter and cheese, 434—application of science to brewing, 435 — the lesson of the Commission, 436 — necessity for a sound basis of general education, 438 — intellectual work contrasted with manual labour, 441.

TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION IN AGRICULTURE? WHAT IS, 781.

TOO LATE. An Everyday Romance, by the Earl of Rosslyn, 372.

Trollope's, T. A., 'What I Remember,' reviewed, 119.

TYROLEAN SONNETS, by the Earl of Rosslyn, 827—On the Railway between Zurich and Innsbruck, *ib.*—The Waterfall of Gastein by Moonlight, 828 — The Priest at Gastein, *ib.*—The Chamois, 829—Ischl, *ib.*—The Haymakers, 830.

Tziganes, the religion of the, 566.

Vampire superstition, the, 563.

'Venice, the Makers of,' by Mrs Oliphant, reviewed, 186.

Walsh, Archbishop, blesses the Plan of Campaign, 869.

WANDERINGS AND WILD SPORT BEYOND THE HIMALAYAS, 650—on the higher reaches of the Sind river, *ib.* — from Kashmere to Leh, 652—the perpetual snow-line of the Himalayas, 654—the wild sheep of Tibet, 656—hunting the antelope, 658—shooting the wild yak, 661 — the Pangong country, 665 — sportsman's feast on a Tibet moor, 667.

WAR OFFICE, THE, OUTSIDE DEPARTMENTS, 128—the intelligence department, *ib.*—British and German army expenditure, 130—regimental schools, 132 *et seq.*—military colleges, 138—Mr Knox's evidence before the Commission, 142 — the medical service, 144 — plan of pay and inspection, 147.

WESTERN ISLES, LAND, POPULATION, AND WEALTH IN THE, 413.

WITHERED ARM, THE, 30.

WORK FOR WILLING HANDS: A PRACTICAL PLAN FOR STATE-AIDED EMIGRATION, 273.

Yak, shooting the wild, in Tibet, 661.

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